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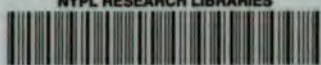
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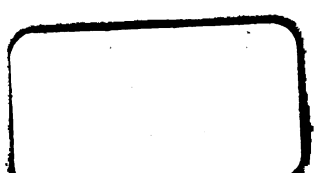
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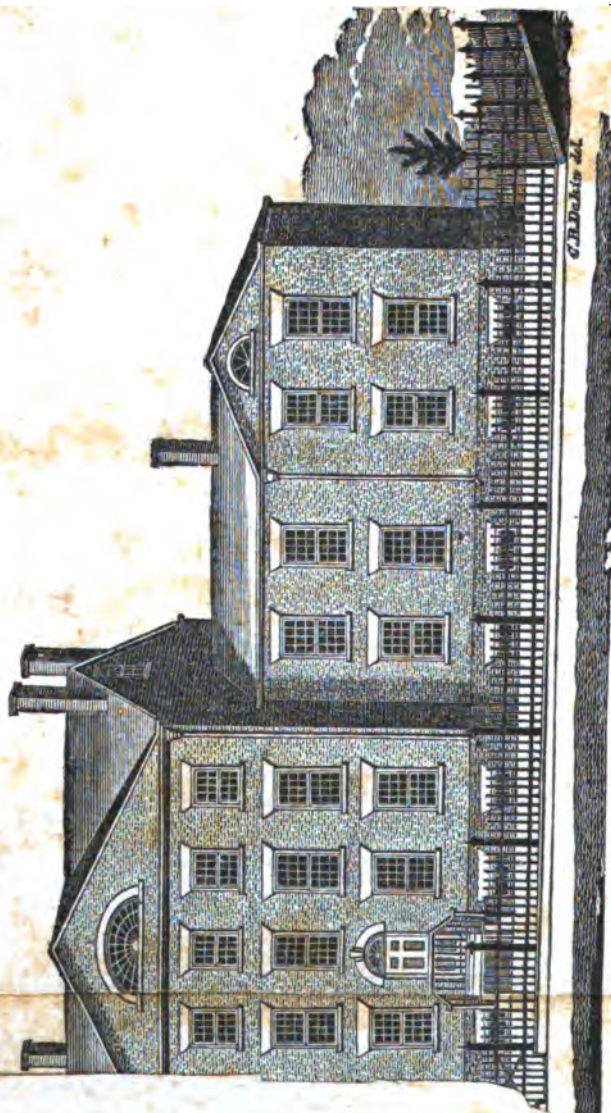


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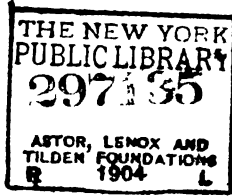
EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. VII.—III. NEW SERIES.

HUDSON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

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1830—31.



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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, JUNE 5, 1830.

NO. 1.

POPULAR TALES.

THE HEADSMAN.

A TALE OF DOOM.

It is about five-and-thirty years since a murderer was condemned to suffer death by the sword, at a town in W. Normandy; and, on the morning of the execution, two senior pupils of the Jesuit-seminary went, by permission of their superiors, to view a spectacle of rare occurrence in that province. The cordial intimacy subsisting between these youths, had long been a problem, both to their teachers and school-fellows. So widely, different, indeed, were they in appearance and character, and so harshly did the ferocity and cunning of the one, contrast with the pure and gentle habits of the other, that they were called the 'Wolf and the Lamb.'

The elder of them, named Bartholdy, was a native of Strasburg, tall and robust in person, but high-shouldered, stooping, and in dress and gait slovenly and clownish. His yellow visage was deeply furrowed with the small-pox, and his remarkably large and staring eyes, which were of a pale and milky blue, indicated a dullness bordering on imbecility. This appearance, however, was belied by his habitual cunning. * * * * *

Florian, the friend of Bartholdy, although nearly of the same age, was shorter by the head. His figure was slender and elegant—his countenance eminently prepossessing and ingenious. His complexion was of that pure red and white, thro' which every fitting emotion is instantaneously legible. His hazle eyes sparkled with intelligence; locks of glossy chesnut curled round his fair and open forehead; and there was about his lips and smile a winning grace, which, at maturer age, would have been thought too feminine. Although not regularly handsome, there was in his form and features that harmonious configuration which is termed beauty of character, and which, when accompanied by the corresponding moral graces of gentleness and refinement, often lays a more enduring hold of the

affections than beauty of a more dignified and masculine order. An habitual and blushing timidity of address, of which he was painfully conscious, made him shrink from a free and general intercourse with his fellow pupils. He had few friends, because his bashful habits had made him fastidious and reserved; but his gentle and unassuming deportment, and the invariable sweetness of his temper, endeared him to the few who had penetration enough to discern his real merits; and so far recommended him to all, that the existence of an enemy was impossible.

* * * This engluring intimacy of two beings so opposite had been long watched by the Jesuits who conducted the establishment; but, with their wonted sagacity, they forbore to check this singular friendship; not, however, in the hope of any amelioration in the habits of Bartholdy, but with a view to learn from the unqualified sincerity of Florian, what the duplicity of the other would have concealed. Hoping that the trying spectacle of a public execution would make a salutary impression upon the hitherto callous feelings of Bartholdy, the reverend fathers had permitted him and his friend to be present on this awful occasion. Florian, who, at the urgent and oft repeated entreaties of Bartholdy, had applied for this permission, followed him with reluctant steps, and a heart beating with terror, and was prevented only by the jeers and remonstrances of his companion from running back to school, and burying his head under his bed-clothes, until the rush of the excited multitude, and the deep rolling of the drums and deathbells had ceased. As usual, however, his complying temper yielded to the persuasion of his plausible and reckless friend, with whom he gained an elevated station, and so near the scaffold as to enable them to discern the features of the hapless criminal. Florian saw him kneel before the headsman; The broad weapon glittered in the sunbeams, and the assumed firmness of the trembling gazer utterly failed him. An ashy paleness overspread his features; his joints shook with terror; and

closing his eyes, he saved himself from falling by clinging to the arm of Bartholdy, who, with unshaken nerves, opened to their full extent his large dull eyes, and glutted his savage curiosity by gazing with intense eagerness on the appalling scene. In a few seconds the severed head fell upon the scaffold; the headsmen's assistant, grasping the matted locks, held it aloft to the gazing crowd; and Bartholdy exclaimed with heartless indifference, 'Come along, Florian! 'tis all over, and capitally done! I would bet a louis that you saw nothing, and yet your face looks as white as if it had left your shoulders. Be more a man, Florian. If thus daunted at the sight of another's execution, how would you face your own, if destined to mount the scaffold?'

'Face my own?' exclaimed Florian, shuddering at the suggestion. 'God forbid! I shall take good care to avoid it.'

'Say not so,' rejoined Bartholdy; 'no man can avoid his doom; and it may be yours or mine to die upon the scaffold. *Avoid it*, indeed! I wish from my soul that you had never uttered those unlucky words. How often do the very evils we most carefully shun, fall upon our devoted heads. My mind has long been made up to avoid nothing; and, soon as I become my own master, I will throw myself on the world, and grapple with it boldly. *Avoid your destiny*, indeed! Beware of using those words again; for trust me, Florian, they bode no good to you.'

The timid Florian felt his blood freeze as he listened; but recollecting himself, he was about to express his perfect reliance upon the integrity of his life and principles when he shuddered with new dismay as he recollected the judicial murder of Calas, and considered the complexities of human and circumstantial evidence. In deep and silent dejection, he walked homeward with his friend. He felt as if his existence had been blighted by some sudden and dreadful calamity; and even fancied that he saw his future fate rising before him in storm and darkness, through which menacing images were distinctly shadowed. Bartholdy, meanwhile, appeared as much exhilarated as if returning from a comedy, and amused himself with making sarcastic and ludicrous remarks upon the saddened countenances of the returning spectators. * *

About six months after the execution, Bartholdy suddenly disappeared from the seminary; and this unaccountable event, by which Florian was the only sufferer, was neither explained nor even alluded to by the reverend fathers. Notwithstanding their guarded silence, however, it was evident to Florian that his friend had not absconded, as not only his clothes and books, but even his bed had disappeared with him.

One article, however, was left in the possession of Florian,—a large and remarkable clasp-knife, with a curiously wrought ivory handle, which had been before entrusted to him by

Bartholdy for safe keeping, as the valued legacy of a friend. This, from regard to his old associate, and from a wish to be able to restore the instrument to its owner if he should at any time be found, Florian afterwards carried constantly about him. About three years after the disappearance of Bartholdy, the guardians of the orphan Florian removed him from the Seminary, and placed him as a law student at the University of D. Here again his timid and hesitating character kept him secluded and unknown, but he pursued his studies with great assiduity and success, being animated in the pursuit, during the last year of his stay at D. by an attachment he had formed to the daughter of a merchant who was his banker.

But even the passion of love, which so often rouses the latent powers of the diffident into life and energy, failed to inspire the timid Florian with that external ardour and prompt assiduity so essential to success; and, although the fair object of his regard did not appear insensible to his silent and gentle homage, he never could collect resolution to reveal his feelings. His diffidence was increased, too, by the unmeaning gallantry of two young and lively officers of the garrison, who, although precluded by their nobility from marriage with the daughter of a citizen, employed a portion of their abundant leisure in making skirmishing experiments upon the affections of the lovely Angelique. While these military butterflies were fluttering around the woman he loved, poor Florian, daunted by the painful consciousness of his comparative disadvantages, rarely presumed to enter the village in which her father resided, about half a league beyond the city gates, and endeavoured to console himself by wandering in a pleasant grove immediately contiguous. Here a majestic elm was endeared to him by the knowledge that his beloved Angelique often took her work to a turf seat beneath its spreading branches. At length arrived the autumnal vacation, which closed his academic studies: and he determined to pass the winter in his native province, where he thought the influence of his guardians, and the favourable testimony of his Jesuit teachers, would procure for him such recommendations as would render his extensive legal knowledge available for his future support. He proposed to return in the ensuing Spring to D.; and should his mistress have stood the test of six months absence, and still regard him with an eye of favour, he would then openly declare himself. He called upon her father at his counting-house, and after explaining to him the probable advantages of his visit to Normandy, bade him farewell, and hastened with a beating heart to the villa, where he had the good fortune to find his Angelique alone. Always timid and irresolute in her presence, the fear of betraying his feelings on this occasion made him tremble as he approached her. Her young cheek glowed with unaffected blushes.

as she observed a confusion which led her to anticipate an avowal of his attachment; and when he merely told her that he was going to pass the winter in Normandy, and had called to say farewell, her fine eyes became humid with the starting tears of sudden and uncontrollable emotion. Yet even this obvious proof of sympathy failed to encourage the timid and ever-doubting Florian. Persuaded that he had nothing but his sincerity to recommend him, he dreaded a repulse; and, pressing with gentle fervour her proffered hand, he hastily quitted the apartment, without daring to take another look.

After having secured a place in the diligence for the following morning, he called upon the few acquaintances he had in D. and late in the afternoon repaired with eager haste to the grove behind the abode of Angelique. He had determined that his favourite elm, hitherto the only witness of his love, should become the medium of a more palpable declaration of his feelings than he had hitherto dared to convey. Intending to carve in the bark the initials of his own and his fair one's names within the outline of a heart, he drew from his pocket the ivory clasp-knife of Bartholdy, which, after seven years of faithful custody, he had begun to consider as his own; and kneeling on the bank of turf, he was enabled, by the sharpness of the point, to cut in deep and firm characters the initials of the name so dear to him. Laying down the knife upon the seat, he gazed, with folded arms, upon the beloved cipher, and fell into one of his accustomed reveries. An hour had thus elapsed, when suddenly he was aroused from his dream of bliss by tones of loud and vehement contention at no great distance from the elm. Prompted by his natural aversion for scenes of violence, he concealed himself behind the tree, from whence he was enabled to discern his two military rivals, out of uniform, approaching the elm, and indicating, by furious tones and gestures, feelings of mutual and deadly animosity. Florian, whose sense of the awkwardness of his situation was increased by his timidity, fancied that he should be accused of listening to their conversation, and retreating unobserved into the wood, he had gained the high road before he recollected that he had left his knife on the seat of turf. Ashamed of his cowardice, he determined to return and claim it, in the event of its having been discovered and taken by one of the contending parties. He was solicitous also, to complete the intended cipher on the bark of the elm, while there was light enough for his purpose: and, concluding that his angry rivals had walked on in another direction, he hastily retraced his steps. Looking over some tall evergreen shrubs, which were separated by a footpath from the elm, he observed that the turf-seat was unoccupied. Supposing from the total silence, that the hostile youths had quitted the grove, he emerged from the

evergreens with confidence, and approached the tree, but recoiled in sudden horror, as he almost stepped upon the body of one of his rivals, who lay dead on his back, while the blood was issuing in torrents from a wound in his throat, inflicted by the knife of Bartholdy, the remarkable handle of which protruded from the deep incision. His blood froze as he gazed on this sad spectacle; and, covering his face with his hands, he stood for some moments over the body in stolid and sickening horror. Soon, however, his strong antipathy to scenes of bloodshed and violence impelled him to rush, with headlong precipitation, from the fatal spot. Leaving his knife in the wound, he darted forward through the wood, and fortunately without meeting any one within or near it. When he reached the high-road, the darkness had so much increased as to render his features undistinguishable to the passengers, and, running towards the city, he soon reached the public promenade without the barriers, where he threw himself upon a bench, exhausted with terror and fatigue. Looking fearfully around him, through the darkness, he endeavoured to collect his reasoning faculties, and immediately the recollection that he had left his knife in the throat of the murdered officer flashed upon him. With this fatal weapon were connected many old associations, which now crowded with sickened potency upon his memory. Again he saw the sarcastic grin with which his friend had said, 'What we most carefully shun, is most likely to befall us.' And would not the remarkable knife of Bartholdy too probably verify the malignant prophecy of its owner? Forgetful of the improbability that any one had seen in his possession a knife which, before that evening, he had never used, his senses yielded to an irresistible conviction, that this instrument of another's guilt would betray and lead him to the scaffold. Immediate flight was the only resource which presented itself to his bewildered judgment; and, rising from the bench, he hastened to his lodgings, to complete his preparations for departure the following morning. After a sleepless night, during which he started at every sound with apprehension of a nocturnal visit from the police, he proceeded at day-break, with a heavy heart, to the post-house, where, observing a carrier's waggon on the point of departure for Normandy, he availed himself of the opportunity to facilitate his escape, by putting a few essentials into a cloak bag, and forwarding his heavy trunk by the carrier. After some delay, of which every moment appeared an age, the diligence departed; and when the church-towers were lost in distance, the gnawing terrors of the unhappy fugitive yielded for a time to feelings of comparative security. His apprehensions, however, were renewed by every rising cloud of dust behind the diligence, and by every equestrian who followed and passed the vehicle. In vain did he endeavour to con-

sole himself with the consciousness that he was innocent, and under the protection of a just and merciful Providence. The judicial murder of Calas, and of other innocent sufferers, detailed in the '*Causes Célèbres*' of Pitaval, were ever present to his fevered fancy; and when he closed his eyes and assumed the semblance of sleep, to avoid the conversation of his fellow travellers, his imagination conjured up the staring orbs and satanic smile of Bartholdy, who pointed at him jeeringly, and exclaimed, 'In vain you seek to shun your destiny! In France, the innocent and the guilty bleed alike upon the scaffold.' And then he shouted in the ear of Florian, 'Why did you part with the knife I confided to you? Why provoke me to become your evil genius?' Or, with a hoarse and fiendish laugh, he seemed to whisper to the shrinking fugitive, 'You are a doomed man, Florian! doomed to the scaffold!'

(To be Continued.)

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE REFORMATION.

A FACT.

About a century ago—I think I am not much out of the way as to the time, for it was in the 'honey years' of my good great grand parents, I say 'honey years,' for, in those primeval days, people, even of the first society, were in the habit of numbering by years, and not as now by moons, that blissful season of marriage, when all is as new and creative of joy to the happy pair, as the genial opening of spring is to the tuneful nightingale and his confiding mate. It was in those happy days then that there came to New Town, a village not far from this city, a stranger from 'the mother country;' he was a young man, uncommonly handsome in person, and of prepossessing manners, and his complexion was so dazzlingly white, that he was called Fair James by all the inhabitants far and near. As to his surname, that was a secret none could ever persuade him to reveal. His education was so far above his avowed calling of 'wool-comber,' that he was generally supposed to be a wandering prodigal son of genteel parentage.

Dressed in a white fleecy habit, with his hat slouched upon his temples, he went from farm to farm pursuing his occupation with great industry, and would, after a day of hard labor, pocket at sun-set his copper pence with perfect sang froid, to tell them out at evening in a very different humour to the tune of the potent mug—and he could not choose but feel its influence, for then

'The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!' and again and again it was replenished, until his wits began to turn.

And love too, was in the cup when mingled and presented to him by the hand of Nannette, the pretty bar-maid; there was something so attractive, he said, in the little toss of her head,

one of the finest in the world—and in the ingenuous expression of her dark eyes when she staid the cup to entreat the young wool-comber to beware of the spectre at the bottom, which Halkin, the witty publican, had graven there in rude device to prevent Susan, his tasteful spouse, from sipping too deeply.

But of small avail was Nannette's gentle counsel to James; for the oftener he saw her, and tasted the seductive beverage, the dearer he loved the one, and the deeper he quaffed the other; altogether regardless of the frightful spectre, till weary and overcome, he would sometimes sink to sleep with his head against the counter. It was then that Nannette could contemplate, without embarrassment, the beauty of his features and complexion, and the dark luxuriant curls which surmounted his high and polished forehead; and often too, she would draw near that she might look upon the silken lid wherein an eye rested that could open to the morning brilliant as its own beam.

This contemplation, though one of great interest, conveyed no hearts-ease to the simple, yet amiable Nannette. She sighed to think that so fine a specimen of human nature should be so lost to the virtue and charms of sobriety. That he had manly graces and a superior mind, she had early discovered, for Nannette was in no way deficient in observation; and her kind heart tenderly pitied, but she meant not to love James. Nannette was not the lawful inheritor of the title of bar-maid—she was the daughter of a French officer, a prisoner of war, who had died and left his accomplished child to poverty and the care of heaven.

But Nannette was as amiable as she was lovely, and anxious to make herself useful where she was dependant. She was grateful too, for the gratuitous attentions paid to her departed father by the worthy pair with whom she resided; and with all humility and cheerfulness, she gave the sparkling cup to every new-comer through the week, and cast up the scores on Saturday-night to the perfect delight of Halkin, who would rub his hands and cry, 'dear me what a fine creature! pity it were not a boy, to look to my out-door affairs too.'

On Sundays Nannette shone the star of the morning, for then her attendance at the bar was dispensed with that she might go to church to lay in a stock of edification to fortify her young heart against the machinations and assaults of the evil one to which her exposed situation might render it a prey; and Nannette continued to walk in piety and purity of conduct, (a refined nature is not easily perverted) notwithstanding the many toils she had to encounter.

Nor was Halkin and his good wife losers by the protection they extended to the beautiful orphan; for half their custom was drawn thither by the light of her countenance. She was the real sun of which their gilded sign presented only the fainter rays. Nannette was intellectual too, in spite of the bar; for

even amidst the daily avocations, so entirely mechanical, there was little to disturb the workings of fancy; and if 'the proper study of mankind is man,' she had certainly an opportunity of acquiring knowledge. Indeed it was surprising to observe how she would turn all things to good account; even the spectre at the bottom of the mug conveyed to her mind a deeper lesson than was intended by the artist. And she profited much more by the moral than did many of those who examined more frequently the singular device—justly eliciting the approbation of the aged and thinking part of the little world around her.

As for lovers, they came in swarms—many vowed eternal faith, a few offered marriage, and all sighed from the bottom of their hearts. Even the young clergyman of the village would lay greater stress upon 'heaven be with you!' and pray with more fervour whenever Nannette graced the church with her presence. And there was the wiser son of Æsculapius too, who would oftener than need, bare her beautiful arm and feel her healthy pulse, that he might judge with more certainty of the improvement of his patients; and then he would pat her soft and rosy cheek, and marvel how the crimson current could flow so readily there.

But all these things made little impression upon the heart of Nannette. In fact, she forgot them the next moment. But, in regard to James, it was not so. She could well remember whatever he said or sung, for he was musical as well as literary, and to every look and action of his, her bosom bore record. There was something, she thought, so novel in his appearance, so superior in his person and manners to any one she had ever seen—he was so gentle and persuasive in his language, had such depth of feeling, that, in spite of his failing, she felt greatly interested in his happiness. Then he was a stranger, an offcast of fortune, like herself, and had a claim upon her sympathy—therefore she could not but pity him very sincerely—and very sincerely, too, did she love him; but more of that hereafter.

At this juncture she was sorely disturbed by his increasing inebriety. Each successive night (Sundays only excepted) beheld him still the insatiate votary of the odious mug, while the hideous figure at the bottom, instead of repulsing him, seemed to have acquired the fascination of an angel. And when a friend kindly interfered to admonish and warn him of his ruin, he would gaily answer, 'nay, now, why bid me despair when there are but twenty-nine lives between me and a title, a time-honoured name, and a large estate?' This was often repeated by James in his hours of delirium, but small respect was paid to his pretensions by the motley groups that gathered nightly about him, while all pronounced him to be a lost man.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE TRAVELLER.

AN EDEN AND AN HEIRESS.

Arica is a small seaport of Peru, on the intermediate coast between the latter and Chili. It is a very miserable place, but owing to its being the most convenient port for supplying a considerable portion of the state of Bolivia, it is a good deal frequented, and much business is done there. A friend, who touched at this port in November last, gives the following description of a romantic, though singular mistress of that beautiful region where nature seems to have delighted to exhibit all her profusion in contrast to the barrenness she had stamped upon every thing around her chosen retreat. He writes thus:—

'While at Arica, we rode up the valley of Sapa, as it is called, about twelve miles, to see something of the country. It is an Oasis, in the midst of deserts of sand, and surrounded by high and naked mountains. A little stream passes through it, and gives fertility to the small portion of soil which can receive its waters. Nothing can be cultivated here but by irrigation; and where there is no water, all is but one immense waste of sand and barren hills. The small spots in this valley, altogether but an inconsiderable number of acres, with wretched houses on them, we were told, were valued at \$80,000. Such is the immense value of cultivable land on these arid coasts. They seemed to produce abundantly, every species of tropical fruits and productions, together with those of more temperate climes. We saw pine apples, guavas, oranges, limes and lemons, tamarinds, the delicious chirimoga of Peru, and many other indigenous fruits; and at the same time, growing side by side, apples, peaches, plumbs, mulberries, and other northern fruits; and I remarked on one apple tree, fruit, quite large, while the branches were covered with blossoms.

We saw also the heiress of this property, a swarthy, yellow girl of about 17, who would not be thought better, with us, than a mulatto, destitute of manners and education, and who, we were told, smoked her Spanish cigar with the best of them. She was about to be married, as we learnt, to a Scotch boor, from the Hebrides, equally vulgar and illiterate with herself, who had forgotten his own language, (the Gaelic, I presume,) without having acquired any other; and who had come to this country in the humble capacity of a domestic servant; and from which he had risen to the more honourable condition of a smuggler. And yet this uninteresting female, thus to be sacrificed, was the sole descendant and heiress of the famous Portocarreros, the companion in arms of Pizarro, and among the most celebrated of the conquerors of Peru! 'Sic transit,' &c. I confess I would not have taken her even with such a premium. I considered it a hard bargain all round. We spent a very

pleasant day, dining under the shade of a magnificent tree, indigenous to this country called the Pacay, surrounded by sugar canes plantains, maize and the cotton plant.—*Microcosm.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR.—Considering the following production of a young lady well worth preserving, I send it to you for insertion in your interesting little miscellany.—It is a specimen of correct thinking; and should the fair writer, or the fair reader of it, carry out strictly into practice the line of conduct here laid down, they would possess characters altogether and unusually lovely—they could not be *firts* or *coquettes*. Read attentively, it will not afford an uninteresting lesson. *****

What qualifications are necessary to form a good character?

I would commence this enquiry by asking myself, what qualifications would be most pleasing to me, as a female, to possess—I would acquire a habit of self-government, equanimity, cheerfulness, and manners which would be commended by the most strict observer. Self-government would be an admirable acquirement. How often, by allowing fancy to have unlimited scope, has experience taught me, that its bright creations were only the illusions of some fair picture of the imagination just portrayed to blast my sanguine hopes. By this acquirement I should be able to cull what is excellent and substantial, and to shun the specious ill, however plausible or enticing its appearance. It would prepare my mind to meet the vicissitudes of life with composure of spirit, which is a necessary requisite to repose, and a cheerful performance of the duties of life. And with the same assiduity would I cultivate cheerfulness; not only to render myself an agreeable associate, but for my own happiness. To allow my mind to become ruffled and dejected at every little disappointment, would unfit me for social enjoyment, spread a dark cloud on every object around, and render me disgusting to my friends. Cheerfulness, indeed, is a christian virtue, and should be estimated one of the chief sources of happiness. In my manners I would be unaffected, natural and *sincere*. An unassuming, modest deportment sits gracefully upon the female, and who is not disgusted with the reverse of this? Although nature may have bestowed an elegant form upon a lady, and symmetry of features, yet if fretfulness and ill humour be read in her countenance, every line of beauty is blotted. By a constant train of good humour, a person is enabled to keep alive all the finer feelings of the soul, equanimity and a good disposition towards all, which is most essential to peace and harmony in our social concerns.

With these graces even penury would not disturb the mind to excessive uneasiness, and all the various trials to which life is subject, would not render it a burthen.—But destitute of these, how painful the thought that I am

every moment obnoxious to disappointments and vexations on every hand, and that too, without one ray of comfort from cheerfulness within. Let me then study to cherish these virtues which are so amiable in themselves, and which will carry me through the tide of time in a placid, friendly gale, and land me at last in the port of everlasting felicity, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'

LELIA.

The right use of Terms.—If you wish to reach people's minds, you must speak their language. An inexperienced landsman who was appointed a petty officer on board a man of war, was directed by the Lieutenant to order the light extinguished in the main-top. He came upon deck and ordered the man in the top to 'extinguish that expiring luminary.' The man replied, 'No such rope in the ship, sir.' The command was repeated a second and a third time, the sailor still replying, 'No such rope in the ship, Sir.'—The Officer went below in a great rage to the Lieutenant, and desired the man might be punished. The other replied, 'You did not give the right order. Hear me.' He then came and called out, 'Halloa main-top!' 'Ay, ay, Sir.' 'Douse that there glim!' 'Ay, ay, Sir.'—*Sailor's Magazine.*

Heraldic Pun.—A gentleman employing a porter whose name was *Russel*, asked him jocularly, 'Pray is your coat of arms the same with the Duke of Bedford's?' 'Our arms,' answered the fellow, 'are, I suppose pretty much alike; but there is a confounded difference in our coats.'

It was between 'day light and dark,' that an honest, pleasant son of the shears, (who was an Irishman by birth, with one leg shorter than the other,) in passing a jolly son of Galen, was thus accosted, 'Good e'en Mr. Jones, we have the advantage of you, by knowing you in the dark by your gait.'—'Well, faith, sir,' said the man of shears, 'I don't know what advantage it would be to any body to know you, either by day or by night.'

A Fair Answer.—The following is from the Boston Commentator:—In the trial of a case to-day a sweet son of Erin, upon the question whether one of the parties did *write*, or not, a certain instrument important to the case, or whether he could write, Pat honestly replied, 'Whether he did *right* or wrong is for your honour to judge, but I have told you the truth, any how; right or wrong, I have not lied at all, at all.'

The following is the copy of the superscription to a letter that recently passed through the Hudson Post Office:

Go to Jane Glover, tell her I love her,
She lives in Troy, at the head of the river.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1830.

A New Volume.—We this week commence volume seven of the Repository. We shall endeavour to make this volume, by decorations and every other means in our power, as acceptable as possible to our patrons; but as our arrangements respecting it are mentioned in the prospectus, it is not necessary here to repeat them. We have nothing more to add, save our good will to all subscribers, and that we hope by the faithful discharge of the duties we owe them, to merit theirs in return.

HUDSON LUNATIC ASYLUM.

We have the gratification with this number, of furnishing our patrons with a correct plate of an Institution recently established by Doct. S. White of this city, and which is now open for the reception of patients. This edifice is of stone, in length 120 feet. It is located on a rise of ground, on the border of the city, commanding an extensive prospect of the Hudson River, the Catskill Mountains, and the surrounding country.

In ranging through the different apartments, the eye is greeted with a neatly constructed iron sash—bedsteads with elastic bottoms—hair mattresses suitably guarded, with every necessary appendage—spring fastenings on the doors; and every room thoroughly ventilated without exposure. In the basement story are fitting up the higher order of baths, and halls for in-door exercise. Without, we find the building surrounded with cultivated gardens, and appended, is a large court for exercise. So that sufficient guards are provided, without offending the eye, for every grade of alienation of mind; and the essential elements are brought into ample requisition, for the gratification, comfort and restoration of this suffering and much neglected portion of the human family.

From the devoted attention, necessarily given, for many years, by the proprietor, to this branch of Medical Science; and the kind and moral deportment of his Superintendents, we venture to predict, that this Asylum, will, ere long, vie with any similar Institution, public or private, in this or any other country.

A few wards sufficiently remote, are neatly furnished for private patients or Hospital purposes, where surgical operations, of every grade, will be promptly performed.

PROSPECTUS OF THE RURAL REPOSITORY, OR BOWER OF LITERATURE;

Embellished, Quarterly, with a Handsome Engraving;

DEVOTED exclusively to Polite Literature, comprised in the following subjects: Original and Select Tales, Essays, American and Foreign Biography, Travels, Notices of New Publications, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, &c. &c.

The character and design of this popular periodical being generally known, it having been published nearly six years and received a respectable and widely extended share of public patronage, and as it must be acknowledged to be one of the cheapest journals extant, the publisher deems it unnecessary in his proposals for publishing another volume, to say more than that it will continue to be conducted upon the same plan and afforded at the same low rate, that he has reason to believe has hitherto given satisfaction to its numerous patrons.

His exertions to render the Repository a pleasing and instructive visitor will still be unremitting; and as its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals, with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honour upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters

himself that their communications, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fair type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter, that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Seventh Volume (Third Vol. NEW SERIES) will commence on the 5th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. No subscription received for less than one year.

PREMIUMS.

THE following premiums will be allowed to Post-Masters, Editors of Papers and others, who will act as agents for the Repository. Those who will forward us Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit us Twenty Dollars, shall receive twenty-five copies for one year—reducing the price to EIGHTY CENTS per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty-Five Dollars, shall receive thirty-one copies and a set of Sturm's Reflections for every Day in the Year, plainly but handsomely bound.

That we may the sooner, and the more accurately, determine on the number of copies necessary for us to print the ensuing year, as an incentive to present exertions on the part of those who are disposed to assist us in obtaining subscribers, we offer the following additional premiums:—To the first person who shall remit us Twenty Dollars, one copy of *The Token* for 1830, containing thirteen elegant engravings—to the second who shall remit us Twenty Dollars, the first and second volume, new series, of the Repository, or any other two volumes we have on hand, bound or unbound, as may suit the convenience of the competitor, and the same number of volumes to the first who shall remit Fifteen Dollars;—To the first person who shall remit Twenty-Five Dollars, one copy of *The Souvenir* for 1830, containing twelve elegant engravings—to the second, the first and second volume, new series, of the Repository;—To the first person who shall remit Thirty Dollars, one copy of *The Talisman*, containing twelve elegant engravings, extra copies in the same ratio with those who shall remit twenty, or twenty-five, and the set of Sturm, and first and second volume, new series, handsomely bound and gilt—to the second, who shall remit Thirty Dollars, the same with the exception of *The Talisman*.

The successful competitors can have their books sent to New-York, Albany, Troy, or Hartford, free of expense, and left at any place in either of those cities, they may designate, subject to their respective orders.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscription to be sent by the 1st of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the Publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD, corner of Warren and Third-Streets.

Hudson, April 24, 1830.

Persons disposed to obtain subscribers for the Repository, shall on application to the Editor (by letter, post paid) be furnished with a specimen of the work and its embellishments, for exhibition among their friends.

MARRIED,

In Ghent, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. John Ostrander to Miss Catherine Van Hoesen, daughter of the late George Van Hoesen.

On the 22d ult. by Richard Gaul, Esq. Mr. William Becker, to Miss Rhoda Beers, both of Hilldale.

DIED,

In this city, on the 27th ult. Mr. Robert C. Norman, in the 29th year of his age.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

ODE TO A BUTTERFLY.

Beauteous harbinger of Spring,
 Hovering on thy painted wing,
 Ever restless, charming, gay,
 Blithely sporting life away,
 Now that Winter leaves the plain
 Welcome to our meads again!
 Where when winds were piping loud,
 And the bursting Winter cloud
 Robed the plains in snowy shroud;
 And a prisoner Nature lay
 'Till her bonds dissolved away,
 Couldst thou, beauteous insect! hide
 From the Winter in his pride;
 And thy fragile form secure
 From the terrors of his power?
 Safely in thy self-wrought tomb
 Thou escaped its sullen gloom;
 And when Spring from southern bowers
 With her breath revived the flowers,
 When her blossoms strewed the plain,
 Burst to life and joy again.
 Comest thou from the harebell blue,
 Spangled o'er with morning dew;
 Or where bubbling rannel flows,
 And the modest daisy blows;
 And concealed from vulgar eye,
 Violets shed their fragrantcy?
 Or from flowery mead, or dale,
 Wooing Spring's refreshing gale,
 Where the cowslip blooming gay
 Opens its petals to the day?
 Or in grove or mossy dell
 Didst thou weave thy hermit cell,
 Where the gurgling fountain flows,
 And invites to soft repose;
 Where the wild rose loves to bloom
 'Midst the deep surrounding gloom,
 And no careless feet intrude
 On the lonely solitude?
 Short lived wanderer! flutter on!
 Ere thy vernal day is gone;
 Flitting now through rosy bowers,
 Hovering now o'er beds of flowers,
 And now from thy airy flight
 Stooping, sip the dew-drop bright.—
 Thus thy bright but transient day
 Like a dream shall pass away,
 'Till the vernal season o'er,
 When the flowrets bloom no more,
 Thou shalt fold thy drooping wing
 'Till the glad return of Spring.

Z.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A CONTRAST.

To bleak November harshly roaring,
 June presents a contrast deep,
 With the zephyrs mildly pouring
 In the breast a balmy sleep.
 Like old age, with footsteps weary,
 Bending o'er the opening tomb,
 Chill November, dark and dreary,
 Moans along in sullen gloom.
 June advances, lovely maiden,
 Scattering sweet perfumes around,

Whom rich beauties deeply laden,
 And the graces all surround.

Vegetation flies affrighted

At November's withering power,
 And of charms, despoiled and blighted,
 Nature views her dying hour.

So the June of life in splendour,
 Rises but to fade away;
 And old age, life's bleak November,
 Sinks its charms to sure decay. OSMAI.

'THERE IS A TONE.'

There is a tone of anguish
 O'er the cold sleeper's rest,
 'Why may not morning shine on thee,
 Thou whom we love the best?'
 Thou sepulchre! there dwells a cloud
 Of withering coldness over thee:
 Wrapped in the chill and lonely shroud,
 The good, the beautiful, the free,
 Sink powerless 'neath the icy link,
 Which, thrown across their being's brink,
 Is for them, in the calm or storm,
 When hope sheds forth its sunny glow,
 Or moulders in the heart below;
 Is for them, in the lightning scath,
 Or mid the flowers around their path,
 Yet for the hours whose light has fled
 From the gay of heart, the reveller,
 For they who seek among the dead,
 The last the spirit cherished,
 Thou hast a rest, thou sepulchre! HINDA.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The Letter H.

PUZZLE II.—Salt—Last.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Fifty forms my first,
 But nothing is my second,
 Five just make my third,
 My fourth's a vowel reckoned.
 Now, to fill my whole,
 Put all my parts together;
 I die if I get cold,
 Yet never mind cold weather?

II.

Take these capital letters, and let them be join'd;
 In the form of a noun if they're rightly Combin'd,
 The name of a troublesome thing You will find?

NOTICE.

We have now on hand and for sale a few complete sets of the Repository, including both the old and new series; those who wish can also be furnished with the new series only, or with either of the volumes from the beginning separately, except the 1st and 2d, either bound or unbound.

Each of our subscribers by obtaining another one, can save half their postage, as two papers can be sent together in a whole sheet, at the same rate as one single paper.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.

All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, JUNE 19, 1830.

NO. 2.

POPULAR TALES.

THE HEADSMAN.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued.)

Overwhelmed with the terrors of his excited imagination, Florian, when the diligence stopped for the night, could not rest, under the apprehension that he should be pursued and there overtaken. Finding a horse offered for sale at the place, he purchased the animal, and on the plea of urgent business instantly continued his journey. In this way he proceeded for several days, changing his name and altering his course whenever opportunity permitted, so as to elude pursuit.

On the fifth morning he found himself in a fertile district of central France; and considering himself safe from all immediate danger, he pursued his journey more leisurely between the vine-covered and gently swelling hills until the noonday heat and dusty road made him sensibly feel the want of refreshment. While gazing around him for some hamlet or cottage to pause at, his attention was caught by sounds of lamentation at no great distance, and a sudden turn in the road revealed to him a prostrate mule, vainly endeavouring to regain his legs, one of which was broken. A tall boy, in peasant-garb, was scratching his head in rustic embarrassment at this dilemma, and near him stood a young and very lovely woman, wringing her hands in perplexity, and lamenting over the unfortunate mule, a remarkably fine animal, and caparisoned with a completeness which indicated the easy circumstances of the owner. Florian immediately stopped his horse: and, with his wonted kindness, dismounted to offer his assistance. The young woman said nothing as he approached, but her beautiful dark eyes appealed to him for aid and counsel with an eloquence which reached his heart in a moment. Examining the mule, he said, after some consideration, 'There is no hope for the poor animal; and the most humane expedient will be to shoot him as soon as possible. Your side-sad-

dle can be strapped on my horse, which shall convey you to the next village, or as much farther as you like, if you have no objection to the conveyance.'

Expressing her thanks with engaging frankness and cordiality, the fair traveller told him that she was returning from a visit to some relations, and that she was still four leagues from her father's house. She would gladly, she said, avail herself of his kind offer, but insisted that her servant should not kill her favourite mule until she was out of sight and hearing. Then turning briskly towards Florian, she told him that she was ready to proceed, but objected to the exchange of saddles; and, as she was accustomed to ride on a pillion, would rather sit behind him, as well as she could, than give him the trouble of walking four leagues. Finding all opposition fruitless, Florian remounted; and, with the assistance of her servant, the fair unknown was soon seated behind him. Blushing and laughing at the necessity, she put an arm around his waist to support herself, and then begged him to proceed without delay, as she was anxious to reach home before night.

Conversing as they journeyed onward, their communications became every moment more cordial and interesting; and as Florian felt the warm hand of his lovely companion near his heart, he began to feel a soothing sense of gratification, which cheered and elevated his perturbed spirits. He had never before found himself in such near and agreeable relation to a beautiful and lively woman; and, whenever he turned his head to speak or listen, he found the finest black eyes, and the most lovely mouth he had ever seen, within a few inches of his own. So potent, indeed was the charm of her look and language, that he forgot, for a time, the timid graces and less sparkling beauty of her he had lost for ever, and was insensibly beguiled of all his fears and sorrows as he listened to the lively sallies of this laughing-loving fair one. Meanwhile they had quitted the cross-road in which he had discovered her, and pursued, by her direction, the great road

from Paris toward eastern France. Here, however, he remarked, with surprise, that she invariably drew the large hood of her cloak over her face when any travellers passed them; and his surprise was converted into uneasiness and suspicion, when, after commencing the last league of their journey, she drew the hood entirely over her face; and her conversation, before so animated and flowing, was succeeded by total silence, or by replies so brief and disjointed, as to indicate that her thoughts were intensely pre-occupied.

The sun had reached the horizon when they arrived within a short half-league of the town before them, and here she suddenly asked her conductor, whether he intended to travel farther before morning. Florian, hoping to obtain some clue to her name and residence, replied, that he was undetermined; on which she advised him to give a night's rest to his jaded horse, and strongly recommended to him an hotel, the name and situation of which she minutely described. He promised to comply with her recommendations; and immediately, by a prompt and vigorous effort, she threw herself from the horse to the ground. Hastily arranging her disordered travelling dress she approached him, clasped his hand in both her own, and thanked him, in brief but fervent terms, for the important service he had rendered her. 'And now,' added she, in visible embarrassment, as she raised her hood, and looked fearfully round, 'I have another favour to request. My father would not approve of your accompanying me home, nor must the town gossips see me at this hour with a young man and a stranger. You will, therefore, oblige me by resting your horse here for half an hour, that I may reach the town before you. Will you do me this favour?' she repeated with a pleading look. 'Most certainly I will,' replied the good-natured, but disappointed Florian. 'Farewell, then,' she cordially rejoined, 'and may Heaven reward your kindness!'

Bounding forward with a light and rapid step she soon disappeared round a sharp angle in the road, occasioned by a sudden bend of the adjacent river. Florian, dismounting to relieve his horse, gazed admiringly upon her elastic step and well-turned figure, until she was out of sight. He recollected, with a sigh of regret, the sprightly graces and artless intelligence of her conversation; again the sense of his desolate and perilous condition smote him; he felt himself more than ever forlorn and unhappy, and reproached himself for the helpless bashfulness which had prevented him from enquiring more urgently the name and residence of this charming stranger. While thus painfully musing, the time she had prescribed elapsed, and Florian, remounting, let the bridle fall upon the neck of the exhausted animal, which paced towards the town as deliberately as the unknown fair one could have wished. At a short distance from the town

gate the high road passed under an archway, composing part of a detached house of Gothic and ancient structure; and on the town side of the arch was a toll-bar, at which a boy was stationed, who held out his hat to Florian, and demanded half a sous. 'For what?' asked Florian.

'A long established toll, sir,' said the boy; 'and if you have a compassionate heart, you will give another half sous to the condemned criminals,' he continued, as he pointed to an iron-box, placed near the house-door, under a figure of the Virgin. Shuddering at the words, Florian threw some copper coins into the box; and, as he hastened forward, endeavoured to banish the painful association of ideas, by fixing his thoughts upon the mysterious fair one. Suspecting, from the pressing manner in which she had recommended a particular hotel to his preference, that, if he went there, he might possibly see or hear from her in the morning, he proceeded to the Henry Quatre, which proved to be an hotel of third-rate importance, but well suited to his limited means, and recommending itself by an air of cleanliness and comfort.

Sitting down in a corner near the fire, the combined effects of a genial warmth and excessive fatigue threw him into a sound sleep, which lasted several hours, and would have continued much longer, had he not been roused by the landlord, who told him that his supper had been ready some time, but that he had been unwilling to disturb a slumber so profound. In fact, the repose of the unfortunate fugitive had not, during the five preceding nights, been so continuous and refreshing, so free from painful and menacing visions. Rising drowsily from his chair, he followed the landlord to a table where a roasted capon and a glass jug of bright wine waited his arrival. The servants had all retired for the night,—the landlord quitted the kitchen, and Florian, busily employed in dissecting the fowl, thought himself the sole tenant of the spacious apartment, when, looking accidentally towards the fire he saw with surprise that the chair he had just quitted was occupied. Looking more intently, he distinguished a short man of more than middle age, whose square and sturdy figure was partially concealed by a capacious mantle. His hair was grey, his forehead seamed with broad wrinkles, and his bushy brows beetled over a set of features stern and massive as if cast in iron. His eyes were small and deep-set, but of a lustrous black; and Florian observed with dismay that they were fixed upon his countenance with a look of searching scrutiny. It was near midnight and in the deep silence which reigned through the house, this motionless attitude, and marble fixedness of look, gave to the stranger's appearance a character so appalling, that, had he not broken the spell by stooping to light his pipe, the excited Florian would ere long have thought him an unearthly object. The

stranger now quitted his seat by the fire, took from a table near him a jug of wine, and approached the wondering Florian. 'With your leave, my good sir,' he began, 'I will take a chair by your table. A little friendly gossip is the best of all seasoning to a glass of wine.'

Without waiting for a reply, the old man seated himself directly opposite to Florian, and again fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon his countenance. The conscious fugitive, who felt a growing and unaccountable dread of this singular intruder, muttered a brief assent, and continued to eat his supper, in silent but obvious embarrassment; stealing now and then a timid look at the stranger, but hastily withdrawing his furtive glances as he felt the beams of the old man's small and vivid eyes penetrating his very soul. He observed that the features of his tormentor were cast in a vulgar mould, but his gaze was widely different from that of clownish curiosity, and there was in his deportment a stern and steady self-possession, which suggested to the alarmed Florian a suspicion that he was an agent of the police who had probably tracked him through the cross-roads he had traversed in his flight from D. The rich colour of his cheek turned to an ashy paleness at this appalling conjecture; and, leaving his supper, unfinished, he rose abruptly from the table to quit the room, when the old man, starting suddenly from his chair, and seized the shaking hand of Florian, and, looking cautiously around him, said in subdued but impressive tones—'It is not accident, young man, which brings us together at this hour, I came in while you were asleep, and begged the landlord would not awaken you, that I might say a few words to you in confidence, after the servants had gone to bed.'

'To me?' exclaimed Florian, in anxious wonder.

'Hush?' said the old man, again looking round the kitchen. 'My object is to give you a friendly warning; for, if I am not for the first time mistaken in these matters, you are menaced with a formidable danger.'

'Danger?' repeated the pallid Florian, in a voice scarcely audible.

'And have you not good reason to expect this danger?' continued the stranger. 'Your saddened paleness tells me that you know it, I am an old man, and my life has been a rough pilgrimage, but I have still a warm heart, and can make allowances for the headlong impetuositv which too often plunge a young man into crime. You may safely trust me,' he continued, placing his hand upon his heart, 'in whose bosom the confessions of many hapless fugitives repose, and will repose, as long as life beats high in the pulses. I betray no man who confides in me, were he stained even with blood.'

Pausing a little he fixed a keenly searching look upon the shrinking youth, and then whispered in his ear—'Young man! you have a murder on your conscience!'

For a moment the apprehensions of Florian yielded to the lofty sense of indignation at this groundless charge. 'It is false, old man!' he exclaimed with energy, 'I swear by the just God who searches all hearts, that I am not conscious of any crime.'

'I shall rejoice to learn that I am mistaken,' replied the old man with evident gratification, as again he fixed his searching orbs upon the indignant Florian. 'If you are innocent, it will be all the better for both of us; but,' he continued, after a hasty look around him, 'the danger I alluded to still hangs over your head. I trust, however, that with God's help, I shall be able to shield you from it.'

Florian too much alarmed to reply, looked at him doubtfully. 'I will deal candidly with you,' resumed the old man, after a pause of reflection, 'When you rode by my house this evening'—

'Who and what are you?' exclaimed Florian, in new astonishment.

'Have a little patience young man!' replied the stranger, while his iron features relaxed into a good-natured smile. 'Do you recollect the tall archway under an old house where a toll of half a sous was demanded from you? That house is mine; and I was sitting by the window as you threw an alms into the box for the condemned criminals. Had you then looked upward, you would have seen a naked sword and a bright axe suspended over your head.'

At these words Florian shuddered, and involuntarily retreated some paces from his companion. 'I see by your flinching,' sternly resumed the old man, 'that you guess who is before you. You are right, young man! I am the town executioner, but an honest man withal, and well inclined to render you essential service. Now, mark me! When you stopped beneath the broad blade, it quivered and jarred against the axe. Whoever is thus greeted by the headsman's sword is inevitably doomed to come in contact with it. I heard the boding jar which every executioner in France well knows how to interpret, and I immediately determined to follow and to warn you.'

The unhappy youth, who had listened in disheartened emotion to this strange communication, now yielded to a sense of ungovernable terror. Covering with both his hands his pallid face, he exclaimed in nameless agony—'O God! in thy infinite mercy, save me!'

'Hah!' ejaculated the headsman steadily, 'have I then roused your sleeping conscience? However, whether you conclude to open or to shut your heart, is now immaterial. In either case I will never betray you,—for accusation and judgment belong not to my office. Profit, therefore, as you best may, by my well intended warning. Alas! alas! he muttered between his closed teeth, 'that one so young should dip his hands in blood.'

'By all that is sacred!' exclaimed Florian, with trembling eagerness, 'I am innocent of

murder, and incapable of falsehood ; and yet so disastrous is my destiny, that I am beset with peril and suspicion. You are an utter stranger to me, but you appear to have benevolence and worldly wisdom. Listen to my tale, and then in mercy give me aid and counsel.'

He now unfolded to the executioner the extraordinary chain of circumstances, which had compelled him to seek security in flight, and told his tale of trials with an artless and single-hearted simplicity of language, look, and gesture, which carried with it irresistible conviction of his innocence. The rigid features of the headsman gradually relaxed as he listened, into a cheerful and even cordial expression ; then warmly grasping the hand of Florian as he concluded, he said, ' Well ! well ! I see how it is. In my profession we learn how to read human nature. When I watched your slumber, I thought your sleep looked very like the sleep of innocence ; and now I believe from my soul that you are as guiltless of this murder as I am. With God's help I will yet save you from this peril. There was certainly some danger of your being implicated by the singular circumstances you have detailed ; but the real and formidable peril has grown out of your flight. This was a blunder young man ! but I see no reason to despair. 'Tis true the broad blade has denounced you, and my grandfather and father, as well as myself, have traced criminals by its guidance ; but I know the sword will speak alike to its master and its victim. You have yet to learn, young man, that in this life every man is either an anvil or a hammer, a tool or a victim ; and that he who boldly grasps the blade will never be its victim. Briefly, then I feel a regard for you. I have no sons, but I have a young and lovely daughter. Marry her, and I will adopt you as my successor. You will then fulfil your destiny by coming in contact with the sword ; and if you clutch it firmly, I will pledge myself that you never die by it.'

At this strange proposal Florian started on his feet with indignant abhorrence. ' Hold ! ' continued the headsman coolly. ' Why hurry your decision ? The night is long, and favourable to reflection. Bestow a full and fair consideration upon my proposal, and recollect that your neck is in peril ; that all your prospects are blasted ; and that any offer of a safe asylum, and a competent support, can alone preserve you from despair and destruction.'

The headsman now emptied his glass, and with a friendly nod left the kitchen. Soon after his departure the landlord appeared with a nightlamp, and conducted Florian to his apartment. Without undressing, the bewildered youth extinguished his lamp, and threw himself on the bed, hoping that the darkness would accelerate the approach of sleep, and of that oblivion which in his happier days had always accompanied it. Vain, however, for

some hours, was every attempt to lull his senses into forgetfulness. The revolting proposal of the old man haunted him incessantly.

' I become an'—he muttered indignantly, but could never utter the hateful word. The shrinking diffidence which had been a fertile source of difficulty to him through life, had been increased tenfold by his recent calamities ; he was conscious even to agony of his total inability to contend with the consequences of his imprudent and cowardly flight ; but, from such means of escape, he recoiled with unutterable loathing. The broken slumber into which he fell before morning was haunted by boding forms and tragic incidents. The sword, the axe, the scaffold, and the rack, flitted around him in quick procession, and seemed to close every avenue to escape. He awoke from these visions of horror at day-break, and left his bed as wearied in body, and as irresolute in mind as when he entered it. Dreading alike a renewal of the executioner's proposal, and the risk of being arrested and tried for murder, he saw no alternative but flight—immediate flight beyond the bounds of France. * * * * *

Florian hastened down stairs to order his horse, that he might leave the hotel and the town before the promised visit of the fearful headsman. Notwithstanding his urgency, he found his departure unaccountably delayed. His officious host persisted too in sending a boy to show him the nearest way to the town gate ; and the impatient traveller, who would gladly have declined the offer, found himself obliged to submit. His guide accompanied him to the extremity of the small suburb beyond the eastern gate, and quitted him ; while Florian, whose ever ready apprehensions had been roused by the tenacious civility of the landlord, rode slowly forward, looking round occasionally at his returning guide, and determining to take the first cross-road he could find. A little farther he discovered the entrance of a narrow lane, shaded by a double row of lofty chesnuts, and as he turned towards it his horse's head, he saw the old man, whose promised visit he was endeavouring to escape, issuing from the lane on horseback. ' I guessed as much,' said the headsman, smiling, as he rode up to the startled fugitive. ' I knew you would try to escape me, but I cannot consent that you should thus run headlong into certain destruction. You have neither sanguine hopes nor a fixed purpose to support you, and you want firmness to answer with discretion the trying questions which will everywhere assail you. You are silent—you feel the full extent of your danger—why not then embrace the certain protection I offer you ? Fear not that I shall either repeat or allude to my last night's proposal. My sole object is your immediate protection at this critical period, when you are doubtless tracked in all directions by the blood-hounds of the police. At the frontier you will inex-

ably be stopped and identified; but under my roof you will be safe from all pursuit and suspicion. I live secluded from the world, I have no visitors, and your presence would not be suspected by any one. In a few weeks the heat of pursuit will abate, and you may then take your departure with renewed courage and confidence.'

'Courage and confidence!' repeated to himself the timid Florian; 'would to heaven I had either!' The good sense however, of the old man's advice was so obvious, that he determined to avail himself of so kind an offer. Gratefully pressing his hand, he dismissed all doubts of his sincerity; and said I will accompany you, and may God reward your benevolence, for I cannot.'

'We must return by the road I came,' said the headsmen, turning his horse. 'It will take us outside the town to my house: and, at this hour, we shall arrive there unperceived. Your landlord, who is under obligations to me, sent you this road at my request. He supposes that you are my distant relative, and that, unwilling to appear in public with an executioner, you had made an appointment with me for this early hour on your way homeward.'

(To be Continued.)

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.
THE REFORMATION.

A FACT.

(Concluded.)

Nannette alone cherished the only glimpse of his reform. She had observed that on the Sabbath day he invariably forbore to taste the alluring cup. Dressed in a clean suit of lambs-wool, he would, on those days attend her to church, and while there, the decency of his devotion, being with all humility, and the fervency of his response, formed a singular contrast with his free libations during the rest of the week; while the evening of each sacred day witnessed their vows of love and faith. Seated beneath the broad spreading willow, at the back of the church, many an hour was spent in improving conversation, and an interchange of affection. The murmuring of the little brook at their feet filled the pauses love made, and banished from the hum of noisy insects that monotony of sound which is too apt to pervade the retreats of wood and grove, while the moon looked down upon their beautiful and holy intercourse—and seldom has her beams illumined fairer countenances, or forms more perfect from the hand of heaven.

Thus, between piety and love, was each first day hallowed by the youthful pair; but the remainder of the week was, to him, a blank of time, and to her a period of severe trial.

Weeks and months passed away, and the hateful mug was for ever at his lips. In vain Nannette sighed and gently reprov'd; no amendment was visible in the conduct of James; on Sundays only did his countenance

bear the perfect stamp; then, indeed, it was radiant with beauty and intelligence. One evening James had taken an inordinate measure, and lay extended along the bench of the inn; the good hostess, who was busy in preparing for a public parade, found the unfortunate youth very much in her way, and, with very little ceremony, ordered her servants to convey the intemperate wretch to the porch, and lay him by the side of Keeper, the dog, as a fit companion for brutes only: The injunction was instantly obeyed, and he was borne into the porch, incapable of making the least resistance, yet perfectly sensible of his degraded condition, and stung to the soul by the severe reproof.

The faithful Keeper, now his only friend, as if in sympathy with his sufferings, began to lick his hands and face, which kindness James endeavoured to prevent, but found that he had not power to move a limb; and, in the anguish of his wounded feelings, he exclaimed,

'Gracious heavens! am I indeed so lost? Shall I be henceforth a thing for men to buffet, to scoff and jeer at?' A prodigal, fit only to herd with swine! Thou, Keeper, art too good a dog for such a one?'

The morning of the following day the young wool-comber was no where to be found. Inquiry was made at the different farm houses, but to no purpose; it was supposed that he had left the town during the night of his mortification. The pretty Nannette was no longer visible at the inn, while the story of their flight soon spread through the village and became at least a nine day's wonder among the inhabitants.

Many years had passed away, and the loves of James and Nannette was an affair almost forgotten when Judge H. a wealthy farmer of New Town, was tempted by business or pleasure, to cross the uncertain wave, and visit home, 'the mother country.' (Thus was the favoured isle denominated by the English-Americans even to the period of our division.)

Having accomplished the objects of his voyage, he bade adieu to the great metropolis, and took post-chaise for the nearest sea-port town, from whence he purposed to sail for America in a few days. He had not driven far from London when a coach and four attempted to pass him on the road. Some difficulty occurred to prevent its progress, owing to the awkwardness of the post-boy. The gentleman in the carriage looked from the window to give orders to his attendants, and his eye met that of Judge H. who also had leaned forward that he might observe how matters were about to be arranged. In a moment a smile of joyous recognition lighted up the features of the stranger, whose dress and manners comported well with the splendour of his vehicle.

'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'is not this my friend H. of Long Island? Surely it is he;' and in the next moment he was at the side of the chaise.

'You have pronounced my name, most certainly,' replied the worthy farmer; 'but how you could have known it, is to me a riddle.'

'Look well at me, I pray you,' and the stranger drew himself up to his full height, and raising his hat, continued, 'examine my features carefully—are they not familiar to you?'

'They are not indeed, sir,' replied H. after a few moments intent survey of the noble and graceful figure before him. 'I do assure you that to my knowledge I never saw you till this hour, or my memory is unusually treacherous;' he then murmured out something of the unmerited honour, &c. and bidding a 'good morrow,' was about to drive off.

'Stay, sir,' cried the stranger; 'can it be possible that you have forgotten James, the unfortunate wool-comber, who but ten years since, sought a living through your town?'

'Who? What? This James, who disgraced himself at Halkin's by his intemperance? and finished by stealing away the sweetest flower that ever blossomed in our soil! Do my eyes—my ears hear aright?' and the good farmer raised his hands in utter astonishment.

'I perceive you are greatly surprised at the change in my appearance and circumstances, and very naturally; but do you not remember I used often to tell you that there was but twenty-nine lives between me and a title with a large estate? Time has swept away those barriers, and I am now in quiet possession of a fortune more than sufficient for one that early knew the most trying vicissitudes of life. She, of whom you spoke, the dear, the lovely Nannette, the partner and soother of my sorrows, is now the sharer of my prosperity—the happy wife and mother. Come home with me—my estate lies not far from this, and you may then have it in your power to convey to the good people of Long Island a just idea of the improved fortunes of Fair James the wool-comber, and the pretty Nannette the bar-maid,' J. P.

BIOGRAPHY.

PHILIP SCHUYLER,

A major-general in the revolutionary war, received this appointment from congress, June 19, 1775. He was directed to proceed immediately from New-York to Ticonderoga, to secure the lakes, and to make preparations for entering Canada. Being taken sick in September, the command devolved upon Montgomery. On his recovery he devoted himself zealously to the management of the affairs in the northern department. The superintendence of the Indian concerns claimed much of his attention.

On the approach of Burgoyne, in 1777, he made every exertion to obstruct his progress; but the evacuation of Ticonderoga, by St. Clair, occasioning unreasonable jealousies in regard to Schuyler in New-England, he was superseded by Gates in August, and congress directed an inquiry to be made into his conduct.

It was a matter of extreme chagrin to him to be recalled at the moment when he was about to take ground and face the enemy. He afterwards, though not in the regular service, rendered important services to his country in the military transactions of New-York. He was a member of the old congress, and when the present government of the United States commenced its operations in 1789, he was appointed with Rufus King a senator from his native state.

In 1797, he was again appointed a senator in the place of Aaron Burr. He died at Albany, November, 18, 1804, in the seventy-third year of his age. Distinguished by strength of intellect and upright intentions, he was wise in the contrivance, and enterprising and persevering in the execution of plans of public utility. In private life he was dignified, but courteous, a pleasing and instructive companion, affectionate in his domestic relations, and just in all his dealings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TEMPER.

What a blessing it is when a man can properly regulate his temper. How many heart burnings and animosities would it save us; how many friendships would be preserved and what a deal of fellowship, that is now wasted, might be concentrated and gathered together for our worldly comfort. One who has the proper command of himself, who can keep down the fires of his disposition and converse coolly when others are irritated is your true philosopher. To the young, particularly those who are entering upon the threshold of existence and who know little of the thousand perplexities of human life, we would say, keep a strict watch over your passions. Suffer them not to lead you astray—suffer them not to usurp the reins of your judgment, for we never knew a man whose temperament was quick and uncontrollable, to be happy: and it is seldom such attain distinction and eminence. Therefore we say unto you fair reader be especially watchful of your temper.

NOBLE REVENGE.

During General Burgoyne's destructive campaign in New-York, he ordered his troops to burn the beautiful mansion of the American General Schuyler, and to destroy all the property they could find. Not long after, General Burgoyne was obliged to surrender himself and his army, as prisoners of war to the Americans. The celebrated Lady Ackland, who followed the fortunes of her husband with such remarkable constancy and fortitude, was then in the British camp. 'I went,' says she, as nearly as I can recollect the words, 'over to the Americans, soon after our surrender, taking my children with me in my favourite calash. I acknowledge I felt timid as I passed thro' the enemy's camp; but no insult was

offered me, and I saw no symptoms of anything but respect, and compassion for my misfortunes. Arrived at Geh. Gate's tent, a gentleman came forward to hand me from my calash, and said in a soothing tone, 'you tremble, madam, do not be alarmed;' and when he took the children from the carriage, he clasped the youngest to his bosom and kissed it tenderly. The tears came to my eyes, as I said, 'Surely, sir, you are a husband and a father.' It was Gen. Schuyler! whose property had so recently been destroyed by our army.—He afterward invited Gen. Burgoyne and other officers to visit his house for several days. 'You treat me with great kindness and hospitality,' said the British General, 'though I have done you so much injury.' 'That was the fortune of war,' replied Gen. Schuyler, 'let us think no more of it.'

Physic.—Kein Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir George Staunton how physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, he had been made to understand how well physicians were paid by their patients as long as they were ill, he exclaimed, 'Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them, but the moment I am ill their salary stops till I recover. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short.'

Dogs.—Addison remarks that the dog has been the companion of man more than 5000 years, and has learned of him only one of his vices, viz. 'to worry his species when he finds them in distress.' Tie a tin canister to a dog's tail, and others will fall upon him; put a man in prison for debt, and another will lodge a detainer against him. This propensity to afflict the afflicted has given rise to the vulgar, but we fear too correct adage,—'When a man is going down hill, every one gives him a kick.'

A small feeling.—A man of exceedingly contracted mind, was one day complaining to an acquaintance, that he had a very acute pain not bigger seemingly than the point of a pin. 'It's amazing strange,' he continued, 'don't you think it is? what do you suppose is the cause of it?' 'Why really I don't know,' replied the other, 'what part of you should be liable to so very minute a pain, unless it be your soul.'

A man by the name of John Thompson, having been to Yorkshire fair, in returning was so intoxicated, as to induce great and irresistible drowsiness. Having slept some time he awoke and found himself alone in his cart and both his horses stolen, he did not know himself. He then began to reason thus, 'either I am

John Thompson, or not John Thompson, if I am John Thompson, I have lost my horses—but if I am not John Thompson, I have found a cart.'

Retort.—A quaker was asked by a magistrate who had been a carpenter, 'why he did not take off his hat?' 'It is a privilege said he we quakers are allowed.' 'If it were in my power,' exclaimed the magistrate, 'I would have your hat nailed to your head.' 'I thought,' said Obadiah, 'that thou hadst given up the trade of driving nails.'

A Gentleman in Ireland, remarkable for what are called bulls, was met one day in mourning. 'How now, Frank,' says his acquaintance; 'Who are you in mourning for?' 'For my poor wife honey,' answered he. 'God bless me!' says the other. 'Indeed it is very trow, (says Frank,) she woud haive been thra waiks dead, if she hod lived till last Wonsday.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1830.

Embellishments for the Present Volume.—The next plate, a view of the U. S. Marine Hospital, is now under the hands of the engraver, and will accompany number seven. Our patrons will then be entitled to two more, one of which, will be an engraving of the Berkshire Gymnasium, and the other, we intend shall be a view of this city, neatly and handsomely executed expressly for the Repository.

¶ We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of two hundred and ten new subscribers, since our last number.

Agents.—Agents will soon be named, but at present persons at a distance can obtain this paper by applying to post-masters.

The Gem.—Having mentioned this work in a former number, we insert the following notice, given by the proprietors, of a new arrangement respecting plates:

'We have made arrangements for four elegant Copperplate Engravings for this volume of the Gem. One of them will be a view of the Genesee Falls, at Rochester, and the scaffold from which the unfortunate Patch made his "last leap," as advertised in volume 1st. No extra price will be charged. Our terms will remain as they were, \$1,50 per annum, in advance.' A specimen of this work can be seen at our office, and we will forward the names of subscribers free of expense.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Thomas P. Clark, to Miss Prudence Jessup.

At Hillsdale, N. Y. on the 2d inst, by the Rev. H. Truesdell, the Rev. Hiram Hamblin White, of the New England Methodist Episcopal Conference, to Miss Jane Miranda, daughter of John Collin.

At Copake, on the 29th of May, by William T. Trafford, Esq. Mr. John Snyder, to Miss Hannah Van Deusen, both of the same place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 13th inst. Huldah, wife of Reuben G. Macy, of a short but severe illness, aged 36 years.

On the 8th inst. Frances Mary, daughter of Mr. John Powers, aged 4 years.

On the 14th inst. Ann Elizabeth, daughter of David Rogers, aged 1 year.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. THE DYING CHILD.

To see the strong in their matured strength
Contending firm with pain and suffering,
Like the stern forest monarch in the wild
Whirlwind's blast, draws from th' heart of sympathy
A sigh—and wakes the tones of pitying
Concern: but sweet and blooming innocence,
Checked in its bright and gay career—thrown down
On the bed of anguish—its young and pure
Blood, curdling slowly in its tender veins,
As closer the icy king draws within
His dread embrace the fainting flower—
Calls out the deep, and finer feelings
Of the heart, and with watery jewels, gems
The eye of feeling and of tenderness.
She lay—the little sufferer—convulsed,
Pain, deep searching, thrill'd through her tender frame,
And on her clear, fair brow disease had stamp'd
The impress of decay. Fair innocent!
Chill'd in thy opening bloom, thou sudden fall'st,
As th' young rose-bud touch'd by an unseemly
Blight! The stern church-yard-monarch, as he passed,
Breathed o'er the face of infant loveliness.
And quick dissolved the weaken'd cords of life;
And then her young spirit, like the unseen,
And noiseless wind, sprang up, and floated forth
Into the high empyrean, to rest
In joy, forever there!—

OSMAR.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. THE LOVER'S INVOCATION.

The moon is up, love! and the lingering mist
Which hung like wreaths upon the mountain tops
Has melted off, and left their summits tip
With silver brilliancy. Down their steep sides
Save where those huge and solitary rocks
Their frowning shadows cast, the struggling beams
Play o'er the deep green foliage, as it sweeps
With undulating motion, while the breath
Of evening wakes it into life. And hark!
The warbling songsters of the groves are mute,
But the glad voice of nature's melody,
The music of her ever flowing rills
Comes stealing on the night air, like the strains
The bard of yore struck from his magic lyre
The flowers are breathing forth their fresh perfumes,
Their petals gemmed with sparkling dew, like tears
In beauty's melting eye, while their soft tints
Would emulate the hue upon her cheek.
Come forth my love! and from yon grassy bank
That spreads its breast with such a gentle slope
To woo the southern breeze, we'll cull with care
The choicest and most fragrant, to entwine
With the dark locks that cluster round thy brow. Z.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL. —THE SYBIL.

Would thy young inquiring eye
Pierce the dark futurity—
Read the awful book of Fate,
Oft so sad and desolate?
Mortal! ask me not to show
What of weal or what of woe,
I, the Sybil, there can see
Writ against thy destiny—

By the past, th' unerring past,
I, thy future lot will cast.
List to me, then, whilst I tell—
Time will show or ill or well,
Whether smiles or whether tears
Gild or shade thine after years;
So thou wilt but answer me,
Simple questions, one, two, three.

When the homeless sought thy door—
When the hungry begg'd thy store—
When the lonely widow wept—
When the orphan houseless slept—
Did the homeless find a home?
Didst thou bid the famished come?
Didst thou calm the widow's grief?
Give the fatherless relief?
If thy conscience answer yes,
Great shall be thy share of bliss;
If thy conscience answer no,
Deep the measure of thy woe!

When the love that bound thine heart
To that one, as ne'er to part—
Though ne crabbed law hath prest
Rule or fetter on thy breast,
Mid the sorrow and the strife,
Ebb and flow of human life,
Sorrow gain'd and pleasure gone,
Was it still true to that one?
If thy conscience answer yes,
Great shall be thy share of bliss;
If thy conscience answer no,
Deep the measure of thy woe!

ENTIGRAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Love.

PUZZLE II.—Phthisick.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What men of science, genius, justly claim,
By what most tends to gain a lasting name;
Transpose, and the criterion it will show,
By what the shepherd from the sheep we know.
Again transpos'd 'twill show to every eye,
How merchants pass their kites afar and high,
By which they thousands or ten thousands fly.

II.

My first is the head of a handsome bird in America;
My second is the two ends of a long river in the west;
My third is the tail of a beast of prey;
My whole is a bird of an amphibious nature.

NOTICE.

We have now on hand and for sale a few complete sets of the Repository, including both the old and new series; those who wish can also be furnished with the new series only, or with either of the volumes from the beginning separately, except the 1st and 2d, either bound or unbound.

Those, who wish, can have their volumes of the Repository bound and any numbers that may be missing supplied at this office.—Each of our present subscribers by obtaining another, can save half their postage, as two papers can be sent together in a whole sheet.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, JULY 3, 1830.

NO. 3.

POPULAR TABLES.

THE HEADSMAN.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued.)

A half hour's ride brought Florian and the headsman to the Gothic building before mentioned, where the latter resided. Although the new guest entered it with indescribable emotions, the frank cordiality and kindness manifested by the old man soon put him at ease and removed all suspicions of intended treachery. An excellent breakfast was quickly provided, and the headsman sent a message requesting his daughter to bring a bottle of wine. Florian, suspecting that some new attempt was to be made to ensnare him to the purpose originally expressed, recoiled as he watched the door in the expectation of seeing it opened by some bold and reckless female, whom his fancy already invested with as many revolting qualities as he had habitually supposed to belong to the occupation of her father. How then was he affected by new and surprising emotions when his lovely travelling companion, whom in the terrors of the last night he had forgotten, in blushing embarrassment entered with the wine. He was about to meet her with a cordial greeting, when he was checked by a significant look which intimated a wish to conceal their previous acquaintance; and with a silent bow he resumed his seat. The smiling maid, introduced by her father by the name of Madelon, took a chair between her father and Florian, and the conversation soon became general and exhilarating.

The continued fever of apprehension which had almost unhinged the reason of Florian, now rapidly subsided. The cordial hospitality of the old headsman soon made him feel at home in an abode which he had once contemplated with horror and disgust; while the artless attentions and fascinating vivacity of the pretty Madelon soon wove around him a magic spell, and invested the gothic chambers of her father's antique mansion with all the splendour of Aladdin's palace.

Motherless from the age of fourteen, and secluded by her father's vocation from all society save occasional intercourse with relatives of the same degraded caste, the headsman's daughter had been early accustomed to rely upon her own resources.

Most of her leisure hours had been devoted to a comprehensive course of historical reading, from which her unpolished but strong minded father conceived that she would derive, not only amusement and instruction, but that sustaining fortitudes so essential to the station in which her lot was cast. Thus her innocent, and active mind, untainted by the licentiousness and infidelity of French romance, acquired concentration and strength; the study of sacred and profane history induced habits of salutary reflection, and her character gradually developed a masculine yet unpretending energy, which admirably fitted her to become the helpmate of a man so timid and undecisive as Florian. Her mother was a Parisian, of good manners and education, but an orphan and defenceless. Persecuted by a licentious nobleman, she had effected her escape from the chateau in which she resided as governess to his daughters. Circumstances, not essential to my narrative, had induced her to accept a temporary asylum in the house of the executioner, whose mother was then living. Here, in a moment of despair at her hopeless and destitute condition, she accepted the often tendered addresses of the enamoured headsman, and became his wife. The life of this amiable and accomplished woman was shortened by her calamities, and by a sense of degradation which she could never subdue. Secluded from all human society save that of an uncultivated husband, who but imperfectly understood her value, she loved her only child with more than a mother's idolatry; and while her strength permitted, devoted herself, with unceasing solicitude, to the formation of her mind, and to the regulation of her untameable vivacity. Thus happily moulded in early youth, and judiciously cultivated after her mother's death, Madelon combined, with clear and vigorous

perceptions, a degree of personal attractions rarely seen in France, and no small portion of the feminine grace and fascination peculiar to well educated French women, while to these advantages were superadded eyes of radiant lustre, a voice rich in soft and musical inflections, and a smile of irresistible archness and witchery. Accustomed, from her limited opportunities of observation, to regard men as collectively coarse and uncultivated she had been immediately and powerfully attracted by the elegant person, the refined and gentle manners of Florian, during their four leagues' journey; and to one who felt the value of knowledge, and eagerly sought to extend her means of pursuing it, there was, on further acquaintance, a charm in his comprehensive attainments and in the classic elegance of his diction, which compensated for the unmanly timidity and morbid infirmity of purpose, so easily distinguishable in his character and conduct.

In Florian, whose feelings were fortified by reminiscences of a prior attachment, the progress of sentiment was slower, but not less certain in its tendency. His silent worship of Angelique had always been accompanied by doubts and misgivings innumerable. He thought her lost to him for ever; he felt that all his prospects of professional advancement were blighted by the disastrous incident at D. and his consequent flight; and insensibly he yielded to the charm of daily and hourly intercourse with the bewitching Madelon. The consciousness of her admiring prepossession, and of his own superior attainments, gave to him, while conversing with her, a soothing self-possession, and expansion of thought and feeling, and a glowing facility of elocution, which he had never experienced, and which proved a source of exquisite and inexhaustible gratification. Her increasing sympathy and kindness, her battering anticipation of his wishes, lulled the anguish of his recollections, and her sparkling gaiety never failed to rouse his drooping spirits. He soon learned to estimate at its true value the rare combination of gentleness and energy which her character displayed; while her courageous self-possession and unfailing resources, under every difficulty made him regard her as a woman gifted beyond her sex with those qualities in which he felt himself most deficient. In short, feelings of deep and lasting attachment stole insensibly into the hearts of the youthful pair. Florian had surrendered all his sympathies to Madelon before he was conscious of the power she had gained over his happiness, and their mutual affection was betrayed and sealed by word and pledge before he reflected upon the inevitable consequence. Too soon, alas! he was awakened from this dream of bliss to a long reality of terror and anguish. The spell which bound him was broken, and the scene of enchantment was abruptly changed into a chaos of interminable dismay and anxiety.

Some weeks after his arrival in this asylum the headsman had advised him to prolong stay until all danger of pursuit had subsided, and the fears of the fugitive soon gave way to cheering sensation of security and confidence. To lovers the present is every thing. Florian forgot alike the trying past and the menacing future; weeks and months flitted past unobserved by the youthful pair, while the crafty headsman, who had silently watched their growing attachment, crowed in secret over the now certain success of his stratagem.

Several months had thus elapsed, and the old man, after ascertaining from his daughter that the affections and the honour of Florian were irredeemably pledged, took an opportunity to address him one morning as soon as Madelon had quitted the breakfast-room.

'I think it high time young man,' he said, smiling, 'that you should proceed to business. Come along with me into my workshop.'

Florian looked at him in silent wonder, but unhesitatingly followed him into the capacious cellars, where the old man unlocked a door which his guest had never before observed. Florian entered with his conductor, but started back in dismay as he saw a number of executioner's swords and axes hanging around the walls of the low vaulted room, in the centre of which several cabbage-heads were fixed with pegs upon an oblong block of wood. The headsman took one of the swords from the wall, drew it from the scabbard, carefully wiped the glittering blade, and then offered it to Florian. 'Now, my son,' he began, 'try your strength on these cabbage-heads. It is easy work, and required nothing but a steady hand.'

'Gracious Heaven! you cannot be in earnest!' exclaimed Florian, retreating from him in deadly terror.

'Not in earnest?' rejoined the headsman, sternly; 'I consider your compliance as a matter of course. You love my daughter—you have won her affections—and surely, Florian, you are not the man to play her false!'

'God forbid!' exclaimed Florian with honest fervour. 'I dearly love her, and seek no happier lot than to become her husband.'

'I offered her to you, my son!' said the other with returning kindness; 'but you did not like the conditions, and declined her. You have since, without my permission, sought and won her affections, and you have no right to flinch from the implied consequences. It is high time to come to a conclusion, and to apply yourself in good faith to the only pursuit through which you can ever obtain my Madelon.'

'The only one?' timidly repeated Florian; 'I have, 'tis true, abandoned for your daughter's sake the world and the world's prejudices; but I am young and industrious; I possess valuable knowledge; and, surely, I may find some employment which will maintain a wife and family. Do, my good father, relinquish this dreadful vocation!—'

And my daughter ?' exclaimed the headsmen, with loud and bitter emphasis. 'What to become of *her* ! If even you could step back within the pale of society, *she* would be forever excluded. But you have neither moral courage nor animal bravery enough for any worldly pursuit—your original station in society is irrecoverably gone—and if you attempt to leave this safe asylum, the sword of justice will face you at every turn. No, no, Florian ! I love my future son-in-law too well to expose him to such imminent and deadly peril. There, read that paper ! The contents will bring you to your senses.'

With these words, which struck like a wintry chill into the heart of Florian, he took an old newspaper from his pocket-book. The unhappy fugitive received it with a shaking hand; and read a judicial summons from the authorities of D. seeking intelligence of a student, who had on a certain day quitted the university by the diligence for Normandy, and unaccountably disappeared. His Christian and surname, with an accurate description of his dress and person, were appended. Glancing fearfully down the page, he distinguished some particulars of a murder; his sight grew dim with terror; and, after a vain attempt to read farther, he dropped the fatal document, and reeled, breathless, and almost fainting against the wall.

'He is the very man !' muttered the headsmen, whose keen eye had been intently fixed upon him during the perusal. 'I never asked your real name, young man,' he continued, 'but now I know it. Your terrors would betray it to a child. How then are you, without fortitude to face the common evils of life, and bearing in every feature a betrayer, to escape the giant-grasp of the French police ? And had this calamity never befallen you, how could you gain a support in the world, which, by your own confession, you have ever found ungenial and repulsive ? Believe me, Florian ! here, and here only, will you find safety, support, and happiness.'

'Happiness ?' mournfully repeated Florian.

'Yes, happiness !' rejoined the tempter. 'You and Madelon love each other, and in every station, from the highest to the lowest, love is the salt of life, the balm and cordial of existence. My office descends from generation to generation ; it ensures to the holder, not only a good house and landed property, but an income of no mean amount. Every traveller who passes my house, pays me toll, because fifty years since an inundation compelled the town to cut a high-road through my grandfather's garden. Of all these benefits I shall be deprived, when old and disabled, if my children disdain to follow my vocation ; and if Madelon were to marry within the pale of society which regards her father with abhorrence, my house and vineyard would be destroyed by the bigoted and furious populace, and too probably my innocent child along with

them. Have you the heart, Florian, to hazard her destruction and your own, in preference to an office essential to the existence of civil society, and from which that obedience to the laws, which is the first duty of a good citizen, removes all self-reproach ? With a due sense of the importance of your official duties, you will find yourself sustained in the performance of them ; and a practised hand will soon give you firmness enough to follow a vocation attended with no personal risk ; but, if you determine to leave me, where will you find resolution to face the perils which surround you ? and, if you escape them, how are you to compete in the race of life with the daring and the fleet ?'

The appalling alternatives held out to Florian by the politic headsmen, and the consciousness of his own inability either to escape the police, or to steer his way successfully through the shoals and quicksands of life, rendered him incapable of argument or reply. Bewildered and stupified by contending emotions, his mind became palsied by despair, and his powers of resistance began to fail him. The headsmen saw his advantage ; but, satisfied with the impression he had made upon his hapless victim, he ceased to press any immediate decision, told him to consider of the proposal, and went to his vineyard ; while Florian, hastening to his Madelon, was assailed by the witchery of sighs and tears ; by looks, which alternately pleaded and upbraided ; and by inspiring and cogent arguments, which shamed him into temporary resolution. Thus alternately intimidated by the deep tones and stern denunciations of the father, encouraged by the specious reasonings of the daughter, or soothed by her resistless fascinations ; assured, too, by the headsmen, that for some years sentences of decapitation, with rare exceptions, had been commuted for the galleys, his power to contend with his tempter abandoned him ; he dropped, like the fascinated bird, into the jaws of the serpent ; and yielding to his destiny, he commenced his training in a vocation from which every feeling in his nature, and every dictate of his understanding, recoiled with abhorrence.

It was no sacrifice, to one of his timid and fastidious habits, to abandon a world in which he had ever found himself an alien, and which he now thought confederated to persecute and destroy him. He submitted in uncomplaining resignation to his fate, and ere long found relief in the growing attachment of the headsmen and his daughter. His pure and affectionate heart, and the undeviating rectitude of his principles and conduct, soon won the entire esteem of the old man, whose better feelings had not been blunted by his official duties ; while the light-hearted and bewitching Madelon, who now loved almost to idolatry a man so incomparably superior to any she had hitherto known, delighted to cheer his hours of sadness, and watched his every wish with intense and

unwearied solicitude. Meanwhile, the old man had quietly made every requisite preparation, and a month after the assent of Florian to his proposal, the lovers were united. The official appointment of Florian, as adopted successor to the headsman, took place some days before the marriage, and it was stipulated by the town-authorities, that on the next ensuing condemnation of a criminal to death, he should prove on the scaffold his competency to succeed the executioner.

For many months after this appointment, every arrival of a criminal in the town-prison struck terror into the heart of Florian. Happily, however, the assertion of the headsman that it was a growing practice of the judicial authorities to substitute the galleys for decapitation, was verified by the fact, and Florian enjoyed several years of domestic happiness, disturbed only by apprehensions which he could never subdue, that sooner or later the evil he so much dreaded would certainly befall him. Meanwhile, his beloved Madelon had made him the happy father of three promising boys, and he began to experience a degree of tranquillity to which he had long been a stranger; when, at a period in which the town-prison was untenanted, the long dreaded calamity burst upon his devoted head like a bolt of lightning from a cloudless sky.

His father-in-law received one morning at breakfast an order from the town-authorities to repair early on the following day to a city at ten leagues distance, and there to behead a criminal whose execution had been delayed by the illness and death of the resident headsman. At this unexpected intelligence, the features of Florian were blanched with horror, but the iron visage of the old executioner betrayed not the slightest emotion. Regardless of his son-in-law's terrors he viewed this unexpected summons as a fortunate incident, and maintained, that any unskillfulness in decapitation would be of less importance at a distance than in his native town. He regarded also this brief summons as much more favourable to Florian's success than a longer fore-knowledge, and urged in strong and decisive terms the necessity of submission to the call of duty. The blood of Florian froze as he listened, but he acquiesced as usual in timid silence.

After a night of wearying vigilance and internal conflict, the miserable Florian entered at day-break the vehicle which awaited him and his father-in-law under the arched gateway. With a view to prevent his trembling substitute from witnessing all the preparations for the approaching catastrophe, the old man so measured his progress as to enter the city a few minutes before the appointed hour, and drove immediately to the scene of action, without pausing at the church to attend, as customary, the mass then performing in presence of the criminal. Soon after their arrival, the melancholy procession approached, and Florian, unable to face the criminal, turn-

ed hastily away, ascended the ladder with unsteady steps, and concealed himself behind the massive person of the old headsman, as the victim of offended justice with a firm and measured step mounted the scaffold. The old man felt for his shrinking son-in-law, but kept a stern eye upon him, in hopes to counteract the disabling effects of his rising agony. When, however, the decisive moment approached, he whispered to him encouragingly, 'Be a man, Florian! Beware of looking at the criminal before you strike; but, when his head is lifted, look him boldly in the face, or the people will doubt your courage.'

Florian fixed on him a vacant stare, but these kindly meant instructions reached not his inward ear. The remembrance of the execution he had witnessed with his friend Bartholdy had flashed upon him, and he recollected the taunting prediction—that he might himself be condemned to the scaffold. His agony rose almost to suffocation; he compared his own destiny with that of the being whom he was about to deprive of life and he felt that could not unwillingly have taken his place. At this moment, his attention was caught by the admiring comments of the crowd upon the courageous bearing and firm unflinching features of the criminal. Roused by these exclamations to a stinging consciousness of his own unmanly timidity, he made a powerful effort, and rallied his expiring energies into temporary life and action. The headsman now approached him with the broad axe, and whispered, 'Courage, my son! 'tis nothing but a cabbage-head.'

With a desperate effort, Florian seized the weapon, fixed his dim gaze upon the white neck of the criminal, and, guided more by the long practice than by any estimate of place and distance, he struck the death-stroke, the head fell upon the hollow flooring of the scaffold with an appalling bounce, which petrified the unfortunate executioner. The consciousness that he had deprived a fellow-creature of life, now smote him with a withering power, which for some moments deprived him of all volition, and he stood in passive stupor, gazing wildly upon the blood which streamed in torrents from the headless trunk. Immediately, however, his father-in-law again approached him, with a whisper. 'Admirably done, my son! I give you joy! But recollect my warning, and look boldly at your work, or the mob will hoot you as a craven headsman from the scaffold.'

The old man was obliged to repeat his admonition before it reached the senses of his unconscious son-in-law. Long accustomed to yield unresisting obedience, Florian slowly raised his eyes, at the moment when the executioner's assistant, after showing the criminal's head to the multitude, turned round and held out to him the bleeding and ghastly object—Gracious Heaven! what were his feelings when he encountered a well-known face,

when he saw the yellow pock-marked visage of Bartholdy, whose widely opened, milk blue eyes were fixed upon him in the glassy, dim, and vacant stare of death!

Paralyzed with sudden and overwhelming horror, he fell senseless into the arms of the headsmen, who had watched this critical moment, and with ready self-possession, loudly attributed to recent illness, an incident so puzzling to the spectators. He succeeded ere long in rousing Florian to an imperfect sense of his critical situation, and, supporting his tottering frame, led him to the house of the deceased executioner. For an hour after their arrival, the unhappy youth sat mute and motionless—the living image of despair. It was long before the disconsolate Florian regained the power of utterance. At length a burst of tears relieved him. ‘I knew him!’ he began, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs. ‘He was once my friend. Oh, my father! there is no hope for me! I am a doomed man—a murderer! He stands before me ever, and demands my blood in atonement for his destruction. How can I justify such guilt? I never knew his crime—I cannot even fancy him a criminal—but I well remember that he loved and cherished me. Away, my father, if you love me, to the judges! I must know his crime, or the pangs I feel will never depart from me.’

(Concluded in our next.)

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS JOURNAL.

MURDER WILL-OUT.

The excitement of all classes of people concerning the atrocious Salem murder, has naturally led to a great number of stories connected with similar subjects. The following, which I heard in conversation a few evenings since, is a striking illustration how the Providence of God can defeat the cunning and caution of man. How often have the most trivial circumstances led to the discovery of great crimes! In the Salem murder, the omission of the little word *jr.* on the outside of a letter, led to the discovery of a transaction which the vigilance of an excited community had been unable to detect; in the case I am about to relate, a *toad* discovered a *murder*!

A gentleman travelling in England stopped at a village tavern to dine. The Inn happened to be opposite a church-yard; and while he was waiting for his dinner, he took a fancy to stroll into it, to read the epitaphs, and talk with the sexton, whom he saw at work there.

After some conversation, he remarked to the sexton, ‘But you are disturbing the dead, my good friend; here are bones you have thrown out.’ ‘The ground is so crowded, that it is impossible to avoid it sometimes,’ replied the sexton; ‘and in this case nobody’s feelings will be hurt. That is the skull of a stranger, who died here suddenly; and none of his relations ever came to enquire about

him.’ ‘Where did he die?’ asked the traveller. ‘He died at that place yonder, where a tavern used to be kept.—Five or six years ago, he arrived at the Inn towards night, ate a hearty supper, went to bed apparently in good health, and was found dead the next morning. His papers gave no clue to his name, or place of residence; and no one ever came to claim his clothes, watch, &c. which were found in his chamber. The physicians thought he died of a fit in the night-time.’

‘Poor fellow! he had a melancholy fate,’ exclaimed the traveller, looking at the bones. As he spoke, he observed the skull rock to and fro, with a sudden motion; he took it up to examine the cause, and perceived that a toad had lodged in it. In attempting to thrust the creature out, he struck his finger against a nail! This excited his curiosity; and on close examination, he perceived that a nail had been driven through the back part of the skull. He did not make the discovery known to the sexton; but in the course of conversation, inquired what sort of character the landlord had borne, and whether he still resided at the house he had pointed out. ‘He is a thrifty, money-making man,’ replied the sexton; ‘I never heard any harm of him. He bought a great farm three or four years ago, and he resides on it now.—His old neighbors wonder how he managed to grow so rich.’ The traveller made no remarks; but observing that he had some knowledge and taste for anatomy, begged leave to keep the skull. His wish was readily granted. On his return to the inn, the landlord corroborated the story he had heard from the sexton, without being aware that his guest had any particular motives for inquiring. Having ascertained where a justice resided, the traveller waited upon him, and made known the circumstances that had come under his observation. The Squire was personally acquainted with the former landlord; and agreed to accompany the traveller to his farm. They were very hospitably received, and urged to remain through the night. ‘You seem to be a very prosperous man, every thing looks in thriving order,’ said the Squire. ‘Yes,’ replied the farmer, ‘Providence has blessed me in all my undertakings.’—‘Providence blessed you!’ exclaimed the Squire, suddenly holding up the skull before him. ‘Has’nt the Spirit of darkness helped you? Look at this nail!’ The guilty man turned as pale as a corpse; and covering his face with his hands, trembled violently.

He confessed his crime and was executed. He had been tempted by the sight of a large sum of money, which the imprudent traveller had opened before him; he had mixed laudanum with his evening draught, and had then murdered him in his sleep. A few articles of value were left undisturbed in the chamber; and as the wound had been carefully washed and covered with hair, the physicians were of opinion that he must have died in a fit.

For six years the crime remained undiscovered; the murderer thrived upon his ill-gotten wealth; and had not the toad moved the skull, he might have gone to his grave unsuspected. So mysterious are the workings of Providence!

THE TRAVELLER.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

A few miles further on are the ruins of the village of Rama: fragments of walls, only a few feet high, are now the only vestiges of the place where the Prophet so beautifully predicted the mourning for the Innocent. There is a spot on the plain, at no great distance from the ruined village, of much higher interest—the tomb of Rachel. It is one of the few places where the observer is persuaded that tradition has not erred; as it fulfils literally the words of Israel in his last hour, when dwelling on the only indelible remembrance that earth seemed to claim from him. The long exile, the converse with the angels of God, the wealth and greatness which had gathered round him, all yield to the image of the loved and faithful wife: “And as for me Rachel died by me, in the way from Bethlehem, and I buried her there.”

‘The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived; no palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast; not a single tree spreads its shade where the ashes of the beautiful mother of Israel rests. Yet there is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness, that excites a deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom, in the valley of Jehosaphat, or of the Kings in the plain of Jeremiah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference; beside that of Rachel his fancy wanders “to the land of the people of the East,” to the power of beauty that could so long make banishment sweet; to the devoted companion of the wanderer, who deemed all troubles light for her sake.

‘The Turks have surrounded most of the burial places of the chief characters of the Old Testament, with more pomp and stately observance than this; over that of David and Solomon, on the declivity of Zion, a mosque is erected; the cave too of Machpelah, of Hebron, is covered by a large and ancient mosque, and all around, the soil is held inviolable. The cave is in the middle of the interior of the edifice; its dark and deep entrance only is visible; and it is rarely entered, even by the steps of the faithful. For more than a century, not more than two or three Europeans, are known, either by daring or bribery, to have visited it; the last was an Italian Count, a traveller, who, by paying very high, was allowed by his guardians to tread the floor of the mosque, and descend into the obscurity of the hallowed cavern; this was thirty years since. It is a great pity that so memorable a scene should be closed to the curious eye; the

bold valley in which the ancient town of Hebron stands is often visited by the steps of the pilgrim and the traveller; but the penalty of death to every Christian who enters within the walls of the mosque, is too dear a payment for the gratification. The cave is said by the Turks to be deep and very spacious, cut out of the solid rock; and that the resting place of the celebrated patriarchs still exists and are plainly to be discerned.

‘The tribute paid, however, by the followers of the prophet to the burial place of Rachel, is far more sincere and impressive, than walls of marble or gilded domes; the desire which the Turks feel that their ashes may rest near hers, is singular and extreme. All around this simple tomb, lie thickly strewn the graves of the Mussulmans. A trait such as this, speaks more for the character of this people, than many volumes written in their praise; for it cannot be for any greatness, or wisdom, or holiness, in the character of her who sleeps beneath, (for which qualities they show so much respect to the sepulchres of Abraham, of David, and his son)—but simply for the high domestic virtues and qualities which belong to Rachel; she was a devoted wife and an excellent mother, as well as the parent of a mighty people; and for these things do the Turks venerate her memory.—*Carne's Travels in the East.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

HABIT.

‘If we cannot stop where we will, and who dare say he can stop and remain impassive to the goading of imperious habit, why in the name of reason, virtue, and humanity, should we ever consent to be guided by her?—especially when the utmost advantage that can be promised, is an occasional forgetfulness of self—a perversion and debasement of the noble faculties of our nature. Let parents meditate this question-profoundly, when they allow, and even teach their children to drink wine from their glass, or sip the few drops left in that of their guest; or, because the little things are puny and delicate, measure them out an allowance of weak brandy and water, or porter. Let them reflect on the consequence of attempting to overcome the natural timidity and awkwardness of youth, by persuasions to drink the health of this lady, and that gentleman, or to toast the political chief, or celebrated wit of the day. Would they see pictured before them, with more than mimic power, the scenes which, by a neglect of this caution, they are preparing the future man to act, they have but to step to the window opening to the street or highway, and they will see a figure reeling along in all the decrepitude of age, without its years—the senselessness of idiotism, without its harmlessness—the sport of the idle, and the pity of the thoughtful—in fine ‘a confirmed drunkard.’—*Journal of Health.*

Speaking Out.—Those who have never spoken in public can scarcely judge of the consternation of an old lady who *spoke* out in church. It was formerly the custom in country towns for those who lived several miles from the church, to remain during the interval between morning and evening service. On this occasion she had taken some milk in a pitcher, for the children; and in the most interesting part of the worship, a dog, who had followed them into the pew, thrust his head into the pitcher. Whether his head was too large, or the pitcher too small, it is not our province to determine; but having regaled himself, the pitcher still obstinately retained its position, and he was discovered backing out, with the pitcher stuck fast upon his head, and the milk streaming in every direction on his neck and shoulders. 'Get out, pup!' says the old lady. Frightened at the sound of her own voice—'O, dear, I spoke out in meeting!' said she. 'There! I spoke out again—O, dear me, I keep talking all the time!'

A public house at the village of Barniston, in Yorkshire, has a sign consisting of portraits, at full length, and in full costume of four personages, as follows: a king, a soldier, a parson, and a farmer, and the house is yclept, 'The four Alls.' Out of the mouth of his majesty are the words—'I govern all,' the soldier says, 'I fight for all,' the parson says, 'I pray for all,' and the farmer finishes with 'I pay for all.'

Hard Cider.—'Why, dear me, Mr. Longswallow,' said a good lady, 'how can you drink down a whole quart of that dreadful hard cider at a single draught?' As soon as the man could breathe again, he replied, 'I beg pardon, madam, but upon my soul it was so hard I *couldn't bite it off.*'—*N. Y. Constellation.*

A Tailor having mended a pair of breeches for one of his customers, was carrying them home, when he saw a funeral pass by, attended by an apothecary whom he knew. 'So sir,' said he to him, 'I see you are carrying your work home as well as I.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1830.

☞ We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of one hundred and thirty-seven new subscribers, since our last publication.

Clarenes; or a Tale of our own times.—Among the multitude of new books, which are almost daily making their appearance is one with the above title, by the author of 'Hope Leslie.' We can cheerfully recommend it to our youthful readers, as one from which they may derive both pleasure and instruction, and from the perusal of which, they can hardly rise without feeling a deep sense of the salutary influence it is calculated to exercise upon the mind and heart, in allaying the fever of passion and strengthening the virtuous resolutions of the soul.

The Valley of the Nashaway, and other Poems.—These poems are from the pen of Rufus Dawes, and have been recently published by Carter and Hennes, Boston. The principal poem is descriptive of rural scenes, of the long remembered and familiar scenes of the author's childhood. The following beautiful and pathetic lines evidently flowed warm from his heart and cannot fail to touch the heart of the reader.

'Sweet Nashaway! thy fond remembrance brings
Thoughts like the music of Æolian strings,
When the hushed wind breathes only as it sleeps,
While tearful Love his anxious vigil keeps;—
When pressed with grief, or sated with the show,
That Pleasure's pageant offers here below,
Midst scenes of heartless mirth or joyless glee,
How oft my aching heart has turned to thee,
And lived again in memory's sweet recess
The innocence of youthful happiness.

Lo! I am with you now, the sloping green
Of many a sunny hill is freshly seen;
Once more the purple clover bends to meet
And shower the dew-drops on their pilgrim's feet;
Once more he breathes the fragrance of your fields,
Once more the orchard tree its harvest yields,
Again he hails the morning from your hills,
And drinks the cooling water of your rills,
While with a heart subdued he feels the power
Of every humble shrub and modest flower.'

The minor poems too merit much praise, and we hope the author will receive sufficient encouragement to induce him to contribute more largely to the stores of literature.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication of LEVON is received and shall appear soon.

ANNETTE is too marvellous for our climate, yet we cannot refuse her story, and it shall be published in due order.

MOTT's story is too simple and lifeless—we have numberless of the same species on hand, and if we publish one we shall give umbrage to a hundred others.

We are much obliged to YOUTH N. for his kind wishes and good feelings towards us, but he must write more grammatically and in better taste before we can publish his effusions—He shows talent but it needs cultivation.

We hope Mrs. Dodge has not forsaken us; a story from her pen would be peculiarly acceptable. We should also be glad to hear from our old correspondents, Emma, Clarissa and Maria.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. John Jay Downs, of Havana, N. Y. to Miss Jane C. Butler.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Henry A. Dubois, to Miss Evelina Van Deusen, all of Livingston.

On the 10th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wile, Mr. Aaron Low, junior editor of the Poughkeepsie Telegraph and Observer, to Miss Mary C. Dean, of Pleasant Valley.

DIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 17th ult. Capt. Elijah Bunker, aged 66 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Anna Gelston, widow of the late Cotton Gelston, formerly Post-Master of this city, in the 67th year of her age.

On Tuesday the 15th ult. Ezekiel Butler, Esq. in the 69th year of his age.

At Rhinebeck, after an illness of four days, Francis A. Livingston, Esq. formerly district Attorney of Dutchess Co. and a member of the Legislature of this state, in the 38th year of his age.

In Hallowell, Upper Canada, on the 12th ult. Doct. Stephen H. Van Dyke, son of Dr. Henry L. Van Dyke, of Kinderhook.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

Coldly, coldly beats the storm
The winds, how wildly do they rave !
Yet reach they not my Father's form,
But harshly murmur o'er his grave.
Changed is the scene—the rushing air,
Like the bland melting of a wave
Is hushed—and gently whisp'ring where
My Father sleeps, sighs o'er his grave.
Slowly descends the king of-day,
His bright, resplendent disk to lave
In occidental waters—Ah !
He sets upon my Father's grave.
My Father's grave ! once 'twas not so—
His mournful smile I used to meet ;
He loved me too, full well I know,
He loved me ! Oh, the thought is sweet.
Misfortune, thou thy victim marked,
And set thy seal upon his brow :
Upon thy sluggish wave embark'd,
He felt his broken spirit bow.
Gay was he in the morn of life,
But sudden changed to darkling gloom,
And bowing down with sorrow rife,
Went broken-hearted to the tomb.
If all forget that e'er thou wast
And ne'er regard that lowly spot
Where sleeps thy unremembered dust,
Forsaken, lonely and forgot.
O thou, my Father, still thy son,
Thy treasured memory shall save—
And oft shall visit sad and lone,
That cherished spot, his Father's grave.

OSMAR.

THE HEBREW MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

From the hills of the west the sun's setting beam
Cast his last ray of glory o'er Jordan's lone stream,
While his fast falling tears with its waters were blent,
Thus poured a lone minstrel his saddened lament.
* Awake, harp of Judah ! that stumbling hast hung
On the willows that weep where thy prophets have sung ;
Once more wake for Judah thy wild notes of woe,
Ere the hand that now strikes thee lies mouldering and low.

Where now are the choirs of the glad and the free,
That woke the loud anthem responsive to thee,
While the daughters of Salem unite in the song,
And Tabor and Hermon its echoes prolong ?
And where are the mighty who went forth in pride
To the slaughter of kings with their ark at their side ?
They sleep, lonely stream ! with the sands of thy shore,
And the war trumpet's blast shall awake them no more.
Oh Judah ! a lone scattered remnant remain
To sigh for the graves of their fathers in vain,
And to turn toward thy land with a tear-brimming eye,
And a prayer that the advent of Shiloh be nigh.
No beauty in Sharon, on Carmel no shade,—
Our vineyards are wasted, our altars decayed ;
And the heel of the heathen insulting has trod
On the bosoms that bled for their Country and God.

Z.

THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. MARY B. BROOKS.

Thou art gathering gloom, thou lone one
Amid our festal glee,
The joyous thrill of the heart's warm tone,
Aye has it passed away !
The eye that kindled in the bright
Young glow of thy sunny brow,
The kindly looks of thy answering light—
Where do they slumber now ?
The spirit's burning kiss has been
Upon thy lip impressed,
As the darkness of each coming scene
Rose on thy mother's breast ;
The tear-drops on thy wretched brow
In the night's dim vigil fell,
As the worn bosom bled below
With a woe thou might'st not tell.
Well was the lonely watching
Beside thy couch of pain,
And the deep anguish gushing,
Till thou did'st smile again ;
What marvel that thy dreams should come
Wrought with sad melody—
It is a voice, lone one, of home
That hovers yet by thee.
Oh lone ! tho' lips their idle breath
May wear beside the shrine,
The full warm rushing tide beneath
Say who will turn with thine ?
None—none amid the joyous throng
Nor where the revels swell,
Their sunny numbers float along
O'er many a buried spell.
In solitude for aye thy tone
Of music must be poured,
Their mingling echoes are gone down
That might have crossed the chord ;
A far dim spreading waste of years
Warmed by no kindred glow—
And the bitter gush of burning tears
From their hidden fount below.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Merit—Mitre—Remit,
PUZZLE II.—The head of a Lark—The two ends of
the river Ohio—The tail of a Lion—The whole is a
Loon.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
What kind of snuff is that the more you take of it the
fuller the box will be ?

II.
Why is the President calling one of his Secretaries,
like a man encouraging a glutton ?

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, JULY 17, 1830.

NO. 4.

POPULAR TABLES.

THE HEADSMAN.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Concluded.)

The executioner, in whose stern and inflexible nature, feelings of pity, and even of repentance, were now at work, hastened to obtain some information, and returned in half an hour, with indications of anxiety and doubt too obvious to escape the unhappy Florian, who, with folded hands, exclaimed, 'For God sake, father, tell me all—I must know it, sooner or later. Your anxiety prepares me for the worst. If you, a man of iron, are thus shaken'——

'Is Nonsense!' retorted the old man, somewhat disconcerted. 'The fellow was a notorious villain, and was executed for two murders.'

Florian, relieved by this intelligence, began to breathe more freely, and gazed upon the headsman with looks which sought farther explanation. 'Florian,' continued the old man, fixing upon him his stern and searching look, when you told me the tale of your calamities at D. did you tell me *all*? Had you no reservations?'—

'None, father, by all I hold most sacred!' replied Florian, with emphatic earnestness.

'One of Bartholdy's crimes,' resumed the headsman, 'was connected with your story. He is said to have slain the officer of whose murder you thought yourself implicated by suspicious appearances.'

'He?' exclaimed Florian, gasping with horror. 'No! he did *not* slay him! I have beheaded an innocent man, and the remembrance will cleave to me like a curse!'

'Can you *prove* that he had no share in that murder?' now sternly demanded the headsman, whose suspicions had been roused by Florian's acknowledgement of former intimacy with Bartholdy.

'I can swear to his innocence of *that* murder,' vehemently replied Florian, whose energies rose with his excitement. 'And the other crime?' he eagerly continued. 'In mer-

cy, father, tell me whom else he is said to have murdered?'

'*Yourself*!' said the old man, turning pale as he anticipated the effect of this communication,—'if the name inserted in the judicial summons from D. was really yours.'

For some moments Florian gazed upon him in speechless despair—his eyes became fixed and glassy—his jaws dropped—and he would have fallen from his chair, had not the old man supported him. The headsman looked with anxious and growing perplexity upon his unfortunate victim. 'After all,' he muttered, 'he is my daughter's husband, and a good husband. I forced him to the task, and must, if possible, save him from the consequences.'

By an abundant application of cold water to the face of Florian, he succeeded at length in restoring him to consciousness. The miserable youth opened his eyes, and leaning on the old man's shoulders, burst into a passion of tears. When in some measure tranquilized, the headsman asked him soothingly if he was sufficiently collected to listen to him.

'Yes, father, I am,' he replied with an effort.

'Recollect then, my son,' continued the old man, 'that you are under the assured protection of the sword, and that you may open your heart to me without fear of consequences. Say then, in the first place, who are you?'

'I am no other, father,' answered Florian, with returning energy, 'than I have already acknowledged to you; and I was the early friend and school-fellow of the man whose blood I have shed upon the scaffold. But I must and will have clear proof of *every* crime imputed to Bartholdy,' he exclaimed in wild emotion. 'Again I see his large dim eyes fixed on me in reproach; and if you cannot give me evidence that he deserved his fate, my remorse will goad me on to suicide or madness.'

It was now evident to the old man that the suspicions he had founded on Florian's acknowledged intimacy with Bartholdy were groundless.—Recollecting, too, the undeviating truth and honesty of Florian's character,

he felt all the injustice of his suspicions; and his compassion for the tortured feelings of his son-in-law became actively excited. He clearly saw that nothing but the truth, and the whole truth would satisfy him; he determined, therefore, to call upon the criminal's confessor; and after prevailing upon the exhausted Florian to go to bed, he watched by him until he saw his wearied senses sealed up in sleep, and then departed in quest of farther intelligence.

After three hours of undisturbed repose, which restored, in some measure, the exhausted strength of Florian, he awoke, and saw his father-in-law sitting by his bed, with a confident and cheerful composure of look, which spoke comfort to his wounded spirit.

'Florian,' he began, 'I have cheerful news for you.' I have seen the confessor of Bartholdy, a good old man, who feels for, and wishes to console you. He has long known the habits and character of the criminal. More he would not say, but he will receive you this evening at his convent, and will not only impart to you the consolations of religion, but reveal as much of the criminal's previous life as the sacred obligations of a confessor will permit. Meanwhile, my son, you must arouse yourself from this stupor, and accompany me in a walk round the city ramparts.'

After a restorative excursion, they repaired, at the appointed hour, to the Jesuit convent, and were immediately conducted to the cell of the confessor, an aged and venerable priest, who gazed for some seconds in silent wonder on the dejected Florian, and then, laying a hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed, 'Gracious Heaven! Florian, is it possible that I see you alive?'

The startled youth raised his down-cast eyes at this exclamation, and recognized in the Jesuit before him the worthy superior of the school at which he had been educated, and the same who had congratulated him on the disappearance of Bartholdy. This discovery imparted instant and unspeakable relief to the harassed feelings of Florian. The years he had passed under the paternal care of this benevolent old man arose with healing influence in his memory, and losing in the sudden glow of filial regard and entire confidence, all his wonted timidity, he poured his tale of misery and remorse into the sympathizing ear of the good father, with the artless and irresistible eloquence of a mind pure from all offence. The confessor, who listened with warm interest to his recital, forbore to interrupt its progress by questions. 'I rejoice to learn,' he afterwards replied, 'that Bartholdy, although deeply stained with crime, quitted this life with less of guilt than he was charged with on his conscience. The details of his confession I cannot reveal, without a breach of the sacred trust reposed in me. It is enough to state, that he was deeply criminal. Without reference, however, to his more recent transgressions, I can impart to you some par-

ticulars of his earlier life, and of his implication in the murder you have detailed, which will be sufficient to relieve your conscience and reconcile you to the will of Him, who for wise purposes, made you the blind instrument of well-merited punishment.—Know then, my son, that when Bartholdy was supposed by yourself and others to have absconded from the seminary, he was a prisoner within its walls. Certain evidence had reached the presiding fathers, that this reckless youth was connected with a band of plundering incendiaries, who had for some months infested the neighbouring districts. Odious alike to his teachers and school-fellows, repulsed by every one but you, and almost daily subjected to punishment or remonstrance, he sought and found more congenial associates beyond our walls; and, with a view to raise money for the gratification of his vicious propensities, he contrived to scale our gates at night, and took an active part in the plunder of several unprotected dwellings. At the same time, we received a friendly intimation from the police, that he was implicated in a projected scheme to fire and plunder a neighbouring chateau, and that the ensuing night was fixed upon for the perpetration of this atrocity. Upon enquiry, it was discovered that Bartholdy had been out all night, and it was now feared that he had finally absconded. Happily, however, for the good name of the seminary, he returned soon after the arrival of this intelligence, and as I now conjecture, with a view to re-possession himself of the knife he had left in your custody. He was immediately secured and committed to close confinement, in the hope that his solitary reflections, aided by our admonitions, would have gradually wrought a salutary change in his character. This confinement, which was sanctioned by his relations, was prolonged three years without any beneficial result; and at length, after many fruitless attempts he succeeded in making his escape. Joining the scattered remnant of the band of villains dispersed by the police, he soon became their leader in the contrivance and execution of atrocities which I must not reveal, but which I cannot recollect without a shudder. In consequence of high winds and clouds of dust, the public walk and grove beyond the gate of D. had been some days deserted by the inhabitants, and the body of the murdered officer was not discovered until the fourth morning after your departure from the university. A catastrophe so dreadful had not for many years occurred in that peaceful district: a proportionate degree of abhorrence was roused in the public mind, and the excited people rushed in crowds to view the corpse, in which by order of the police, the fatal knife was left, as when first discovered; while secret agents mingled with the crowd, to watch the various emotions of the spectators. Guided by a retributive Providence, Bartholdy, who had that morning arrived in

D. approached the body, and gazed upon it with callous indifference, until the remarkable handle of his long-lost knife caught his eye. Starting at the well-remembered object, a deep flush darkened his yellow visage, and immediately the police officers darted forward and seized him. At first he denied all knowledge of the knife, and when again brought close to the body, he gazed upon it with all his wonted hardihood; but when told to take the bloody weapon from the wound, he grasped the handle with a shudder, drew it forth with sudden effort, and, as he gazed on the discoloured blade, his joints shook with terror, and the knife fell from his trembling hand. Superstition was ever largely blended with the settled ferocity of Bartholdy's character, and I now attribute this emotion to a fear that his destiny was in some way connected with this fatal weapon, which had already caused his long imprisonment, and would now too probably endanger his life. This ungovernable agitation confirmed the general suspicion excited by his forbidding and savage exterior. He was immediately conveyed to the hotel of the police, and the knife was placed before him; but, when again interrogated, he long persisted in denying all knowledge of it. When questioned, however, as to his name and occupation, and his object in the city of D. his embarrassment increased, his replies involved him in contradictions, and at length he admitted that he *had* seen the knife before and in *your* possession. This attempt to criminate you by implication, failed, however, to point any suspicion against one whose unblemished life and character were so well known in the university. Your gentle and retiring habits, your shrinking aversion from scenes of strife and bloodshed, were recollected by many present: their indignation was loudly uttered and a friend of yours expressed his belief that you had quitted the city some days before the murder was committed. In short this base and groundless insinuation of Bartholdy created an impression highly disadvantageous to him. A few hours after, intelligence arrived that the diligence in which you had left D. had been attacked by a band of robbers, while passing through a forest, the day after your departure. Several of the passengers had been wounded; some killed, others had saved themselves by flight; and, as you had disappeared, it was now conjectured that Bartholdy had murdered you, and taken from your person the knife with which he had afterwards stabbed the young man in the grove. This presumptive evidence against him was so much strengthened by his sudden emotion at the sight of the weapon, and by the apparent probability that the murder of the young officer had succeeded the robbery of the diligence, that the watch and money found upon the body failed to create any impression in his favour, as it was conjectured, by the strongly-excited people, that he had been

alarmed by passing footsteps before he had succeeded in rifling his victim. He was put into close confinement until farther evidence could be obtained; and, ere long, a letter arrived to your address from Normandy, stating the arrival of your trunk by the carrier, and expressing surprise at your non-appearance. A judicial summons, detailing your name and person, and citing you to appear and give evidence against the supposed murderer, led to no discovery of your retreat, and the evidence of your wounded fellow-travellers was obscure and contradictory. Meanwhile, however, several of the robbers who had attacked the diligence were captured by the *gens-d'armes*. When confronted with Bartholdy, their intelligence was sufficiently obvious, and he at length confessed his co-operation in the murderous assault upon the travellers; but stoutly denied that he had either injured or even seen you amongst the passengers, and as tenaciously maintained his innocence of the murder committed in the grove. Your entire disappearance, however, his emotion on beholding the knife, and his admission that he knew it, still operated so strongly against him, that he was tried and pronounced guilty of three crimes, each of which was punishable with death. During the week succeeding his trial, he was supplied by a confederate with tools, which enabled him to escape, and resume his predatory habits: nor was he retaken until a month before his execution, while engaged in a robbery of singular boldness and atrocity. He was recognized as the hardened criminal who had escaped from confinement at D.; and as the authorities were apprehensive that no prison would long hold so expert and desperate a villain, an order was obtained from Paris for the immediate execution of the sentence already passed upon him at D. Thus, although guilty of one only of the three crimes for which he suffered, the forfeiture of ten lives would not have atoned for his multiplied transgression. From boyhood, even, he had preyed upon society with the insatiable ferocity of a tiger; and you, my son, ought not to murmur at the decree which made your early acquaintance with him the means of stopping his savage career, and your hand the instrument of retribution.

Florian's wounded spirit was soothed by the closing reflections of the venerable priest, and his sadness found alleviation in the devout sentiments inspired by a consideration of the mysterious ways of Providence displayed in the events that had befallen him. The reaction on the bodily health of the young headman produced by his mental suffering, was followed by a long and dangerous illness, which, however, by unfolding in his Madeiron higher and nobler qualities than he had yet discovered, eventually increased his domestic happiness.

No longer the giddy and laughter-loving Frenchwoman, she had, for some years, become

a devoted wife and mother; but it was not until she saw her husband's gentle spirit forever blighted, and his life endangered for some weeks by a wasting fever that she felt all his claims upon her, and bitterly reproached herself as the sole cause of his heaviest calamities. During this long period of sickness, when all worldly objects were waning around this man of sorrows, she watched and wept, and prayed over him with an untiring assiduity and self-oblivion, which developed to the grateful Florian all the unfathomable depths of woman's love, and proved her consummate skill and patience in all the tender offices and trying duties of a sick-chamber. Her health was undermined, and her fine eyes were dimmed for ever by long continued vigilance; but her assiduities were at length rewarded by a favourable crisis; and when the patient sufferer was sufficiently restored to bear the disclosure she knelt to him in deep humility, and acknowledged, what the reader has doubtless long conjectured that she had, from an upper window, caused that ominous jarring of the sword and axe which induced her father to suspect and follow him, and which eventually led to their marriage.

Florian started in sudden indignation; but his gentle nature, and the hallowed influences of recent sickness and calamity, soon prevailed over his wrath. What *could* he say? How could he chide the lovely and devoted woman, whose fraud had grown out of her affection for him! In an instant he forgot his own sorrows; and, as he listened to the mournful and beseeching accents of her who was the mother of his children, and had been unto him, in sickness and in health, a ministering angel, melted into love. He had no words; but like the father of the humbled prodigal, he had compassion, and fell upon her neck and kissed her, and forgave her entirely, and for ever.

The old headsman for several years fulfilled the duties of his office, and spared his son-in-law a repetition of the trying scenes of the scaffold. On his death, however, Florian was compelled again to encounter the dreadful task.

For some time before and after each execution sadness sat heavy on his soul, but yielded gradually to the sustaining influence of fervent prayer, and to the caresses of his wife and children. In the intervening periods he regained comparative tranquillity, and devoted himself unceasingly to the education of his boys, and to the labours of his field and vineyard.

After the execution of Bartholdy, however, he was never seen to smile, and his eyes were often observed to fill with tears of sorrowing anticipation while gazing on the joyous sports of his unconscious children.

The interesting narrator, whom in the attractions of his story we fear our readers have almost forgotten, closed the tale by stating

with evident emotion that the sons of Florian having grown to manhood, the father's heart had been once more assailed by those bitter pangs which time had nearly obliterated; in consequence of the nomination and training of one of his sons as his successor. 'Had he no alternative,' asked the listening professor.

'You forget, my dear sir,' replied Julius, rallying with sudden effort, 'that by the French laws the son of an executioner *must* succeed his father, or see the family estate transferred to strangers.'

He then proceeded to state that when the old headsman was near to his end his son-in-law pledged himself by oath to train a son as his own successor. In consequence of the determined antipathy which the eldest boy always manifested to the vocation, the appointment was transferred to the second, who inherited more of the firmness and masculine spirit of his mother. He unhappily died soon after his nomination, and his mother, anxious to relieve her husband, whose declining health had awakened her solicitude, prevailed on her youngest son, in the absence of the first born, to accept the office. He was but 19, and from similarity of character to his father, altogether unsuited to the formidable calling.

Well knowing, however, that his refusal would deprive his parents of the home and the support so essential to their growing infirmities, he strung his nerves to the appalling task, and, at the next execution he mounted the scaffold as his father's substitute. But, alas! at the decisive moment his strength and resolution failed him. His sight grew dim with horror, and he performed his trying duty so unskilfully, that the people groaned with indignation at the protracted sufferings of the unfortunate criminal, and the town authorities pronounced him unqualified. The consequence of this disastrous failure was an immediate summons to the eldest son, who had for several years thought himself finally released from this terrible appointment. So unexpected a change in his destination fell upon him like a death-blow; and, as he read the fatal summons, he felt the sword and axe grating on his very soul.

'And do you think it possible,' exclaimed one of the students, 'that after such long exemption he will submit to a life so horrible?'

'Too probably,' replied Julius, mournfully, 'he *must* submit to it. Indeed I see no alternative.'

He paused with a melancholy air and rose abruptly to depart, nor could he be prevailed upon to make a longer stay. The next day he was observed standing, pale as death, near the scaffold, where he had gone as previously arranged to witness the execution. He returned from the scene with hurried steps, and entered his lodgings evidently under great excitement and emotion. The report of a pistol quickly called the landlord and his family to his apartment, where they found their

favourite lodger dying. A letter addressed to Professor N. closing with a request that the notice subjoined might be inserted in the newspapers, will solve all the remaining mystery of this well-told tale—

‘Died of fever, at ———, in Germany, Julius Florian Laroche, a native of Champagne, aged 22.’

DOING AS OTHERS DO.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

‘My dear, there is little use in talking about the matter; now I put it to you as a woman of sense (and that is what can seldom be said of a pretty woman,) would you have me sacrifice my reputation as a sportsman, or a man of honour? I am certain I shall *make* by the transaction, but whether or not I pledged myself to Gaythorne to support the Filly; and nobody ever heard of a young man of family, fortune, and fashion, being absent at this time from Doncaster; the fact is, Emily, I must, to support my station in society, *do as others do.*’

‘You play a dangerous game, my love,’ replied lady Emily Morton, to her young and handsome husband, ‘you do indeed; I cannot see what fame is to be acquired by horse-racing, it destroys every thing like domestic society; and the vile men you bring here, their loud laughter, their strange phrases, their horrid hoots—Apropos! my dear, did you think of the *ponceau* velvet when you passed Le Grand’s, to-day? The saloon is absolutely unfit to receive a creature until the new draperies are hung, I have made up my mind to have Catalani only one night, love, and I will be content with one cantata, *only one*, which she will sing for a hundred guineas; you know that odious lady Grimby has had her; and, indeed, my dear, it is necessary for me to *do as others do.*’ Lady Emily turned her profile towards her husband (she knew he admired it,) and bent her swan-like neck to ascertain if the sparkling bracelet was securely fastened on her polished arm.

I beg it to be understood that this was not a mere *tete-a-tete* conversation; Sir James Grumbleton, of Grumbleton-hall, Hampshire, Lady Emily’s uncle, was present, and listened with much interest to the dialogue between two fools of fashion, to whom he had the honour of being so nearly related. He was a rosy, good-tempered looking country gentleman; but an expression of quiet yet sarcastic humour occasionally curled his firm-set lips, and deepened the apple-bloom on his healthful cheek; he wore a yellow bob-wig, and, to add to his niece’s mortification, a blue spencer that just reached the flapping pockets of his large body coat.

He saw the thunder-cloud gathering over lord Morton’s white forehead, and waited quietly, as wise men always do, for its burst; he knew that the Catalani question of come

or not to come to the concert, which in newspaper *parlance* ‘was expected to out-rival every thing that had been given during the season,’ had been before debated in the honourable house; and his old bachelor feelings were anxious to mark the result of the struggle.

‘Emily, you would ruin the bank of England. Any thing—any thing in reason; but it is impossible to meet your extravagance. I do not wish to thwart you, but your horrible foreign squallers—your opera box—your concerts—your dresses—your jewels—your ———’

‘Stop, stop, my lord,’ interrupted the lady, ‘your race-horses—your hunters—your hounds—your clubs—your curricles—and I believe,’ she continued, sarcastically, ‘I may add, your *rouge et noir*—your *vingt-un*—is not likely to add to your rent-roll.’

‘Very well madam go on—go on; but let me tell you, this is not the mode by which you will obtain your own way. Pray, madam, be so kind as to inform me who was so very communicative as to my proceedings?—but you need not trouble yourself, you need not; you are an ungrateful woman; ay, you may smile, madam—smile on, but it won’t do, you may depend on’t.’

‘But it will do, though,’ said sir James Grumbleton, coming forward, his hands crossed behind, and his face exhibiting all the tokens of bitter feeling; ‘I say it will do—you are both doing as others of the precious set of London and Parisian fashionables do; for the follies of both are now blended in our mobility. When a fine lady is ashamed of speaking her own language, and a fine gentleman will not wear good home-made woollen, I repeat, it will do.’

Both looked with astonishment at the old gentleman.

‘You cannot surely, sir, mean that your niece’s extravagance is pardonable?’

‘Dear uncle, you cannot mean to call my little expences improper, or to approve the thousands he spends in his odious gambings?’

‘You are *doing as others do*—you are spending your money upon those who will call you extravagant fools when you can spend no longer.’

‘Exactly what I tell his lordship!’ said lady Emily.

‘Exactly what I have told her ladyship a thousand times!’ echoed the husband.

‘What I say to one, I say to the other,’ continued the old gentleman, ‘you are both wrong—you are both extravagant—and you must both alter; *doing as others do*, must end in ruin, because *your* world consists of those who are more rich and powerful than yourselves.’

‘If you would sell your racers,’ said lady Emily.

‘If you would give up your opera box,’ said my lord.

‘If you would forswear gambling.’

‘If you would stay at home.’

'Impossible!' ejaculated the lady.

'Out of the question!' exclaimed the gentleman.

'The world would say we were ruined,' said both together.

'The world would say the truth, then, I believe, for once,' muttered the old gentleman as he left the room; and the young couple, each annoyed because he had found fault with both, agreed in pronouncing him vastly disagreeable and absurd.

Time passes over the world and it grows old, and over the heads of fools, but they never grow wise.

'About twenty years after the above smart debate, which was, alas! followed by too many others of a similar character, and with a like result,—Sir James Grumbleton, wig, spencer, and all,—was one fine spring evening, seated in his great cushion chair at the window of an elegant conservatory which opened on a bright green lawn. The sun was sinking with calm dignity, and shedding his last rays over tower and tree—ay, and like the Almighty Spirit of which he is so beautiful an emblem, over every little bud and flower that gemmed the hill-side; the baronet was still a bachelor, and a very old one too, yet around him there was much that told of woman's care and woman's tenderness. —I always speak with due reverence of the lords of the creation—great, mighty and magnificent, they are most certainly, but unless they are a good deal in female society, and that, too, of the best kind, they grow somehow or other very bearish; I beg of them not to be offended at the word, but I cannot find either an English or a French one to express my precise meaning; however, all my lady readers will understand me. A certain something in their habits and manners makes its appearance if they pass thirty in what they sarcastically call 'single blessedness.' If they present you with refreshments they look as if they thought it a trouble; you must tell them to ring the bell; they are slow at removing their hats—soil your carpet with dirty boots—and even put their feet on the fender. If you sing they are the first to talk, and whatever you say, they love to contradict. They call politeness, hypocrisy—and dignify rudeness by the appellation of sincerity. From such old bachelors, good fortune shield me!—they are the very brambles of society. There are some exceptions, however; Sir James did not appear to be one of this class; if there had been bitterness it was past, and the lip appeared to have forgotten its scornful curl; there was a harp near his chair, some loose music, a portfolio, and a drawing-stand; a little white spaniel nestled close to his footstool, and a small bouquet of flowers refreshed the old gentleman by their perfume. After calmly gazing upon the departing sun, he rang a little silver bell, and almost on the instant a young girl of mild and tranquil beauty was at his side; she was, indeed, lovely to look upon, particularly to those

who prize the gentle light of a soft blue eye, which so truly tells of constancy and tenderness; her figure was pliant as a willow wand, her silken silvery hair curled around her white and slender throat, and imparted warmth and beauty to her delicate cheek; there was a dove-like simplicity in her whole deportment, and purity sat upon her brow.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEGACIES.

The happiest silly fellow ever I knew, was one of the number of those good natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any one but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed.—The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. 'I leave my second son, Andrew,' said the expiring miser, 'my whole estate and desire him to be frugal.' Andrew in a sorrowing tone, as is usual on these occasions prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. 'I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his eldest brother, and leave him besides four thousand pounds.' 'Ah! father,' cried Simon, in great affliction to be sure, 'may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!' At last turning to poor Dick, 'As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter.'—'Ah! father,' cries Dick, without any emotion, 'may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!' This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

VISIONS OF BLAKE THE ARTIST.

To describe the conversations which Blake held in prose with demons, and in verse with angels, would fill volumes, and an ordinary gallery could not contain all the heads which he drew of his visionary visitants. That all this was real, he himself most sincerely believed; nay, so infectious was his enthusiasm, that some acute and sensible persons who heard him expatiate, shook their heads and hinted that he was an extraordinary man, and that there might be something in the matter. One of his brethren, an artist of some note, employed him frequently in drawing the por-

traits of those who appeared to him in visions. The most propitious time for those 'angel-visits' was from nine at night till five in the morning; and so decife were his spiritual sitters that they appeared at the wish of his friends. Sometimes, however, the shapes which he desired to draw were long in appearing, and he sat with his pencil and paper ready, and his eyes idly roaming in vacancy; all at once the visions came upon him and he began to work like one possessed. He was requested to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace: The eye of Blake sparkled, for the admired heroes. 'William Wallace!' he exclaimed, 'I see him now—there, there, how noble he looks; reach me my things!' Having drawn for some time, with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stopped suddenly, and said, 'I cannot finish him—Edward the First has stept in between him and me.' 'That's lucky,' said his friend, 'for I want the portrait of Edward too.' Blake took another sheet of paper, and sketched the features of Plantagenet; upon which his Majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace. 'And pray sir,' said a gentleman who heard Blake's friend tell this story, 'was Sir William Wallace a heroic looking man?' The answer was, 'there they are, sir, both framed and hanging on the wall judge for yourself.' 'I looked,' says my informant, 'and saw too warlike heads of the size of common life. That of Wallace was noble and heroic, that of Edward stern and bloody. The first had the front of a god, the latter had the aspect of a demon.'—*Lives of the Painters: Family Library.*

An Innkeeper's Regret.—Joseph II. Emperor of Germany, travelling incognito, stopped at an Inn in the Netherlands, where, it being fair time, and the house crowded, readily slept in an out-house, and after a slender repast of bacon and eggs, for which and his bed, he paid the charge of about three shillings and sixpence English. A few hours after, some of his Majesty's suit coming up, the landlord appeared very uneasy at not having known the rank of his guest. 'Pshaw, man,' said one of the attendants, 'Joseph is accustomed to such adventures, and will think nothing of it.' 'Very likely,' replied mine host, 'but I can never forgive myself for having an Emperor in my house, and letting him off for three and sixpence.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1830.

□ We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of ninety five new subscribers, since our last publication.

Drowned, on Tuesday the 6th inst. while bathing in the Hudson river, opposite this city, William Lewis, aged about 11 years, son of Mr. James Lewis.

The following Persons, and Printers and Post-Masters generally, will act as Agents for the Repository.

New-York.—Thomas Notterville, Athens; James F. Whitney, Albany; Lucius E. Gibbs, Troy; Isaac Platt, Poughkeepsie; Charles S. Willard, Catskill; Jeremiah Hoffman, Claverack; Isaac Dubois, Kingston; John J. Wagoner, Waterford; William Thorp, Saugerties; Eli F. Maynard, Utica; Benj. W. Stone, Ramapo Works; Willard Smith, Adams; William H. Dorrance, Albion; J. E. Stearns, Castleton; John A. Kinnicutt, Corydon; William Walker, Jamestown; J. R. Lee, East Bloomfield; Charles Heimstreet, Lanesburgh; Amos Hunt, Northampton; J. W. Barker, Orville; John Warner, Preston Hollow; C. Dunham Baker & Gardner S. Tubbs, Sandy-Hill; J. B. Robertson, Saratoga Springs; Charles Merrill, Vernon; William W. Cook, Fort-Ara; Orrin Hammond, Hammond; Samuel Palmer, P. M. and B. Dodge, Mount Hope; C. H. Rathbun, Panama; Wm. A. Vanderlip, Anaquasscock; Daniel Anthony, Battenville; Thomas S. Chase, Chatham; P. Smith, P. M. Chester; Benjamin Hine, Cairo; Ira A. Paddock, P. M. Glen's Falls; Edmund Elmendorph, Lower Redhook; John M'Kinstry, Livingston; Simeon M. Stoddard, P. M. Minisink; John F. Hill, P. M. M'Donough; Jonathan Barnes, P. M. North Boston; R. H. Gillet, Ogdensburgh; Rufus Palen, P. M. Palenaville; S. P. Clark, P. M. Pendleton; F. Bard, Pleasant Plains; J. S. Lansing, P. M. Sullivan; Isaiah Howell, P. M. Sugar Loaf; Z. Allen, Sackett's Harbour; F. S. Savage, P. M. Saquoit; M. Titus, P. M. South Dover; E. B. Woodworth, P. M. Seneca; Albert Lawrence, West Hinesdale; Edwin Scrantom, Rochester; William Eselsteyne, Cape Vincent.

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Georgia.—T. A. Pasteur, Washington; J. G. M'Whorter, Augusta.

Ohio.—J. Maxon, Athens; Henry Bolles, Cleveland.

Pennsylvania.—Henry Petrikin, Bellefonte; Wm. F. Parker, Williamsport; Daniel Gotshall, Lewisburg.

Kentucky.—S. A. Atchison, Bowling-Green; John Mullay, Flemingsburg.

New-Hampshire.—John A. Dunham, Peterborough.

Upper Canada.—Joseph Wilson, Hallowell; Terrence Smith, Merricks Ville.

MARRIED.

In this city, at the Episcopal Church, on Sunday the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Peter B. Barker to Miss Sarah Jenkins, daughter of Thomas Jenkins, Esq.

On the 5th inst. by J. Barton, Esq. Mr. Jeremiah Wagoner to Miss Emma Vandebogert, both of Livingston.

At Claverack, Mr. Jesse D. Flint, of Canaan, to Miss Lucy Moseley, daughter of Joseph Moseley, Esq.

At the same place, on Sunday the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Abraham H. Groat, to Miss Catherine Stufflebean, both of this city.

At Poughkeepsie, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cuyler, Mr. Martin Wetsell, to Miss Maria Depue, both of Catskill.

DIED.

In Albany, on Wednesday, the 1st inst. Nicholas F. Beck, Esq. Adjutant General of the State of New-York, in the 34th year of his age.



POETRY.

A SKETCH.

I saw her when the earliest glow
Of dreams, whose home is found in heaven,
And an unearthly bliss bestow,
Was to her ardent fancy given;
And picturing all things in their ray
The world a joyous scene became,
Where hope's unfettered wing could play,
And sorrow's cloud was but a name.

And as her peerless beauty grew
And ripened in her pleasant face,
Affection o'er her aspect threw
The sunshine of unsullied grace;
And like a habitant above—
A seraph, briefly lingering here,
That being, to the eye of love
Did in her early life appear.

Years swept along—and she became
A heartless and a giddy thing;
On a false shrine's unholy flame
She poured her spirit's offering.
Alas! her dreams were wasted soon,
For pleasure wore her heart away;
Life's morning waned into the noon
Of restless fashion's dazzling ray.

And many bow'd, and swore, and sighed—
While true to none, and false to all,
Upon her charms that maid relied
To bind new followers in her thrall.
But years roll'd on—her eye grew dim;
Her brow with furrows thickly set;
Time hushed the joy of pleasure's hymn,
And she—lorn spinster—lingers yet! **EVERARD.**

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I never was a favourite—
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child;
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away to hide my tears,—
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little stores of sense;
I strove to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle cheek,
I did not dare to throw myself,
In tears, upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth,
Oh beauty! in my nursery
I learned to know thy worth;—
For even there, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wished—for others wished it too—
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate,—
But in my sister's face,
There was a look of love that claimed
A smile, or an embrace,
But when I raised my lip, to meet
The pressure children prize,

None knew the feelings of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked;
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came—
A time of sorrow too,—
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw:—
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hues of death,
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night
I watched beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head,
She lived!—she loved me for my care!—
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Snuff of a Candle.

PUZZLE II.—Because he cries *Eat on—Eat on.*

NEW PUZZLES.

I
My whole a true reflector is,
Of every plain or pretty phiz;
I form the toper's greatest glee,
And help the aged eye to see;
Dame Nature's wonders I explore,
And show the track where planets soar.
Lop off my first, alas, appears
The fruitful source of lover's tears;
Man's greatest grief and greatest joy,
I poet's praises oft employ.

Another letter take, and then,
A beast I am much used by men,
I am in fact, what thou wilt be,
If thou this riddle's sense can't see.

II.

Why is the letter D cut in two like a deceased person?

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, JULY 31, 1830.

NO. 6.

POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

TRADITION

OF THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE.

'There may be no place of pilgrimage in America, unless it be some lonely battle-ground, already forgotten by the neighbourhood, overgrown with a forest and overshadowed with a perpetual deep darkness or covered far and wide, with a sea of watering herbage—the frightful vegetation of death.'—JOHN NEAL.

I love to visit those spots where the rude works of our pilgrim fathers, are yet to be seen. I love those wild spots surrounded by the everlasting rocks and hills, where once rose the terrific war-whoop of the fierce and fearless Indian, mingling with the report of the echoing musket; where once the shouts of bold, and daring combatants, were heard together with the groans of the wounded, and dying.

It was a fearful time for our fathers when in the still and silent watches of the night the plumbers of the weary were often broken, by the wild and appalling war-whoop of the savage. When those exasperated sons of the forest, rose in their strength and made a mighty effort to regain that land which was wrested from them by the whites, young and old thought of death, the brave and stalwart thought of the lingering torments, which awaited them, if they should fall into the power of those who asked no mercy from the hand of the conqueror.

Seated on the decayed stump of a tree which has perhaps witnessed the close of bitter strife between the red man and white, I can pass away hours, pondering over the early history of our country, in bringing to remembrance those times when the fleet and timid deer, the fierce and ravenous mountain cat, and the wild and untutored Indian roamed unmolested through the boundless forest; when the husbandman went forth to his labours armed for the deadly combat; when the red warrior was lurking and thirsting for the blood of the white; and when too, our fathers, the men of the revolution, met their brothers and fathers on the stern battle field. There is to me a pleasure in

visiting the ruins of some old garrison house, or 'some lone battle ground already forgotten by the neighbourhood,' that is not to be found in the crowded city. They are to us what the ivy crowned battlements of the old world, are to its inhabitants, they are the monuments of a nation gone by. The self-proud Englishman may point to the ruined castles of his own country, surrounded by the deep moat, and guarded by the portcullis; with their high turrets, crowned with the creeping ivy, looming with unearthly grandeur and rocked by every breeze: he may boast of the deeds performed there in feudal times, when 'might was right;' he may boast of his long line of Saxon, or Norman ancestors, and tell us, we have not such things as these to perpetuate the names, and deeds of our fathers. Our country has not such things as these, it is true; but she has other monuments as lasting. Our monuments are the eternal rocks, and the rock-ribbed hills. Our quiet valleys once rang with the wild war-whoop of a fearless nation, that vanished from before our fathers, like the inhabitants of a crowded city before a sweeping pestilence. Our fathers did not go forth to the battle protected by the steel haubirk or coat of mail; but with the 'ready hand and fearless heart.' Although they have not been, 'sanctified by song and by story, ages after ages,' there are still tales and traditions, recorded of the ruins of those log habitations which are scattered over New-England. Our aged and grey headed ones, can still relate tales of the fierce border warfare which for a long time existed between their fathers, and that people who have, to use one of their own metaphors 'melted away like snow before the sun.' They can still relate tales of the direful scalping knife, and the bloody tomahawk, they can yet point to the spot where lay the bones of the victim of Indian warfare. It was from one of these, that the incidents of the tradition following the description of the old garrison house were gathered; it has been preserved through the lapse of a century by oral tradition, handed from father to son.

In the northeastern part of one of those towns which in 1725 were exposed to the ravages of the eastern Indians, stands a rude building known as the old fortress or garrison house. It is constructed of large logs squared and locked together at the corners in the manner of the rudely constructed habitations of the first settlers of New-England. The roof is high and steep with projecting eaves as a kind of safe guard against the fire arrows and other combustible missiles often used by the red warriors in their attacks. The palisades which once surrounded it are now scarcely visible; but a covered ditch by which it was supplied with water from a neighbouring spring, is to be distinctly traced. The old house is seated on the eastern declivity of a long extended, but broken range of hills, which stretches to the north west, now rising in gentle swells, while, at a greater distance, it shows its rocky and whitened peaks rent by the convulsions of nature and elementary warfare. To the east and north east from the old house is a tract of land still covered with a forest of scathed pines and huge oaks, which bear the marks of the conflicts they have witnessed. Here is often heard the wild discordant yell of the prowling wild cat, although the wolf and the bear have disappeared together with the red warriors who once gathered around the council fire.

Among the first settlers of the township of L— was Abraham White and his family; and according to the tradition they erected the building now known as the old garrison house. Abraham White was a specimen of our puritanical forefathers. His family consisted of himself, and helpmate, four sturdy sons, and three daughters. The daughters of Abraham White, although they were comely, would not at the present day pass for beauties. They did not possess the delicate form, 'and ruby lip' which mark the fashionable belle of this age of improvement. But their cheeks bore the rosy hue of health, and they were accustomed to woods and log habitations. The sons were all athletic and hardy; three of them at the time of which we write, had arrived to manhood, although they still continued under the parental roof. They all bore 'goodly names,' the eldest that of the father, and the others, according to their years, the names of Aaron, Moses, and Joshua. Every thing in the household of Abraham White, was conducted with that strict order and regularity which characterized the first settlers of New-England. He was a lineal descendant from one of the Plymouth colony, and was a scion worthy of the original stock, inheriting all the sternness and inflexibility common to those zealous puritans. His fathers had marked out a path for him; and his family must walk in the same. He was stern, and rigid in his habits, and brought his family up in the way he had trod. Every evening brought its usual devotions; all the household then drew round the family altar; a portion was read from the

'blessed book,' and then was poured forth thanks to the 'Giver of mercies.' Saturday evening brought the business of the week to a close, and on the first day of the week, not a hand was lifted in any secular employment; it is said that his sons once received a severe reprimand for destroying on that day, a wolf which had entered their sheep fold. Although Abraham White professed to be a strict follower of one, 'who delighteth in showing mercy,' he like the rest of our ancestors held an Indian as a common enemy, and was always ready to shoulder his gun and march against them. About the year 1720, commenced the war with the eastern Indians, which not only desolated the frontier towns of Maine, and New-Hampshire, but those of Massachusetts. This war was commenced by the Norwigocks, Pequaketts and other eastern tribes, supported by the French from Canada. Among the most active partizans of this war, was Abraham White. He was one of those who, under the command of Captain Moulton, and others, marched against Norwigock, the principal village of the eastern Indians. The narrative of the sanguinary scenes acted there is probably familiar to every one acquainted with the history of New-England. Abraham White was also one of those engaged in the celebrated Lovewell's fight and was one of the few who survived that eventful day and were able to return thanks for their preservation.

It was on a fine October evening, several years after this engagement, that the family of Abraham White had as usual gathered around the family altar, for their evening devotions. The full 'Hunter's moon' was shining in all its brightness, and the father had in a clear, audible voice, began the evening service, when a low grunting noise was heard from the garden which adjoined the house. One of the sons started to see the cause of the disturbance, but stopped at the command of the father, who carefully unclosed one of the apertures used as loop-holes, and placing his eye to it, surveyed the state of affairs without. The light of the moon enabled him to distinguish even a small object within the distance enclosed by the pickets. 'Hand down the gun' said he in a low voice to one of the family, without moving his eye from an object he saw moving about the garden. The gun was handed down and all was silence, although the family at once knew what the surmises of the father were. It was placed at the aperture, and in a moment 'told its bidding.' A stifled groan was all that was heard, but a dark object slowly drew itself within the shade of the pickets and disappeared.

'There lies a heathenish red skin,' said the father as he stepped back, 'it is one of the Pequaketts, those accursed savages are abroad and they'll be upon us before the setting of another sun with their hooting and shouting.'

Every member of the family now engaged in putting things in a state of defence. The

door was barricaded, and the small windows secured by blocks of wood fitted for that purpose. The ammunition was brought forward and examined; the arms, which consisted of a musket or hunting gun for each of the males, were taken from their boxes and placed in the hands of those who were to use them. The night wore slowly away, not an eye was closed in sleep, but all listened anxiously for some unusual noise. Morning at length dawned, and the sun arose without a cloud to intercept its beams, as they shone upon the garrison house and the surrounding scenery. Some little distance beyond the pickets stood a pine tree with a thick bushy top, this, Joshua the youngest son was watching, with his eye placed at one of the loop holes, when the flash of a rifle glanced from it; in an instant he sprang with a convulsive leap from the place where he stood and fell on the floor.

'Now is the hour of trial,' said the father as the family gathered around the wounded one, 'the first shot of the heathen has taken one from our band.'

'Yes and 'tis the youngest,' said the mother as she leaned over him giving vent to the yearnings of a mother's bosom.

'Mourn not now, Rebecca, this is no time for grief,' said her companion as the war whoop rose from the surrounding woods.

A band of Indians had surrounded the garrison during the night; one of their number had secreted himself in the tree, and fired the shot which had taken effect. He soon discovered it, and a fierce war cry rose simultaneously from every one of the band; it was repeated again and again, and the horrid whoop echoed through the forest. It seemed as if a thousand demons had sent forth their demoniac yells. The savages now took to the higher ground which overlooked the pickets and commenced a brisk firing upon the garrison. The fire was promptly returned by the besieged, and the assailants soon lost several of their number, for every opportunity a well directed shot was sure to be sent. Every time one of their number fell, their horrid shouts were renewed, but it boots not now to relate the incidents of that day's fight. It was kept up with unabated fury through the day, several attempts were made by the savages to break through the pickets, but they were repelled by the bravery of those within. Night at length drew on, and the Indians exhausted with the day's toil retired from the attack, only to return to it after night had closed in.

Black lowering clouds were now to be seen gathering in the heavens, which announced the approach of a storm. The moon arose not as it did the preceding evening, but wading through a thick haze which obscured its light.

Again the family of Abraham White, gathered around the father, for their evening devotions, but they felt not as they did at the commencement of the previous evening's worship. They felt that this night might be their last, for

they knew that under cover of the night, the savages would return to their work of death. The hope of succour which had sustained them through the day was now faint. Long and ardent were their devotions around the family altar. The father poured forth thanks to their Maker for their preservation through the day, and earnestly supplicated Him for a continuance of his protecting care. He again and again commended his family and himself to the God of battles; fervently praying for the wounded one who yet lingered in the most excruciating agony. When he arose from his knees the whole family felt that they had committed themselves to the care of Him who has power to save. In a few moments a volley of several guns was fired, and a loud death shriek rose, mingling with the war whoop of the savages. The shout of the Indians was followed by another discharge, but it was not directed towards the garrison. A cry of joy now burst from the besieged. 'The God of Heaven be praised,' shouted the father, 'we have help.'

Succour had indeed arrived, and as an Indian skirmish is soon decided, the savages after a few discharges were compelled to retreat in such haste as to leave their dead, which consisted of several, and wounded, who were not able to travel, behind them. Those who so providently arrived to the rescue, were a party of settlers who were alarmed by the firing and came to assist, as soon as they could collect sufficient numbers. Several of the party were severely wounded, but none mortally. The wounded Indians according to the custom of those times, were dispatched. A young athletic looking savage was found in the garden. He had obtained access within the pickets by means of a small hole which barely admitted his body, and having employed a stratagem to draw out some of the family that did not succeed, he paid for his daring with his life. The party of Indians, who had attacked the garrison, consisted of a collection from the various eastern tribes. The one that fell in the garden was a chief and son to the well known Pequakett chieftain, Paugus, who fell by the hand of Chamberlain at Lovewell's fight. This was the last attempt made by the ill-fated Pequakett to revenge the loss of their chief. The next day the Indians were all committed to one grave. Joshua White, who died in the course of the night, was buried in the corner of the garden, and the plain stone erected by his brothers, now marks the spot. One of the descendants of Abraham White resides near the old garrison house, which he still preserves, although now useless, as a memento of the toils of his father. The scathed trunk of the aged pine yet stands as a monument of the scenes it has witnessed. The plough has since leveled the small mound which formerly marked the grave of the Indians; but the spot was pointed out to me by the aged narrator of the tradition.

DOING AS OTHERS DO.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

(Concluded.)

'My own Emily,' said the old gentleman, 'did you think my summons long delayed, or did it come too soon?'

'I was with my brother and—and his friend, sir; your summons to me is always happiness.'

'Thank you, my own girl, thanks; I wanted to speak, Emma, on a matter of much moment to you, and to me also, because I love you—bless you, child, can't you stand still, and let the dog alone?—don't fidget so—there's a colour! Why, you little violet, you surely have not been deceiving me, and know all about it before I thought proper to tell you?—No answer?—'

'No, sir—yes, sir—I don't know, sir.'

'No, sir—yes, sir—I don't know, sir!—Emily, you never told me a falsehood—do not begin now to 'do as others do,' and deceive your old guardian.'

'Deceive you, mine own uncle, my more than father! Why, O why should you suspect me?' and tears filled her eyes as her blushes deepened.

'No, Emmy, no love, I believe you have not; but, hang it, all women have a kind of second sight in love matters—I dare say, now you have a kind of a sort of idea that *your brother's friend*, as you call him, has an affection for you—eh, Emmy?'

'I hope—I hardly know, sir—'

'Honour bright, young lady! In the greenhouse, when I saw him pulling some of my fine exotics, what said he to you then?'

'He was only forming and explaining an oriental letter—love letter, sir,' replied the maiden, at the same time hiding her face in the damask pillow of her uncle's chair.

'But where are the flowers?—you did not throw them away!'

'Oh no, no, no, how could I, uncle? they were so beautiful! Shall I fetch them? they are in the alabaster vase you gave, and that I love so dearly.'

The old man smiled, shook his head, and moved his foot; and the young girl seated herself on the little Ottoman; he laid his hand on her glossy hair, and replied—'Mind not the flowers now, love, but attend to the wisdom which seventy years and more have taught to one who has not been a listless observer of passing events. I remember well when my sister, your grandmother, married. She was very young, and very beautiful—perhaps more majestic than beautiful. She was ambitious and married for gold and rank. She never complained of unhappiness? but I saw it in her altered eye, heard it in her altered voice, and both blamed and pitied. At that time I had my own trials too;—but buried loves are like faded flowers—only interesting to those who treasure them as memorials of by-gone days. Your mother, Emily, was gifted with an angel's form; but her mind remained

uncultivated, while accomplishments were heaped upon her without taste or judgment. She, too, was sacrificed upon the same shrine; but she wanted her mother's strength of mind. Her husband had but one maxim in common with herself—'*To do as others do*;'—how I do hate that little sentence!' continued the old man, with strong acrimony and emotion; 'it has caused,' he continued, 'the ruin of thousands. At that time our princes were jockeys, and Lord Morton, whose head was never cool, had the honour of losing thousands to the highest in the land—he did as others did; and in three years,—poor fellow!—he died of a broken heart, and almost a beggar. Your mother, from following the same plan, assisted in the destruction of their ample fortune. No parties were so gay—no woman so much admired, or consequently so much flattered, as Lady Emily Morton; but the fashionables, true to their maxim also, did as others did, left the ruined widow to her solitude; and her creditors who also pursued the same plan, seized upon every thing, even the couch on which she lay, with you, a new-born infant, on her bosom. Her parents were dead, and she was too proud to accept assistance; though, to confess the truth, I believe she was not much troubled by the benevolent feelings of others. She had always plagued me sadly, laughed at my failings, and ridiculed my peculiarities; but an English heart beat in my bosom, and I went up to town determined to bring her and hers to my house. I shall never forget it; your brother was sent home from the fashionable school to which he had been consigned, and, with the thoughtlessness of childhood, was playing about the room, gay and cheerful as a mountain lark. She was laying on an old sofa, and her pale cheek and sunken eye spoke of the end of mortal suffering; her spirits were gone, her heart was indeed broken. She withdrew the shawl that covered you, and my heart yearned towards you, Emily, as if you had been mine own—in a very unbachelor like way I stooped to kiss you. 'Save them, make them unlike their parents,' exclaimed your poor mother, as she endeavoured to raise you to me:—that effort was her last; she fell back and expired.'

Emily sobbed bitterly; and, truth to say, the old gentleman let fall—no, not fall, for he prevented it—but tears certainly escaped from his eyes.

'My own dear child,' continued he, 'it is not to pain you that I speak thus, but to warn you against the remotest danger of 'doing as others do.' It was a troublesome legacy, though, to an old fellow like me—a romping boy and a squalling baby; but I bless God for it now: it saved me from the selfishness of old age, gave me something to love and to think of besides gout and lumbago. Your brother, I trust, will be an ornament to human nature, for he does *not* do as others do. He has travelled to gain information, not *scot*; he

has entered the sacred profession, *not* because his uncle has a rich living in his gift, but because his mind is imbued with gospel truth, and he is anxious to do good; he has chosen his friend, not because of his rank or talent, although he is distinguished by both, but because he is a **CHRISTIAN**—and, consequently, must be a good son, a kind landlord, a firm friend, and, in due time, an affectionate husband. I suspect the oriental flowers, Emmy, have spoken of love; and so would I have it, girl;—he is one who will never follow the opinion of fools; and to you, dearest, he will be a safe guiding-star, protecting you 'through the thorny path of the dangerous world' upon which you must soon enter; for you cannot be always an old man's darling. And now, child, you may fetch the flowers; they told your secret;—they were dear, and you put them in the vase you loved so dearly. Yes, yes, I can remember—bless, bless you my own child!' continued the venerable man, folding his arms affectionately round his adopted, 'thank God, though I am an old bachelor, I have trained up two creatures for immortality who will not "DO AS OTHERS DO."'

BIOGRAPHY.

A volume of Sketches of the most eminent characters, in our country, (and among them the different Presidents and many Members of Congress,) has just appeared, from which we give the following, and shall present others hereafter.

MR. EVERETT.

WASHINGTON, ———, 1830.

Dear Sir—Mr. Everett you have seen, and therefore I need not describe his person to you; when in Europe he was, as you know, much caressed as a learned man; his course has been singular and prominent. While at Harvard University, as a student, he was distinguished, though very young; on leaving college he studied divinity, and was ordained and settled a youthful prodigy. In elegant literature he had no equal of his age, and the world was delighted with his pulpit eloquence; whenever he preached crowds of the most accomplished of both sexes, assembled to hear his splendid sermons; these discourses if they had not so much of the holy unction in them as in some sermons of graver men, still there was a purity of taste and a sweet solemnity that made him delightful to hearers of all creeds. A few years after his ordination, he was elected to a Professorship of Harvard University. This office he accepted on condition of being allowed to visit Europe and reside a year or two in Germany. He set out on this tour with all the ardour of a young man panting for knowledge and ambitious of surpassing all, in his accomplishments. In his absence, he visited Rome, France, and England, and tarried for some time at Göttingen, and became enamoured with German literature. He extended his travels to Greece, and

there drank inspiration among the relics of ancient taste and greatness. He examined the Parthenon in its ruins, with great minuteness, as well as all other things, worthy of notice. He returned to his Alma Mater with a mind filled with 'the spoils of time,' and a memory stored with the *humanities*, the great object of his travels, and commenced his labours as a professor, and at once became the pride of the university and the delight of his pupils.

He did not confine himself to the instruction of college classes, but gave a splendid course of lectures on Architecture, which was numerously attended by the most enlightened persons of both sexes in the metropolis of New England. At this time he was considered the editor of the North American Review, which was well conducted, and took the lead in the periodicals of the country. His portions of the work are distinguished for taste, talent and learning; there is a variety and raciness about his productions, that mark one born and bred among the Muses. In fact, he was a scholar by profession, and wore the laurel among all the lettered and polite as an every day ornament. In an evil hour for American literature the politicians of his District, turned their eyes upon him as member of Congress, and he left the lecture room. In Congress he is respected for his learning and talents. When he rises all are anxious to catch every word he has to say—not that his eloquence there, is as good as it was in the pulpit, or the lecture room, but that the information he gives may be relied on, for he has day and date, chapter and page, for every thing he says, and the purity of his language forms a great contrast to that of many of those around him. He has too much refinement for the *rough and tumble* of Congress skirmishing. In this body he has frequently been selected as Chairman of Committees to make reports, on important subjects, and these are generally admired for their clearness of reasoning and appropriateness of style; these reports are said to prove that he is greater in the closet than on the floor of the House; but he is great every where.

Such men are wanted in the American Congress, for loving the country so much as I do, I am constrained to confess that there is no little ignorance in the National Assembly and that learning does not always receive its due honour. Mr. Everett's eloquence is characterized by taste, sweetness, harmony, delicacy, and correctness. It has the Ciceronian flow, ease and purity, and all the great Roman's accuracy, and marks of scholarship. He is said to be ambitious, and to dearly love political distinctions. Of this, it is probable he will soon get cured by the shiftings and changings of party, and in the fullness of his genius, return from the bustle of the Hall of Legislation to the groves of the Academy he deserted. If it should so happen, it will be well; for learning should have more knowledge of the

world than it generally has, and the world should have more learning than it is disposed to honour and cherish.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW NOVEL.

VOL. I.

Mortimer Mandeville Deveraux Boo, was the son of mean but illustrious parents. An ill-fated star presided over his birth and stuck to him like a bad name through most of his days.—He was very unfortunate even while a child. Not one of his play-fellows but could blow a bigger bubble through a tobacco pipe, and his bubbles were always the first to break and evaporate. 'Alas,' what 'emblems of his future hopes.'

'I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away'—&c.

He was gifted with an extraordinary understanding, and the powers of his mind were immense—but alas!—he was born a fool!

END OF VOL. I.

VOL. II.

Angelina Squirtissima Sop, was the daughter of rich, but honest parents. She lived in luxury all her youth, 'alas!' but to feel the wide difference between ease and affluence in after years! She never asked for a bit of cake, but her mother, immediately went to the cupboard and got it. 'Alas!' that mothers should thus indulge their children!

She grew up under the fond eyes of her parents and when the bud of her beauty expanded, her face was as smooth as a winter squash, and the same colour!

END OF VOL. II.

VOL. III.

Mortimer Mandeville Deveraux Boo, tumbled in love with the beautiful and accomplished Angelina Squirtissima Sop. 'Alas!'—

'The course of true love never did run smooth.'

Their parents, Mortimer knew would be opposed to their union, and he held in his love as long as he could, but when he could hold in no longer he drew up the flood gates of his imagination and—let it out.

It was on a summer evening when the south wind came by, sighing like a sick child, that Mortimer meted out the measure of his love to Angelina. He fell on his knees before her, and the stream of his passion poured out like a deluge. She accepted his love and acknowledged her own. Mortimer in the delirium of joy attempted suddenly to rise—'Alas,' how short is mortal vision!—in attempting to rise, his foot slipped, he fell in a ditch and was drowned—came to an untimely death, like a fly in a cream cup!

FINIS.

Our novel does not have a 'happy ending,' as is usual, but it is 'founded on fact,' and we cannot so far 'depart from history' as to

make it end differently. But we hope its pages being illuminated with the 'bright sci. r. i. f. i. c. a. t. i. o. n. s. of wit,' and the pepper of descriptive fiction will 'ensure it a favourable reception with a candid and enlightened public.'

DR. GODMAN.

Some years ago, in conversation with us, he said that in a voyage to sea in early life, he had seen a lad who had just begun to be a sailor, going out to some projecting part of the rigging. His arms were supported by a spar, and looking below him for a rope which ran across, on which his feet should be. The rope flew from side to side, and it was evident that the poor fellow was becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling, when the mate shouted to him with all his force, 'look aloft! you sneaking lubber!' By thus turning away his eyes from the danger, the dizziness was prevented, and he found his footing. And this incident the Doctor said, often occurred to his mind in after life, when his troubles grew heavy upon him, and he hardly could find ground whereon to tread. At such times he heard the mate's shout in his ears, and turned his 'aloft' to the 'prize upon which he had fastened his hopes. We cannot part with this beautiful illustration, without asking each of our readers to apply it to a still nobler purpose; to steady themselves in all adversity by looking towards that life in which there is rest and peace ever-more—and when our flesh and heart shall fail us, and we can find no support under our feet, to seek it by 'looking aloft,' to Him, 'who is the strength of our hearts, and our portion for ever.—*Lit. Port Fol.*

HARD TIMES.

It is a fact that nine tenths of the young men of the present day, by some means, have come to the conclusion, that it is degrading to till the soil, or to perform any sort of manual labor for a livelihood; they seem to entertain the idea that they are all born to literature, that they possess intuitively the skill of the Lawyer, the Physician, the Clergyman, the Merchant, or the Author; that they have nothing to do but to hie themselves to New-York, Boston or some other city, as soon as they are fairly fledged and can be trusted out of their mother's apron-string, and that their *superlative* talents will at once bring them into notice. With these views, many a young man who might have made a most excellent farmer or mechanic, leaves his home, is gone two or three years, expends perhaps, half his kind father's fortune, which he has laboured hard to amass, and returns a poor, lazy, idle, blockhead, complaining of 'hard times.' This is the case often, very often. If all those young men who have been born and bred to that most honourable of all employments, tillers of the soil, would attend to that business, instead of gadding off, and attempting to become contemptible coxcombs, we should seldom hear of 'hard times.'—*N. H. Spectator.*

Anecdote.—A story is told of the late Rev. Mr. Sprague, of Dublin, H. H. which sets the remarkable simplicity of the learned parson in a very ludicrous light. Paying a visit to one of his parishioners, he threw the bridle of his horse over the post of a rail fence near the house. During his stay the animal contrived to disengage the bridle from the post and get it under his feet—seeing which, a servant girl drew the reins thro' one of the mortises and over the top of the post in the form of a noose. The parson took his leave, and going to untie his horse was indescribably astonished to find the bridle, which he had simply thrown over the post, thus past thro' one of the holes. 'This beats all!' ejaculated he to himself, 'I never saw the like of it in all my life before! To be sure, we read of a camel going thro' the eye of a needle—but that was in the days of miracles. No, no, I never saw the like of this before!' He examined it anew; he tried to get the bridle out—but it surpassed his ingenuity. 'Yes, it must be,' said he, 'the horse has actually crawled through the post-hole—there's no other way to account for it!' Full of this impression, and despairing of making the animal retrace his steps, he whipped out his knife, and was about cutting the reins, when the same girl, perceiving his quandary, released the horse and explained the mystery. But if the simple parson had been astonished before, he was little less so now, to find his own penetration surpassed by that of a servant girl. 'Hey, girl,' said he, 'I believe you're right—but how in the name of wonder should a girl like you know more than a man of my learning.—It's astonishing! astonishing! miraculous! miraculous!—*Bost. Masonic Mir.*

The charitable Highwayman.—It is said of Poulter (a better sort of highwayman,) that one day riding on horseback on the road, he met a young woman who was weeping, and who appeared to be in great distress. Touched with compassion, he asked her what was the cause of her affliction; when she told him that a creditor, attended by a bailiff, had gone to a house which she pointed out, and threatened to take her husband to jail for a debt of thirty guineas. Poulter gave her the amount, telling her to pay the debt and set her husband at liberty; and she run off leading the honest gentleman with benedictions. Poulter in the mean time waited on the road till he saw the creditor come out; he then attacked him, and took back the thirty guineas, besides every thing else he had about him.

The Devil in Pain.—In Plymouth there is, or was formerly, a ready witted negro by the name of Prince. Persons acquainted with the humor of the old fellow, were in the habit of cracking jokes with him to hear his ready answers. The late Judge Paine, who was attending court in Plymouth, one day accosted him thus:—'Prince, have you heard the devil

was dead?' 'No massa,' replied he, 'I no hear of it, but I suppose it very likely, for I understood he was in Paine.'

Odd Comparison.—An instance of quaint expression is related in a town in the western part of Massachusetts, where the clergyman was remarkable for giving his sermon very little connexion with his text. It stood like a sign post before a house where no tavern was kept. When this peculiarity was the subject of conversation, one of his parishioners observed to him, that 'if his text had the small pox his sermon could not catch it.'

The Woman who went abroad.—A lady in the state of Connecticut, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for the physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, 'my dear, where shall I find you when I get back?'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1830.

The Magnet.—We have received the first and second, or the June and July numbers of a periodical with the above title, published in the city of New-York, by Samuel N. Rudkin, and edited by Miss Ann B. Winterbottom. As far as we can judge from the hasty perusal of the numbers before us, we think it worthy the attention of an enlightened community, and hope it will succeed in attracting its full share of public patronage. The Magnet will be published in monthly numbers, containing 24 octavo pages each, on fine paper, with a fair type, and neatly stitched in printed covers—price one dollar and fifty cents in advance, or two dollars if not paid till the delivery of the sixth number.

The Pantheon.—This is a semi-monthly literary and miscellaneous publication recently got up by the ALBION and PHENIX Societies of Westfield and Fredonia, Chautauque Co. N.Y. The Pantheon is neatly executed and promises fair to become both a useful and interesting companion to such as shall favour it with their patronage.—Its price is \$1 per annum, payable in advance, and all communications respecting it must be addressed, post-paid, to Charles H. La Hall, Westfield. [?] Subscriptions for both of the above mentioned works received at this office.

Death by drowning.—On Sunday the 18th inst. Thomas Morrison, of this city, aged about 25 years, was drowned in Claverack Creek, while bathing. Exertions were made to restore him to life, but in vain.

MARRIED,

At Hillsdale, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Quilting, the Rev. Burrell Wheelock, of Boston, to Miss Fanny W. Richards, of Hillsdale.

DIED,

In this city, on Tuesday the 20th inst. from drinking cold water, Mr. Wm. Krouse, aged 33 years.

On Sunday last, Mr. Barsilia Bunker, in the 76th year of his age.

At Hillsdale, on the 12th inst. Mr. Enoch Fitch, aged about 50.

At the same place, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Charlotte McKown, wife of Joseph McKown, Esq. in the 50th year of her age.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. YOUTH.

Youth is an early, fragrant flower,
That blooms in springs delightful hour;
Whose opening beauties bright and gay
Glow sweetly in the balmy day,
'Till summer's heat shall scorch its brow
And lay its fading glories low.

Youth is the cheerful blushing morn,
When coming light begins to dawn,
When airy castles fill the sky,
Built up with gorgeous pomp on high,
'Till Sol arises in his might
And drives the visions from our sight.

Youth is the brook which madly rides
Over the mountains rugged sides;
Its tiny bubbles flash and burn
'Till to their mother stream they turn,
Then dash they in the restless sea,
Like Time into Eternity.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

'She knew she was forsaken—and she rose
Abruptly from the fingering of her lute
As the false one bent o'er her with a smile,
Full of his olden treachery, and a word
Of seeming tenderness. She stood erect
In her proud beauty, and shook fiercely back
The dark luxuriance of her flashing hair,
As she had been a priestess—and had risen
Apparelled for the sacrifice. Her eye,
Once melting into tenderness, and full
Of Love's own inspiration, kindled up
With the strange fire of anger, and its glance
Was one of very lightning. The hot blood
Boiled upward from the heart, and left its dark,
Red shadow on her forehead—and her lip
Before, a severed rose-bud, and as fair
As that of Hylas, when the beautiful nymphs
Sighed for its lovely pressure, gathered now
Unnatural sternness with its curl of scorn;
And the dilated nostril, and the quick
Tumultuous heavings of the snowy breast,
Told of the storm of passion roused within.
'Traitor!'—the white foam gathered on her lip—
Her hand is on her bosom,—look!—'tis raised—
A dagger glitters to the lighted hall,
Clenched in those long white fingers. Vain the cry
And headlong rush around her. It is done!—
The false one welters in his gushing blood!
Oh!—ye may make a demon of the best
And loveliest of God's creatures. Seek her when
The careless air of lightsome childhood blends
With maiden bashfulness—when first the dreams
Of love and romance lend their pensive shade
To the young brow, and passion flushes high
The unstable beauty of the varying cheek;
Bend a proud knee before her, and sit down
Beside her when she fingereth the harp—
And whisper in the pauses of her song;
Or walk with her by moonlight, and compare
The snowy whiteness of a sleeping cloud,
With the clear beauty of her lifted brow—
Or, tell her that the glory of the stars

Is fainter than the lustre of her eye—
And when her heart beats wildly, and her cheek
Is eloquent with most delirious thought—
Betray her tender confidence, and turn
Her heart's blood into tears—yea, darken all
Her innocent being with pollution's stain.
Ay, ruin her, and leave her. Go abroad
Among the gay and beautiful once more,
And let the lost one gaze upon the joy
Of her betrayer. Let her look upon
His hours of dalliance; let her hear his words
Of treachery softened to the tones of love,
Breathed in the ear of others; and behold
Another near him in the lightsome dance—
Her white arm thrilling to his losel touch,
Her young cheek kindling underneath his gaze—
And she will lose her sorrow in the stern
Dark purposing of vengeance. She will rise
From her lorn desolation, far above
The weakness of her nature; and put on
A most unnatural energy, and nerve
Her soul for violence, even unto blood.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Glass—Lass—Ass.

PUZZLE II.—It is de-parted.

NEW PUZZLES.

L
Addressed to a Lady.

What beauties with a grace may do;
What, when you're drest, looks well on you:
What every social man will be,
To please the present company;
What master for a wife would give;
On what a parson's horse may live;
What misses use for similes,
When fingers smart or head-aches tease;
What antiquaries gladly give
To make the former ages live:
What some men never think too bold,
To load their chests with ill got gold,
What I with pleasure would pursue,
If you, my fair one, would prove true.

II.

Tho' odd it might seem, 'tis quite clear to me,
That ten are not ten, and will count only three!
Eight are but five, and nine only four;
Three only in six, but five in a score;
What's odder still I know a sweet lady
Can prove when she please, there are four in one Baby,
Indeed I have known her to exclaim to my cousin
A fig for men's hearts! there are not twelve in a dozen.

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Persons wishing to subscribe for the 7th volume of the Repository, can be supplied with the previous numbers. We have now on hand and for sale, a few complete sets, including the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th volumes.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, AUGUST 14, 1830.

NO. 6.

POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

ARTHUR OF AVOCA,

OR THE MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES.

What do you tremble?—are you all afraid !
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

SHAKESPEARE.

To those who do not only disbelieve in the existence of super-natural beings, but even sneer at the idea, the following matter of fact is submitted without comment.

A fine evening in the month of September, when the fields were yielding up their full ripe crops, and earth stood clothed in perfected nature's golden robes, and birds began to warble their farewell ditties, Arthur with his wife stood in the door of their cottage, while their little child, a boy of four years old, sported on the green in front of the house. It was one of those evenings that so much excel the fanciful colourings of boyhood's earliest years; when the eye from the moon's reflected rays might range from object to object till the mind might almost lose its grasp on existence and soar away amid the regions of immortality, far beyond the reach of time's unceasing casualties. It was here as I have said that the father, standing surrounded by all that he in the buoyancy of his hopes could desire, gazed with that delight known only to an anxious and tender parent, upon his little son just beginning in the simplicity of his years to ape manhood's more experienced acts. The father's eye melted into softness, as he thought of days yet behind the curtain of futurity, and saw in him another like himself, grown up to manhood's years and manhood's pride—doating upon one whom he almost idolized, the mother of his only child. The boy caught his eye, and hanging his head with a glance that seemed to say, 'father I read your thought,' he ran away. Half abashed, Arthur turned to his wife—a simultaneous movement—exchanged looks—embarrassment—no not that—each too deeply felt, what

was passing in the other's mind to know or feel embarrassment; and again they followed with their eyes, the meanderings and sports of their offspring. Seldom has the hand of fancy portrayed, or the imagination painted a scene so pure, so innocent, so happy, and comprising three characters so free from all the cares and sorrows of this world. The sun of plenty had dawned upon their earliest childhood; happiness, competence and contentment had continued to strew the ripening pathway of age, with their balmy fragrance; death had never thrust its obtrusive head within their door, nor had pale disease entered their peaceful dwelling. Scarcely had they an opportunity to think or know, and certainly not to feel, that mankind are but creatures of a day. A continual succession of every comfort that could tend to sweeten life and render this earth transcendantly an abiding place of happiness without its alloys, had ever been theirs. Such was the state of Arthur's family at the commencement of the evening just mentioned. But oh, the mighty changes which a few short hours sometimes make in the condition of mortals!

I acknowledge I am strongly tempted to arrange these few lines into an essay, and launch out in praise of that domestic felicity to which I must confess myself extremely partial instead of pursuing the painful description; but the 'truth must out.'

Evening was just closing in the fading sunbeams' last glow, upon the heights of the adjacent mountains, as they slowly, and as it seemed reluctantly receded up their sides; growing fainter and fainter they bid adieu to earth, while dark portentous clouds suddenly plunged animated nature from the brightest and loveliest of sun setting scenery into the depths of tenfold midnight darkness. The winds as if let loose from 'the caves in the mountains' came rolling down through the vale; like vast avalanches, crushing and overwhelming every thing in its course; the waters which but a moment before flowed so lovely and so placid, heaved their white swells

in defiance, to the raging winds, chasing and mounting upon each other in maddening surges, and the torrent falling rain, followed by the lightnings red glare with its attendant peal after peal of quaking thunder, lent their combined aid to render the scene doubly gloomy. As the family were seated around the comfortable room, engaged in their evening devotion, a faint rap was heard at the door, accompanied with a request for admission. Ever alive to the distress of the unfortunate, the sufferer needed not to repeat the request. Admission was readily granted, and though the appearance of the stranger, who was clad in attire of no ordinary kind, bespoke her of the better class; yet her story of having been beguiled into the forest by the beauties of scenery, till the approaching storm warned her of the danger, while the density of the darkness prevented her finding her way out, heightened if possible their sympathies. Refreshments, the best the house could afford, were immediately prepared and set before her, while she gained upon their good feelings by fondling their little son. They seemed mutually pleased with each other. In vain might the tempest rage, 'the maddening surges lash the shore in vain;' happiness blended or rather strengthened and made of that, which alone can give perfection and permanence to earthly felicity, had taken its wonted seat with this little family. The stranger too, seemed to enter with a lively feeling into their enjoyments and even into the source of that enjoyment, which sat bright as the rainbow's loveliest tints upon their countenances. The youthful vivacity of little William, as he clambered upon the stranger's lap and hung fondly from her neck, was kindly, nay most benignly repaid by her folding her delicate arms around him with a true strain of affection as she kissed away the glossy hair that curled in rich profusion round his fair forehead. But then, when this little group were assuming as it were the very garb of heaven, when every baser feeling was swallowed up in more than earthly felicity; she, who seemed the guardian angel which providence had sent to guide them to the very throne of earthly happiness, drew from her bosom a concealed dagger and plunged it to his heart; with a yell ten times more hideous than the savage barbarian exulting o'er his fallen victim, dashed him from her weltering in his blood. Dark sulphureous clouds hovered around emitting partial gleams of darting flame and encircled that bright form which but a moment before shed happiness and peace around her. The clouds were dispelled—there stood the father in the agony of his soul a petrified monument of surprise, fear and overwhelming grief. And here the mother, bending over the body of her dear, dear gasping boy, her hair wildly flowing upon her heaving bosom and wringing her hands towards heaven, seemingly to invoke the aid of an Adored Preserver.

The stranger with a laugh of wild exultation seized the burning coals and scattered them around the room—then changing into a thousand forms, midst flames and smoke, she vanished from their sight. The fire caught and spread rapidly; still the inmates moved not. In a few moments nothing was heard save the cracking fire, which had already enveloped the cottage, sending up in one broad sheet a stream of living flame, mingling with the raging elements. Still not a being moved, not a voice was heard.—Chaotic ruin heaped its furies pile on pile. At length the falling roof, the crashing timbers, told the sad tale, that all was finished. The flames sank down; the raging elements retired with great murmurings to their peaceful beds—not a sound was heard either in sky, earth or sea to break the sacredness of that hour—not a single breeze to raise the drooping leaves;—but alone upon the hill of extinguished ruins, stood a form as silent and as motionless as the scene that surrounded him. I approached, it was Arthur. Before him lay the whitened bones of all on earth that was dear to him; his beloved and adored wife and child, on which his eye rested with an intensity that bordered on insanity. 'Alone!'—he cried, then rushing by me as if borne upon the wings of the wind was soon, alas! too soon, buried in the shades of the forest.

Days months and years rolled on—the rapid hand of improvement had half effaced the beauties of the once enchanting vale of Avoca, still no traces of Arthur could be found; till one morning, as the sun was just shooting up its golden rays o'er the tops of the surrounding mountains, a stranger was seen pacing to and fro, in front of the splendid mansion erected on the spot where once stood the cottage of the almost forgotten Arthur; on the front of which, was set in letters of projecting marble the following line:—'Erected to the memory of mysteriously injured innocence.' His eye caught the inscription—pointing to the earth, and then slowly raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he sunk upon his knees.—His lips moved, yet not a sound, not a whisper escaped.—Alone!—at length, as if struck from a thousand strings, came rambling forth from the depths of his inmost soul, and falling back—he expired. It was ARTHUR OF AVOCA.

ANNETTE.

NOTE.—The above manuscript was found in an old mansion lately torn down, supposed to have been the one referred to in the last, few foregoing lines.—RECOR- DER OF —

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMULET.

THE DUELLISTS.

"Is this a beaten track?—Ne'er beat enough
Till enough learnt the truths it should inspire."

YOUNG.

As I have no desire to write a very long tale, I shall introduce my readers at once to those who are to be its 'heroes,' to use the wonted phrase of tale-writers. The first, I

shall conceal rather than reveal, under the name of Belcour. He was a military officer. In the field he had acquired the character of skilful and brave; and in the circles of peaceful society, that of intelligent and good. His heart was indeed one of those which continually need 'something to be kind to,' and he had surrounded himself with a little circle of love, that afforded him the opportunity of gratifying this amiable propensity of nature. Belcour married whilst yet very young, and at a time when his duty to his country allowed him but a brief enjoyment of the society of his youthful and affectionate bride. Ere the first sweet moon from the bridal hour had waned, the fierce voice of war summoned him to the field, and he was forced to leave the charms of love and home, for the hardships and dangers of the camp. His own deprivations, however, were wholly forgotten in his sympathy for her, whom he was obliged to leave in solitude and sorrow, to weep and tremble, and pray for her soldier-husband. And she did pray for him, earnestly and unceasingly; and at the end of the campaign, the object of her prayer returned to her in health and safety. Years of domestic happiness passed on, and at the time to which my tale refers, Belcour was not only a very happy husband, but a happy father of three children. I would say that his wife and children were beautiful; but I fear it would appear as though, with the host of 'pretty story writers,' I wished to account for a husband's and a father's love, on the score of 'auburn hair, and blue eyes.'

I have informed my readers, that Belcour was intelligent. He was so, far beyond what those whose lives had been passed in the army, generally are; for he was not merely *professionally* intelligent. It had indeed been deemed a fair matter of impeachment to his character as to intelligence, by some of the military philosophers of the mess-room, that he was not only a believer in the existence of a Supreme Being, but in Revelation likewise; with this exception, however, his opinion was as highly estimated by his brother officers, as his kindness and urbanity were universally felt and beloved.

From this brief sketch of the character of Belcour, I must pass to one still more brief, of Carew, an officer in the same regiment. He had shared with Belcour the hazards of more than one campaign, and like him, had escaped unhurt. Carew was what is termed, a modern epicurean; that is, one who seeks pleasure, wherever he *thinks* it is to be found, though by paths which virtue has proscribed; and resolves on enjoyment, let who will pay the cost. Such was his *practice*, and though he did not actually *profess* libertinism, he was but little concerned or ashamed when charged with it.

Belcour and Carew, since the conclusion of the war, had associated together, only so far

as circumstances rendered necessary, when their regiment was on duty, at the mess-room; for although by the regulations of the regiment, every officer was obliged to contribute to that establishment, Belcour was but seldom there, having a family and a home.

The habits and characters of the two officers were, indeed, so opposite, that closer intimacy was neither possible, nor desirable. Whilst Carew looked with secret contempt on Belcour's life of domestic seclusion, likening it in his own mind to the winter-sleep of the dormouse—Belcour saw in Carew, with pity and regret, a man who was wasting one portion of his time, and abusing the other; spending his life betwixt the idleness of folly, and the activity of guilt; foregoing all the joys of the heart, for those of the eye, and missing a thousand opportunities of doing good, in a restless pursuit of evil. Two beings more antithetical than Belcour and Carew, could not well be conceived; but if this prevented their being on terms of intimacy and friendship, it did not preclude those of gentlemanly behaviour and civility towards each other, till a circumstance, as strange as it was unfortunate, destroyed this good understanding.

It is pretty well known, I believe, that there is a wide difference betwixt the laws of humanity—(not to mention the laws of God,) and what are called 'the laws of honour.' Carew's conduct was wholly regulated by the latter. He held in small esteem that sacred maxim of doing as he would be done by, and (to hasten over a shameful truth,) he had sacrificed at the shrine of selfishness and guilt, the peace and innocence of a young and unsuspecting creature, who had relied on promises, which in such cases a man of honour may make, and violate, without any infraction of its noble laws.

To avoid inconveniences, Carew had assumed a fictitious name and character, in the prosecution of his villany; and the better to enable him, when he thought advisable, to make his retreat. This he had done; satisfying his conscience that his purse had made the wronged girl and her parents, who were poor, (alas! *now*, 'poor indeed,') ample amends—for this is according to the laws of honour. To his utter astonishment, however, a broken-hearted, grey-headed old man, met him one morning, as he came from the mess-room. It was the father of his victim.—Carew presuming that in his military garb the old man might not be certain of his identity affected at first to treat the matter as a mistake; but the old man with a trembling hand produced from his pocket an anonymous letter which had been sent to him, informing him that Compton the seducer, and Lieutenant Carew, were one and the same. What, think you, were the feelings of the exposed deceiver?—Shame, remorse, confusion, perhaps you imagine. Oh, no! the laws of honour prescribe no such thing. He had his feelings

as he perused that letter; but they were those of revenge against Belcour, who, he was certain, from the hand writing, had betrayed him—had written that letter. As it would have been no longer honourable to deny or evade the truth, he confessed himself to be the party implicated in the ‘unfortunate affair;’ but reminded the old man that he had acted *liberally*; and assured him that he should continue to do so, at the same time pulling out, and offering him his purse!

The poor old man for a moment forgot a father’s grief in a man’s indignation.—The tears which had been silently, yet abundantly rolling down the time-worn channels of his face, ceased to flow, and his eyes were lit up with the fire of rage and hatred. He lifted his feeble arm, but his feelings had overwrought his bodily powers, and he fell to the ground before he could strike the blow he meditated. As Carew looked upon the wretched old man, with his silver locks, and sorrowing heart, lying prostrate there on the ground before him—he felt a momentary pang; and had he trusted his eyes much longer on that melancholy object, he might have felt all that a man—not a man of honour—should feel; but he had his own *wrongs* to right; and calling to some privates who stood near, to ‘take care of the old man,’ he hastened back into the mess-room in search of Belcour, who, (he believed,) by his unjustifiable and treacherous interference, had put him to all this *inconvenience*.

I cannot, however, pass from this brief and melancholy episode, which it was necessary, for the proper understanding of my tale, to introduce, without informing my readers of the issue. It pleased God in a short time to remedy all the ill which man had done; the hour which was the consummation of shame, was the hour of relief from both shame and sorrow to that old man’s child; and amid his grief for her loss, he thanked God for taking her from a world which must thence forward have been to her a world of misery; and when the day of the funeral came, and he followed her corpse to the grave-yard, it was observed by every one, that an expression of placid serenity appeared in the old man’s countenance, such as he ever wore before his child’s disgrace.—When the mournful ceremony was over the old man stood gazing into the grave, till they began to fill it up. ‘You need not close up the grave yet, my friends,’ he said. He cast one look towards his little cottage that was seen in the distance, his eyes again filled with tears. He lifted them up to heaven, and his lips moved, as though in silent prayer; a pallid smile came over his features; and he fell down, a corpse, by the side of his daughter’s grave.

To return to our first narrative:—It was in vain Belcour assured the enraged Carew that he was not the writer of the letter produced by the old man, neither knew any thing of the matter. Carew persisted in asserting

his belief, that he *was* the author of it, till, under some degree of irritation, Belcour repeated his denial, with the remark, ‘that from what he could learn from the contents of that letter, he ought, as a man of humanity, to be more concerned as to its truth than its author.’

The matter soon assumed the shape of a quarrel, and Carew, after stigmatizing Belcour as ‘an officious canting hypocrite,’ called him, a liar, and a coward, and left the room. Innocent as Belcour felt himself, and undeserving of both appellations, he knew that to avoid fixing the last indelibly on his character, he must meet his accuser—according to the laws of honour. But his wife! his children! For their sake his heart *did* quail at that thought, and he felt that honour was neither justice nor humanity.

When Belcour reached his home, his wife and children were enjoying the beauty of the summer eve in the garden. He entered the house unperceived and sought the little room which he had appropriated as a study. It was adorned by a small, but choice selection of volumes, in plain bindings of which I shall only notice that amongst them were many religious and philosophical works. ‘What can a soldier want with such works as these?’ enquired a friend, one day, with an air of levity. ‘I am a man, as well as a soldier,’ said Belcour seriously. The walls of the room were hung with a few beautiful paintings, and several miniatures of ‘friends beloved.’ Much, perhaps, may be said against the introduction of pictorial representation into the temples of our God; but I know of no objection to the presence of such in the temple of friendship; and I can conceive no greater benefit which the pictorial art can bestow on man, than thus to surround him with those he loves. The absent, the dead, as we gaze on the faithful delineations of the artist around us, seem present and restored to our bosoms.

The opened window of the room in which Belcour sat, not only looked into the garden, but reaching to the floor, afforded an entrance into it. At the farther end, though unseen himself, Belcour saw his children, sporting in all the joyousness of infancy.

He took up his pen to write—a challenge! but his brain was distracted, and his hand refused its office. He rose from his seat, and drawing the curtains of the windows, once more attempted to write, when a shout of gladness, and the sound of a light approaching foot, paralyzed his hand, and suspended his mental powers. The next moment, a little intruder, it was his *petit* Lucy, had drawn aside the curtains. Seeing her father there, she uttered an exclamation of joy, and had ran half across the room, with extended arms, to his embrace, when she recollected that her mamma, and her sister and brother, did not know the good news—that ‘papa had come home;’ and she turned suddenly back, and with eager haste, sought the garden. And then the air rang

with infantine shouts of gladness; and the quick sounds of half a dozen fairy feet were heard, running a race of love, whose prize was to be a father's first kiss. Which was first or which was last, it was scarcely possible to say, for they seemed to settle on him simultaneously like so many bees.

'How long have you been at home, my dear Edwin,' inquired Mrs. Belcour, as she entered the room in tones of surprise, 'and why might we not have your company in the garden this afternoon?'

Belcour excused himself for his unwonted conduct, on the score of particular business; adding, that he should be obliged to pass that evening in privacy with his friend Col. Drummond, whom he expected shortly. However unwelcome the intelligence to those who heard it; it occasioned sorrow only; and met with resigned acquiescence.

The wretched man was once more left to his own distracting thoughts. Some while he would resolve not to send a challenge; that he would disregard, defy the voice of man, and listen alone to that of feeling and of God; but again and again, faltered in his resolution. The loud voice of shame rung in his ears, and the look of scorn stared him in the face. How should he bear these and live? Whilst thus wavering as to his own conduct upon the matter, a letter was bro't in.—It was a challenge from Carew on the plea of 'ungentlemanly and treacherous conduct.'

'Malignant man!' exclaimed Belcour as he paced the room with an agitated step; 'He has not a wife whom he loves—he has not the feelings of a parent—Oh! surely, surely could he see—, and he *shall* know—he *shall* see—how fair a scene his hand is about to desolate.'

At the time of the quarrel in the mess-room Belcour foreseeing its possible termination, had begged of his friend, Colonel Drummond, to call on him that evening. He came and Belcour showed him the challenge. 'I must accept it,' said Belcour,—but he shall know that he seeks the blood of a parent and a husband. I will only agree to meet him on the condition that he shall breakfast in this house, before we proceed to the ground.'

Strange as Drummond thought the request of his friend, he did not oppose it; and when this conditional acceptance of the challenge was communicated to Carew, he confessed himself willing to comply with 'the somewhat extraordinary wish.' In fact, he thought it resulted from a wish, on the part of Belcour, to bring about an amicable arrangement, to which, in his own mind, he had determined not to accede.

The appointed morning came, and Carew, with a friend, who was to act as his second,—both of them armed in all the stoical apathy of honour, kept the appointment at Belcour's house, from which they were to proceed to the ground. The strangers, as such they were, except by name, to Mrs. B. were severally introduced to her in the breakfast parlour—and

met with that kind, warm, welcome, which an affectionate wife must always give to her husband's friends. But as Carew lightly pressed her proffered hand, a chill of horror seemed to shoot through his veins, back to his very heart. 'Another hour perhaps' he thought, 'and what may you, may your husband—what may I be then?' The touch of that hand, if it had not awoken his conscience, had disturbed it, and made it restless in its slumbers.

During the repast, Carew grew more and more uneasy. Every fresh little display of hospitable kindness, on the part of Mrs. Belcour, seemed like a dagger piercing his heart, and roused still more the monitor within. A strange feeling, in truth, seemed to have seized on all present.

'You have seen but part of my possessions yet gentlemen; I am a rich man I assure you,' said Belcour, with assumed composure, as soon as the breakfast was ended; he rang the bell, upon which his three children, the eldest a boy, about six years of age, the other two were girls, much younger,—entered the parlour. The frank and noble bearing of the boy, and the air of diffidence and gentleness in the little girls, could not fail to excite the admiration of every one. Carew beheld them with feelings of added and deeper horror. He strove in vain to raise himself into stoicism; when conscience is once thoroughly awakened, after a long sleep of years, it is no easy matter to hush it again to repose. The little boy had given his hand with friendly and pleasing confidence to the strangers, and now offered it to Carew; but he shrunk from it and said wildly, 'No! not to me my child!'

Mrs. Belcour looked with concern and surprise at Carew, and then at her husband, but his eyes were averted from her gaze, and his lips offered no explanation. Belcour sat for some time in a deep reverie—then rose and walked towards the window, perhaps to conceal the falling tear, or to conceal the last struggle of affection; but immediately turned round, saying with calmness, 'Now gentlemen for our excursion.'

They rose from their seats.

'Our good friends return with you, Edwin, to dinner, I hope,' said Mrs. Belcour.

But to her astonishment, no answer was returned to her question.—Belcour had walked to the farther end of the room, and was embracing his children, (though to prevent suspicion, he had resolved not to do so,) perhaps for the last time.—Carew, in a state of agitation, which every moment grew worse was obliged to support himself on the arm of the second, who was scarcely less affected than himself. But I will close my tale, and tell my readers the result of this struggle betwixt humanity and Honour.

Once more the friendly hand of Mrs. Belcour, was extended to her departing guest—to Carew; and he could no longer endure or conceal his feelings.

'Madam,' said the conscience stricken man, 'you are grasping the hand, that in another hour might have left you a widow—those children fatherless! Oh will you, can you forgive the intention of the crime, whose completion you have prevented. God be thanked; I am not—I will not be a murderer.—You have saved your husband—saved me from death, or from remorse worse than ten thousand deaths.'

I shall now imitate the painter of old; drop the veil, and leave my readers to imagine a scene, to which my pen is unequal. W.

THE TRAVELLER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA.

The city of Canton lies so low, that from no point to which foreigners can penetrate is there an extensive view of it. The river is wide above the Boca Tiger. The water swarms with boats of every size. There may be twenty of those immense junks of 1,200 tons, but there are countless fleets of boats of fifty tons; families occupy them, whose home is on the water, and who, in half of a life have seldom slept on *terra firma*. There is a huge long oar run out from the stern, moveable on a pin, and a boat is sculled by four or five sailors. The oar strikes the water like a fish's tail—The smaller streams and creeks are populous in the same proportion. The streets are as busy as an ant hill invaded; and, when seen for the first time, it is a ludicrous sight to see so many close shaven heads without a covering. You look down upon them as a closely packed audience at a theatre. I have sometimes seen one Chinese running away from another, and it is too much to see with gravity, for their tails were streaming out horizontally a yard and a half. The Chinese form their written characters very nicely. They write with a hair pencil, in lines from top to bottom, beginning at the right hand corner of the page. This is peculiar to China and Japan. In all memorials to Mandarins, but more especially to the emperor, the greatest nicety is required, both in expression and characters. There are particular words appropriated to different ranks, and no word must occur twice in the same memorial. To write a proper memorial in China, is as difficult as to draw a special plea in more favored countries. But a good penman in China will write with wonderful rapidity.—They seem to write as fast as they can think. Would, sir, that I could do it, you would have better "recollections," for when I happen to have a good thought it escapes before I can get it out. In a country where so many thousand families live on the rivers, many must subsist on fish, which are providentially abundant. In China every animal must work, unless, as in England, the hog is the only gentleman. Cormorants, therefore are employed in the river fisheries. The birds are trained to it with care, and lest they could swallow a good fish, a leather thong is

tied about his neck, so that he cannot swallow. One fisherman goes out with a dozen birds, which you may see perched on the gunwale of his boat. When one takes a fish too large for its strength, another comes to his assistance, lifting the prey by the tail and the gills, they carry it to the master. Some of the cormorants, like men, have a sense of honesty, and require no bandage about the neck; but having finished their employer's business, he allows them to fish on their own account. Ducks also are used, as in Lincolnshire, for decoys; but a very common method to catch the fowl is this: In the bays and rivers where they are to be found, the sportsmen throw in a large kind of gourd, which the ducks get so familiar with that they will swim and play around them. Then comes the traitor, with his head inclosed in a similar gourd, and a bag tied about his middle, in which he carries off as many as he requires, for the fowl are numerous. The Chinese have a passion for flowers, and there are flower-sellers in every part of the streets. They have also a taste for cultivating dwarf trees, and on their terraces you may see pines, oaks, and oranges, not so high as your knee. To give some of these trees the appearance of great age, honey is spread over them to attract the insects, that they may bore into the bark. To increase the delusion they kill a few branches and cover them with moss. Their rage, however, is for the peony, which they call the king of flowers, and for a favorite plant they will give a hundred dollars. There are about two hundred and fifty species of this flower in China.—They are cultivated in large beds, and reared in all forms, and so managed as to blossom in the spring, summer and autumn. The Chinese flowers have generally nothing to recommend them but their beauty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRISH TRAVELLING.

An Irishman who slept lately at the Lion Inn, in Wolverhampton, was going by one of the morning coaches to —, but by mistake getting into the Shrewsbury coach after he had dined, which was standing by that he had just quitted, was brought back to the same inn in the evening. He frequently remarked on the road, how much the country resembled that he had passed through in the morning; but when introduced into the same room where he breakfasted in which there was a handsome print of the projected iron bridge over the Thames, he broke out in the following exclamation. 'O! and to be sure, now I never saw but one picture before of that beautiful bridge, and that was where I slept last night, and to be sure the room was very much like this, and the paper, by my soul, was the very same pattern; and if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I should have sworn it was the same. (Enter Waiter.) Arrah, Mr. Waiter, and you

are very much like the other waiter too: have not you a brother now, in the same capacity as yourself, that lives at that comical place, Wolverhampton? 'Sir, this is Wolverhampton; you slept here last night.' 'O! by the powers, and I thought this must be the same place. By St. Patrick, now, but it must be confoundedly *round about* to go through one town twice; but perhaps it is a better road; so Mr. Waiter, please to let me know when this same coach is ready for I want to get to my journey's end!'

African Wit.—I had purchased a young ostrich of a Tuarick, who had brought it from the desert, shortly after our arrival at Kano, and the animal soon became so tame that it would follow me like a dog. In two months after I had it in possession, it grew amazingly, and I was in hopes of bringing it to England with me; but an envious Arab in the city, whose inveterate dislike to every thing belonging to the christians he took no pains to conceal, cut off its head, and artfully attributed it to accident. Meeting the fellow in the street a short time afterwards, I belabored his sides so effectually with a stout stick which I held in my hand that he ran off bellowing with a complaint to the Governor, who, after listening patiently to his story, observed with a very significant look, that he was quite sure the drabbing he had received must have been inflicted *by accident*, and dismissed the malicious Arab without granting the redress he sought.

Anecdote of Patrick Lyon.—Being sent for to open an iron chest, made by himself, lock and all, whose owner had lost the key, Pat dexterously performed the operation, and holding the lid with one hand, presented the other with a demand for ten dollars. It was refused. Pat let fall the lid, the spring took its former hold, and the blacksmith walked off, leaving the treasure as fast sealed as before. There was no remedy, and reluctantly the owner of the strong box again sent for Pat. He promptly appeared and the box as quickly opened. The first demand of ten dollars was instantly offered but no—'I must have twenty now,' says the operator; and twenty was paid without demur, for the lid and the lock were still in the hand of the maker.

Punctuation.—When Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, wrote his famous book, entitled 'A Pikel for the Knowing Ones,' there happened to be many heresies, schisms, and false doctrines abroad in the land regarding punctuation; and as many diverse systems appeared, for the location of commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, etc. as there were works published. To obviate this difficulty and to give every one an opportunity of suiting himself, his lordship left out all marks of punctuation from the body of his work, and at the ending of the book has printed four or

five pages of nothing but stops and pauses with which he said the reader could pepper his dish as he chose.

Farmer and Store Keeper.—A farmer, in Connecticut, who has occupied the same farm, on lease, for about thirty years past, was lately complaining that he had been able to lay up nothing, from his thirty years labor. A neighboring store-keeper offered to explain to him the *reason*; and proceeded as follows:—'During the thirty years that you have been on that farm, I have been trading in this store; and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you the *owner* of the farm you hire.' On examination of the books of the store-keeper, his assertion was found correct. The farm was worth about \$5000.—*Nat. Philan.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1830.

NEW AGENTS.

New-York.—Rush Youngs, W. Greenfield; E. Dymham Baker, Sandy-Hill; J. R. Bowers, P. M. Tuscararo; John J. Wagoner, Albany; Isaac Thompson, Kingston; Loring Dudley, M'Lean; John Power, Utica.

Massachusetts.—John B. Eldridge, Springfield; Mark Whitcomb, Winchendon.

Vermont.—A. Ralston, P. M. Bethel; Norman Thomas, Arlington.

Connecticut.—Samuel I. Hickox, Watertown.

Rhode Island.—B. H. Wheeler, P. M. Providence.

☐ We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of one hundred and twenty-five new subscribers since our fourth number.

The Students Miscellany.—This is the title of a paper recently commenced at Casenovia; the principal object of which, is the improvement of the Students of the Seminary of the Oneida and Genesee Conferences in composition, and to lay before the public such of their semi-annual addresses as may be deemed worthy of publication. The design of this periodical is praiseworthy and we wish it success.

The Ladies' Museum.—This miscellany we have hitherto neglected to notice; but as it is now just commencing a new volume, we would commend it to the notice of our readers as being both an interesting and instructive journal. It is published at Cincinnati, by J. T. Case, at \$2 50 per annum.

☐ Subscriptions for both of the above mentioned works received at this office.

MARRIED,

At Claverack, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tiffany, William H. Averil, Esq. of Cooperstown, to Miss Jane A. M. Russel, of the former place.

At Ancram, on the 29th ult. by Gideon Sheldon, Esq. Mr. Joseph Decker to Miss Nancy M'Arthur.

DIED,

In the city of New-York, on the 4th inst. Mr. Sidney Wilbur, eldest son of Solomon Wilbur, aged 24 years.

At the same place, on Saturday the 31st ult. William H. Coleman, Esq. one of the proprietors of the Evening Post, and son of its late editor.

At the same place, Mr. John T. Champlin, late President of the Farmer's Fire Insurance and Loan Company, formerly one of the most eminent merchants in New-York, under the firm of Miltum and Champlin.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. SONNETS. MORNING.

'Tis morning—the fleecy clouds convolving,
Hang lightly pendant in the eastern verge
Of the blue vaulted heavens—like ocean's surge
Before the sun's bright radiance all dissolving—
Bright luminous and fair, uprising slow,
Aurora spreads o'er mountain, hill and dale
Her golden beams—all sparkling seem to glow
With life and beauty—while the balmy gale,
In all the new-born freshness of the risen day,
Comes softly sighing thro' the sweetened air,
Pregnant with health—nature looks bland yet gay,
Revived and strengthened, beautiful and fair—
Clad in her vestment of enticing charms,
She wakes the soul the heart's best feeling warms.

NOON.

The sun hath reached the zenith—cooling shades,
Yield quiet shelter from the sultry heat
To peaceful herds—they eager turn their feet,
Where the gurgling streams in gentle cascades,
Whirl music'ly along thro' sylvan shades,
To sip the cooling waters—all is still—
Save the bland murmurs of the rippling rill,
That slowly winds its course thro' flow'ry meads—
As if 'tired nature' had her works suspended,
Along the margin of yon shady grove
All's motionless, not a leaf is seen to move—
And on yonder burning, wide extended
Plain, 'mute the vegetable kingdom lies,'
As if 'twere prostrate never more to rise.

EVENING.

Evening! to thee, the muse shall coin a lay,
For morn and noon has she alternate sung,
And now the beauties of declining day,
In symphonious numbers shall be rung—
Nature again revives—the enlivening breeze,
Comes gently nestling thro' the whispering trees—
The close, pent air of noon again recedes,
The herds again are sprinkled o'er the field,
Luxuriant sweets again their odours yield,
And once again are beautified the drooping meads,
The sun hath set—thro' the dark sable shield
Of night, appear the sparkling diamonds of the sky—
Hush now my muse, here let thy labours close,
Seek rest—if it be thy last, still be'th thy last repose.

OSMAR.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

How still the lapse of time!—Its silent wing,
Is wafting us along with ceaseless flight,
Unwearied in its course; and soon will bring
Our journey to an end.—Then all the bright,
And glowing hopes, and visionary schemes
Of life, shall vanish like our midnight dreams.—

All things are fleeting here.—The rush of years
Sweeps o'er them, and where are they? nought on earth
Can brave the mighty current.—Egypt rears
Her pyramids in vain.—The scenes of mirth,
Of power, and grandeur, olden time could boast,
What are they now? A desert waste at most.—
What are the joys of earth?—Mere passing gleams,
That shed a flash of sunshine o'er the soul:
But soon a cloud of sorrow intervenes,
And turns the smile to sadness.—Troubles roll

Their sable folds, in darkness o'er the sky;
And all our joys in wild disorder fly.—

Can this dark world of trouble, and of strife,
Yield ought to satisfy the freeborn mind?
No:—nought but hope of an immortal life,
Of pure and lasting happiness, can bind
The olive wreath of peace, a garland fair,
Around the furrowed brow, grooved by the hand of care.

C.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Anything.

PUZZLE II.—There are but three letters in *ten*, five in *eight*, four in *nine*, three in *six*, five in *score*, four in *baby*, and certainly less than twelve in a *dozen*.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My parent bred me to the sea,
I've been where never man could be;
Long time I've ranged the ocean wide,
And all the rage of storms defied.
Tho' winds with utmost fury blew,
And thunders roll'd and lightnings flew;
Waves, winds, and thunders all in vain,
Opposed my passage through the main.
At length my parent died, and I
On shore would needs my fortune try.
I left the sea, grew fond of show,
Dress'd neat, and soon became a beau.
My body's taper, tall and straight,
I chiefly dwell among the great;
Am like a bridegroom clad in white,
And much the ladies I delight;
Attend when Chloë goes to rest;
She's always by my presence blest;
No ghost nor goblin can she fear,
Nor midnight hag, if I am near.
No more a seaman bold and rough,
I shine at balls, am fond of snuff—
And make a flaming figure there.
At last a burning fever came,
And quite dissolved my tender frame:
I wasted fast, light headed grew,
Of all my friends not one I knew;
Great drops of sweat ran down my side,
And I, alas! by inches died.

II.

In Protean forms I first imply
What all must do ere they can die;
Yet, metamorphos'd, I shall be
What all who are to die should see,
Or, in my last disguise, behold
Their character correctly told.

ASHBEL STODDARD,

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N. B. Printing of every description executed at this office on the most reasonable terms.

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Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.

☐ All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, AUGUST 28, 1830.

NO. 7.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE LADIES' MAGAZINE.

THE FATE OF A FAVORITE.

'This, this is *he*—softly awhile—

Let us not break in upon him :

O, change beyond report, thought, or belief.'

Lewis Merton was a rich man's only child, and often pronounced, by all who visited at his father's, the finest boy in Boston. In personal appearance he was a fine child, and would have been an intelligent one, had he not been injured by the indulgence of his appetites. There is small danger of being starved in our land of plenty ; but the danger of being stuffed is imminent, and yet hardly a thought is bestowed on the subject by those who direct the public sentiment.

You may indulge any childish propensity with less injury to the intellect than that of gluttony. Eating to excess constantly will deaden or destroy the energies of the mind, while those of the animal are increased, till the immortal becomes perfectly swinish—and yet many tender, delicate mothers seem to think, that to make their children *eat* is all that is requisite to make them *great*.

But eating to excess was not the only temptation to which Lewis Merton was exposed. He was always allowed to come to the table, because he was an only child, and of course he could not fail to hear his father's eulogies on the good effects of a glass of brandy after dinner. Mrs. Merton eschewed brandy as a lady would do, but she took a little wine for fashion's sake. Miss Temperance Merton was a maiden lady, with a pale consumptive cheek, and her constitution would not endure either brandy or wine. She only sipped anisseed or clove-water. Lewis tasted of all. And in addition to these indulgences his nurse always gave him gin and molasses for a cold, and his good Grandmother insisted that the juice of wormwood infused in rum was the sovereignest thing on earth for worms—but in justice to his taste I must say that he never approved of her medicine.

Now with all these temptations is it strange Lewis became intemperate? or that he was in consequence of being intoxicated suspended for the term of six months, during his second year at Yale? His parents were bowed to the dust with grief and mortification, but their sorrows made little impression on their son. He had, by the indulgence of his appetites, been rendered that most revolting spectacle—a cold-hearted, selfish, sottish being in the season of life when the warm and generous impulses of soul and fancy should have been predominant. These impulses may run riot, and may produce evil consequences ; but we feel even then that

—'The light which led astray
Was light from Heaven.'

Mr. Merton endeavoured by every means he could devise, some harsh ones, to correct the bad habits of his son, and his gentle mother wept over her dear Lewis, and while she told him repeatedly that he was her only hope, besought him not to break her heart by destroying himself. Had she only conducted his early training judiciously all this fear and sorrow would have been spared her. Why are not mothers more careful?

The six months of disgrace were ended and Mr. Merton ordered Lewis to return to Yale. He was only furnished with money for his expenses on the road, his father, determining he should have no more at command than was necessary. But Mrs. Merton, made her son a parting gift—she little dreamed it was to be a final parting. Lewis bade them farewell with perfect nonchalance ; but instead of going to New-Haven proceeded to Hartford, from there to New-York, and then to Philadelphia. His father could never trace him farther ; though a rumour that a young man answering to the description of Lewis Merton was killed in a duel at Savanna sent the almost distracted parent to that city. But the murdered youth proved to be the son of another, and so Mr. Merton felt some hope that Lewis might return. But two or three years passed without tidings, and he relinquished the hope. Mrs. Merton would not yet despair, though her trou-

ble was fast wearing away her life. The only pleasure she seemed to enjoy was in acts of charity; and she was accordingly applied to often on behalf of the distressed. One case occurred during the spring of 1811 which interested her much, and for a time seemed to steal her from the contemplation of her own sorrows.

Application had been made to several benevolent individuals in Boston on behalf of a lady who, it was stated, had come from New-Orleans, expecting to find her husband in this city; but had learned here that he was dead, and in consequence, she too, was near dying.

There was a degree of mystery connected with her story, or all that could be learned, which excited much curiosity. Moreover she was young and very beautiful, and the men who had seen her were vastly interested in her favour. The ladies were not so much dazzled by her charms; perhaps they reflect more carefully than do the men—how very fleeting are such advantages—at any rate the personal beauty of one of their own sex never blinds their judgment to defects in character, and they were suspicious of the fair stranger. But finally Mrs. Merton, and a few benevolent ladies, who valued the life of a fellow-being more than the pleasure of pitying a maniac exerted themselves so effectually that the stranger was provided with a comfortable apartment at a decent boarding-house in — street. The landlady, Miss Bruce, was a worldly woman, shrewd, and somewhat shrewish, but she was not absolutely hard-hearted. She professed to pity the poor lady sincerely, and to be ready to oblige her in every way; she was glad she had an apartment she could spare for her accommodation—and she was glad—though she did not say it—that for the expenses of the first quarter she had ample security.

Mrs. Marie L. was the name by which the stranger was known. She would give no other name; nor would she give the address of any person at the South as her agent or acquaintance.

The story she told was simply this: she had parted with her husband about six months before, when he sailed for Boston, she agreeing to follow him after a certain time, which she accordingly did. That when she arrived here she went to the house where she had been directed, and was told her husband had never been there, but that a package directed to Mrs. L. had been deposited there some weeks, left by a man who appeared to be a sailor. On opening the package Mrs. L. found it contained her husband's apparel, his watch and miniature, and a letter from a person signing himself Job Short, and stating that J. L. died on board the vessel in which he sailed from New-Orleans, and that with his dying breath he had conjured him, Job Short, to convey the intelligence to Mrs. L. who would be found in Boston. Who this man was, or to what ves-

sel he belonged, Mrs. L. did not know. These were some of the mysteries of the matter, and they gave rise to a variety of conjectures. It was thought strange Mrs. L. did not investigate the matter more thoroughly. Some people surmised her husband might have left money which the sailor had appropriated to himself; and some pronounced the whole affair a hoax. But these last had never seen Mrs. L.—certainly they had never seen her weeping over her husband's picture, and holding his watch hour after hour with her eyes riveted on the movement of the hands as if she were numbering the minutes that must intervene before she should meet him in eternity.

The affair awakened more interest at the time than we should now think it possible a friendless, penniless wanderer could excite; but then it must be borne in mind there was a mystery in the case. Who does not know the power of the mysterious to create the magnificent? There is nothing contemptible connected with a secret. But weeks and months passed, and Mrs. L.'s story began to lose its novelty. No one, it is true, had discovered any thing amiss in her deportment, or indeed had discovered any more than her first appearance indicated, namely, that she was a beautiful, but broken-hearted young creature. Many were dissatisfied with her silence and mystery. They called her ungrateful for refusing to repose confidence in her friends; distrusted the purity of her motives—till finally, she was neglected, and as more fashionable charities presented themselves, forgotten. All but Mrs. Merton and one more withdrew their names as contributors to her support at the expiration of the first quarter. These two continued their aid till the babe to which Mrs. L. had given birth a few weeks after her establishment at her lodgings in — street, was ten months old; they then informed their protegee that their duty to others rendered it impossible that they could support her longer, recommended her to try what she could do with her needle, promised to assist her in the sale of her work, and bade her good morning.

It was one of those beautiful mornings in June, that rise on the earth with calmness after a long, dreary, easterly storm; to the sick or desponding the smile of an angel could hardly be more welcome than such a bright day, following a week of gloom. Marie sat by her open window which commanded a view of the harbor, and she was gazing intently on the sparkling waters, watching the vapors as they melted away, or arose upward like the curtain of a theatre, showing the green Islands in all their variety of forms, with a distinctness of outline never observed after the sun has passed the meridian. Such a revealing of the beauties of nature, as the shadows of night and storms are rolled away from the earth communicates a serenity to the mind, and rarely is a heart so abandoned to grief as not to feel its soothing influence. The mind

of Mrs. L. was probably buoyed up by the hope which the bland scene before her inspired, for she listened without any apparent emotion to the declaration of the ladies that they could assist her no longer, and she saw them depart, yet gave no symptoms of feeling, except it might have been thought that the fond caress she bestowed on her infant boy was prompted by the instinctive impulse with which the desolate-hearted cling to their last comfort.

'I declare I think we have done enough for that woman,' said Miss Perry one of the ladies. 'How cold and indifferent, even ungrateful she appears, Mrs. Merton.'

'I am not yet quite satisfied with myself,' replied Mrs. Merton. 'I know Mrs. L. does not appear so deeply affected by kindness as some do; but it is not always those who say 'thank you,' the most eagerly, that are the most grateful for an obligation. Mrs. L. has doubtless enjoyed prosperity and the hope of a proud fortune, and to such there is a feeling of mortification attending the reception of charity which often makes them shrink from the open acknowledgement of favours. But their hearts bless you.' She added after a long pause, 'I wish I knew the history of Mrs. L.; if she is only unfortunate I am half inclined to offer her a home in my own house, if it were only for the sake of her lovely babe.'

'He is a fine child,' said the other.

'O, yes—he reminds me often of my own; and he may now be an object of charity—poor Lewis!—how tenderly he was reared?' Ah! we mothers, when watching our little ones, and gratifying their every want, little think what hardships and sufferings they may be fated to endure. Poor Lewis!—he never had a wish unattended to. I used to indulge him in every thing. And now perhaps he is in want of all things.'

She was endeavouring to dry the tears, that always gushed forth when she named her son, as Miss Bruce made her appearance.

'We have concluded we can do no more for your lodger,' said Miss Perry.

'What in mercy will become of her, then? she can do nothing for herself,' said the landlady.

'O, she must try,' replied Miss Perry. 'And at the worst she will not starve, you know, as there is provision made for all paupers.'

Miss Bruce knew that well enough, but her pride and interest made it important that Mrs. L. should be supported at her house by the ladies, as she was thereby a gainer in money as well as the credit of benevolence in keeping the poor unfortunate stranger. So she determined to make an effort to interest Mrs. Merton still further in behalf of the sufferer.

'Poor soul! her heart will break if she is sent to the alms-house; for the other day when I named there was a place where the poor and strangers were sent and taken care of, she shrieked and said she would rather die in the street than go there. And when I urged

her to tell the reason of her horror of the place, she said she had lately dreamed three several times, of being in a large building which they told her was a Hospital; and that a lady who resembled Mrs. Merton came and took her babe away from her, and she thought she was never to have it again. And she is so superstitious as to believe in dreams; indeed she is just like a child herself; and how can she be otherwise, poor thing, only seventeen. And, she says herself, she has never done any thing, and does not understand any thing only to play a little on the harp and work embroidery. I am really afraid she will die if she has to leave my house, for I have always been kind to her, and she feels quite at home with me. It seems unchristian to turn her away, yet I do not see how I can support her wholly at my own expense. There is her babe, too; and she cannot part with that—it would break her heart, for she loves her child as well as a rich mother would. She must keep her child; and if I was only rich she should keep it.'

Mrs. Merton was rich; she professed to be a christian, she had been a mother; and the appeal came home to her heart. She beckoned Miss Bruce to her, and putting a fifty dollar note in her hand said in a whisper, 'take care of the unfortunate lady, and I will pay you.'

One of the most distinguishing and beautiful features in the christian religion is its sympathy with human sufferings. It is throughout a system of charity, which would seem to imply that such a spirit will always, on earth, find exercise for its benevolence, and therefore that a perfect equality of condition is never to be expected among men. Nor unless human nature could be differently modified is it probable such equality, (if practicable) would make the world better or happier. The purest virtues and the noblest powers of mind are called into exercise by causes and emergencies which could not occur were there none poor, or weak, or dependant among mankind. Certain it is that, till the perfection of the 'social system' shall make 'all evil but a name,' the world must prize highly those charities that alleviate misery, even though they may not all be performed from the single motive of doing good to others. We must not expect people will be wholly disinterested. The individual who does a kind action has a right to expect, at least, such a recompense as the approbation of his own conscience will bestow, and this he cannot enjoy unless his generosity has been judiciously exerted. The charities thus performed are twice blest—they bind the rich and poor in fellowship: the poor is saved from despair, for he knows, should his own exertions fail, he has a resource in the compassion of his brother: the rich is prevented from glorying in the wealth of which he feels he is but the steward. And this divine philosophy of doing good, and being content is taught by christianity.

If those who profess to obey its laws only acted consistently with such professions 'a christian' would soon be 'the highest style of man.' The fault is not in the system, but in its followers that there is any cavil respecting the beneficial influence of christianity in the character of men. The religion of the Bible is so truly republican in its spirit, that our people should prize its truths as the basis of their happy government. Christianity does not, it is true, enjoin a perfect equality in temporal wealth, but it enforces the charity which provides for the wants of all; it represses pride, exalts the humble, and opens the gates of heaven to the poor as widely as to the rich.

These truths Mrs. Merton felt as she walked homeward; and they silenced all boastings. 'I shall carry none of my wealth to the narrow house,' said she. 'This desolate young creature we have just left will there be as rich as I.'

'You are gloomy, to-day,' said Miss Perry.

'No, not gloomy, but rational. I am thinking of the disappointments of life; and how foolish it is to set our affections on the world. My poor boy! how I did build my hopes on him. I trust my heart is not all selfish, and yet so deeply am I affected by whatever reminds me of the wretchedness he may be suffering that I never relieve a fellow-being without something like a prayer, that my wanderer, too, may find mercy. It seems but yesterday since he was in my arms just such a fair boy as Mrs. L. now calls hers. She must love him for he is her all; and she shall keep him with her. I have directed Miss Bruce to take care of them.'

Miss Bruce did take care of them, but it was in that managing style which makes profit and the pretence of charity go hand in hand. (Would that Americans were not so often guilty of this meanness!) She reasoned with herself that if she informed Mrs. L. funds were to be furnished for her support she might grow difficult to please; whereas, if she kept the money in her own hands, and provided for her lodger as if she were a dependant, no such difficulties would occur. And so she kept the money, and permitted Marie to think she owed her support entirely to the charity of the landlady. And the timid young creature became so fearful of offending Miss Bruce lest she should lose the favour of her only friend that she did not complain though the servants frequently treated her with neglect and indignity; and she even refrained from eating enough to satisfy her appetite because Miss Bruce so often repined at the expenses of her household. And when the gentle girl felt her strength gently wasting she bore her pain and sorrows in silence, lest if it were known she was indisposed she should be sent to the hospital. Miss Bruce had all the advantage she could desire to practice an imposition, for Mrs. Merton was absent; she had accompa-

nied her husband to the South, and thence to Washington where they were detained till the following February.

It was a few days after the arrival of the Constitution from her successful cruise in the Pacific, where her brave commander and crew had won such honours for their country's flag that Mr. Merton and his lady returned to Boston. They found the people in the city in a tumult of congratulations and joy. Though the war was not in all parts of the Republic equally popular, there was not an American heart but throbbed exultingly when the gallant deeds of our naval heroes were the subject of discussion. Mrs. Merton heard the praises bestowed on the young officers with a feeling allied to envy. With Lady Randolph she might have exclaimed—

'At every happy mother I repine:—'

And there were moments when her excited fancy would fashion strange visions. Might not her Lewis be engaged in defending his country, and striving by some noble act to wipe off the blot from his character? And might he not be successful, and finally return, covered with laurels? Sad and subdued as was her spirit she caught the enthusiasm which hailed our navy as the defence and glory of our country, and every thing connected with the navy became interesting to her feelings.

The United States' Marine Hospital had been for a number of years established at Charlestown; but so little importance had been attached to the institution that it was hardly known except to its immediate officers and managers. The propensity of the Americans, the Bostonians in particular, to be ardent in their zeal is proverbial; their most inveterate foe would never accuse them of luke-warmness. They are always either hot or cold; and in relation to the navy the excitement was many degrees above fever heat. Among other plans to suppress the high esteem entertained towards the brave men, who had so successfully met the enemy, it was named, in a party of ladies, that if the war continued it would be a good thing to have an association like the *Sœur de Charité* in Paris, to visit the Hospitals and tend the wounded. The idea was particularly grateful to Mrs. Merton; she found her most tranquil hours were those devoted to doing good, and while she envied mothers who had worthy sons, she felt a deep commiseration for those who had unfortunate or miserable ones.

'They tell me there has been about a dozen poor fellows removed from the Constitution to the Marine Hospital,' said she to her husband—'and that they are nearly all of them young men. I should like to go and see them, and perhaps we may do something to alleviate their sufferings. We can, at least, show that we pity their misfortunes and honour their courage. Perhaps they all have mothers, and if I could, by assisting the son, save the heart of the parent from desolation.'

She did not finish her remarks, but her husband knew all that was in her mind, and he consented to go. They found several of the sailors suffering under terrible wounds, but their courage bore them 'stiffly up'—their exalting boasts of the actions they had fought and their eulogies on '*old iron-sides*,' as their attendants said, were the chief subjects of conversation, and that they hardly made a complaint of the pain of their wounds; it was only the confinement from duty that they cared for. Mrs. Merton was conversing with the attending physician as she slowly traversed the gallery to visit the room of the last invalid, when the doctor remarked that the patient she was about to see was dying with the consumption, brought on by intemperance. Whether the word awoke associations connected with her own son in her mind, or whether the instinct of the mother's heart whispered that it was he we cannot know. Nature speaks often in a mysterious manner; it spoke to her, for in the sunken, wasted, cadaverous, death-struck features before her there was no likeness to the handsome and almost haughty countenance in young manhood's first glow which she had engraven on her memory as the image of her child. Mr. Merton stood near the pallet and was gazing compassionately on the poor wretch; he did not recognize his son—but the moment the eyes of Mrs. Merton met those of the invalid she sent forth a shriek that thrilled through the nerves of all around, and rushing to the bed she sunk on her knees murmuring 'Lewis, dear Lewis, my son.'

'My mother,' he pronounced with difficulty, hiccupping, as he spoke—

'You forgive me then all the sorrow I have caused you, my parents,' said the poor, dying man after he had taken a restorative. 'There is another I would ask to forgive me. I have sinned deeply. I have betrayed innocence that trusted me—I have abandoned my wife!'

'Your wife, Lewis?'

'Yes, I stole a beautiful girl from her guardian and married her against his consent, by which she forfeited her fortune. I soon grew tired of the restraint her presence imposed—I cared for nobody but myself; and I contrived a plausible story to persuade her to allow me to sail for Boston and obtain the forgiveness of my parents for my hasty marriage, before she should arrive. I had no intention of going to Boston. I would not subject myself to any fear of restraint or advice in the career I was pursuing. I sailed for South America—but I sent a package, which, if my wife did proceed to Boston, would convince her I was dead.'

'And what did you think would become of her?'

'I did not think about it, nor care much. She promised not to reveal the marriage without my consent, and she only knew me by the name of Lewis. I hoped the charitable people would provide for her; and if I was suspected

of being the man she called her husband, her story would only confirm what I wished my friends to believe—that I was dead.'

'Why should you wish to torture us with that fear?'

'Mother,' said the dying young man—'mother, I would spare your feelings—perhaps I only am to blame. But since I have been confined by this sickness, and have been debarred from drinking I have reflected much on the causes that ruined me. And I felt that if you had not indulged my appetites so completely in my childhood I should never have been so selfishly abandoned. And if my father had not checked me so sternly, when I only obeyed the impulses he had given to my inclinations I should not have left you. I was angry with you, my parents, for I felt as though I had been unjustly treated. You had made me what I was, and then blamed me for my conduct. I know you did all for my good, but it was evil to me. Forgive me the griefs I have caused you, as I forgive you for the temptations to which you exposed me.'

'And may God forgive us all,' said the weeping mother—'But Lewis, what was your wife's name?'

'Marie—Marie de Longueville.'

Mrs. L. was immediately sent for; she came exhausted and pale, but quite calm. Why attempt to describe the scene?—The death of Lewis,—the death-like swoon of his injured wife,—the deep grief of the mourning parents!—yet there was a consolation to his mother, she had seen her Lewis, and she held in her arms his son. The infant she considered her own, and it was soon to be wholly consigned to her care. The poor Marie died the next day.

Mrs. Merton, (the name is fictitious) would not like to be recognized; but she wishes to impress on the minds of the ladies, for whom my work is especially designed, two maxims: the first is, never to pamper the appetites of your child, nor by your example give the habits of the young a tendency to evil—the second; always obey as far as possible the impulses of charity, when it pleads in behalf of suffering infancy.

By neglecting the first Mrs. Merton lost her son—by obeying the second she has gained her grandson, the youth who is now the comfort and support of her declining years, and who bids fair to be an honour to his country.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

James Abercrombie, Commander-in-Chief of the British army in America, in the year 1758; an expedition was fitted out, and put under his command, to invade Canada; his forces were totally routed at Ticonderoga, with the loss of nearly two thousand men. He was recalled, and was superseded in command by Gen. Amherst, in 1759.

Andrew Adams, L. L. D., was born in Hartford, Conn., educated at Yale College, afterwards elected a member of the council of the State; and a signer of the 'Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union,' adopted 1778; he died shortly afterwards.

Samuel Adams, L. L. D. a Gov. of Massachusetts, a Signer of the Dec. of Ind. and of the 'Art. of Con. and Per. Union,' 1778; he was distinguished as a writer and a patriot, and for his ardent zeal in forwarding the American Revolution, for stern integrity, dignified manners, and great suavity of temper; he died 1803, aged 83.

Thomas Adams, a distinguished member of Congress, and a signer of the 'Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union,' from Virginia, 1778.

James Alexander, a Scotchman: came to this country in 1715; was Secretary of the Province of New-York; and for many years one of the Council; died 1756.

Wm. Alexander, commonly called Lord Stirling, from his supposed title to a Scotch Earldom, was a native of the city of New-York. At the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, he attached himself with firmness to the cause of America. He received the command of Major General, and acted a very conspicuous part in the battles of Long-Island, Germantown and Monmouth. In the former, he was taken prisoner, after having secured to a large part of the detachment an opportunity to escape, by a bold attack with four hundred men upon a strong corps under Lord Cornwallis. He died at Albany, Jan. 15, 1783, at the age of 53.

Nathaniel Alexander, a member of Congress from, and afterwards an excellent Governor of the state of N. Carolina; he died 1808.

Wm. H. Allen, a captain in the American Navy, during the late war with Great Britain, was mortally wounded in a battle between the U. S. Brig *Argus*, of 16 guns, and the British sloop of war *Pelican*, of 26 guns, to which he surrendered, in the British Channel, August 14, 1813.

James Allen, a celebrated minister in Boston; came to this country in 1662, and was the occasion of much difficulty in the Colony. He died 1710.

James Allen, a conspicuous member of the H. of Rep. and Council of Mass.; died 1755.

Wm. Allen, a Chief Justice of Pennsylvania before the Revolution. He was the editor of the 'American Crisis,' of London, in which he suggested a plan for restoring the *dependence* of America.

Ethan Allen, a Brigadier General in the war of the Revolution, born in Salisbury, Conn. His parents emigrating to Vermont while he was very young, he was deprived of the advantages of an early education. But although he never felt its genial influence, nature had endowed him with splendid powers of mind; and when his countrymen called him to take

the field, he proved himself an able commander, and an intrepid soldier. The brilliant exploit of the capture of Ticonderoga secured to Allen a high reputation for courage and valor, throughout all the land. 'The surprise,' says the General, in his account of his life, 'was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the 10th of May, 1775.—The sun seemed to rise with superior lustre; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled upon its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America.' In the fall of '75, he was twice sent to Canada, to observe the dispositions of the people, and attach them, if possible, to the American cause. In his romantic, but rash and unfortunate attempt upon Montreal, he was taken prisoner, and sent to England, and after experiencing much cruelty, was exchanged, in May, 1778. While confined there, a high command, and a large tract of land in America, were offered him, on condition he would join the British Standard. 'I view your offer of United States' lands,' answered he, 'to be similar to that which the devil offered to Jesus Christ: to give him all the kingdoms of the world, if he would fall down and worship him; when at the same time, the poor Devil hadn't a foot of land upon the earth!' Gen. Allen was brave, humane and generous. His notions with regard to religion, were loose and absurd. It is said, he believed with Pythagoras and others, that man after death, would transmigrate into the beasts of the field, and fowls of the air, &c. He died at his seat in Vermont, Feb. 13, 1789.

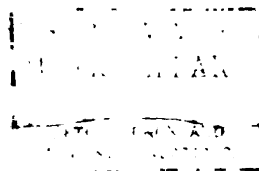
MISCELLANEOUS.

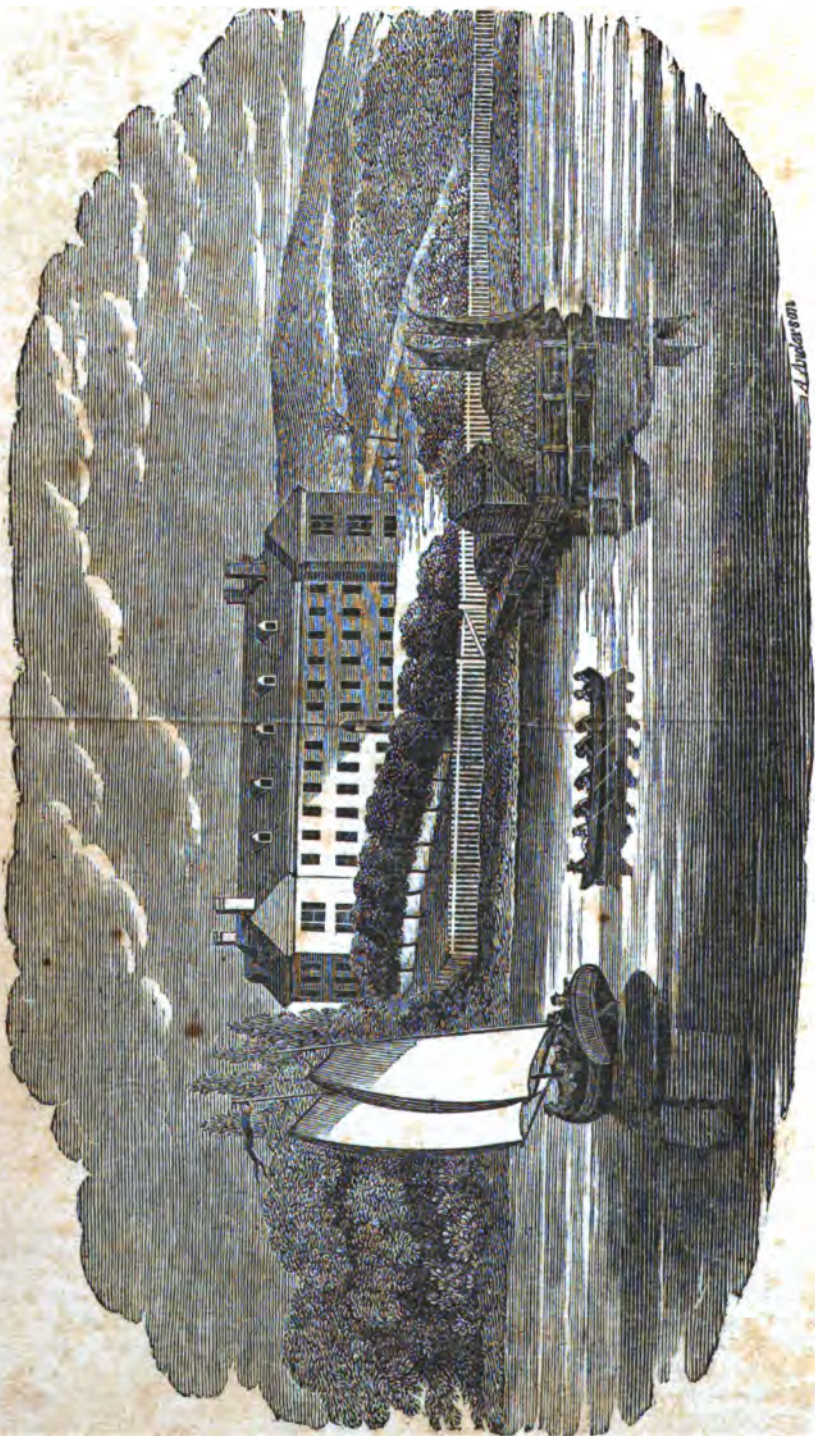
FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. A SKETCH.

Alice Bland was a lovely girl. Not only was she beautiful in person, but she abounded in all the refined and softer feelings of the heart. She was tender and compassionate, and possessed in an eminent degree, all that sweetness of disposition and evenness of temper, which, when united, form the parent stem around which cluster all the virtues, that adorn and beautify the character of the softer sex. She loved—but this is nothing strange, for who at some period of life does not bow to the influence of the *tender passion*.

Charles Wilson possessed her confidence—her love. To say that he was entirely worthy of the possession of a heart so devoted and so pure in its affections, as that of Alice Bland's, places his character in no unenviable light.

Charles and Alice were completely happy in their avowed and reciprocal affections—and in prospect their cup of earthly good seemed full to overflowing. But uninterrupted bliss falls not to the lot of mortals. In our happiest moments the heavy hand of disappointment is ever ready to descend upon us and plunge us into the depths of woe. Charles was of a





U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

Engraved for the Rural Repository.

slender constitution, and early was the impress of the destroying angel stamped upon his brow. Consumption preyed upon his vitals, and

'Slow sapping the warm current of existence.'

soon laid him upon the bed of death.

It would be fruitless to attempt a description of the feelings of the heart-broken Alice upon this melancholy event. It was too severe a blow for the refined sensibilities of her nature, and she sunk beneath it. No more did the sunny smile of hope and joy play upon her countenance—no more did the bright tinge of health rest upon her cheek. The blight of disappointment had gone over her and saddened her whole existence. At length she breathed out her soul in the following brief effusion.

'Twill soon be past—death's struggle o'er,
And this bruised spirit will be free,
No more to weep, to feel no more,
The sorrows of mortality.

Haste then thy hand unsparing King,
The cords of life asunder break,
Thy presence will no terror bring,
But rather pleasing thoughts awake.
The church-yard sod shall flourish bright,
Above my low and dusty bed,
On which the passer, soft and light,
Shall tread o'er my unconscious head.

O, buried love, 'tis sweeter far
In death's cold arms with thee to sleep,
Than thus with grief undying war,
Alone in sorrow left to weep.

Alice indulged occasionally in the composition of light poetry, and her very last effort was the foregoing few lines, which were found lying on her writing table, by the side of which she lay a lifeless corpse, but "beauteous e'en in death."
OSMAR.

A Yankee fairly beat.—The Nantucket Inquirer, in a notice of the last annual sheep-shearing on that island, says—"Our Selectmen very properly gave due notice to prohibit the sale of ardent spirits on the occasion: but we understand that one man opened a shop for the sale of water, and furnished the spirits gratis. Jack tars are up to a thing or two: and one of the sturdy sons of Neptune, having been made acquainted with the terms of the water merchant, filled a tumbler half full of rum, drank it down, said it was good enough without reducing, and told the evader of the law that he might sell the water to some one who liked it better than he did."

The Revolution of Life.—The world is like a vast sea, mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its sails, the sciences serve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favorable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder. Without this last, the vessel is tossed by every billow, and will find shipwreck in every breeze. In a word—obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and economy, of riches and

honor; riches and honor of pride and luxury; pride and luxury of impurity and idleness, and impurity and idleness again produce indigence and obscurity.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion called the sheep, to ask her if his breath was unpleasant; She said Aye; and he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him; he said No; he tore him to pieces for a flatterer; at last he called the fox and asked him; 'Truely,' said the fox, 'I have caught a cold and cannot smell.'

An American drummer having strolled from the camp, approached the English lines, and, before he was aware, was seized by the picket, and carried before the commander on suspicion of being a spy, disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being questioned, he honestly told the truth, and declared who and what he was. This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for and he desired to beat a couple of marches, which he readily performed, and thus removed the commander's suspicion of his assuming a fictitious character. 'But, my lad,' said he, let me now hear you beat a retreat.' 'A retreat?' replied the drummer, 'there is no such beat in our service.'

Where is the hoe? said a gentleman to his negro. 'Wid de harrow.' Where is the harrow? 'Wid de hoe.' And where are they both? 'Wy both together: good L—d do you want create a fuss wid poor nigger dis mornin?'

RURAL-REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1830.

The Plate.—With this number we present our readers with an engraving of the United States' Marine Hospital, and not having a description at hand, we have selected the 'Fate of a Favourite,' from the 'Ladies Magazine,' as an appropriate accompaniment.

New Paper.—T. Fisk, editor of the New-York Amulet, is about publishing, in the city of New-York, a weekly Newspaper devoted to Politics and Literature, under the title of the NEW-YORK EXAMINER. It will be published every Saturday at Two Dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

The Atlantic Souvenir for 1831.—Specimens of this annual, from the press of Messrs. Carey & Lea, Philadelphia, have already been circulated, and it is said, by those who have been favoured with a sight of the work, to equal if not surpass, in the beauty of its typography and elegance of its appearance the most splendid of its predecessors. One of the embellishments is a portrait of the 'Marchioness of Carmarther,' grand-daughter of the venerable Charles Carroll.

DIED,

In this city, on the 12th inst. Mrs. Maria M. Joy, consort of Mr. Alexander Joy, aged 66 years.

On the 20th inst. Julia Ann, eldest daughter of John T. Everts, aged 21 years.

Suddenly, on the 10th inst. in Ghent, Mr. Andrew W. Heermance, aged 65 years.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

SONNET—TO MY MUSE.

Awake my muse! strike once again the lyre,
 Tho' mournful be the measure of thy song—
 A few more strains and thou must then expire;
 To thee nor fame, nor length of days belong—
 But yet awhile we'll sport together,
 Tho' mournfully thy measured cadence fall,
 And sad and gloomy as the funeral pall
 Thy verse may be—Life, changing, unstable,
 Soon will thy sickly, cheerless song be sung;
 Thy labours ended and thy woe tho' great,
 Will all be silenced by the hand of fate—
 And thou my lyre must be neglected and unstrung,
 With me forgotten and with me unblest,
 While I unconscious take my final rest. OSKAR.

MELANCHOLY.

She dwells by a stream where the cypress and willow
 Are gemmed with the tears that fall from her eye;
 The cold earth her bed, the flint stone her pillow,
 Midnight her mantle, her curtain the sky.
 Her cell is a cave, where the bright beam of morning
 Ne'er pierced the dull gloom of its wildering maze;
 Where the sunshine of joy, youth's visage adorning,
 Ne'er warmed with its fire, nor cheered with its rays.
 The moon is her lamp, when the mist mantled mountain
 She clambers at midnight, and walks o'er its steep;
 Or leans on the rock of a chrysaline fountain
 And sighs to the tempest that howls o'er the deep.
 Her tresses are dark as the wing of the raven,
 Her robes are all jet, and her bosom is bare;
 Like a bark on the waves, 'mid the whirlwind of heaven
 She wanders distracted, or sinks in despair.

WOMAN.

BY THE LATE JOHN E. SUTERMEISTER.

When in young Eden's bower,
 Man breathed the vernal air,
 Soft fragrance blessed each flower
 Which bloomed in beauty there :—
 The green earth smiled in gladness,
 While danced the sun on high ;—
 And ne'er a cloud of sadness
 Obscured the beauteous sky.
 The streamlet sparkled brightly
 The smiling mead along :—
 The birds of air woke lightly
 Their sweet and vernal song—
 The zephyrs kissed each blossom
 Which graced the vernal grove ;—
 And o'er soft nature's bosom,
 Bright heaven smiled in love.
 Man, man was joyless only,
 When all in joy was dressed ;—
 His soul was dark and lonely
 When Earth and Heaven were bless'd :—
 Till woman rose in beauty
 Her blessings to impart ;—
 To cheer his path of duty
 And ~~with~~ with him her heart.
 She ~~gave~~ youthful gladness
 As the almond bough,
 To chase the cloud of sadness
 Which veiled his noble brow :—

She was the Angel given
 To guide man's erring way—
 To lead his feet to heaven,
 By love's delightful sway !
 Hail, gentle woman's power
 It is her vestal smile,
 Which glads the social hour,
 Which doth the heart beguile !—
 With out her smile to lighten,
 Earth were a wilderness—
 Without one ray to brighten
 Without one beam to bless !—

DEVOTION.

She knelt, she prayed, I watched her eye,
 A glistening tear was there ;
 I heard her breathe the lowly sigh,
 The simple fervent prayer.
 She deemed no listening mortal near
 To catch that gentle sigh ;
 That none there was to see the tear
 That gemmed her lifted eye.
 But Oh ! she knew, and she was blessed
 To know there was an ear
 That heard the breathings of her breast—
 Her God, she felt, was near.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A Spermaceti Candle.

PUZZLE II.

Ere death the mortal blow can give,
 Our portion must have been, to live ;
 And men should shun, as e'en the devil,
 Each act which is, or tends to evil ;
 Lastly, in this we clearly trace,
 How vile is all the human race !

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is an insect well known,
 My second's one-fourth of a passion,
 My third, oh 'tis oft found alone,
 And my fourth is always in fashion.
 My fifth, and my last you may find
 In my second, though that were a fiddle ;
 And the five, when together combined,
 Form my whole, which you now may unriddle.

II.

Take what in Summer is needed,
 And what keeps off the rain,
 With what by beasts is dreaded,
 The initials tell my name ;
 I cause more death than every foe,
 And drown men in the depths of woe.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, SEPTEMBER 11, 1830.

NO. 8.

POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. THE BLACK LAKE.

Strange thoughts at times come o'er me—thoughts that bring
A withering and a blight;—pangs have I felt,
But not the pangs of guilt.

My chum was at times a moody sort of a fellow. He would sit for hours with his elbow on his table and his feet crossed over the mantelpiece in complete abstraction. Whenever he had fallen into one of these reveries, farewell to college duties, his books were thrown aside, and you might as well interrogate a statue as attempt to draw him into conversation. These fits however were periodical, and were generally succeeded by a correspondent elevation of spirits, as the sun always shines brightest after a storm. Notwithstanding this, however, he was universally ranked among the 'good fellows' of the class; and I never knew one who could more agreeably entertain a merry circle when in his humour, or help to while away a tedious hour. He was none of your dry retailers of common place remarks or thrice told tales; his was the language of genuine feeling, the spontaneous outpourings of the soul. Often however something like a shade of melancholy would come over him even in his gaiety, and this lent an additional interest to his conversation. There appeared to be something connected with his early associations which at times crossed him with a blighting influence, and which he either brooded over with unavailing sorrow, or strove in vain to forget. The secret, however, whatever it was, was suffered to fester in his own bosom, for he seldom spoke of himself, unless it were to relate some isolated occurrence from which nothing satisfactory could be gathered. It was at one of these times, a cold evening in December, when we had thrown our books aside and drawn around the fire with some of our most inveterate story tellers who had been amusing us with tales of the marvellous, that he related the following:

'L—— and R—— were my first and I might almost say my only associates. We had mingled together in the tenderness of infancy and the recklessness of boyhood, our sports and pursuits had ever been the same, and from a long and uninterrupted intercourse our feelings had become entirely assimilated. The petty disagreements common among children never existed between us, even in our school boy days our intimacy was proverbial, in all cases of trouble we were each other's champions, and an insult offered to one was resented by all. These were the halcyon days of innocence and peace,—the school boy ramble, the morning walk, the evening recreation, and the holiday sports all were ours, and it was an additional pleasure that we were permitted to share them together.—There is something connected with the attachments of our childhood that operates on us like a spell, which the world with its routine of pleasures and cares may weaken but cannot destroy, and even the dim eye of age will brighten at the recollection of those days when with light and merry heart he sported away life's morning. I am still young with the hopes and expectations of youth beating high within me; but were it in my power, I would not exchange one hour of those early days when our feelings were tenderness and our hearts all love, for all the college honours that can be bestowed. But I am becoming sentimental.

'Years rolled on, and brought with them joyous anticipations and brighter prospects, without leaving a pang to embitter the recollections of the past. We had exchanged the gaiety and romantic dreams of childhood for the buoyancy and more determined ardour of youth, and beheld the future spread out before us in bright prospective, without a cloud to darken its sunshine. At the time of which I am now speaking we had returned home to spend a spring vacation after having completed a course of study preparatory to entering college. With the true classical mania of the youthful votary of science, we wandered among the haunts of our childhood, exhausted

our vocabulary of ancient mythology upon its hills, groves and fountains, harrangued the Fauns and Dryads with murderous quotations from Virgil's Pastorals, courted the muses by the woods and waterfalls, in barbarous Greek 'till the very birds were frightened from their haunts, and to complete all wrote sonnets and repeated poetry by moonlight. A tide of albums immediately flowed in upon us. We could meet no friend and attend no parties of pleasure but one of those unwelcome visitants stared us in the face; and could the most ardent hopes and friendly advice that was ever conceived in wretched apologies for poetry for the benefit of those of whom we knew as little as we cared, have conferred beauty, happiness, or honour, surely that village had been a Paradise of the Pier, and ourselves immortal. I detest an Album. From the humble duodecimo of the school miss with its ruled foolscap and marbled sides, to the superb folio of the fashionables with its morocco dress and perfumed gilt embroidery, they are a farrago of love knots, drawings, and keepsakes of black and yellow hair, interspersed with odious specimens of penmanship in sublime quotations, original doggerel, threadbare compliment, and sickly sentimentalism. True the pure and genuine expression of affection and esteem will occasionally shine forth from the midst of this garbage; but it is like the taper in the lazaretto, serving but to light up its loathsomeness.—But it is time to pass to a subject of more painful interest, a subject which brings with it the most harrowing recollections, which has haunted my day dreams and my midnight slumbers, and thrown over me in my hours of gaiety the heart chilling gloom of the grave.

'It was one of the loveliest mornings of May. I shall not attempt a description, for prose is not the language of the lover of nature, and since reading my last sonnet in cool blood I have abandoned all thoughts of dying a poet. We had wandered out to watch the gradual developement of its beauties from the dim twilight and grey dawn with the matin song of the bird, to the shooting of the first sunbeam: and to propose new plans of enjoyment for the day. There was a solitary lake which lay a few miles distant among the mountains, remarkable for the romantic scenery which surrounded it, and for the dark transparency of its waters. It was declared by the oldest settlers to be in many places unfathomable, the credulity of former times had magnified its wonders and it was the scene of many a mysterious tale and traditionary legend. To the timid there was something fearful in the very thought of a bottomless lake, and owing to this and other wild and superstitious notions which still prevailed, it was little frequented; nor among the numerous fishing exploits of our boyhood, had we at any time the hardihood to visit it. But now the very novelty of the thing was a sufficient inducement, and

the proposal of an excursion to 'Black Lake' was no sooner made than acceded to by all. A seine was immediately procured, and our preparations being hastily completed, long before the middle of the day we had clambered over the intervening rocks, threaded the pathless thickets of exuberant bushwood, and were standing on the side of one of the loveliest lakes I ever beheld. There it lay, spread out in its solitary beauty, its dark waters contrasting with the deep green verdure of its sides, and reflecting the amphitheatre of hills around, with their steep sides covered with living foliage. Here and there huge masses and broken fragments of grey rock formed its frowning and precipitous sides, while beneath the birch and water willow hung over their long slender arms as if stooping to kiss its waters, or sported their yellow tassels upon its surface. There appeared but very few places where the declivity of the bank and the shallowness of the water would admit the drawing of the seine; and even then a suitableness of depth was hardly to be depended upon, owing to the sudden slope of the ledges. However, after some examination it was thought an experiment might be hazarded. We determined that R—, who was ever a coward in the water, should wade near the shore with the end of the seine, I was to occupy the middle, while L—, a bold and vigorous swimmer was to sweep out with the other into the lake. We had proceeded in this order for some distance when a sudden jerk of the cord in my hand, and at the same time a half stifled cry from poor R—, admonished me that he had stepped from the treacherous ledge into the deep waters. I instantly hastened to his relief, and plunging after him, endeavoured in the hurry of the moment to seize him by the hand. He was then struggling violently at the bottom to extricate himself from the net to which he had clung, and in which by his exertions he had become entangled. But I had scarcely reached him when he fastened on me with the convulsive grasp of despair, that deprived me of all hope of rescuing him or even of disengaging myself. O the agony of that moment! Life with all its enjoyments, friends, hopes, and happiness, contrasted with the fearful death that now stared me in the face, rushed through my mind, in maddening succession. And then to be thus linked as it were to the grave,—to be involved in the expiring struggles of a drowning man,—was there no release!—I felt the chilliness of death creeping over me, and with an almost superhuman effort I tore myself from him, and arose strangling and exhausted, with scarce sufficient strength to reach the shore. The remaining part of this tragical scene I witnessed an appalled and powerless spectator. L— had by this time reached the spot and with a benevolent recklessness of the danger of the attempt, prepared to descend where R— was plainly visible through the

near transparency, apparently relaxing in his exertions, and idly grasping at something he fancied above him. There was a plunge,—a dark whirl of the waters as the circling eddies came up tipt with foam, and when tranquillity was again restored I saw him fiercely tugging to disengage himself from the death grapple of the drowning man. It was in vain. He had been eluded once, and his stiffening hand retained its hold with a power that defied his utmost exertions. How long this continued I know not,—time with me was annihilated, a sickly sensation came over me, and my last recollections are confusedly mingled with the struggles of the dying, and the rising of a few bubbles to the surface to tell that all was over.

Z.

FROM THE LITERARY SOUVENIR. *
A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.
 A FRENCH STORY.

Pourquoi rompre leur mariage mechans parens? is a question which will be asked as long as a difference of ranks exists in the world—as long as age is the time of prudence, and youth the season of love. What have the pulsations of the heart to do with the roll of the herald, or the cash-book of the banker? is the natural inquiry of the young; and the old will answer, that talking about the pulsations of the heart is nonsense good enough for novels, but that the other desiderata are matters of real life. I suppose that both are right.

In France, before the revolution, the nobility, as we all know, was a caste of itself, which would not bear the slightest invasion on the part of the canaille. It was not to be endured that the daughter of a noble house should so far forget herself as to marry beneath her. That she might intrigue with people of baser degree was admitted: it attached no stain to the family escutcheon: (provided always that she was married:) but to give her hand to one of the canaille—to bring a plebeian name into a patrician house—was a sin never to be forgiven. Poor girls! this false pride condemned you to nunneries in hundreds—tempted you in the paths of sin and disgrace in thousands.

Near Perpignan there dwelt, before the revolution, General de Valencay, a scion of one of the noblest houses in Navarre—a gentleman, as he himself said, of better blood than the old neighbours of his family, the Bourbons. High birth often brings with it kind manners—it ought to do so always. And the General was kind—a kind husband, kind father, kind master, kind landlord, and kind friend. Having, like most French gentlemen, spent much time at court, he had acquired that indescribable politeness, that air, that *tournure*, which the Parisians flatter themselves is (or was) only found in the circle to be seen from the heights of Montmartre. We need not subscribe altogether to this doctrine, but we must allow that the society of the *vieille cour* was

delightful. It now appears to be altogether lost, and perhaps it is as well that it is so.

His wife had been dead many years had left him one daughter. Of her, as a daughter of Jeptsa, the ballad-monger most truly say, that she was 'fair,' and her father loved her 'passing well.' We she deserve the love, for she was, indeed, beau ideal of the human creation—an innocent and virtuous mind enshrined in the person of a beautiful girl.

After this preface to my story, there are of my fair readers who will not be able to a shrewd guess at what is to come next. Will it signify if they succeed. We should I conceal that an accident, which happened a thousand times before, and has as frequently recorded, both in prose and verse, should have befallen Jacquelin Valencay.

The General, having remarked some tokens of talent in the son of one of his dependants, had, with his usual good nature, educated him at his own expense. The youth into a man, or rather was approaching to manhood, when the General made him his secretary—a post which, as Valencay kept up correspondence, was almost a sinecure. He was about five years older than Jacquelin and that difference made him, in her childhood, in some degree her instructor. Guided by him, and under his eye, she imbibed the tastes of Italian lore. The polished elegance of Petrarch—the dark sublimity of Dante—the chivalrous beauty of Tasso—the flood of poetry bursting from the heart-cheering strains of Ariosto—the glories and the graces of a satin tongue were imparted to her by the pen of Louis Regnault. Hours devoted to study and such study, when the tutor is twenty and the lady-pupil fifteen, speedily become devoted to something else. She soon won him his Laura—much more than Laura he did not freeze his love in icy sonnets, and bright, and sparkling, but cold and substantial. It burst from his lips at last after a long struggle—it burst from his lips at last with all the warmth of the soul and it was heard. 'Need I say more?' were glowing cheeks, and wet eyes, and trembling hands. There was mourning over obstacles that appeared insurmountable then there was hope—brilliant, buoyant, exhilarating hope—which whispered that nothing was insurmountable. In short, he loved her, and she loved him. Could either a greater unhappiness?

The keen eye of the General soon discovered the existence of their passion; but he was too shrewd to attempt to thwart it abruptly. He contrived to keep the lovers as much under as possible, without appearing to notice their mutual affection. He had measures already concerted in his own mind, and in the course of a fortnight, the Cl

Valencay was honoured by a visit from Monsieur le Marquis de Valriviere.

Like most French Marquises of his time, Valriviere was a fine, good-humoured, gay, brave, dissipated, and infinitely vain fellow. He was already, though but eight-and-twenty a decided leader of the fashions at Paris. His word or example regulated the exact angle of the bow—the precise tie of the embroidered neckcloth—the most authentic knee-buckle—the most infallible ruffle—the most praise-worthy jewel for a ring. This was no light fame. No man under thirty had accomplished any thing like it for the last century. His word, of course, was equally potential in literature: for criticism and foppery in those days were sworn brethren. A new epic poem, and a new sword knot, were disposed of at the same *seance*; and the heart of the abstruse philosopher, weaving new systems of ethics, as well as that of the *Prima Donna* of the Opera—

Would bound,

Dreading the deep damnation of his Bay!

His father had been one of the General's earliest friends—they had campaigned together; and de Valencay had continued the affection to the son. It had been, long ago, agreed between the parents, that their children should be affianced to each other, and the Marquis had always looked upon it as an *affaire rangée*. He had never seen the young lady, but he took it for granted that all young ladies were the same; and that as he was to marry, he might as well marry one as another. As for love, &c.—Pshaw!

The General wrote to him to come down to Chateau Valencay, as he had something of importance to communicate to him. He apologized for bringing him from Paris into the barbarous retirement of the country at such a time of the year; hinted jocosely at the grief which would overwhelm the Dutchess de B—, The Comtesse de C—, Madame D—, and fifty opera dancers, in consequence of this movement into the interior; and proceeded to state, that a visit to his chateau, for reasons to be explained on his arrival, was indispensable. The Marquis immediately ordered his carriages, and travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour, a prodigious feat on French roads, made his appearance at Perpignan some days before the General expected a letter announcing his intention to depart from Paris.

De Valencay detailed the facts of the case. 'I would not conceal it from you, Valriviere, for the world. The girl is *eperdue* of this poor fellow; and you ought to be made acquainted with it. Candidly tell me what is your own view of the business. If you think this a ground for breaking off your contract I am ready to absolve you; for a daughter of the house of Valencay shall not be forced on any man, far less smuggled clandestinely into his family. She shall go into a nunnery, *au pis aller*. I should send her thither with pleasure.'

But he stopped, and sighed. The 'with pleasure' was upon the lips: it was not in the heart:

'My dear General,' said the Marquis, 'you are making a mountain of the most trifling mole-hill. That Mademoiselle Jacqueline, shut up in this secluded chateau, may have romantic ideas—that she may fancy herself in love with this person, is perhaps possible; but after she is my wife, Madame le Marquis de Valriviere, she will forget all of this trumpery. The air of Paris will soon disperse the nonsense of the provinces. I make no objection. I am ready to fulfil my part of the business. But introduce me. I have a great fancy to behold *ma petite épouse*. If, after seeing me, she remembers this secretary of yours, her taste must, indeed, be barbarous beyond what my general good opinion of the ladies would incline me to believe.'

The General had succeeded as far as one of the parties was concerned. Valriviere was introduced, and talked gayly on all the affairs of Paris. All the wit, and all the scandal of the saloons were poured forth—the beauties, the wits, the poets, the philosophers, the cooks, the chemists, the politicians, (they were beginning to have politicians in 1785,) the actors, the singers, the painters, the tailors, the *marchandises des modes*—every body, in fact, was discussed, valued, and dismissed by him during dinner. Poor Louis was *ecrase*, and Jacqueline was at least dazzled. They well knew that she was destined to be Valriviere's wife, and the humble lover was distracted—the extent of his misfortune for the first time stared him in the face. As soon as he could leave the room, he fled into the neighbouring forest to vent his sorrows. The evening was bright and balmy, but its balminess brought no consolation to poor Louis; who, having exhausted his thoughts of grief, rage, bitterness and despair, in all the eloquence and vehemence of passion, sunk in a stupor on the ground.

From this state the sound of well known voices aroused him. The General and Valriviers had walked out to enjoy the fineness of the evening. The Marquis was praising the grace and beauty of his intended spouse, and observed that a winter in Paris would render her *vraiment distinguée*. He jested on the pretensions of his rustic rival, who, however, he admitted, to be a good-looking fellow.

'He is,' said the General, with a sigh; 'and he is also a good-hearted fellow. I hope he will forget his boyish passion. His own good sense will point out the folly of indulging it; and I am sure his amiable disposition will make him recoil from doing what would break the heart of one who has always endeavoured to be his friend, and who, even now, regards him with the affection of a father.'

They passed on, and Louis heard no more of their conversation: he had heard enough. The fact that the General knew what the lovers considered to be an inviolable secret, was

startling—but his kindness came like an icy pang upon his heart.

'I break his heart!' he said. 'No—no—my own first—and heaven knows that speech has already broken it. O, Jacqueline! (why do I dare to call her by such a name)—Mademoiselle de Valencay, I resign you for ever. Accursed be these differences of rank—these blighting distinctions, which wither the only fair flowers that decorate the wilderness of life.

His resolution was taken; he would see her once more—and see her in private. Through the medium of her nurse, who was privy to all their little arrangements, he invited her to meet him in the garden, by the fountain which had first witnessed their loves. It was a secluded old-fashioned garden, surrounded by immense walls, and quite out of sight of any part of the house. In the evening the family seldom entered it, and Louis thought it the most private spot he could select. With some difficulty, Jacqueline consented—decorum pleaded hard, but love still harder.

They met in silence, and the tears of Louis flowed as copiously as those of his beloved. At last he took her unresisting hand into the chilly pressure of his own:

'Jacqueline,' he said, 'I must call you by that name for this one occasion. My presumption has been punished as it ought to be. It raised me to a pinnacle of unexpected happiness, thence to be hurled into the depths of despair. We part—part this hour—and part for ever!'

Jacqueline wept, but no word escaped from her quivering lips. He proceeded:

'That I love you with an intensity of passion, I need not affirm. I fear that it is returned.'

'Fear it, Louis!' said she; 'if it be an object of fear, be prepared to tremble.' she forced a languid smile, but her voice was solemn with emotion, when she added, 'I love you better than my life.'

'The more cruel then is my punishment,' he replied—'what an unhappy lot is mine, to bring misery upon those for whom I am ready to die!'

In broken and agitated sentences, he told her his determination to leave the country—he repeated what he had overheard—requested her to forget her misplaced affection for her lowly admirer—and 'oh! that such advice should flow from my lips!' he concluded, 'give your hand, and if you can, your heart, to the object of your father's choice.'

The pale girl scarcely answered him a word; she hung her head upon her lover's shoulder, and his bosom was wet with her tears. Her filial duty contended against her unfortunate passion; but if he had pressed, who can say that it would have required much solicitation to have made her the partner of his fortunes? A sound of heavy footsteps alarmed them, and they bade one another a melancholy farewell. Their lips met for the first time—and Jacqueline, scarcely knowing what she

did, vanished through one of the alleys of the garden.

The steps by which they had been disturbed, were those of Jacqueline's father, who, on his return to the house, discovered that his daughter and Louis were both absent, and went somewhat displeased in quest of them. He encountered Louis, and demanded, rather angrily, what he was doing there at so late an hour. The young man, who did not wish to compromise Jacqueline, offered some trivial, and not very plausible excuse, which irritated the General.

'It is false, sir,' said he.

'I cannot permit any man, sir, to use such language to me,' was the reply of Louis.

'You must permit it when you utter a falsehood. Tell me then, sir, truly, if you can, was Mademoiselle de Valencay in the garden with you?'

'Since I am so pointedly questioned, I must answer you, that she was.'

'I see I have taken a viper into my house. Louis, I once had a good opinion of you; but—'

'If you knew my case,' said the young man, 'you would still—'

'What, sir, do you bandy words with me? Fine times we have come to! A *roturier* here wants to ensnare the affections of my daughter, and dares to insult myself. Take that, *coquin*,' and he made a blow at Louis, who, however, arrested his uplifted arm.

'General de Valencay,' said Louis, 'you were not used to behave to me thus. I will not allow you to inflict an insult, which, in your cooler moments, you would lament. The memory of the great benefits you have heaped upon me, the recollection of the dreams of happiness which I have enjoyed in your chateau, make me regret that we part as we do. Adieu! may heaven forgive you for the sin which you are about to commit, and shower down blessings upon her, who suffers for the gratification of your pride. As for me, you will at last do me justice.'

So saying, he passed hastily out of the garden, and directed his footsteps towards the town. The General hemmed and stamped, and whistled; but in a moment began to feel that he was not altogether in the right.

'I am sorry we part so,' said the General. 'He was ever a fine manly fellow—and a plebeian is as much flesh and blood as the Grand Monarque. The fault was mine in allowing them to be so much together. I must see Jacqueline, poor romantic girl! but all girls are silly at her age. She will live to thank me for saving her from disgrace.'

The displeasure he felt with himself for his violence, had, as usual, produced a re-action, and he sought his daughter with his feelings considerably subdued. He made no allusion whatever to her interview with Louis, and when she put off his proposed discussion of the propriety of her marriage with Valriviere,

by saying, first, with a melancholy eagerness, 'not to-night, father—oh! not to-night!' and then attempting to correct her energy, by stammering out a blushing excuse of accidental headache, he took no notice, but smiled, and withdrew from her apartment.

We need not linger over our story. Her father argued with her calmly and affectionately. He pointed out the utter disgrace of an inferior union—he talked kindly but coolly of youthful affection—assured her that his marriage with her own mother was an arrangement, and that he need not tell *her* how happy that union had been; pointed out the rank, birth, and accomplishments of the Marquis; and wound up his appeal by the most irresistible of all his arguments, by appealing to her love and duty to himself. She wavered, and submitted; but declared that when the Marquis made his formal proposals, he should hear from her the whole truth.

(Concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

Ira Allen, a brother of Ethan, removed to Vermont in early life, where he held various important offices, and possessed the confidence of the people. He wrote the 'Natural and Political History of Vermont;' died 1810.

Heman Allen, a relative of the two preceding, is a native of Vermont. He possesses talent of a high order, and has filled many distinguished stations, both in the service of the U. S. and of his native state.

Wm. H. Allen, a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, was slain in the action with the pirates in the W. Indies, in 1822.

Samuel Allen, proprietor by purchase, and Governor of New-Hampshire, about the year 1690; died 1705.

Francis Allison, a distinguished Divine and learned preacher of Philadelphia, a native of Ireland, came to this country in 1755; died 1777, greatly lamented.

Richard Alsop, a native of Conn.; he possessed fine talents, and is generally known as a poet and a translator; he died in 1815.

Joseph Alston, an eminent governor of S. Carolina; died 1816.

Fisher Ames, one of the most distinguished men of his time, was born in Dedham, Mass.; he was a brilliant and powerful speaker, and possessed a mind of a great and extraordinary character; died 1806.

Lord Jeffery Amherst, born in England, succeeded Abercrombie in the command of the Royal forces in America, 1758; captured Louisburg, Nova Scotia, same year; took Ticonderoga and Crown Point, August 1759; he returned to England, where he was created Field Marshal; he died 1798, aged 80.

Vesputius Americus, one of the first discoverers of the continent unjustly called after

him, and to the injury of Cabot and Columbus, who discovered the *main land* in 1498, whereas Americus did not until the next year.

John Andre, an Adjutant general in the British army in America, and aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton. He was taken and executed as a spy, while negotiating with Arnold concerning the surrender of W. Point, 1780. He was distinguished for his talents, and elegance of manners, and died much lamented, both by friend and foe, at the age of 29.

Sir Edmond Andross, governor of the colony of New York in 1674, and of New England in 1686. His administration was odious and tyrannical, and he was seized by the people, and sent to England, but was never tried; he came over in 1692, as governor of Virginia, and died in London, 1714.

John Antes a native of America, educated in Germany, celebrated as a traveller and missionary; died 1811.

Nathaniel Appleton, D. D., a distinguished divine of Cambridge, Mass., born at Ipswich, 1692; was fellow of the University for 60 yrs. and received the second degree D. D. which the Cambridge University ever conferred; the first having being conferred on Increase Mather, 80 years before. His writings are numerous.

Jesse Appleton, D. D., a writer of eminence and a President of Bowdoin College; died in 1819.

John Archdale, governor of S. Carolina in 1690—95; was instrumental in quieting the tumults of the colonies in that early period, and introduced the first rice ever in the country.

Samuel Argall, an adventurer in this country in 1609; he subdued the Dutch on Hudson's river, and was appointed governor of Virginia in 1617, but his administration proving odious, he was obliged to fly the country.

John Armstrong, a brigadier general in the army of the revolution, assisted in the memorable defence of Fort Moultrie, (S. C.) and in the battle of Germantown, Penn., with the reputation of an able officer; afterwards chosen a delegate to Congress from Pennsylvania; died 1795.

Benedict Arnold, succeeded Roger Williams as governor of the Colony of Rhode Island, and was afterwards repeatedly appointed governor under its present charter; he died 1678.

Benedict Arnold, a distinguished major general in the American army, and infamous for deserting the cause of his country, in attempting to surrender the fortress of West Point to the British—for committing ravages in Virginia, after his desertion, and a wanton butchery of the garrison at Fort Griswold, Conn. It is related of him that while on his expedition to Virginia, in 1781, at the head of 2000 royal troops, he inquired of an American officer, whom he had taken prisoner, what the Yankees would do with him should he fall into their hands. The officer answered, 'Why,

sir, if I must tell you, you must excuse me for telling you the plain truth: if my countrymen should catch you, they would first cut off that leg which was twice wounded in the cause of your country, and bury it with the honours of war; and then hang the rest of your body in gibbets.' The reader will recollect that the officer alluded to the wounds he received in the leg, at the attack on Quebec, 1776, and in the memorable battle of Saratoga, October 7th, 1777.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SKETCH.

His morning sun rose fair—No wandering cloud floated across its bright and pearly surface; no gathering storm lowered over its even path-way in its onward progress to meridian glory. He grew up to manhood. The damask tinge of health was on his cheek—the fire of youthful passion sparkled in his eye, yet tempered with the placid expression of cheerfulness and contentment. He revelled in the clear and calm sunshine of friendship—smiling plenty crowned his frugal board—the blooming partner of his bosom joyfully welcomed him to his homely cot—the angel of peace with outspread wings, hovered over his domestic altar—his sleep—that of the labouring man, was sweet, for he sunk to rest in the possession of conscious innocence.

But the destroyer came—he offered the tempting chalice to his lips, and bade him taste its sweets. The workshop was neglected for the haunts of vice and the scenes of midnight revelry and debauch—the homely cot, once the abode of happiness, seldom greeted his presence but to witness acts of brutal violence—the blossoms of intemperance flourished thick upon his visage—the languid, blood shot eye marked its fearful progress, and the haggard look, and hollow cough bespoke the swift decay of nature. Poverty and wretchedness became the inmates of his dwelling, and sorrow and suffering the portion of his family. He fills a drunkard's grave.

What is law like?—Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are fairly tired out. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic too, they that take the least of it are best off. It is like a homely gentleman, 'very well to follow;' and like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it, 'and like bad weather,' most people are glad to get out.

Charity well applied.—Mr. Fessenden, the editor of the New England Farmer, in a dissertation on Pauperism, lately read by him to the Charlestown Lyceum, observed that he knew 'a certain man of Ross, in New England preclude for a number of years the necessity

of any poor persons applying to the town for assistance, by taking a little pains to make himself acquainted with the situation and prospects of the poorer part of the population—lending them small sums on emergencies, sometimes without interest; employing them on a large farm, which he owned and cultivated and paying them for their labor with its produce, without making any extra charge in seasons of scarcity.'

Seasoning.—Dionysius, the tyrant, being at an entertainment given to him by the Lacedaemonians, expressed some disgust at their black broth. 'No wonder,' said one of them. 'for it wants seasoning.' 'What seasoning?' asked the tyrant. 'Labour,' replied the citizen, 'joined with hunger and thirst.'

The Irishman's wit.—A gentleman in Newport, walking on one of the wharves, encountered an Irish laborer employed in digging, and feeling in a curious mood; inquired, 'What part of Ireland are you from?' 'What part, hey? oh, from all parts of, jist at present, your honor!'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1830.

Our Village.—The fourth series of 'Our Village, or Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery,' by Miss Mary Russell Milford, has been recently republished in New-York, by Mr. Elam Bliss. This work is worthy of the pen of Miss Milford, and will doubtless increase the high reputation which she at present sustains for her vivid and beautiful delineations of rural scenery, her playful yet glowing descriptions of the simple character, peaceful life and unsophisticated manners of the humble residents of 'our village.'

SUMMARY.

It is said that a machine has been constructed in England for dressing stones, which will in a little more than a minute, give a smooth surface to a stone five feet in length by one in breadth.

Buffalo, N. Y. has quadrupled its population in ten years and has now more than 8,000 inhabitants.

Mr. Bonfanti advertises a new article in the New-York papers—a pocket umbrella which can be expanded instantly to a size calculated to shelter from sun or rain.

A new and most extensive Scientific and Military History of the French Expedition to Egypt, has been undertaken in Paris, by several eminent military and literary men.

MARRIED.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Edward Simmons to Miss Eleanor Shephard.

In New-York, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. Samuel Luckey, Mr. Charles McLean to Miss Elizabeth Lewis.

DIED.

In this city, on the 31st ult. Mrs. Violet Hopkins, aged 54 years.

In this city, on Saturday last, Edgar, son of Mr. Stephen B. Jordan, aged 3 years.

At Hillsdale, on the 31st ult. Joseph Richards, Jun. the eldest son of Dr. Joseph Richards, in the 22d year of his age.

At Waterloo, N. Y. on the 21st ult. Mr. George Inslee, aged 29 years, formerly of Claverack.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. SONNET.

The streamlets soft murmur comes sweet on the ear,
As its waters move swiftly but smoothly along—
And soothingly pleasant, indeed 'tis to hear,
The wild plaintive notes of the warbling throng—
The soft gales that whisper the flowers among,
Exhaling the scents of the lily and rose,
Come over the senses like th' music of song,
Entrancing the feelings, inviting repose—
Becalmed are the passions, and quiet the mind,
Enjoying such beauties and scenes of delight—
The thoughts are enkindled, exalted, refined,
Yet as calm and serene as the stillness of night.
When the pale moon looks down o'er the slumbers of men,
And pours her soft light into valley and glen.

OSMAR.

FROM THE LONDON NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. THE DIVER.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

Wretched men

*Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.*

Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow,
Thou hast fought with eddying waves:
Thy cheek is pale and thy heart beats low,
Thou searcher of Ocean's caves!

Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth of old,
Midst wrecks where the brave have striven,
The Deep is a strong and a fearful hold,
But thou its bars hast riven.

A wild and weary life is thine,
A wasting toil and lone!
Though the treasure-grots for thee may shine,
To all besides unknown.

A weary life! but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free;
Thou art passing fast from the strife away—
Thou wrestler with the sea!

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read:
Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Fire hope and power be fled!

And bright in Beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be;
A star to all in the festive hall—
But who shall think on thee?

None! as it gleams from the queen-like head,
Not one midst throngs will say,
'A life hath been like a rain-drop shed,
For that pale quivering ray.'

Wo! for the wealth so dearly bought!
And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of thought,
O wrestler with the sea?

Down to the gulphs of the soul they go.
Where the passion fountains burn,
Gather the jewels far below
From many a buried urn;

Winging from lava-veins the fire
That o'er bright words is poured;

Learning deep sounds, that make the lyre
A spirit in each chord!

But oh! the price of bitter tears
Paid for the lonely power,
'That throws at best, o'er desert-years,
A darkly glorious dower!

As flower-seeds far by the wild wind spread,
So precious thoughts are strewed;
The soul, whence those high gifts are shed,
May faint in solitude.

And who will think when the strain is sung
'Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word?

None! none! his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies with thee;
Thou that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea!

PARODY.

'This world's' not 'all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's wo,
Or wiped an orphan's tear doth know,
There's something here of Heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of Heaven.

He that the Christian's course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted Heaven.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Bee Hive.

PUZZLE II.—Rain
Umbrella } RUM.
Man

NEW PUZZLES.

I descend to the earth on the wings of the night,
When the fair budding flowers bid adieu to the light;
Unheeded by all, on the violet's breast,
'Till the waking of dawn, I slumber at rest;
My existence is brief, and I melt in the ray,
Emitted from heaven by the monarch of day.

II.

Why was Algiers and Malta as opposite as light and darkness?

ASHBEL STODDARD,

Has constantly for sale, at his Book-Store, all kinds of School Books now in use, which he will sell on the lowest terms. Also, a general assortment of Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Writing and Letter Paper, Lawyers' and Justices' Blanks, Writing and Printing Ink, Stationary, Garden Seeds, &c. &c.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [111. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, SEPTEMBER 25, 1830.

NO. 9.

POPULAR TALES:

GHOST OF MY UNCLE.

I arose early in the morning, and after taking a good breakfast, set out from home. A quantity of rain had fallen in the night. It was, however, fair when I commenced my expedition, and I wished it so to remain. The morning was still and beautiful; it was at the early hour of four; I could not yet distinguish the sun, though I was sensible he had left his ocean bed from beautiful streaks of colouring in the eastern sky. To express the softness, mildness, and calmness of the scenery, at that hour, I cannot find adequate words; those only can conceive it, who have witnessed the scene. I had not proceeded more than two miles before a few drops alarmed me with apprehension of a soaking shower, from a heavy black cloud that was slowly sailing over my head, and my fears were soon realized by a very thick descent that followed, on which I betook myself with all speed to a thatched cottage, that I saw at some distance, for shelter.

Many years had elapsed since I had wandered about in this spot, in careless infancy, and the pretty secluded cot to which I was advancing, had been my home. I looked around on the hills and dales, and could easily recognise them as my old acquaintances. 'Ha,' said I, 'ye change not your appearance, ye grow not old in the course of time, the feebleness of age cometh not upon you;—ye still smile in the brightness of summer, and frown in the lowering winter. For ages ye have reared your towering crests, and given food to the flocks and the herds that have chequered your dark surface; ye have given a direction to the murmuring brook that proceeds from you, till it seeks, far distant, the mighty ocean; and while generation after generation hath passed away, ye have preserved unvaried the features ye possessed in ages gone.—Even now, as in years past, my eyes behold the still sunshine sleeping upon your gentle sloping declivities, interrupted only when the light cloud of spring, for a moment, casts over them its

passing shadow! My cogitations were suddenly interrupted by the gate at the end of the pasture, which I opened. In another moment I was in the porch of the cottage; I lifted the latch, and went in. The house appeared just the same as I had left it ten years before. The furniture was the same, and each piece occupied the same position. The old clock stood ticking in the corner, as it had done for four-score years, the oaken settle remained behind the door, and my uncle's antique two-armed chair by the fire-side; but I saw no living creature in the house besides the cat on the hearthstone. I listened awhile, but could hear nothing. At this I rather wondered, as of yore the house was seldom, scarcely ever, totally deserted. I then went forward into the spence, or country parlour, where I found several neighbour cousins and the servants, all standing in deep silence around the bed of my dying uncle.

On entering, all eyes turned upon me; I was a stranger to most of them; there were, however, one or two who remembered me. I advanced to the bed-side, and the countenance of my uncle for a moment brightened up at my approach, but soon subsided again into a cold tranquil indifference. It was plain that death was rapidly approaching. He had been speechless several hours; consequently we could hold no conversation. He, however, put out his hand, which I grasped with an affection redoubled by the prospect of soon losing him for ever. In my younger days I had lived with him, and he having no children of his own, was then remarkably fond of me; subsequently that affection was strengthened between us, and although circumstances had cast my lot in another country, yet we had kept up a friendly and affectionate intercourse. Some time previous to his indisposition, I had again removed to within a few miles of his residence, which was the place from whence I set out on this sorrowful visit.

My uncle was a man of sound judgment, keen observation, and cheerful social disposition, joined to a thorough knowledge of man-

kind; he possessed a good portion of eccentricity and humour. He loved a cheerful glass; he was kind to his servants and dependants, and though rather of a frugal and saving disposition, yet he was charitable to his poor neighbours. In his friendships he was rather capricious, but firm in his attachment to the kirk and government of his country. He was apt to be a little passionate and hasty in his temper; but his resentment was seldom of long duration. He was well beloved by those among whom he dwelt, and might be pronounced a good neighbour, and an excellent subject. By a long course of industry in his profession, he had amassed a pretty good property, the knowledge of which had drawn around him a host of needy relations, who besieged him with flattery and professions, but whose attentions were chiefly drawn forth by their hopes of inheriting the old man's property. How he had willed it was not known. He was a man of prudence, and seldom blabbed out his private affairs.

On my arrival, I found all the friends about him remarkably attentive and duteous in their behaviour, though it was evident that a good deal of the affection was assumed. Shortly after, he fell into a kind of a doze, and all left the room save an attendant or two. Peggy, the servant who had lived with my uncle fourteen years, now insisted on my taking some refreshment. But I was too much agitated to feel any thing like pleasure in my repast, and what I ate was more to please the faithful old domestic, than from any inclination of my own. When my slight meal was over, I got up and went to the window in a serious and reflecting mood. The afternoon was far advanced, and the scenery without was wrapped in tranquillity. I was soon summoned from my station to the parlour. My uncle had somewhat revived, and his speech had returned. He told us death was making rapid advances, and that we might soon expect the moment of his dissolution. He informed us where we should find his will, and gave us some excellent advice on our future conduct.

Some things he requested us to perform, which I thought were a little odd. He wished us to read his will in the room where he was, immediately after he had expired. He desired that he might not be laid out, as it is commonly called, until at least twelve hours after his departure; that his large two armed oaken chair might be placed in all order and solemnity at the head of the table every meal, and that it should remain unoccupied till after his funeral. He also wished to be interred in a very deep grave. All these requests we promised faithfully to observe, when, after taking an affectionate farewell of each, he quietly resigned himself to his pillow; his breathing became more and more faint, till at last we could perceive it no more.

During these transactions my mind was in a state I cannot well describe: my thoughts

were all confusion, while at the same time I struggled to be calm and composed. Poignant as were my feelings, I gazed on my dying relative with a sort of apathy and grief, and at the moment when nature was yielding up the contest I could not shed a tear. In a short time all quitted the apartment, and I was left alone. The branches of the huge elm trees, with their thickened foliage, partially screening the window, made it, under such circumstances, awfully gloomy and tranquil. I took several turns about the room, and with a soft step I approached the bed, gazed a moment, turned away, and then going up to the window strove to divert my thoughts by looking at the surrounding landscape. Twilight was descending, and the sober hues of evening gradually enveloped the lofty hills. No sound struck my ear, except the faint and low murmurs of the brook, which brawled down the valley at the bottom of the Flinty Knowe—the shout, softened by distance, of the peasant committing his herds to the pasture—and now and then the solitary barking of a shepherd's dog, among the echoing dales, attendant on his master looking out his charge for the night.

I had not stood at the casement many minutes when my cousins, all talking in a rude, noisy, and indecorous manner, came into the room with the will, which it seemed they had departed in search of the moment the testator had expired. I was a good deal shocked at the frivolity they manifested, and could not help reproving them, though in a mild and gentle manner, for the little respect they paid to the deceased. 'Why ye ken,' said one, 'he tauld us to read the will amais as soon as he died.' 'Ay,' cried another, 'and sae in conformity wi' his command, we went straight up the stairs and rummaged o'er his auld kist, till we found it.' 'Mind your ain concerns, gude man, and we'll mind ours,' rejoined a third, rather gruffly; so that my well meant admonitions had no better effect than to cause me to be more disliked by the party; for I could perceive before this that they looked on me in the light of an unwelcome intruder.

(Concluded in our next.)

FROM THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A FRENCH STORY.

(Concluded.)

In due time, the exact, well calculated, well regulated time, the Marquis did make his proposals; and he made them in the prettiest of all pretty ways, saying the prettiest of all pretty things—things that would have won half the owners of the most brilliant eyes in Paris. They were coldly heard by Jacqueline, who contented herself by replying, that she felt honoured by the attentions of the observed of all observers—that family reasons rendered him a suitor not to be refused—'but, sir,' she added, in a serious tone, 'I should be uncan-did if I did not tell you, that I give you my

hand only—I cannot give you my heart. If with this you be contented, I am yours.’

‘Fair hand,’ said he, taking it—‘I kiss your taper fingers. The heart—if there be a heart—will follow. But, dear bride elect, don’t talk such nonsense, or you will make us the laughing-stocks of all Paris. This, thank heaven, is the eighteenth, and not the thirteenth century; and we have given over talking of these little absurdities. Come, that’s a good girl, don’t spoil those divine eyes by useless tears.’ Let me read you a letter I have just received from Genlis, in which she gives me all the gossip of Paris—plenty of scandal of every body no doubt—but that is only fair, for every body speaks scandal of her.’

The marriage was celebrated in the chateau with all feudal pomp. The old families of the country attended, looking solemn and important, as provincial nobles generally do, and accordingly they much diverted the Marquis, who vowed, that on his return to Paris, he would write a farce, to be called, *Le Mariage du Chateau, ou Le Parisien entre les Ours*. He was gay, polite, attentive to his wife; she, calm and quiet, resigned to him. Her *corbeille* and *trousse* were of the most magnificent description; in fact, he had done every thing that expense could command, or gallantry dictate. A splendid ball of course concluded the evening, and the Marquis gayly dancing with his lovely bride, cast a glow of grace and hilarity over the room.

The young demoiselles of Navarre could only console themselves by observing, that Jacqueline looked certainly rather pretty, but very melancholy; while the elder ladies, admitting that the Marquis was handsome, rich, and noble, whispered that he was the most depraved *roué* of Paris, and one to whom they would never have thought of giving a daughter of theirs. The festival lasted a fortnight: after which the Marquis whirled away his handsome wife to the metropolis, where he speedily immersed himself, and dragged her as much as possible along with him, in all the gayeties and dissipations of the luxurious society, of his devoted order, just then, unconsciously hovering on the brink of destruction.

And where was Louis Regnault in the meantime?

After having parted from the General in the garden, he went into the town of Perpignan, and quite regardless of the direction of his footsteps, entered a cabaret, where some soldiers happened to be carousing. The leader of the party observing Regnault’s thoughtful and absent air, took the military liberty of joking him upon it.

‘I venture to say,’ said the sergeant, ‘that there is some girl of the village at the bottom of your black looks. Never mind her, if you take my advice. Pish! a tall fellow, and pine after a black eye when there are the lilies of France waving in the neighbourhood. Join us, man; join us, and I warrant you will have

many a score of black eyes at your service, in lieu of the pair that are now causing you to look like a winter midnight.’

Louis was at first inclined to be angry with this soldier-like ribaldry; but on a sudden, the thought of enlisting seriously entered his mind. It would take him at once away from the scenes now grown painful—it would at once remove him from all chances of encountering any of his old friends.

‘I am not one of their accursed noblesse,’ said he, ‘and therefore have no chance of rising farther than some paltry rank; but then I am cut off from all possibility of seeing Jacqueline. If I went to Paris, as I once thought, and attempted to procure a precarious livelihood by my pen, I might perhaps have to endure the patronage of the Marquis—ay, of the Marchioness of Valriviera. It is better to be a private soldier; and then, if there be a war, I shall have an opportunity of being shot.’

Influenced by these considerations, he joined the party, and was speedily enrolled as a private soldier.

The regiment to which he was attached was, to his great delight, to march northward in two days, during which he kept himself completely housed.—On the night before his departure, he stole to the chateau, where he found the nurse, to whom he gave a letter, charging her to deliver it to her mistress in the morning. It was short, and ran thus:

‘Your father is cruel—cruel to you as to me. False opinions, dictated by pride, lead him to tear asunder hearts made for one another. May the blessing of heaven light on the head of thee, my true love, torn from me by parental cruelty! and may your father never have cause to repent of his unkindness to the jewel of his heart!’

How this was read, and wept over, and kissed, and treasured, it is useless to say. On that day, Jacqueline did not leave her chamber. She could not meet the jesting gallantry of the Marquis.

This was in 1785. In less than four years, Louis’s good conduct had acquired him a serjeantcy, the highest step that a *roturier* could expect under the old regime; but in 1789 the days of that regime were numbered. In a couple of years more, the privileges of the nobles were gone; in four years the king had laid his head in the basket of the guillotine. The first revolutionary campaign found Louis a lieutenant. It may be easily conjectured that he did not take the aristocratical side. He joined the army of Dumourier, and fought at Gemappe. Attached to the armies of Hoche and Pichegru, he assisted in the victories of the republic. In 1798 he was with the army of Italy, and distinguished himself, under the command of him, whose fame was not yet tarnished by tyranny or oppression. Afterwards, he adhered to the emperor, and saw the fields of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram. With his services his honours increas-

sed, and in 1811, he was aid-du-camp to the emperor, member of the Legion of Honour, a Lieutenant General, and the Comte de Regnault. His wealth was great, and his standing in Parisian society permanent. No more the retired student of Perpignan, he was now a diplomatist and a general.

He had married, in 1794, the daughter of a revolutionary general, which had contributed not a little to his advancement. She died not long after their marriage, and left him an only daughter. The young lady, reared amid the bustle and excitement of agitated times, was gay, brusque, lively, and of course a great favourite. Her father used to fancy a likeness between her and Mademoiselle de Valencay, at the same age; but he would say to himself, my poor Jacqueline was quiet and resigned—Pauline is gay and noisy. And, in spite of the sternness of mind which scenes of battle and debate had produced, he would sometimes wish, in a moment of romance, that he knew where poor Jacqueline's remains were laid. 'I think,' he would whisper to himself, 'I should be fool enough to visit them.'

Alas! he did not know how near an approximation to the scenes of his youth in the Chateau De Valencay then existed in his splendid hotel in the *Rue Rivoli*. Gay and *etourdie* as Pauline was, there were moments when she was serious enough. And what was it that made her serious?

Her father had determined that she should be accomplished in the highest degree; and accordingly, music, drawing, &c. &c. were taught her by the most approved masters. Her drawing-master having chanced to become an invalid, or in consequence of having made a great deal of money, having fancied that he was so, recommended a young man, who had just completed some great picture, as his successor. The old painter spoke much of the young man's knowledge of painting, and chiar oscuro, freedom of pencil, breadth, and so on; and his recommendation was adopted.

Henri de Feuillars, the new teacher, was not more than one-and-twenty. He was silent and reserved; and there was an air of natural *hauteur* about him. He had no friends and laboured incessantly for the support of his mother, to whom he appeared devotedly attached. His dress, never finical, was always that of a gentleman. His conversation, when you could draw him out, showed that, young as he was, his knowledge was great and varied. His figure was slight, but graceful—his face, in spite of its paleness and melancholy expression, was handsome. To some women, it was more than handsome—it was interesting. Who that has once read it, forgets the verse of the ballad, with which this tale has been begun?

En lui toute signe de jeunesse apparaissent
Mais longue barbe, air de tristesse la ternissent,
Si de jeunesse on doit attendre beau coloris
Palcur, qui marquai une ame tendre, a bien son prix.

In him each sign of youthful grace,
Of manly charm appeared,
Though tarnished by a sorrowing face,
And by a length of beard;
If we expect that youth impart
Colours of rosy hue,
Paleness which marks a tender heart,
Has its attractions too.

Pauline at first laughed at her melancholy tutor—played practical jokes upon him—drew caricatures, to which she put the title of 'the knight of the rueful countenance;' but before any great length of time had elapsed, her gayety began to subside before the melancholy smile, which greeted or rebuked her good-humoured play. Soon afterwards, she found that when he spoke, she was compelled to be dumb; that the retired, and apparently taciturn man, could, in moments of inspiration, deliver, with a fervid eloquence, the results of multifarious study, or deep thought and profound feeling. Gradually her jesting ceased, and she delighted to draw her silent teacher forth. He, gratified in turn, by the attentions of a beautiful and accomplished girl, poured forth his glowing language, almost for her ear alone. Her beaming eye, resting upon his, soon caught an inspiration, of which she had not dreamt, and they speedily discovered a secret which neither wished to keep. Pauline found out that she was in love, and the gay girl was silent. Henri made the same discovery, and the melancholy student smiled.

His apartments, in which his mother alone resided with him, were in a street not far from the *Rue Rivoli*. I think it was in the *Rue Duphot*. The usual hour of tuition did not suffice the lovers after a while.—Something was to be exhibited—and though the master now did *all* the lesson, yet even this consumed some time. A correspondence began, in which both poured forth the unrestrained feelings of their souls. Do not expect to find any of them here, for love-letters being intended for one pair of eyes, are ridiculous when offered to any other.

The Comte soon discovered how matters stood; but dissimulated his anger until he was able to intercept one of the young painter's letters. It was conceived in the usual terms of these compositions, but contained a sentence which Henri's honourable feelings had induced him to insert in all his communications. He said, that her love was the delight of his life, but that she ought to consider what was due to her father's rank, and *present* station in the world, (the word *present* was carefully underlined,) and that he would die rather than entrap any young lady, particularly one so dear to him as his own Pauline, into a marriage which her friends would disavow, and she herself perhaps hereafter repent.

'The boy,' said the Comte, 'is a gentleman: but this nonsense must be put an end to. Antoine, call Mademoiselle de Regnault.'

Pauline appeared, and her father gave her

the letter he had intercepted. She blushed—she half cried—but, finally, she giggled.

'What is this, Mademoiselle?' said her father, angrily.—'Do you make so light of my authority? Do you think you are to carry on a clandestine correspondence, without my having it at least in my power to discover it?'

'O, dear papa,' said Pauline, 'I know that a poor young girl cannot hope to match an old campaigner like yourself, when you are determined on intercepting correspondence; but, *au reste*, what has your excellency to say?'

'What have I to say?' asked he, in a passion. 'Is that the answer I deserve—the answer, Pauline, I have a right to expect? Am I to see you entrapped into a marriage so far beneath you? Am I?'

'Entrapped, dear, darling papa. Read the very note you are now so unmercifully crushing, and you will find that dear Henri says he would die—*O, mon Dieu!*—die—sooner than entrap me. It is his very word. No—no—papa—Henri and I may be fools—but I asked him to marry me, and he refused.'

'You asked him to marry you, Mademoiselle? By mine honour, the age improves. Have the goodness to go to your *gouvernante*, who, I am sorry to perceive, has performed her duty very indifferently, and remain in your own apartment until I send for you. Go, I say, Mademoiselle Regnault;' and the laughing girl blowing him a kiss, ran out of the room.

'I cannot,' thought the Comte, when alone, 'write to young Henri—in fact, the young man has behaved with an uncommon degree of honour and prudence; but'—and he paused for a while. 'I am told his mother has a vast influence over him, and perhaps I may have a chance with her.'

A note, written with due official haste and illegibility, was the consequence of this determination. It said, in terms the most ceremoniously polite, yet, at the same time, in effect the most severely laconic, that the great man wanted to see the poor woman. 'At ten minutes past one, or eighteen minutes past three, *to-day*, I shall have the honour of being disengaged for you, Madame, on both occasions, for ten minutes. I shall not permit myself the pleasure of further intruding on your valuable time.'

At ten minutes past one—not a second sooner, nor a second later—Madame de Feuillars was announced at the Comte's. The official man had been disengaged to the moment—and at two seconds past ten minutes after one o'clock, Madame de Feuillars was in the Comte's library.

She was a woman who retained many traits of conspicuous beauty, but she was wan and wasted. A tenderness of sight had compelled her to disfigure her features with a green shade. The humility of her circumstances had cast an air of submission over all her actions. The poor, the unpretending, the unrepining Madame de Feuillars, seemed born for poverty.

The Comte had never seen the mother of his daughter's painting-master before; but, from what he had heard, was deeply impressed with respect for her character. He handed her to a chair.

'It is unpleasant, Madame,' said he, 'to say any thing which, directly or indirectly, may seem derogatory to a worthy, a clever, and beloved son. Ask me any tribute of respect to the genius, or the goodness of heart and conduct of your Henri, as far as I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, and I shall be most happy to give it. But Madame, I have discovered, by one means or another, that he has abused the opportunities—no, I will not use so hard a word as that—that he and Paul—Mademoiselle de Regnault, have been so foolish as to—to—to—you understand—as to talk that nonsense to one another which young people sometimes talk, without considering the difference of station—the ways of the world. You understand me, Madame.'

'I do, Sir,' said the quiet lady.

He started—heaven knows at what—and continued.

'I do not mean to offend—not the least—in-deed, quite the contrary. Your son is really a very clever young gentleman, as the world knows—a very honourable young gentleman, as I know—no matter how. But you will admit, Madame, I ought not to allow so ill-innated a courtship to go on. You know, Madame, the thing cannot be.'

'I do, Sir,' responded the lady, as humble as before.

Something made the Comte start again; and he then continued:

'I have taken the liberty,—the very great liberty, Madame—of sending for you, in order to request your acquiescence in a plan of mine. He loves his mother: it is an honour to him that he does so. She is a lady well deserving of love.'

There was no gallantry in this, as it was said; and yet the lady *did* bridle up a little.

'And if you could suggest to him that a journey to Rome, there to perfect himself in his art, would be advantageous, ten thousand francs a-year should be at his service, and twelve thousand five hundred to fit him out for the journey. You can perceive, Madame, that I consult the interest of your son.'

'I do, Sir,' said the lady.

The Comte flouted a little at the repetition of the phrase; and, thinking that a rougher tone would perhaps answer better, changed his manner.

'Madame de Feuillars, I shall not dissemble that I propose the plan as much for the good of my daughter as for that of your son. But, Madame if you do not acquiesce in my view of the business, I must adopt a very different method. You are a woman who, I suppose, has seen the world! and when I tell you that I have detected a correspondence between Monsieur Henri and my young lady, I have

ground sufficient to proceed upon. Madame, do you approve of such conduct ?

'No, Sir,' said the lady.

'Well, Madame, you agree then with me, that an end must be put to such things. I humbly think my plan is the best for all parties. There must be no more letters.'

'I agree with you, Sir,' said Madame Feuillars, 'to a greater extent than you imagine. I have myself intercepted a letter from a foolish lover of humble life, to a lady in superior rank. To show you that I do not approve of such things, I have brought it to you ;'—and she drew a letter from her pocket.

'Your conduct, Madame,' said the Comte, 'does you honour. But this is a sadly mangled and dirty epistle :—what's this ?'

'Your father is cruel—cruel to you as to me. False opinions, dictated by pride, lead him to tear asunder hearts made for one another'—

'What !' said the Comte ; 'O, woman !—who art thou ?'

She took the shade from her eyes.

It was she—Jacqueline de Valencay—the *ci-devant* Marquise de Valriviere !

Her father had died of a broken heart, at the commencement of the revolution ; when a tailor of his neighbourhood, who had made the liveries of his footmen for the last twenty years, was appointed a commissioner, to domineer over his chateau. The Marquis was killed in Flanders, in the army of Prince Saxe Cobourg ; and the Marchioness, who had long before abandoned her title, and assumed the name of her husband's family, had lived by precarious employments ; had devoted her time and accomplishments to the education of her only son : he had proved worthy of her attention, both in talents and in goodness. His genius having been directed towards painting, she encouraged him in the study—but never suffered him to forget the honourable race from which he had sprung. When she heard that he had been recommended to instruct the daughter of the Comte de Regnault, she did not inform him of her story ; but when her melancholy son told her, his only *confidante*, that Pauline was not indifferent to him—when he blushed as he related the tale of their loves, and sighed to think of their utter hopelessness of their being attended by happiness—she disclosed her long-kept secret, and warned him to profit by her example, and to fly from such a connexion before he was irretrievably entangled, for the sake of Pauline and himself. This advice had produced the letter which the Comte had intercepted.

Why loiter on our way ? The Comte insisted on taking the Marchioness and her son into his hotel, and sanctioned an alliance which had formerly aroused his indignation. In a couple of years, they were married ; and the gayety of Pauline lightened up the gravity of her husband ; who, in turn, subdued the exuberance of his lady's spirits by his more

improvement.

About a year afterwards, the wits of Paris had ample room for the exercise of their vocation ; and many a gay squib was made on the marriage of the Comte with the Marchioness.

It would be endless to quote all the brilliant things expended on the subject of the elderly lovers ; no one laughed at them more heartily than themselves. Nor did they much regard the spiteful remarks of various mammas and dashing widows—they consulted their own feelings, and married.

On the return of the Bourbons, the politics of the wife saved the husband's property ; and the indemnity having restored Louis to his family estates, he was no longer oppressed by a reflection that often imbittered his proud mind, that he had brought a pauper into the family of his wife.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

J. Artedan, said to have founded a colony of Norwegians, in Greenland, in the 6th century, and to have penetrated as far on the continent as the coast of Labrador.

—Ashe, a British traveller in the western states about 20 years ago, who published slender accounts of the country and inhabitants.

John Baptiste Ashe, a judge of the supreme court, and governor of N. Carolina, died 1813.

Samuel Ashe, a judge of the supreme court, and governor of N. Carolina, died 1813.

Eli P. Ashman, a distinguished lawyer of Northampton, Mass. ; he was a member of the Senate of that state, and afterwards a senator in Congress : died 1819.

Theodore Atkinson, chief justice of New-Hampshire, and a delegate to the convention at Albany which formed a plan for the union and defence of the colonies, 1754 : he died 1779.

William Atwood, chief justice of the colony of New-York, and judge of admiralty for New-England, New-York and New-Jersey, in 1707.

Samuel Auchmuty, a distinguished divine in New-York, died 1777.

Sir Samuel Auchmuty, son of the above, was born in New-York, and took sides against his countrymen in the revolution, and held various honourable stations under the British government.

Wm. Bainbridge, an intrepid commander in the American Navy, during the late war ; Dec. 29, 1812, the *Constitution*, capt. B., captured the British frigate *Java* ; loss, Am. 34, British, about 200.

Joel Barlow, L. L. D., author of the '*Columbiad*,' was born at Reading, Conn., 1758, and was educated at Yale College. He served in the American war as a volunteer, and as a Chaplain. At the close of the war he went to France, where he became conspicuous and popular as a zealous friend of the revolution. He was afterwards appointed American Consul at Algiers, and Minister of the United States to France, and died on his way to Wilna, to meet Napoleon, 1812.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. PUTNAM.

The anecdote of the Yankee biting an inch off of a red hot poker, reminds us of a story they used to tell in Princeton, of General Putnam.—While stationed in that village during the revolutionary war he was intimate in the Stockton family. The late Richard Stockton was then a mere boy, to whom the General was much attached, and to whom he thought it not beneath the dignity of a three cornered hat occasionally to play. He one day bet his young friend that he could make his charger jump as high as his father's house, and was at the trouble of having him fully accoutered for the feat. The General mounted, and having taught his horse to rear and plunge, and making him give one of his great leaps, exclaimed to his little opponent.—'There, now, let the house jump as high as that.' The little fellow allowed himself outwitted, and his friends had additional cause to admire and love the General's simplicity of character.—*Georgia Con.*

Pattern for a Coat.—A few days ago, a gentleman looking over his tailor's account, observed a charge of seven shillings more on a coat than he had been accustomed to pay. On inquiring, the tailor informed him, that he had been obliged to take up an additional quantity of cloth. 'Why,' exclaimed the gentleman, 'it was scarcely half a year ago that you told me you managed to get a waistcoat for your little boy from what remained of the cloth you made my coat from: I cannot conceive why I should require more now, as I am convinced I have not increased any in size since that period.' 'No Sir,' said the tailor, 'you are much the same as usual, but my little boy is so surprisingly grown that you'd scarcely know him.'

A parent anxious for his little girl to obtain promotion at school, asked her, one day, how she ranked in the class.—'O Pa,' said she, 'I am at the top of the class but two.' 'That's a darling,' said the fond parent, 'and tell me how many scholars your class consists of,' continued he.—'three, sir,' whispered the little prodigy.

Doctor Lathrop.—Dr. Lathrop was a man of genuine piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh 'to be known of men.' A young divine who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to him. 'Do you suppose you have any religion?' 'None to speak of,' was the excellent reply.

Judicial Anecdote.—At a trial in the Supreme Court, when a perplexing case had been obstinately argued, and unnecessarily protracted, the Chief Justice said to the Associates on his left hand: 'Brother Pain, I wish you would charge the Jury in this case, for I

feel that I am prejudiced against one of the parties.' 'And I,' replied Judge Pain, 'am in the same situation.' 'Then if you please, I am just the man,' said the late Judge Thatcher, 'for I am prejudiced against both.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1830.

English at Home.—This is the title of a new novel just published by the Messrs. Harpers, New-York. It is by the author of the 'English in Italy,' and is thus spoken of by a correspondent of the New-York Mirror: 'If the test of the ability of an author is the increasing interest of the reader as he advances, and finally entire absorption, until a reluctance is felt to lay down the volume before the story is finished, then is the "English at Home" by the testimony of one who can write under his evidence *probatum est*, at least worth reading.'

The Ladies' Mirror.—This is the title of a new semi-monthly miscellany, published at Southbridge, Mass. by George W. H. Fisk. The first number of this work is now before us and contains several beautiful and and interesting original articles. J. O. Rockwell and Mrs. Catherine R. Williams of Providence are among the contributors to its columns. It promises well and we hope the labours of its publisher will be amply remunerated.

Bell's Life in New-York.—We have also received the first number of a new paper, entitled 'Bell's Life in New-York, and American Weekly Messenger,' edited by W. L. Prall. This work is to be conducted on the plan of 'Bell's Life in London' and will be published every Tuesday, in the city of New-York, by Prall and Bell, Franklin Hall, No. 17, Ann St. at \$4 per annum.

SUMMARY.

The poem recited at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, which has been decreed worthy of a gold medal or \$50, was written by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the accomplished editress of the Ladies' Magazine. A new Post Office has been established at Stratford Lower Village, Vt. by the name of South Stratford Post Office, and Charles Barrett, Esq. appointed Post Master.

A man named Isaac Huff, who was sentenced to eight days imprisonment at Niagara, in consequence of the crowded state of the prison, was shut up in a cell only eight feet square, and on the fourth day was discovered dead, having been suffocated.

A large anchor, weighing between 8 and 7000 lbs was taken up in Newport, R. I. Harbour, by a diving bell, supposed to have been lost by the English or French Fleet, during the Revolutionary War.

Emigrants.—The amount of commutation money received by the Corporation, from emigrants arriving here within the fortnight ending August 9, is \$1435 50. The amount received within the fortnight ending August 25, is \$1811. The sum now received from each emigrant landing is one dollar.—*N. Y. Courier.*

MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. William B. Flagler, to Miss Cornelia C. Edmonds, all of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Dr. Philip H. Knickerbocker, of Upper Red Hook, to Miss Christians J. E. daughter of Nicholas Ten Broeck, Esq.

In Claverack, on the 5th inst. by Wm. W. Rockefeller, Esq. Mr. Braddock Watson, to Miss Wealthy Maria Frisbee, both of Ghent.

At the same place, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. John Lovett of Clermont, to Miss Rebecca Segendorph of the former place.

In Trinity Church, Athens, on Wednesday the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. Prentiss, Mr. Peter Hubbel, merchant of Coxsack, to Miss Jane Prentiss, daughter of the Rev J. Prentiss.

DIED.

In this city, on the 18th inst. Mr. Giles Bradley, aged 37 years. On the 16th inst. Charles Carroll, infant son of Edward Hyatt.

On the 30th ult. Albertine S. Ranney, daughter of Stephen and Abigail Ranney, aged 1 year and 5 months.

At Athens, on Wednesday evening the 8th inst. Mr. Joseph Colson, aged 20 years and 8 months.

At Stuyvesant Landing, on the 29th ult. Captain Oliver Beaumont, a soldier of the American Revolution, aged 72 years.

In Albany, Mr. John C. Johnson, aged 27 years, editor of the 'Columbia and Greene County Envoys.'



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. AUTUMNAL SCENES.

'Tis sunrise in the mountains! the grey dawn,
 Conflicting light and darkness, with its veil
 Of shadowy indistinctness is removed,
 And in this burst of glory, stands revealed
 The glowing landscape. Not a fleecy cloud
 Which with their bright and varying hues are wont
 To usher in the morning, floats above
 In the calm autumn sky. The boisterous winds
 Have hushed their wild rude chorus, and the wing
 Of the light zephyr, as he sportive played
 Along the uplands, and the meadows green,
 And lent a deeper tint to the rich fruits
 That blushed beneath their fading foliage
 So folded to repose. No breath of air
 Rustles amid the party coloured leaves
 Which on the boughs rest motionless, save where
 On its long tapering stem, the aspen leaf,
 Hangs trembling. The herbage crisped and curled
 Is wreathed with twinkling hoar frost, and each bush
 And brake is gemmed with its bright coronal. a
 And lo! beneath the mountain's base, where winds
 The stream its tell tale course, and mingles oft
 Its glad voice with the forest whisperings,
 The white robed mist is rising; curl o'er curl,
 And wreath o'er wreath it spreads, till the wide vale
 Beneath us lies a sea of clouds, and high
 The topmost ~~old~~ hangs on the mountain's side.
 Oh nature! who that walks abroad to scan
 Thy works of wonder, while his eye surveys
 Thy glorious panorama, and his ear
 Drinks in thy living melodies, but feels
 His soul with rapture kindling, feels the glow
 Of high wrought inspiration, and in thee
 Beholds the mistress of his heart, with smiles
 Forever glowing, beauties ever new!

Z.

The pleasing and impressive little story, which evidently prompted the following lines, and, which has no doubt recommended itself to the hearts of our readers by its beautiful and affecting morality, may be found in our fifth number.—Ed.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
 If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart—
 'Look aloft' and be firm, and be fearless of heart.
 If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
 Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are array'd
 'Look aloft' to the friendship which never shall fade.
 Should the ~~vision~~ ^{eyes} which hope spreads in light to thine
 Like the tints of the rain-bow, but brighten to fly,
 Then turn, and thro' tears of repentant regret
 'Look aloft' to the sun that is never to set.
 Should they that are dearest, the son of thine heart—
 The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,
 'Look aloft,' from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To that soil where 'affection is ever in bloom.'
 And oh! when death comes, in terrors to cast
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
 And a smile in thine eye, 'Look aloft' and depart!

MORNING.

BY LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

The author of the following elegant and touching lines, died a few years since in Plattsburgh, New-York, at the age of seventeen. 'She was a rare creature—one whose thoughts went upwards as naturally as the incense of the flowers which she nourished—and who united with the very highest capacities of intellect, the affections and the meek love of a child. And she was a child, in years at least,—and yet young as she was—uneducated and unprepared as she was—she has left a name behind, which few of her prouder cotemporaries will ever attain. She passed away from among us like a bright but unenduring vision. But here is her poetry, it is a perfect mirror of her soul.'

I come in the breath of the weakened breeze,
 I kiss the flowers and I bend the trees—
 And I shake the dew which hath fallen by night,
 From its throne on the lily's pure bosom of white.
 Awake thee, when bright from my couch in the sky,
 I beam o'er the mountains and come from on high,
 When my gay purple banners are waving afar—
 When my herald, gray dawn, hath extinguished each
 star—
 When I smile o'er the woodlands and bend o'er the lake,
 Then awake thee, O! maiden, I bid thee awake,
 Thou may'st slumber when all the wide arches of heaven
 Glitter bright with the beautiful fires at even;
 When the moon walks in glory, and looks from on high
 O'er the clouds floating far through the clear azure sky
 Drifting onward—the beautiful vessels of heaven,
 To their far away harbour all silently driven,
 Bearing on in their bosom the children of light,
 Who have fled from this dark world of sorrow and night;
 When the lake lies in calmness and darkness, save where
 The bright ripple curls 'neath the smile of the star;
 When all is in silence and solitude here,
 Then sleep, maiden, sleep, without sorrow or fear!
 But when I steal silently over the lake,
 Awake thee, then, maiden, awake! Oh awake!

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Dew.

PUZZLE II.—The one was governed by days, the other by knights.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Ten tedious years my first sustain'd
 The battle's rage and thunder;
 And then, alas! my first was drain'd
 Of all its stores by plunder.

My second is a pressing load,
 Which many a wretch must bear,
 Who's doom'd to walk an humble road,
 And bend beneath his care.

II.

You eat me, you drink me, deny it who can;
 I'm sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man.

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 ASHBEL STODDARD'S BOOKSTORE.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, OCTOBER 9, 1830.

NO. 10.

POPULAR TALES.

GHOST OF MY UNCLE.

(Concluded.)

The will was now read, to which all paid the greatest attention. A mute anxiety and deep interest sat on every countenance, their aspects were, however, instantly changed into those of intense disappointment and vexation, on hearing that my uncle had made a stranger, whom none of us knew, the heir of all his property, real and personal. For my part, this circumstance did not affect me in the least. I had not had any expectation of inheriting the smallest portion; therefore could not feel disappointed. But with the others it was different; they had clung to him like so many leeches, or like the ivy to the old ruin, and with about as much affection as the two before-mentioned things have for the objects to which they so closely adhere. A most appalling and disgusting scene now took place between the disappointed legacy hunters, they abused the old man in the most shocking terms: they taxed him with injustice and villainy, and even proceeded to call down imprecations upon his lifeless corse. I shuddered at the conduct of the unprincipled villains; I trembled at the impiety of men who could, at a time the most solemn and impressive to a human being, act in a manner sufficient to call down upon them immediate and divine vengeance. I was chilled with horror. I almost expected every moment to see the lifeless corse of my uncle start from the bed, on which it lay, to take vengeance on the audacious wretches. Once, indeed, I actually thought I saw his lips quiver with rage—his eyebrows knit together—and all the muscles of his countenance contract into a dreadful frown. I shuddered at the sight and withdrew my gaze.

At length they went into the kitchen, and I was once more left alone in the chamber of death. I went to the bed-side, and the scene I had just witnessed operated so forcibly on my feelings, that I burst into tears, and uttered aloud my lamentations over my lifeless rela-

tive. When this ebullition had somewhat subsided, I began to reflect a little where I was, and a sort of timidity came creeping over me. There is an undefinable apprehension which we feel while we are in company with the dead. We imagine, in spite of the efforts of reason, that the departed spirit is hovering near its former tenement. It being now quite dark, and having these feelings in a strong degree, it is no wonder that I rather preferred the company of the wretches in the kitchen, than to remain long where I was.

I accordingly proceeded thither, where I found them all carousing round a large table, on which were placed the fragments of the dinner, and plenty of liquor. I reminded them of our promise to place my uncle's old two-armed chair at the head of the table, as he had requested, which they had neglected to do, and which they now strenuously opposed my doing. I was, however, resolutely determined to have it done, and at length succeeded. I then retired to the fire-side, where I sat, without taking any part in the conversation, or in any thing that passed during the whole evening. I shall pass over the several succeeding hours, the whole of which they sat drinking, until they were all in a greater or less degree intoxicated, and generally brawling, wrangling, and swearing in a loud and boisterous manner. The night became stormy as it advanced. The wind arose, and at intervals moaned, sighed, and whistled shrilly without, roared in the wide chimney, and as it furiously bent the trees in which the house was embosomed, made a sound similar to the dashing of the waves on the shore of the ocean. The rain fell in torrents, and the large drops pattered against the window with a ceaseless and melancholy cadence.

It was now getting nigh the 'witching time of night,' and I saw no signs of the revellers quitting the table. On the contrary, they grew more loud and boisterous. In obedience to their imperious commands, yet evidently with the greatest reluctance, Peggy had kept replenishing the exhausted vessels with more

liquor, and their demands increased in proportion to the reluctance with which they were gratified. At length, however, on receiving an intimation from me that I would interpose, she absolutely refused to draw any more liquor for them, telling them they had had plenty, and that it was time to retire to bed. The scene that now ensued was such as is impossible for me to describe: maddened and inflamed with rage at being thus refused, the wretches began to throw the furniture up and down the house, break the glasses and jugs, and to abuse the servant, from whom they attempted to wrest the key of the cellar, yelling out at the same time the most horrid oaths and imprecations.

The table was shortly upset, and the lights put out in the scuffle, and in a few moments we should, in all probability, have had blood shed, as I felt myself roused to a pitch of fury, and was advancing with the large heavy headed fire-poker to the assistance of the servant, who was loudly shrieking for help: just then the old clock struck twelve rapid strokes, and the bell had not ceased to vibrate, when we heard three heavy knocks, as if given by a mallet upon the wall, which separated the kitchen from the parlour where my uncle lay. There appeared to be something supernatural in this. The whole house seemed to shake to its very foundation. A deep silence ensued. I stood still. The wretches instantly became sober. We all gazed earnestly and wildly at the place from whence the noise proceeded. Scarce had we recovered from the shock, when we were again thunderstruck with a noise in the parlour; it was unlike any sound that I had ever heard before. It seemed as if all the furniture in the room was violently crashed together, mingled with the noise of fire-arms. Shrieks and exclamations burst from all.

The windows shook and every door of the habitation gave a momentary jar, I trembled with awe. I felt every hair of my head bristling upwards—my knees smote against each other—a deathly paleness sat on every countenance, and all eyes were fixed in an intense gaze on the door, at the upper part of the kitchen, which led to the staircase, buttery, and parlour. When to complete the horror of the scene, the door burst wide open—dashed against the wall, and in, gliding at a slow pace, came a dreadful apparition. Its countenance was that of death. It seemed to have been long the inhabitant of that dark and narrow house—the grave; the worms had revelled upon its eyes, and left nothing but the orbless sockets. The rest of the skeleton was enveloped in a long and white sheet. The horrid spectre advanced into the middle of the room. I involuntarily shrunk back—the heavy weapon dropped from my hand and rang loudly on the stone floor; overcome with terror, I sank into a chair. A cold sweat broke from my forehead, and I had well nigh fainted on its first appearance; the others had tumbled one over the other, in the greatest horror and con-

fusion, and now lay as if dead in all directions.

The spectre gazed wildly round for a moment—at the clock—at the fire—and then turned its eyeless sockets upon each individual, motioning at the same time with its long arm, and pointing to the outer door, seemingly directing to an outlet for escape, and wishing for their exit. They were not long in obeying this intimation, but severally crawled away on their hands and knees, with all the speed they could possibly make; none of them daring to stand upright. The spectre all the while was standing in the middle of the floor, eyeing, or rather appearing to eye them, through the void sockets where eyes had once glistened, as they retreated one by one in the greatest fear and trepidation. When Peggy and I offered to decamp along with the rest, the spectre motioned us to remain where we were, and we durst not for our lives disobey. When the last of the crew was making his exit, and had crawled nearly to the door, the spectre, which had hitherto stood motionless, except waving its arm and slowly turning its eyeless countenance on the wretches as they crept successively out of the door, bounded with the rapidity of lightning after the terrified wretch. But swift as the flight of spirits are, in this case, that of the mortal was swifter: the fellow gave a thrilling scream—made a convulsive spring—his heels struck violently against the lintel of the door in his course, and he vanished from my sight and the spectre after him. ‘Gude defend us,’ said Peggy. ‘For my part, ill as I was frightened, I could scarce forbear laughing outright at the last incident so comic and farcical.’

Half a minute had not elapsed, when I heard a step, and in another instant (I still kept my eyes on the door) in came the very form of my *uncle*, muttering, ‘Villains! Rascals! Hypocrites!’ He fastened the door after him, shut out his nephews and the spectre, and then came towards the fire. At this I was more amazed than ever. He, however, gave me to understand that he was alive and well, and that all I had seen transacted in the afternoon and evening, was nothing but a stratagem he had made use of to try the sincerity of his relations, and if he found them, as he conjectured, false in their professions, to get rid of them. The scheme answered nobly, and it must be confessed, the stratagem was well planned and exceedingly well executed.

My uncle concluded his relation with assuring me, that, excepting a good legacy for his faithful servant Peggy, I should inherit all that he possessed, as some little acknowledgement for the fright he had caused me; and as for the wretches he had expelled from his house, in so singular a manner, they should never more cross the threshold of his door. We all three now sat down to a little supper, of which my uncle stood in great need, and after taking a cheerful glass retired to bed.

Notwithstanding the fatigue of my journey,

and sitting up so late, my sleep was far from being sound and refreshing. I was disturbed with fearful dreams the whole night. At length the cocks began to crow—the clouds of the eastern sky to break asunder, and the morning to dawn. When it was tolerably light I started up, resolved on a stroll over the meadows. Before going out, however, I went into the parlour, where I found every thing in the utmost confusion. Chairs, tables, walking-sticks, and logs of wood, lay all over the floor and every thing upset or in a wrong position. I then proceeded to the outer door, which I opened, but started back in horror, on perceiving a human skull lying on a sheet at my right hand, just without the door. Recovering from my fright, I gathered it up, and could not restrain my laughter, when I discovered it to be nothing more than a mask, representing a death's head. It seems while we were all wrangling the night before, my uncle stepped out of bed—dressed himself—piled all the furniture, logs of wood and timber, he could find in the apartment, in a heap, crowning the pyramid with a dozen or more walking-sticks, which had lain time out of mind on the top of an old cupboard—then went up stairs and put on the horrid mask—brought down a pistol, and enveloped himself from his feet to his chin, in a clean white sheet; after alarming us, just as the clock struck the awful hour of twelve, by striking three heavy blows against the wall with a huge log of wood, he contrived to tumble down the whole mass of furniture at once—fixed his pistol at the same moment, and then burst in upon us in the manner described.

I now went out. As I was crossing the yard, I discovered several drops of blood on a stone, which I could no way account for, but by supposing some of my good cousins had received, in their retreat, a fall; and, a little further, I discovered a pair of shoes. A receptacle for the filth of the byre, in another part of the yard, bore evident marks of some one having had therein a severe struggle.

Indeed the adventures of the flying heroes had been various and woeful; one of them, he at whom the spectre made such a sudden bound, as I afterwards ascertained, actually ran seven miles without stopping, and with his shrieks, supposing the grim monster close at heels, almost raised the whole country. I now proceeded onwards over the fields, listening to the warbling lark 'springing blithely up to greet the purpling east.' The air was fresh and pure, and, in the beauties of nature, I awhile forgot the events of the preceding evening. With hasty steps I roved over the faintly recollected scenes, where I had in childhood spent some of my happiest hours, until weary with my rambles I returned to breakfast.

A red nose.—Where could I get this nose? said Madame d'Albert, observing a slight tendency to a flash in that feature. 'At the side-board, Madame,' answered Count Grammont.

From the Telegraph and Observer.

MARY JONES.

Old Thomas Jones, or as he was familiarly called in the neighborhood, Captain Tom or Captain Jones, was one of the most testy, irascible, little old gentleman, that ever enveloped himself in a cloud of tobacco smoke, or cudgelled a waiter for the very want of other exercise. He was a short, corpulent gentleman, who had been a busy, bustling sea-captain in his youth, and had married late in life as he always avowed, for the sole purpose of having some one to oversee the broiling of his steaks, and the arrangement of his table. Indeed the handsome fortune of Captain Thomas Jones, gave him little other pleasure than to administer to his enormous appetite; so that his dinner finally became the most important article in the vocabulary of his existence; not only because it administered to the pleasures of his palate, and relieved him from an insupportable weight of illness, but because he generally had an opportunity to vent his ill-humor either on his wife, the cook, or the waiter, but especially the latter, a tall overgrown darkee, sufficiently wiley to keep out of the reach of the old gentleman's cane; for on these occasions our worthy old friend would blow up his cheeks, work his mouth, and stamp, and swear, and twirl his walking stick in a most threatening manner; and wo to the cranium that was so ill-fated as to meet it in any of its circumvolutions.

Although the paroxysms of rage and appetite were said to occur more frequently, or at least, in greater violence, as the Captain advanced in life; yet they never failed to produce a corresponding lucid interval, in which he sometimes manifested very unequivocal marks of humanity. It was, probably, at these more rational moments that he bestowed those marks of affection and regard upon his daughter, that gave rise, strangely enough, to an opinion among the domestics of the household, that he really loved her. Now for myself although I do not believe that our friend ever loved any thing besides his pipe, his bottle and his steaks; yet if he had been guilty of such a folly, I could very readily pardon him, for Mary was in truth, a charming girl. Besides her dark blue eyes, raven locks, and lips upon which one could never look without dreaming of kisses, she had a voice that was music itself, and a smile that could melt the soul of a stoic into love. I have always wondered how *such a man* could possibly have *such a daughter*; and can no more explain the reason to my reader's satisfaction, than why he should be worth a hundred thousand; whilst many a man of sense and virtue must die in poverty and obscurity for the want thereof. Still, however, I affirm that so it was.

But although the beautiful daughter of our friend was thus fortunate, yet her situation was far from being enviable; for Captain Jones, soon after her birth, having been ex-

led to Boston, chanced to meet with Jack Clifton, an old sea companion to whom in his youth he had been under great obligations, and whilst renewing their acquaintance over a bottle of champagne, each spoke of his marriage and his child: the one was a son, the other a daughter:—Says Jack, 'they shall marry each other.' 'It's a bargain,' says the Captain, and accordingly it was cemented over a fresh bottle, being ever after, with the Captain at least, as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It was for this reason, I suspect, that the old gentlemen became exceedingly jealous of all the young visitors that frequented his mansion. One who had presumed to enquire if Miss Jones was within, was answered with a kick, which sent him very unceremoniously, as he has since assured me, quite to the bottom of the piazza stairs. Another, who had been so successful as to make his entry, and was sitting *tete-a-tete* with the beautiful Mary, was most uncourtously interrupted by the old man, who began to stamp and swear in his usual style; at the same time corroborating his words with a most eloquent and impressive touch of his gold headed cane, till the young gallant was fain to retreat with the worst of the argument. These things were considered in the neighborhood as substantial, if not as *knock-down* reasons, in favor of abstemiousness: and poor Mary at the delightful age of seventeen, was left, as it regarded matrimony, with very slender prospects. Whether this seriously affected her young mind, I cannot for a certainty, pretend to declare. My fair readers will probably say no; and I should be inclined so too, had I not been informed by an old domestic who has survived the destruction of the family mansion, that she used to stray through the solitary ground for hours together, communing with her own thoughts, and sighing away in solitude the delicious hours of maiden youth.

It was during this state of things at the mansion, that a solitary horseman was seen riding along the road; lying on the eastern bank of the Hudson, and extending between the cities of New-York and Albany. He appeared to be a little above the ordinary stature, sat erect and graceful upon his horse, and his countenance though something browned, as it seemed, by an exposure to the sun and air, was still regular, cheerful and expressive. In short, he seemed a youth familiar with the world: and while he passed through the wild and beautiful scenery that every where surrounded him, his eye, intoxicated with pleasure, roved from one object to another, now moving along the bosom of the majestic Hudson as it lay environed by its fertile banks, and now straying over the cultivated fields and dark prolific woods, fitfully interspersed along the opposite shore. He had just turned an angle of the road and was winding his way through a long and lonely wood, when the brisk tramp of a horse caught his at-

tention, and turning around he saw a solitary rider in the coarse costume of the times, a leather cap upon his head, and a pair of horseman's pistols stuck in his belt, rapidly advancing towards him. As he came nearer a cold and formal salutation passed between them, which seemed to say that they were strangers: and yet, each eyed the other with a glance of such scrutiny, as would intimate that they had met before. A light conversation on that all absorbing topic, the war (for my readers must needs understand that these circumstances transpired during that eventful period which gave birth to American liberty) was carried on for a short time, when the new-comer, reaching an obscure path, bowed and reined into the woods. Our traveller watched him carefully until he had disappeared amid the green foliage of the trees when he exclaimed: 'Strange that the villain did not know me!—some errand of mischief—some deed of darkness is going forward—I'll be prepared for him at least.' So saying he drew a pistol from its place of concealment, threw open the pan, shook out the powder, and after carefully repriming it, replaced it again with an air of the most perfect security. He had scarcely completed the action when the other dashed through the bushes and reined again into the road. Approaching the young traveller he directed at him a most scrutinizing glance as he said:

'It strikes me, sir, that we have seen each other before?'

'It may be,' said the youth indifferently.

'You have lived in Boston, I think?'

The young man bowed.

'And served under Arnold in that cursed affair on the lake?'

He bowed again.

'And are as bold a youth as ever mounted a deck?'

'And you as great a villian, 'Betty's,' was the cold and determined reply.

'Nay,' said the other, 'judge me not too rashly, I am your friend.'

'My friend?'

'Why not as well now, as formerly?'

'Betty's, you very well know why,' said the young traveller severely.

'But I *am*, nevertheless, and with your leave will make your fortune.'

'How?'

'I will get you a commission.'

'Ay, a British commission, I suppose?'

'To be sure.'

• ——— I procured him a serjeancy in the fleet commanded by Gen. Arnold, on Lake Champlain, in '76. Betty's was in that desperate fight which took place in the latter part of that campaign, between the British and American fleets on that lake, and being a skillful seaman, was of signal service during the battle. • • •

'After this action, Betty's went to Canada—turned traitor to his country—received an ensign's commission in the British army—became a spy, and proved himself a most dangerous and subtle enemy.'—*Col. Ball's Address.—Balltown Spa. Gazette.*

'And so you would make a traitor of me too?'

'Nay, I deal not with such harsh names; and yet, Edward, why will you labor, and toil and drudge, for nothing? the labourer is at least, 'worthy of his hire,' though I doubt if you get even *that*. But here,' said he, drawing a paper from his pocket, 'is a commission from a government that knows how to reward its followers, and here,' holding up a handful of money, 'is the substance of things only 'hoped for' among you. Why then, will you longer serve a country that repays all your hardships and sufferings only with slight and contumely? Why will you throw yourself away in a cause that must finally fail, when honour, and glory, and riches are to be acquired on the other side?'

'Poh! you talk like a fool. Is there any disgrace in renouncing error? Any disgrace in yielding allegiance to your lawful sovereign? if there is, then indeed, I have somewhat mistaken the point: but, Edward,' sinking his voice and reining closer to his companion, 'if you will but aid me in executing a bit of a scheme which I have in my head, and accept a British commission, you shall be colonel before you are twenty-five.'

'Well name it.'

'And how if the affair be a little 'cloudy'? said he, looking significantly into the other's face as he spoke.

'I know pretty well what to expect from Joe Bettys.'

'True—Well then at no great distance from us lives an ill-natured, surly, old croaker of a sea-captain, who has infinitely more money in his cellar than sense in his head. My proposal is to pay him a visit and—'

'And transfer the treasure into more worthy hands.'

'Exactly so,' exclaimed Bettys, pleased at the readiness of his auditor.

'And if the old sea-bound should be obstinate?'

'Tis a disease easily cured,' answered the other glancing towards his belt.

'And the stake, you think, will warrant the hazard of the game?'

'Certainly! but if you are of a different opinion, you may have the disposal of the daughter.'

'The daughter, said you?'

'Aye, aye, the daughter; and as dainty a piece of female beauty as ever seduced the heart of mortal man. I tell you, Edward,' said he again looking significantly at his companion, 'she would be no bad acquisition to the suit of an English Captain.'

'I dare say, but if she should be unwilling to—'

'Poh! it matters little about *her* will, though I think she has been long enough pent up in confinement to know how to relish the blessing of liberty and a handsome gallant to boot, but if not, why a little force would make

her as tame and submissive as one of Mil angels.'

'Bettys,' said the youth, with some more warmth than he had yet manifested, 'have richly deserved the halter from w you escaped, and are even more accompli in villany than rumor has made you; I h ily detest both you and your schemes.'

'Fool!' exclaimed the outlaw, biting hi in disappointment, 'you are a 'cursed Edward, and was it not for a bit of sei which you once rendered me, I could pu end to you and your folly together.'

'Think not of *that*,' answered the y man, grasping towards his pistol, 'so thori a villain should never dream of obligation

But Bettys seldom acted without a mo and he therefore reined sullenly into woods and left Edward to pursue his wa quiet. He had not, however, proceeded before the clouds began to accumulate a the northern horizon, and give indicatio an approaching storm, which soon bega beat down in no very gentle manner.

paused and looked around for a conven shelter, but none presenting, he moved forv with more celerity than before, until a l and commodious mansion, standing on bank of our noble river, caught his eye.

rode unhesitatingly to the door and rapped admission. It was opened by a delicate h for in truth it was no other than that l nucleus of perfections which has already b described under the name of Mary Jo When she saw the handsome young stran she blushed deeply—perhaps from native n esty, or perhaps from her knowledge of the ception, which such a man must meet at house of her father. He, on his part, saw moment, that he was in the presence of bea and accordingly did his devoir to that divi in his most graceful manner.

Mary led him silently to the parlour, w sat Mr. and Mrs. Jones, to whom he explai the nature of his visit. He seated himself for a short time succeeded in maintaining interrupted conversation: but his eyes ro so frequently towards the beautiful daughte our friend, that even the dull capacity of C tain Jones could not avoid observing it, and soon began to sit very uneasy. Mrs. Jones: Mary saw that the storm was gathering, very prudently left the room. Meantime old man's cheeks began to swell, his jaws we ed, his eyes moved rapidly in their sockets in short, he manifested all the usual sympt of a violent paroxysm of rage. Edward sav and looked anxiously from the window, a he would gladly relieve him from his preser But the wind was raging wildly, and the ste beat furiously without, presenting, as thought, still greater terrors than that fi within. He therefore determined to await issue calmly, whatever might be its cor quences.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

John Bainster, a native of Virginia, and an ornament to the state, was a member of the 'first Continental Congress,' and a signer of the 'Articles of confederation and Perpetual Union,' 1778.

David L. Barnes, an eminent citizen of R. Island, during the American revolution; was attorney general and judge of the supreme court of that state; died 1812.

John Barry, first Captain in the American Navy, was born in Ireland, 1745; he made several successful cruises in the brig *Lexington*, the first continental vessel. In the winter of '76-7, he became a volunteer to the intrepid gen. Cadwallader, stationed near Philadelphia. In May, 1781, he took command of the Alliance frigate, and in a few days captured the British brigs *Atalanta* and *Treposa*.—Bold, brave, and enterprising,—at the same time humane and generous. He was a good citizen, and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. His person was above the ordinary size, graceful and commanding; his deportment dignified, and his countenance expressive. He died in Philadelphia, 1803.

Josiah Bartlett, a native of New-Hampshire; a member of the first Continental Congress from that state, a signer of the Dec. of Ind., and afterwards governor of N. H.; he died 1795.

David Barton, a distinguished citizen of Missouri; was president of the convention which framed the constitution of the state, and has, with dignity, filled many important stations.

James A. Bayard, a native of Delaware: was a representative, and afterwards a senator in congress. He was appointed one of the ministers to negotiate the treaty with G. Britain at Ghent, in 1813; subsequent to which he was sent as a minister, to the Court of St. Petersburg. He returned to the U. S. and died in 1815.

Richard, Earl of Bellamont, was governor of New York, Massachusetts and New-Hampshire in 1698-9. During his administration the celebrated pirate, Kid, was sent to England, tried, condemned, and executed.

David Brearly, a native of New Jersey, a distinguished advocate of American rights, during the revolution; a member of the Old Congress, and a delegate to the convention which framed the constitution of the United States, in '87.

Wm. Bently, an eminent citizen of Massachusetts, was distinguished as a scholar, philosopher, and politician; he edited the 'Essex Register,' near 20 years, and died in 1819.

John Bertram, a farmer of Pennsylvania, who by intense application, rose to great eminence as a Botanist; Linnaeus pronounced him, 'the greatest natural Botanist in the world;' he died in '77.

Johnson Blakely, a captain in the American Navy during the late war; June 28, 1814, the *Wasp*, capt. B., took the *Reindeer*; Sept. 1, the *Avon*.

Jacob Brown, a native of New-York; and a major general in the American army during the late war; he commanded at the taking of Fort Erie, July 3, 1814; at the battle of Chippeway, July 5, loss, Am. 300, Br. 500; July 25, at Bridgewater, U. C., loss, Am. 860, Br. 880.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WILL YOU ENDORSE?

We pity—ah! sincerely pity, the poor—we had like to have used a word which no christian man should use lightly—in other words then, we sincerely pity the man, whoever he is, who is in want of money, and is running about hither and yon asking his friends to endorse for him.

'Mr. Wiseman, will you be kind enough to endorse for me, a small sum of money?' 'Excuse me, sir, I never endorse for no man—not even for my grandmother. I think it is a bad practice, I do; many a man is ruined by it as flat as a flounder—wherefore I made myself a solemn promise, if God would bless me with money, never to help no human being—and I've been as good as my word.' This is a damper, you will say; but not easily discouraged, you proceed to another of your friends, and thus accost him:

'Mr. Smoothface, I am in want of a small sum of money to carry on my business—(which by the way, is improving, and only needs a little of the ready rhino, to proceed with advantage,)—will you be good enough to favour me with your name on the back of \$300?' 'My dear sir, I would not hesitate a moment, if it was in my power to serve you—but, sir, I am really, sir—I—I indeed, sir, it is out of my power to assist you in the present case. There is no man in the world I would assist sooner; but really the situation of my—of my—in short my dear sir, it is at present out of my power to render you any assistance.' 'Sir, I had imagined, from the liberal offer of services you made me, when I embarked in my present undertaking, that I might depend upon you for some small assistance—some—' 'Really, Sir, I—I—I'm very busy—very much engaged at present—good day Sir!' Not willing to give up the point without farther trial, you proceed to call upon another of your friends, and thus—

'Mr. Snickersnee, my good, good friend, I should be very glad of the whisk of your pen—it would be of infinite mercy to me in my present affairs.' 'Alas! I say Mr. Snickersnee, I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will endorse for me to a small amount.' 'Really, Sir, I don't exactly comprehend you!' 'I wish you would, if you please, become security for me, for two or three hundred dollars.'

'That are is a thing I can't do possibly. I shall be glad to help ye one way in the world, if ye want a barrel of pork, or a hogsit of cider, I should be glad to let you have 'em for cash, as cheap as any other man, I don't care who 't'other is—' Good bye, Mr. Snickersnee.'

Thus baffled, you walk home, and debate with yourself which way to turn next. You ruminate on the cold, unaccommodating disposition of mankind; and if you have any apice of the cynic about you, you cannot help comparing them to a tortoise, which draws its head within its shell, and thus secure, cares not a fig how the world wags without. In this state of feeling, you would be apt to discard the whole circle of your species, were it not for a few cheering rays of kindness you have here and there met with, and hope still to meet on the journey of life.

American Gratitude.—During the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, the transportation of convicts to this country proved a very great grievance. Dr Franklin wrote to the Minister the thanks of the colonies for the maternal care of Britain to the country, so strongly manifested in this instance! and as a satisfactory proof of American gratitude, sent him a collection of rattle snakes, which he advised him to have introduced into his majesty's gardens at Kew, in order that they might propagate and increase—assuring him that they would be as beneficial to his majesty's English dominions, as the British convicts were to America.

Spunk.—Let ancient or modern history be produced they will not afford a more heroic display than the reply of the Yankees at Stonington, to the British commanders. The people were piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied to them. 'We want balls, will you sell them?' they answered, 'We want powder—send us powder and we'll return you balls.'

True Honesty.—Some years ago, an aged man, near Marshalon, traded, or according to Virginia parlance, *swapped* horses, on this condition, that on that day week, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came and as luck would have it, they met about half way between their respective homes. 'Where art thou going?' said one.—'To thy house with the wheat,' answered the other. And whither art thou riding? 'Truly,' replied the first, 'I was taking the wheat to thy house.' Each pleased with his bargain, had thought the wheat justly due to his neighbor, and was going to pay it.

Tithe Reckoning.—The Rev. Mr. I.—y, who was rector of Livermore, in Suffolk, received a visit from a farmer, who came to pay some arrears for tithes, and of whom he in-

quired concerning his family. The farmer's wife had just given birth to her tenth child, which he told the rector, adding jocosely, 'As you have a tenth part of my other produce, sir, I must bring you my tenth child.' 'No,' replied the good pastor, 'I am a bachelor, and cannot take the charge of an infant; but I can do what will perhaps be much more agreeable to you.' He then returned the farmer the whole of his tithes, amounting to nearly a hundred pounds, towards the support of his child.

When Lieut. O'Brien was blown up in the *Edgar* and carried to the admiral, black and wet, he said with pleasantry, 'I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I left the ship in so great a hurry that I had not time to shift myself.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1830.

The Baron.—This new and interesting romance is from the pen of Miss Anna Maria Porter, and it is presumed that the name of the author will be its most efficient passport to the favor of such of our readers as have had the gratification of perusing her former works—to such of them as have not, it is recommended as a delightful fiction.

Books for Children of the United States.—Two little volumes with this title, supposed to have been written by a lady of New Haven, have been issued from the press of A. H. Maltby, of that city. They contain stories of several revolutionary officers, extremely well told, and in a style peculiarly adapted to the tastes and capacities of children.

SUMMARY.

Bunker Hill Monument.—We learn, (says the Boston Daily Advertiser,) that Joshua Bates, Esq. of the house of Baring, Brothers & Co. of London, has presented, through Col. T. H. Perkins, of this city, to the fund for the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, the sum of five hundred dollars. If Americans abroad and at home would follow this liberal example, the sum necessary for the completion of this superb monument would soon be raised.

Duke of Orleans.—The Duke of Orleans, now at the head of the French Government, some years ago taught school in the neighboring state of New Jersey. His nephew of the unfortunate Louis XVI, who was beheaded. It was when the first revolution broke out that he came to this country, and engaged in the above occupation. The present king of England, as well as the Duke of Orleans has also been in this country; and it may be remarked that with the exception of Joseph Bonaparte, once King of Spain, they are, the only European sovereigns who were ever in America.

Origin of the Slave Trade.—In 1482, a Portuguese Captain, named Alonso Gonzales, having doubled Cape Bonador, landed in Guinea, and carried off some Indians, whom he sold advantageously to Moorish families settled in the south of Spain. Six years afterwards he repeated this act of piracy; and as the practice seemed to answer, many merchants adopted it.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Monday the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. James Freeland, to Miss Caroline M. Bowman.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Loomis, Mr. Peter Van Dyck, to Mrs. Susan Lansing.

DIED.

In this city, on the 2d inst. Sarah Cornelia, youngest daughter of John W. Edmonds, Esq. aged about 2 years.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Anna Rogers, consort of Mr. William Rogers, aged 84 years.—This aged couple, when separated by that invisible hand, which must, sooner or later, sever all human ties, had been the participants of each others joys and sorrows during the long period of sixty-one years, forty-one of which, they had inhabited the house where Mrs. Rogers died, and in which, it is a little singular that, here was the first death that ever occurred, though they had brought up a large family, and other families had from time to time lived in the house.—Communicated.

In Salisbury, Conn. on Tuesday the 21st ult. Mrs. Sarah Holley, widow of the late Luther Holley, Esq. aged 75 years.

At Athens, on Monday morning last, Mr. Abijah Koedick, in the 63d year of his age.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

AUTUMNAL SCENES.

'Tis now high mid-day. From the vale below
Comes up the hum of industry, where late
Deep silence brooded like the sleep of death.
The mist has cleared away, and in its stead
A gossamer like shroud of shadowy haze
Is like a thin and filmy veil outspread
O'er the wide champaign, and the sloping hills,
On which the spirit of the sunshine lies.
The fields of well shorn stubble, tell the tale
Of harvest home, and barns with plenty stored;
Yet still in its long furrowed rows remains
The yellow bearded corn, while 'midst its stalks
Rustling and dry, gleams ever and anon
The sickle of the husbandman. The herds
Grazed idly in the frost-nipped meadows near;
While in the pastures range the timorous flocks,
Glad to escape the summer scorching heat,
Cropping the withered verdure. From the groves
Around, at intervals the sportman's gun
Rings loud and sharp, whilst echo midst the hills
Reverberates the sound. The wounded hare
Limps of affrighted; from the nut crowned bough
The chattering squirrel falls; and in her flight
The swift winged pigeon meets thy unerring death:
But stealthy must his step be, and his aim
More true and deadly, that goes forth to hunt
The wild, lone partridge. At the slightest sound
'Bursts she away on whirling wings,' and fills
The echoing forest with her loud alarm.

Z.

THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'Thou stream,
Whose source is inaccessible profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
—'Thou imagest my life.'

Darkly thou glidest onward,
Thou deep and hidden wave!
The laughing sunshine hath not looked
Into thy secret cave:

Thy current makes no music—
A hollow sound we hear,
A muffled voice of mystery,
And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure
Follows thy lonely way!
No fairy moss or lily's cup,
Is freshened by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,
Her glorious wings to lave;
Thou know'st no tint of the summer sky,
Thou dark and hidden wave!

Yet once will day behold thee.
When to the mighty sea,
Fresh bursting from their cavern'd veins
Leap thy lone waters free.

There wilt thou greet the sunshine
For a moment, and be lost,
With all thy melancholy sounds,
In the ocean's billowy host.

Oh! art thou not, dark river!
Like the fearful thoughts untold,

Which haptly in the hush of night
O'er many a soul have rolled?
Those earth-born, strange misgivings—
Who hath not felt their power?
Yet who hath breathed them to his friend,
E'en in his fondest hour?
They hold no heart communion,
They find no voice in song,
They dimly follow far from earth
The grave's departed throng.
Wild is their course and lonely,
And fruitless in man's breast!
They come and go and leave no trace
Of their mysterious quest.
Yet surely must their wanderings
At length be like thy way;
Their shadows, as thy waters, lost
In one bright flood of day.

THE OUTWARD BOUND SHIP.

BY BISHOP HEBEL.

As borne along with favouring gale,
And streamers waving bright,
How gaily sweeps the glancing sail
O'er yonder sea of light!

With painted sides the vessel glides
In seeming revelry,
And still we hear the sailor's cheer
Around the capstan tree.

Is sorrow there, where all is fair,
Where all is outward glee?
Go, fool, to yonder mariner
And be shall lesson thee.

Upon that deck walks tyrant sway,
Wild as his conquered wave,
And murmuring hate that must obey,—
The captain and his slave!

And pinching care is lurking there,
And dark ambition's swell,
And some that part with bursting heart
From objects loved too well.

And many a grief with gazing fed
On yonder distant shore,
And many a tear in secret shed
For friends beheld no more.

Yet sails the ship with streamers dress
And shouts of seeming glee;
Oh God! how loves the mortal breast
To hide its misery.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

The place which sustain'd the attack of ten years,
Is *Troy*, once so famous in yore:

And *Weight* is a thing which oft plainly appears
To press down the weight of threescore.

PUZZLE II.—Flash, meat (*drank in broth*).

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a school boy doing his first sums, like a serpent erect?

II.

Why is education like a tailor?

WANTED,

A smart active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM E. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 125, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office. All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL VII [IN NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, OCTOBER 23, 1830.

NO. 11.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

MOUNT ROSS—A DUTCH LEGEND.

'Upt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of the change, and likes it well.'

Jacob Cone, I am sure never dreamed of being a hero. He was outrageously tall—one redeeming quality, perhaps—but then his huge angular proportions, and introverted toes were the very antipodes of a hero. His hair, too, was a bright-red—who ever heard of a red headed hero? And his face was so bespangled with freckles, that a star-gazer might have calculated eclipses from it: His mammoth eyes were a greenish grey, and they turned in their sockets like the earth on its axis. His mouth formed a *patent hiatus* from ear to ear; and then his tremendous red nose—but why need any thing further be said in defence of my position? He was no beauty, and yet with all this odds against him, his deeds must be recorded; and it shall go hard with us, but we will erect a standard in Jacob Cone, which to coming ages shall shine unrivalled in the sentimental world, *the very pink of heroes*. He would not work, and study was out of the question. His mother entreated, his father threatened, and Simon Strong, the school-master, *laid on the birch*—all to no effect. He was one of those gravitating, incorrigible sons of the sod, whose very dreams tend downwards. Such, at least, was the term of Jacob's pupilage.

At the age of twenty-one, he was seized with a restless spirit of emigration, and, shouldering his wallet, in which was deposited a Sunday-suit, and a bright silver dollar, a lusty morsel of bread and cheese, and a huge, wooden tobacco-box, crammed full of the narcotic dainty, (save the small space necessary for the accommodation of a short stump of a pipe) on a sunshiny morning in May, Anno Domini 1801, he turned his back on the narrow limits of his nativity—New-England of course—and pushed his 'march of mind' westward. Jacob knew the world was large, for he had once 'footed it' to Boston, and was not greatly sur-

prised—he had been told that it was a curious place, 'brim full of notions,' and such he found it. He had heard, too, of the western world, and strange fancies crept over him—he somehow longed for the proof of that, also. Report said that people could live there without *work*, and *that* to him was the grand secret, the very '*summum bonum*' of existence. 'Let me but find that nook of earth,' thought Jacob, as he emerged from the paternal roof, 'where I may live in peace and quietness—sleep when I please—eat when I please, and smoke without disturbance; and hang me if I leave it in a hurry.' Our hero had contracted the vile habit of smoking, probably from that love of ease so common to gentleman of the pipe, and never could he exhale the delicious fume of a cold winter's day before a comfortable fire, but there was wood to chop; and there was *this* to do, and there was *that* to do; and it was Jacob do *this*, and Jacob do *that*; and then the ghostly proverb, 'he that will not work, neither shall he eat,' had been sounded in his ears, until he wished the proverb and the writer both at the ———. He flung the door after him with such violence, that the conclusion of his wish remains a secret with himself. Perhaps in strict justice to Jacob Cone, we ought to remark that his temper partook a little of the leaven of impatience. *That*, and a pertinacious regard to his own opinions, right or wrong, doubtless had quite as much to do with his spirit of emigration, as the love of peace and smoking. The third day of Jacob's pilgrimage brought him to the eastern border of the state of New-York. He had pursued his line of march due west, and this day he proposed to cross the 'mighty Hudson,' but so the *Fates*, if indeed they ever troubled themselves with Jacob Cone's affairs, had not decreed.

Our hero, having long since consumed his stock of bread and cheese, unlike any thing of poetry or romance, save the renowned nightingale that had sung 'all day long,'

"Began to feel as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite."

Most gladly, therefore, did he hail the sight of a Dutch tavern, with its straw-clad roof, an

oven out of doors. The sign was suspended from the lower bough of a sturdy oak, which waved its lordly branches in front, and proclaimed the landlord's name in large Dutch characters, which supposing to be Greek, our hero did not rack his brains to puzzle out. He ascended three stairs of plank, which brought him upon the piazza, or as it is there called, *stoop*, being no more nor less than a kind of portico, extending the whole front length of the house, which measured some fifty feet—the width, perhaps, as many inches. 'What is the name of this here town?' inquired Jacob of a little-broad-faced, broad-skirted Dutchman, who sat smoking near the entrance of the door.

'Vy, 'tish Mount Ross,' returned the Dutchman, and kept on smoking.

'What county?' asked Jacob.

'Tooches,' said the Dutchman, puffing out a long cloud of smoke by way of accompaniment. Jacob had never heard of the county before, but the accompaniment he knew, by heart, and tuning his own pipe with as much dispatch as possible, he puffed away with all his might and main at the chorus.

'There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,'

says the poet. There is in smokers, a sympathy with smells, no doubt; and while these two amateurs of the pipe are regaling their olfactories with smoke, we will step aside for a moment, and historian-like, weave the web which is to contain the sum of their mighty achievements. The rich and highly cultivated county of Dutchess is connected on the north to that tract of land well known to every Dutchman by the name of Livingston's Manor.

The beautiful village of Pine Plains, with its tall spire and snow-white buildings, ranges itself along in a direct line from east to west, nearly two miles in length, exhibiting almost the only livery of 'English minds and manners,' which that luxuriant county affords. It was probably this single circumstance which formerly gave rise to its name. For, in spite of the vagaries of hill and dale which alternately meet the eye, as if skipping and laughing, jocund with the abundance of their fertility, this level plain stretched itself along the margin of the creek like a thirsty Arab, and has never since been known to move from that same identical position. It was therefore very properly called *Plain*; but from what source its adjective was derived, not the oldest Dutchman in all that region can possibly tell, as the only timber which it ever produced was *shrub-oak*, and that of the most diminutive size. It was, however, called Pine Plains—and Pine Plains it is still called; and if it never bore pine trees, it certainly could be made to bear fine houses, as a colony of English emigrants with Baron Ross at their head, soon proved to the wondering Dutchmen. Indeed, so rapid was the growth of this settlement, that Dominie Van Dyck declared in broad Dutch, that it reminded him of Jonah's gourd which sprung

up in a night—and then by way of finishing his sentence, he hinted in an under tone, that for aught he knew, it might perish as soon. He saw, however, that night and day pursued each other in constant succession, and still the Plains continued in safe possession of its rightful owner, for it had been fairly purchased of Honce Van Trump, the most extensive land holder and horse holder in all Dutchess county.

Honce Van Trump inherited his possession from his father, Honce Van Trump, *senior*, as the English idiom would have it—but, according to the Dutch phraseology, Honce Van Trump *the big*; or, to copy literally their own dialect, *Honce de pig*; or more frequently by way of shortness, *pig Honce*. *Pig Honce*, then, lived no longer than just to hear that a company of Englishmen had landed at Red Hook, and were exploring the country to purchase land. He was heard to pronounce one long grumbling, guttural groan, in which nothing was intelligible save an oath of execration levelled against the invaders of his rights: his long wooden pipe fell from his mouth, and he expired, accordingly, leaving his son Honce, lawful heir to all his lands, his horses, and his hatred to the English.

For a while, he preserved the goodly bearing of his ancestry, and manifested on all proper occasions the determined spirit of a genuine Van Trump. But soon report, that never ceasing meddler in other men's matters, began to whisper that his hatred to the English was diminishing, along with his other patrimonial inheritance. Truth must be told. Honce loved nothing so well as the glistening ore. And when Baron Ross offered him a fair round sum for his uncultivated Plain, Honce laid down his pipe, got up and walked to the window which overlooked the Plain, counted his fingers by way of computation, looked again towards the Plain, uttered a deep, Dutch sigh and returned to his seat, evidently laboring with some powerful intestine commotion. He shook his little broad head in token of disapprobation—turned himself in his chair, fidgeted with his knee-buckle, looked at the bag of golden guineas which lay temptingly before him, and closed with the offer.

The person of Honce Van Trump was of no every-day character. His height might have been a fraction more than four feet, but his circumference was such as left his latitude and longitude very contestible points. His long-waisted, broad-skirted coat, of greasy drab, which adhered to him as closely as his outer skin, and his round-topped, broad-brimmed hat, of dusky white, which rested itself plump on his shoulders, gave to his appearance a glossy rotundity, not unlike an upright, mammoth goose-egg.

Such shone the illustrious Honce, on that memorable day in which Pine Plains fell into the hands of the English. The golden bribe which had wrung it from his grasp, was de-

posited in an iron chest, that *pig Honce* had brought over from Holland, but which during his life time, owing to the greediness with which he bartered its contents for lands and horses, had for the most of the time stood nearly empty—a circumstance which had proved a fruitful source of unhappiness between him and his good *wrow*. She sprung from a thorough-going, money-loving stock, and inherited from her father, some good thousands in *solid silver*, which in an unlucky hour, she consented should be employed by her 'rightful lord and master,' *pig Honce* in enlarging the farm, and then stocking it with horses—a most necessary appendage to a Dutch farm. And although she never regretted the increased size of the farm, nor the increased number of its horses, nor the enormous quantities of grain which the farm must necessarily be made to yield, in order to feed the horses—although she gloried in every thing that looked like increase of wealth, and increase of labor, yet she could not endure the *decrease* of cash. Nothing would satisfy her, but she must have the *land*, and she must have the *cash* which was paid for it. In vain did *pig Honce* labor to convince her that it was impossible they could have both. She gave him no peace of his life—and she gave herself no rest until she had fairly fretted herself to death. And then *pig Honce*, partly out of respect to *her* memory, and partly out of respect to his *own*, declared point blank, he would never marry again. Honce, their only surviving offspring, was then in his tenth year. There is no impression so abiding as that which the mind receives in early childhood. And no one has such absolute power to give that impression as a mother. What a pity it could not always be of the right stamp. Honce Van Trump grew up to the length and breadth above mentioned, and his avarice grew up with him. But his unruly passion never discovered itself except in little matters, and small hoardings up, until after the demise of his father. How he was then over-powered by temptation, at the sight of so much gold, like Esau at sight of the pottage, my reader has already heard. But it remains yet to be disclosed that that moment was the last, of domestic peace. His better—or rather, his *larger* half—for Honce Van Trump had a wife—was not of the most pacific temperament. She hated no word in the whole arcana of Dutch literature so cordially as that, which being interpreted, signifies—*submission*. The balance of matrimonial power had for some time hung up a very doubtful issue. Treen Van Trump measured might and strength, and the right to exercise them by *bulk*—a principle which does not always hold good in philosophy. But if she was not a philosopher, she knew enough of arithmetic to ascertain that the balance of size resulted by several square feet in her own favor. Her deduction, therefore, was conclusive, that submission formed no part of her duty; but on

the contrary, that she was invested with the natural, unequivocal right to rule. So thought not Honce. And he determined to out-general her in spite of her number of *foot*, and make up in *tactics*, what he lacked in strength. Accordingly, he defended the garrison for the first six years of matrimony, during the enemy's fire, by erecting the bulwark of silence—and there he would sit in mute majesty, amid showers of grape shot, hailstones, and whirlwind, as calm as a clock, until Treen Van Trump's artillery required replenishing—and then they always enjoyed a short truce. Thus had Honce Van Trump endured a six years' campaign in the very heat of the enemy's camp without flinching. But when, at length, he dared to barter away his lands in the absence of Treen Van Trump, without even waiting for her voice on the subject, her furies burst forth with tenfold violence, and from that day the sky of Honce Van Trump was never clear.

And who can wonder, if at length he grew weary with the din and clamours of war; and when Treen Van Trump commenced her attack, Honce Van Trump commenced his march. He always betook himself to the field, or to the grove, or to the tavern, and there with his pipe and his *gin*, strove to beguile the time, and if possible, to solace himself for his loss of empire. Nor was this all. The clamors of his wife, perhaps, Honce Van Trump might still have found in some corner of his heart, patience to endure—for he had become in a measure, inured to them; but the additional upbraidings of his own conscience, and a superstitious fear—a presage ominous of he knew not what, haunted him in the shape of his father's ghost—and this accumulative load of suffering was too much for the stoicism even of a Dutchman. And so he spent whole days, and sometimes whole nights at Dedrick Van Doozen's tavern, trying to dispel his 'gathering ills,' by smoking, and sighing, and drowning his memory. And if Treen Van Trump felt disposed to grumble at his absence and neglect, yet she was abundantly consoled on the main point—*her love of rule*. Her accession to the throne was now impeded by no *let* or *clog* whatever; and she swayed the sceptre of her realm for a short time—*sole despot*.

Concluded in our next.

From the Telegraph and Observer.

MARY JONES.

Concluded.

At length the old man's passion accumulated to an ungovernable point and he began to stamp, and swear, and twirl his gold-headed cane to the no small astonishment of the youth; till, rising, he managed to beat himself across the floor, much after the style of a ship in his own time; when he aimed one of those threatening blows which had never failed to work his utmost pleasure. But the instrument, it seemed; had lost its charm: for the youth, with surprising dexterity, arrested it in its course,

wrenched it from his hand, and left him in a most unhandsome condition upon the floor, where he lay storming, and rolling, and blowing, with his fat sides playing up and down in the manner of a blacksmith's bellows, till his passion began to subside, and the lucid interval, of which I have spoken, came over him, like the sun beaming forth in splendor after a violent thunder storm in May. He then called upon Edward who was coolly standing by, to assist him to rise; after which he rang for the waiter, when sundry bottles, glasses, pipes, &c. were brought (for the Captain was a true sailor, and had not yet forgotten his early breeding) and the evening merrily spent in drinking, singing, and smoking; things at which, the Captain found his guest no bad companion: until at length, the wine lost its vivifying influence, the *nicotiana* its stimulant and vapoury charms, the song grew dull, and

'Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,'

paid one of 'her ready visits' to the Captain in his great arm-chair, and left our young friend to pursue such a course as best pleased himself. He, accordingly, as the reader will very naturally conclude, sought the apartment of the ladies, where

'His ready speech flowed free and free
In phrase of gentlest courtesy'

Mrs. Jones was in raptures and Mary cast many a side-long glance at his handsome countenance. Nor had the lovely daughter of Captain Jones been less successful in captivating the heart of the interesting stranger. He thought he had never seen so many charms united in one person: so much beauty connected with so much wit, gaiety and soft dignity of manners. And her smile—Ah! there lay the charm—it was absolutely enchanting: at least, so I believe my gentle readers would have thought, had they witnessed its effect: and as his eye dwelt, perhaps too rudely, on that sweet expression which gave him so much delight, the blush of modesty, which it caused, only served to kindle into a flame the latent spark of passion slumbering in his bosom. The evening passed—rapidly and delightfully, to be sure, as all evenings do when Cupid makes one of the party, and when they rose to retire it was with feelings which neither had ever before experienced.

Mary threw herself upon her bed, but not to sleep. Her thoughts dwelt upon the handsome stranger—his voice still rang in her ears—his form was still before her eyes: she had been pleased—she had been admired—for a short time, she had been happy: she called to mind his kind attentions—an expressive look—a peculiar smile—a tender word—and dwelt upon them with all that ardour and delight which characterize the enthusiastic period of youth. I will not pretend to say that this was love. That passion, in its true sense, is not, I think, of so rapid a growth. It has more of friendship in its composition and takes a deeper hold on the warm affections of the heart. The hopes,

joys, and tender sympathies, which actuated Mary's bosom at this time seem, therefore, to have been only the *dawning* of that tender and delightful passion, which has been the theme of poets in all ages of the world. Yet had that dawn broken through a bright and lucid atmosphere, without a single cloud to obstruct its pure and spotless light. It had arisen in the ingenuous, confiding bosom of an artless maid, to whom life was all beauty, joy and loveliness. She was still engrossed by the delightful dreams of her ardent fancy, when the sound of light footsteps below alarmed her, and she flew to her father's apartment to ascertain the cause.

Edward retired to his apartment with feelings not much dissimilar from those already described. He had mingled much in society, and had seen female beauty in all its polished points, but there was a charm about Mary Jones which, to him, none other ever possessed; and his imagination lingered with delight about her simple elegance of form, her sweet, enchanting smile, and all the grace and loveliness which pervaded every look and every motion, until, provoked with his own folly, he resolved to think of her no more.

'But he who steers a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has, yet, a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love.'

And so Edward found it, for, in spite of all his resolutions to the contrary, Mary Jones, with her sweet smile of love and tenderness, was ever uppermost in his fancy. His heart beat more violently than usual—his blood did not run so calmly in its wonted channels: and he turned and turned himself upon his bed till his very restlessness forced him to arise. For some time he walked his room and strove by dint of reason to dissipate the dreams which had gathered about him—it was in vain. He threw up a sash and looked upon the calm scene without. The storm had long since abated, and the air, loaded with the balm and perfume of its dew and flowers, was brooding over the landscape—all was full of the beauty, the glory, the life of nature.

It has been before intimated, that Edward loved to dwell upon the sublime works of the Invisible Hand; but he now looked out upon them with feelings which he had never before experienced. There was a mildness about the light of the moon, as its pale, mellow beams tinged the landscape with silver; and a softness in the twinkling of the stars, as they lay scattered, by the profuse hand of nature, over the bosom of the blue etherial arch; which had never struck him so forcibly. Nay, the landscape itself, thus fitfully relieved by light and shade, wood and field, land and water, if it was not really more beautiful than usual, at least, carried a more delightful sensation to his heart. In short, there was something in the scene, which, as it touched the chords of sympathy in his own bosom, seemed to respond to their vibrations in the sweetest harmony; and with

that species of rapture, which none but an amateur of nature can feel, he dwelt, for a long time, on the beauties thus spread out before him.

His eye, as it roved restlessly from one point of the landscape to another, was tracing the dark line of an extended wood, that emerged from the river and swept along the outline of the plain, when he thought he saw an object moving in its shadow. He watched it with an interest, which the circumstance seemed hardly to warrant, and distinctly saw two men dismount from their horses and move towards the mansion. As they turned an angle of the dwelling to reach the door he detected in the air and dress of one, the villain Bettys, and in a moment the whole truth burst upon him.—It was Mary, of whom he had so ruthlessly spoken the day before, and her father's purse, that was the object of his cupidity. His blood chilled in his veins as he thought of the cool, deliberate wickedness of that accomplished villain, and he grasped his pistol instinctively, determined, if possible, to thwart him in his dark designs. His first impulse was to fly to his host, who slept in an adjoining apartment, and acquaint him with his danger; but the robbers were already at the door, and beside, he feared that his unwieldy intellect would not be able fully to comprehend it in so short a time.—He next placed himself at the door, which he set ajar, in order to fire on them as they passed: nor do I know how he was diverted from his purpose. Certain it is, however, that they passed him without being disturbed and quietly entered the old man's room. He was about to follow, when the light and delicate form of Mary Jones glided by him like a fairy, and unconscious of the scene which she was then to meet, slipped, with a noiseless step into the same apartment. Edward had hitherto acted irresolute, but he now sprang forward to arrest her progress—it was in vain—she was already in the *den of lions*, and e'er he reached the door her wild shriek of alarm went like a dagger to his heart. Another step, and a single glance, through the half opened door, served to show him Bettys standing at the head of the Captain's bed with a lamp in one hand and a naked blade in the other, ready for any deed of darkness. He rushed wildly into the room! Mary, before him in all her tender beauty, was struggling in the rude grasp of the other outlaw—'Villain! Wretch!!'—exclaimed the youth, with a voice that made the walls of the mansion tremble to their very foundation and as he spoke, his arm, nerved by vengeance with tenfold energy, dashed the miscreant to the floor, and the contents of his pistol sealed his doom forever. Mary fainted, the captain started wildly from his slumbers, Mrs. Jones rushed into the room; and amid the general confusion, Bettys found means to escape.

Morning came at length, and the Captain, after having done all due honor to his steak

and coffee, and having had the circumstances of the night explained to the full comprehension of his intellect, entered the parlour. Mary and Edward were sitting together—what they had been saying I cannot pretend to determine, but there was a soft tear trembling in her eye, and a bright mantle of red upon her cheek, as the youth bent over her with his mild countenance and speaking eye, which even the dulness of her father could not but observe as something peculiar. Our old friend walked directly to his great arm-chair, seated himself, and began to roll forth immense clouds of dense smoke from his enormous Dutch pipe, looking all the time at the young stranger, and thinking, no doubt, that he appeared remarkably well by the side of his daughter. At length he took the instrument from his mouth and laid it on the table as he said:

'Why, you're a noble fellow, my lad, a d—d noble fellow.'

Edward was silent.

'I warrant me you have seen the ocean in your time,' he continued.

'I was born upon it, sir.'

'Born upon it! the devil!'

'Yea.'

'Give us your hand, give us your hand,' said the Captain rising and waddling to the place of his guest, 'so, you're a sailor.'

'With all my heart.'

'And will accept of an old sailor's thanks and gratitude?'

'Nay, I have done nothing to deserve them.'

'But they say you have saved my life!'

'And if I have—'

'Why then you deserve my thanks—and—somewhat beside, methinks—come what shall I give you?'

Edward looked at the beautiful form by his side, and Mary blushed deeply, but both were silent.

'Here is a purse for you.'

The youth refused—the old man paused, resumed his pipe, and in a few moments the dense vapour was wreathing about his head in such quantity as would have done honor to the veriest Dutchman in all Christendom. At length he took his pipe in his fingers—the cloud lifted somewhat from his head, and he appeared to be talking to himself, relieving his ideas and words, like a true philosopher, with alternate draughts of the stimulant vapour, much after the following manner:—'A devilish fine fellow—puff, puff, puff—yes a *devilish* fine fellow—puff, puff—born upon the sea—puff, puff, puff—a sailor—puff, puff—puff, puff—saved my life—puff, puff, puff—Jack can find no fault, I'm sure.—With this conclusion he laid aside his pipe again:

'Come,' said he addressing the youth, 'come, come what say you to marrying my girl.'

'I am not worthy,' sighed he, tenderly taking her hand at the same time.

'That's a likely story,' said the Captain, bringing down his cane with a thundering

stroke upon the floor, 'but,' continued he, 'the girl's engaged.'

'Engaged.'

'Yes—' The old man then related the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, and proceeded, 'but I'll write to Jack and he shall give his consent.'

'Nay,' said the youth, 'I know Clifton—he will never yield in that matter.'

'But he will!'

'He never will.'

'But he shall, he must,' said the Captain, thundering again upon the floor with his gold-headed cane.

'He has set his heart upon it.'

'And if he has, what of it? I say he will, he must, he *shall*, yield to me?' And as he spoke his walking stick, by sundry careless, but firm and unnatural movements, gave certain indication that he was in *real earnest*.

'But you will not break your promise?'

The old man looked grave—'No not to Jack Clifton.'

'Well then,' said the youth, rising and bowing, 'I have the honor to be *his son*.'

'The devil!'

'Yes.'

'Born on board the Nancy?'

'The same.'

'Give us your hand! by all that's devilish you shall have the girl and 50,000 to boot!'

'No.'

'Yes, I tell you,' thundering again with his cane.

'But not without her consent.'

'Not! well, what say you Mary?'

'I will obey my father,' said she blushing and looking affectionately at Clifton.

Union-Vale, Aug. 1830.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

Nicholas Biddle, a native of Philadelphia, and a brave captain in the American navy. In 1772, an exploring expedition was fitted out by the Royal Society of London, under the command of Lord Mulgrave; young Biddle, with Horatio, afterwards Lord Nelson, sailed on board as cockswains. The particulars of this expedition are well known to the public. In '75, having returned to Philadelphia, he took command of the brig Doria, of 14 guns, and 130 men; in a few days, captured two British ships, with 400 Highland troops destined for Boston. Such was his success in taking prizes, that when he arrived at Philadelphia, he had but five of the crew with which he sailed from New-London, the rest having been distributed among the captured vessels, and their places supplied by men who had entered from the prizes. In '77, he sailed from Charleston, S. C., in the Randolph frigate, of 32 guns, and in 3 days he fell in with, and captured, 4 British vessels mounting in all, 92 guns, and returned in triumph with his prizes. The next

year, a fleet was fitted out by South Carolina, consisting of the Randolph frigate, ship Gen. Moultrie, and the brigs Fair American, Polly, and Notre Dame. While in an action with the British ship Yarmouth, of 64 guns, in the W. Indies, the Randolph blew up, and out of 315, but 4 were saved; capt. Biddle was among the killed; he was universally lamented, he was in the prime of life, and had excited high expectations of future usefulness to his country, as an intrepid and skillful naval officer.

Daniel Boone, was born in England, 1730. While young, his parents emigrated to America, and settled in North Carolina. He, with a few others, were the first white men who settled in Kentucky, whence they emigrated in 1768. For 13 years, they suffered incredible hardships; and were, during a great part of this period, the only inhabitants; the intrepid Boone was taken prisoner by the Indians 27 times, and fought more than double that number of battles with them. Boonesborough was commenced on the first of April, 1775.

Elias Boudinot, L. L. D., a native of New Jersey, was a member and president of Congress, in 1782, and afterwards director of the National Mint; died 1821.

James Bowdoin, L. L. D., a philosopher and statesman; was governor of Massachusetts, president of the convention which framed the constitution of that state, and held various other important offices till 1787, and assisted in forming the 'American Academy of the Arts and Sciences,' at Boston, of which he was the first President.

John P. Boyer, president of Hayti, is a native of the Island. He succeeded Christophe in the presidency, and has given evidence of strong powers of mind, and talents for governing, which might be coveted by some of the more legitimate sovereigns of Europe.

Colonel Brandt, a famous Indian Chief, and intrepid warrior, before and during the revolution, sided with Great Britain; was engaged in the bloody massacre at Wyoming, on the Susquehannah, and in the attack on Minisink, N. Y.; died 1807.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUELLING—EXTRA.

In a populous and prosperous town of New-York, two peace-breaking riotous, dissolute men of middle life—the dread and abhorrence of their neighborhood, and nightly care of the watch, met at a small grog-shop to carouse.—They were jolly companions for an hour or so.

So sweet and uniform a concord of sentiment ran through all their speech, that their bosoms seemed the habitations of twin souls. With mutual nods of approbation they drained the glass. But the nicest instrument, will sometimes jar, and so at last did these worthies. When about half tipsy, they quarrelled and as the bitterness of their wrath bore some-

portion to its stimulus, would have fought, had they not been disabled by the depth of their potations. Their blows, ill directed and feeble, fell hurtless, while their anger was inflamed by the consciousness of imbecility. They swore like madmen, and reeled and raged and nourished thoughts of murder, till in a delirium of passion, they proposed—to hang each other! The thought seemed to spring into either heart, so instant was the acceptance. They procured a rope, and with strange staring eyes, and fearful oaths, they staggered into the garret of the building, an unfinished room with bare beams and rafters. The rope was flung over a cross-tree beam, and each proceeded, with unsteady hands, to fasten an end to the neck of the other. One was mounted on a bench, and the other on a half bushel, and there they stood, swaying one way and the other, each calling on his antagonist to take his leap.

At length one, confident that his superior weight would draw up the other, swung off; but the rope would not play over the rough timber, and he had a fair chance of choking alone. He made a desperate effort, however, and succeeded in kicking the measure from under his fellow, and they both swung fairly above floor, like two gallows birds paying their forfeit. They had been watched; as long as their movements were merely ludicrous, the shopkeeper allowed them to proceed—but when they were fairly strung up and it had got to be no joke, but a downright hanging matter, he ran up stairs and cut the cord. The heavy man was terribly enraged by the disappointment, declaring the interference unfair, ungentlemanly and contrary to the code of honour, lamenting that he had not been permitted to hang his neighbor by so equal and impartial administration of the rope. The fright, however, together with the gentle squeeze about the windpipe, had quite choked the evil spirit of the other, who went away tolerably sober and entirely thankful.—*N. H. Adv.*

Revolutionary Anecdote.—An instance of remarkable courage and presence of mind has lately been related to us by an old revolutionary officer, which we do not remember ever having seen in print. During the engagement which terminated in the capture of Fort Montgomery by the British, the captain of a gun in one of the redoubts, a tall, strapping, rawboned countryman, was noticed to display unusual zeal and activity, annoying the enemy much with his rapid and destructive fire. He had finished loading his piece for the last time, just at the moment when the redoubt was on the point of yielding, but unwilling to lose the opportunity of another shot he hastily seized the linstock to discharge the cannon. As he was in the act of applying the match to the touch hole, a ball whizzed through the port and severed his arm from his body, caused the linstock to fly from him to the ground with a force that almost extinguished it. Without heeding the mutilation, he sprang towards it,

took it up with his left hand, and deliberately fired off the gun in the very moment that the redoubt surrendered.—*New-York Post.*

Mother Wit.—A countryman, about to alter his condition, appeared last week before a magistrate to swear the affidavit required by the new marriage act, when, on its being read to him, he complained that he did not understand it. 'Not understand it,' said his worship, who was not overburdened with sense—'Not understand it; why, you must be quite a fool.' 'No, I ben't quite,' said Clod, drily, 'but I be very near one.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 23, 1830.

Token of Regard.—This is the title of a volume of pleasant and instructive readings, delivered by Mr. James M. Garnett, principal of the Elm-wood school, to his pupils. Mr. Garnett is said to be eminently qualified for the arduous and highly responsible task of a teacher of youth, and has long been favorably known to the public as an author, by his justly celebrated strictures on female education. The present work evinces both taste and judgment, and will no doubt add to his literary reputation. It may be safely recommended to youth, and to those engaged in the instruction of youth.

Woodworth's Melodies.—These poems are to be published in New-York, about the beginning of November. In addition to the embellishments of the first edition, which appeared in 1827, the present volume will contain three elegant engravings; several new pieces will also be added to the former selection. Mr. Woodworth is a popular writer and we hope his book will be generally patronised.

SUMMARY.

The Papal Rose.—It is customary for the Pope to give every year a golden rose, ornamented with diamonds, to whichever of the powers of Europe appears in his eyes to be the most distinguished for sincere piety. His counsellors intrigue deeply to obtain the preference, every one proposing his favourite nation. The general of the Jesuits has carried it off this year. And who do the public think is the prince beyond all others the *enfant chéri* of Father Roothaan? Don Miguel! He will receive the rose.—*Le Messager d'Espagne.*

Premium Butter.—The committee of the Massachusetts Agricultural society, have offered two premiums, one of \$100 and the other of 50, for the two best parcels of butter, not less than 300 lbs. each, that may be sent from any state in the union, and exhibited at Boston on the 2d of December next.

It is stated that the living skeleton has made a visit to his home in Vermont, preparatory to a voyage to Europe, having engaged himself for two year's exhibition for forty thousand dollars, conditioned that for every pound of flesh he gains, \$500 is to be deducted.

The present King of England was once a Lieutenant under the immediate command of Admiral Coffin.

Within the last twelve months, seventy or eighty thousand dollars in gold has been received at the State Bank of North Carolina, from the southern gold mines.

The King of the French.—The *Paris Journal des Debats* speaks of the favorable impression which has been made by the popular demeanor of the new king. He walks abroad alone, in his surcoat with a round drab hat, and his umbrella in his hand, and is met in the streets and on the quays, undistinguishable from the plainest citizen. Before, the monarch was only seen in his gilt coach, drawn by six or eight horses, escorted by guards, and so forth.—*National Gazette.*

MARRIED.

At Kinderhook, David Van Schaack, Esq. to Miss Catherine Sickles, both of that village.

At Coxsackie, on the 5th inst., Mr. Peter Van Deusen, merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza Caylor, of the former place.

At Hillsdale, on Saturday the 9th inst. Mr. Frederick Mosick, merchant of the firm of Mosick & Dean, of this city, to Miss Joanna Latting, daughter of Rufus Latting, Esq. of the former place.

At New-York, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Knox, Capt. Henry Habbel, of this city, to Miss Eliza Kip, youngest daughter of Isaac Graham, Esq. of the former place.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

AUTUMNAL SCENES.

But oh, the glories of an autumn eve!
The forests and the woodlands have put on
Their variegated mantle, bright with gold
And purple, and their many coloured tints
In beauty blended; from the sombre brown
That pall the mountain top, and the deep green
That spots its chequered side, to the gay robe
Of orange and of scarlet spread below.
It is as though the mighty hand that traced
The painted landscape, dashed confusedly there
His gaudiest colours, ere with skillful stroke,
He touched the fields with beauty. To his rest
The sun sinks slowly, and his parting ray
Still lingers on the tall church spire,—'tis fled,—
But the bright clouds high piled along the west
He gilds with glory. 'Tis in hours like this
That in the flow of recollection comes
The memory of past scenes, joyous or sad.—
We oft in childhood's days, at set of sun,
Escaped the birchen rod, and school-boy task,
And with the merry gambol tired, it pleased
On the green banks or low church steps reclined,
To watch their varying and fantastic forms.
Then, fancy led, delighted have I seen
The airy fabric, built by viewless hands,
Turret o'er turret, arch o'er arch to rise
Incongruous and wild; a palace now
With glittering half formed portals; now a tower
Portentous with its brazen battlements;
Now spreading to a city in the sky,
Magnificently grand it floated on.
Still have I gazed 'till as by magic touched
The fleeting pageant, temple, mosque, and tower,
Bastion and barbican crumbled away,
And in their stead, strange and ideal shapes,
And nameless monsters, Proteus like arose.
So passed these airy spectres, dimly seen,
'Till in the deep'ning twilight all was lost.

Z.

PRIZE ADDRESS.

Written in honor of the Centennial Celebration, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and spoken by Mrs. Russell, at the Tremont Theatre on the evening of its opening.

Spirit of Memory!

Thou that hast garnered up the joys and tears
And all the hoary spoils of buried years,
We bow to thee:
O, lift thy veil, and bid the Past appear!
'Tis gathering—slowly gathering—on my sight—
Those dark, old woods, where Death and Night
Held their companionship—were here!
Here, where the Muses' Temple stands,
Rung the fierce yell of savage bands,
And save their withering cry.
Or glimpse of savage warriors' flight,
Like the red meteor's flashing light
That meets, yet mocks the eye—
Save these, the waters and the wood,
Stretched in unbroken solitude—
Lone, fearful, desolate, and sad the scene,
For here the Dove of Peace had never been,
Brooding o'er human hearts till Hope was given,
And the rude child of earth became the glorious heir of
heaven.

A sail! a sail! o'er yonder wave
A freighted bark is sweeping on!
Land of the learned, the proud, the brave,
Mourn'st thou no treasure gone?
Thou Island-empire—forth from thee,
Like Wisdom from the Thunderer's brow,
Sprang the bright form of Liberty;
And steadfast men have joined her train,
Nor faggot's blaze, nor dungeon's chain
Can their firm purpose bow;—
They would have held thy guarded pass,
Or shared thy doom, Leonidas,
Had faith and duty cheered them on;—
They come! that Pilgrim band—they come!
This lone land is their chosen home,
And this broad world is won!
Those were our FATHERS—those were MEN—
When shall we look upon their like again?
Slowly as spreads the green of earth
O'er the receding ocean's bed;
Dim as the distant stars come forth—
Uncertain as a vision fled,
Has been the old world's toiling race,
Ere she could give a nation place.
Come hither ye, who countless ages scan,
Searching the doubtful course of social man;
Come, learn that Freedom mocks Time's slow career,
Seizes his hoard, and showers his treasures here;
But spurns his errors, hallowed e'er so long
By seer, or sage, in sermon or in song.
And ye, who would the deathless spirit bind,
Come hither, and its unshorn strength be taught;
Nor till ye calm the wave, and curb the mind,
Dare to set bound'ries to the realm of thought!
And now, while here in Freedom's light we stand,
And hail the birth-day of our glorious land,
Who does not feel a mighty power presides,
For good or evil, as the Drama guides?
That while opinion regulates the age,
Virtue should rise the guardian of the Stage?
Friends of the Stage, that still with ready smile,
Approve our efforts, and reward our toil,
It rests with you to banish Folly's train,
And, leagued with Virtue, bid the Drama reign;
Rousing the soul to high and generous deeds,
Melting the bosom when soft Pity pleads,
Till reverend Age, and pure-eyed Youth draw near,
And feel the sanctity of home is here—
And Genius waking, strikes his harp of flame
And in the proud career of Mind our Country seeks her
fame!

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because he is an adder-up.

PUZZLE II.—Because it forms our habits.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

A gentleman observed to another that an officer in the army, whose rank indicated the fact, had left his house without paying rent. *Quere*, What was the rank?

II.

Why are the writings of the *Spectator* like Rodgers' penknives?

WANTED,

A smart active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Asahel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office. All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII [TIL NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, NOVEMBER 6, 1830.

NO. 12.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

MOUNT ROSS—A DUTCH LEGEND.

Concluded.

Baron Ross, mean time, was making rapid advances towards depopulating the Pine Plains of its *shrub-oaks*, and placing in their stead, 'the habitations of men.' It was accomplished as by miracle. And then he erected mills along the creek, and at length approached within a stone's throw of Treen Van Trump's residence, where he built a mansion house for his own accommodation, and passing further on, built mills, and then out houses for his workmen. He called the place Mount Ross, and seated himself down to enjoy the fruits of his labor. But rumour, with her ten thousand tongues, was abroad, and not a Dutchman within ten miles but made it a part of his religion to pray for the downfall of Baron Ross—which meant the same thing as the overthrow of satan, for they verily believed them to be twin-brothers. Who else would have dared to establish himself in the very centre of the Van Trump estate; or who else could have demolished so many trees and bushes, and made so many houses, in so short a time? But there was one, who, let him be what he would, was determined to 'see him out.' And that was Treen Van Trump. She accordingly assailed him club in hand, and after making several furious, unsuccessful attacks on the person of Baron Ross—she all of a sudden yielded to her fate with a calmness and submission really astonishing. And when, at length, she received orders from the Baron, to remove with her goods and chattels, to a little mud-walled hut, at the very out skirts of what she had until lately considered her kingdom, she obeyed without uttering a syllable, or even making a wry face. The great Corsican might have lived to this day, if he had followed her example, and yielded up the love of power peaceably.

Various were the conjectures which were offered on the occasion. The Sages and burgomasters assembled in solemn divan, to

smoke and determine the cause. One thought that Treen Van Trump was not the one to practice such submission without some powerful motive—she must be plotting revenge, and would soon come out in her true colours. Another thought her reason was on the wane—and a third that she was already *stark mad*. These surmises were all given in genuine Dutch, but my readers, most probably, are not learned in that language, and so I have given them the translation. There is nothing like a little benevolence. At length, one Sage, more knowing than his cotemporaries, gave a most significant shake of the head, accompanied by a very mysterious roll of the eye, while a slow and solemn curl of smoke seemed to heighten the effect, and said nothing—but which was fairly construed to mean every thing. And from that hour, was Treen Van Trump invested with all the rights, privileges, and honors of the magical broomstick. And her feats of agility, and other performances, were truly surprising. She was often seen 'sky high,' making excursions by moonlight—no bigger than a rat: and anon, she would stretch herself out to such Tityan dimensions, as to eclipse more than nine acres of the brightest moonshine—and never a storm raged, or a keen North wester blew, but Treen Van Trump was sure to take the lead. She became, in short, their tutelary goddess, and presided over not only wind and weather, but merchandise and agriculture—and it was fully demonstrated that births, deaths, and marriages were propitious only as her conciliatory approbation was purchased by sacrifice and oblation. She was hence forth no longer called Treen Van Trump—but *Spook Treen*, which was considered the very highest honorary title, bating that of Dominie, which any modest christian ought to aspire to.

Years passed on, and Mount Ross became in some degree, *civilized*. Now and then a Yankee schoolmaster dropped in upon them like a second Solomon, and made the Dutchmen stare at his 'world of larnin,'—and now and then, a tin pedlar from the same fruitful source,

caused the like astonishment from the facility with which he could 'cheat the Dutch'—and all this helped to civilize them.

But years rolled on, and brought up the time when my patient readers were first introduced to the smokers on the *stoop*. Jacob Cone, having smoked himself into the good graces of Horace Van Trump and Derick Van Doozen, soon found means to assuage his hunger, and a hearty welcome to boot. As soon as the landlady ascertained that he was no school-master, nor tin pedlar, but a quiet pilgrim, journeying to the land of plenty, he lacked for nothing but ability to demolish all the precious Dutch dainties which were set before him. I have not time to enumerate them, and if I had, their etymology is of too doubtful origin to add any lustre to the culinary department of American literature—one dish excepted, known by the name of *Dutch Cheese*. You take a bowl of the sourest, thickest milk you can find—simmer it five minutes over a gentle fire—whey it off gradually—sprinkle a handful of fine salt on the curd, and set it in the sun to ferment. Let it remain in the sun nine days. It will by that time have acquired a gluey consistence, and become pretty well covered with blue and yellow mould, to say nothing of its salubrious, luscious odor—then make it up in balls about the size of an apple, and arrange them on a board in the sun, to harden and dry. They will be fit for use in about a week—and to those who wish to save their money, instead of giving it to the dairy-women, it constitutes a very cheap, *delicate* relish, with your pie, or your bread and butter.

N. B. The whey, after being separated from the curd, must not be thrown away—by boiling it a few minutes, and dropping into it some wheat batter, a very *palatable* dish is prepared, of which the Dutch are extravagantly fond. It is called *sour-pop*, and is well worthy the consideration of frugal house-keepers.

I should ask pardon for this digression, but for the benefit which I feel conscious of having conferred on the ladies. They get the receipts for nothing—that is, I presume Mrs. Hale will charge nothing *extra* for the Magazine, which will be so much clear gain—and then that money, with a few cents added to it, they can easily give to the Bunker Hill Monument.

Jacob Cone found out during his repast (for he knew the science of asking questions, and his landlady was somewhat garrulous withal) the political state of Mount Ross, and among other matters that *Spook Treen* lived in a cottage about one mile from there, through a *haunted* wood. And then her powers of magic were set forth, with all their sublime horrors: and finally, that she could tell people (provided they would call alone, and at night) just how long they were to live, and just who they were to marry, and just what their fortune was to be. This was touching the very cord which set all Jacob's limbs in motion; like the *dancing Jack*, whose locomotive power, as every

child knows, depends upon the pulling on a single string. And he resolved forthwith tarry for the night, and offer himself as a candidate to fortune's favor, although his doll... might suffer the loss of a dime or so. 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' thought Jacob as he sallied out just after night-fall, and bent his 'winding way' towards the cottage of *Spook Treen*. He had fortified his courage with a glass of good old cider, for he felt that it was a hazardous undertaking. And as he slowly moved forward, meditating on the uncertainty of human affairs, particularly those which related to his present errand, he thought he heard the sound of footsteps behind him. He quickened his pace, and strove like a man to quell his rising fears, but the footsteps still pursued him. He redoubled his speed, and so did his pursuer. 'Desperate cases require desperate measures,' thought Jacob, as he set out upon a full run. He longed as ardently as did Lot's wife, to take a peep behind him, but the enemy was close at his heels, and he feared to lose the time, lest he should be seized by the collar, and dragged he knew not whither. He was confident that if his pursuer was not *Spook Treen*, it was at least one of her agents—and there was an end of his fortune—and now he should never know who he was to marry—and he wished a thousand times over and over that he had never wandered from home. But he had no time to repent—his pursuer was near tripping him down, and he felt that all he could do was to run for his life, and even then, perhaps lose it, after all. He was already half dead with fatigue, and fright, and vexation—and his old shoes he could scarcely keep on his feet—they were down at the heel, and out at the toe, and he was out of breath; and come life, or come death, he could run no farther.

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' doubtless our hero would have exclaimed, had he been a poet. But as it was, he gave such utterance as he could, and sunk down—not upon his knees, kind reader, as was his intention, but souse into the mill-pond—old shoes and all! * * * * *

In less than two days, Jacob Cone was at home, in good old New England—completely cured of his *ducking*, and his *spirit of emigration*. How he managed to crawl out of his watery bed, and grope his 'winding way' to the open field. How he then pushed his '*march of mind*' directly Eastward, without turning to the right, or to the left. How he discovered on the way that his formidable pursuer was no other than the clattering of his old shoes—poor things—victims of age and hard service. How he betook himself to the axe, and the plough, and married him a wife, and turned out a good, substantial farmer—I should be happy to give in *detail*, and *at large*, as the lawyers say, but really I have not room. SSSSSSS.

P. S. I must tell my readers, room, or no room, that the Dutch men and Dutch women of Mount Ross, are wondering to this day, what *Spook Treen* did with Jacob Cone!!

THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE. BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

'Stand still! how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!'

'The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered, idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lost my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.'—*Shakespeare.*

Among the many agreeable associates whom my different cruises and wanderings have brought me acquainted with, I can scarcely call to mind a more pleasant and companionable one than Tom Scupper. Poor fellow! he is dead and gone now—a victim to that code of false honor which has robbed the navy of too many of its choicest officers. Tom and I were mess-mates during a short and delightful cruise, and, for a good part of the time, we belonged to the same watch.—He was a great hand to spin yarns, which, to do him justice he sometimes told tolerably well; and many a long mid-watch has his fund of anecdote and sea stories caused to slip pleasantly away. We were lying, in the little schooner to which we were attached, in the open roadstead of Laguyra, at single anchor, when Tom told the story which I am about to relate, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words. A vessel from Baltimore had come into Laguyra that day, and by her I received letters from home, in one of which there was a piece of intelligence that weighed very heavily on my spirits. For some minutes after our watch commenced, Tom and I walked the deck in silence, which was soon however, interrupted by my talkative companion, who perceiving my depression, and wishing to divert my thoughts, began as follows:

The last cruise I made in the Mediterranean was in old Ironsides, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Messurado, in search of slave traders; and during that time we had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-south-west; so we squared away, and, without coming to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons in the Mediterranean. Immediately on our arriving there, we warped alongside the Arsenal quay, where we stripped ship to a girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while every body was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill pipings of the different boatswain's mates, each attending to separate duties, and mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his reechings and gun tackles; the fo'castle men

in calking; the topmen in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waist-ers in whitewashing and holy-stoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armourer's forge, which had been hoisted out and sent ashore; ascended in a thin black column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighboring white-stone warehouses the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by a livelier rattling drew attention to the cooper, who in the open air was tightening the water casks; and far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding sails and tarpaulins, sat the sail maker and his assistants, repairing the sails, which had been rent and injured by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands, however, make light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished: the stays and shrouds were set up and new rattled down; the yards crossed, the running rigging rove, and sales bent; and the old craft, fresh painted and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms and other spare spars, amidships, we had sent up the cap to' gallant masts and royal poles, with a sheave for skysails, and hoist enough for sky-scrapers above them; so you may judge that the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line-ship in the harbour; but though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hardly have reached to our royal masthead. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft and furl the sky-sails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good-sized duff for a midshipman's mess and the main truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head-knot on the main-ropes of the accommodation ladder.

When we had got every thing shipshape and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our birth about half way between the Arsenal and Hospital Island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbor of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet—which though it makes about four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width—is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm, and on the delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing waterman. What little wind we had in the fore part of the day, died always at noon, and, though the first dog-watch was almost out, and the sun was near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the deep serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her.

from her main-stay to her signal balliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadowy and inverted image. The buoy of our best bower floated abreast our larboard bow; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead; except now and then the wringing of a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment, and showed the substance but half its former apparent size. A small pollacca craft had got under way from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona; but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbor; and there she lay as motionless upon the blue surface, as if she were only part of a mimic scene from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen-sails, as they hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the appearance of every thing around. The white-washed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun; and some of the windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the other side the romantic and picturesque ruins of Fort St. Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light; and the clusters of ancient-looking wind-mills, which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effect of the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness unusual for a man-of-war prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal; and the low hum that came from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the tiny song of bees of a warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trowsers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffrel, erect and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual look-out. A groupe of some half a dozen sailors had gathered together on the fo'castle, where they were supinely lying under the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gunslides along the gangway, sat three or four others—one, with his clothes bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe; another working a set of clues for some favorite officer's hammock; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in

knottng a lanyard with which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom cover, and in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jigger-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up to the gambols of a large monkey, which, clinged to the main-stay, just above Jack's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence, between them. It was my watch on deck, and I had been standing several minutes leaning on the main fife-rail, amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth, had turned towards the taffrel, to gaze on the more agreeable features of that scene which I have feebly attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round, to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we called our commodore's son) standing half way up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the mainyard explained the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main stay, and running along the boom cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the main-top-sail sheet, and thence to the bunt of the main yard, where he now sat picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side and chatting, as if with exultation for the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly active fellow; and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as the monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko, from noticing me to smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavored to evince, by tumbling about the boom cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions; the pleasure for which he had no words.

'Ha, you d——n rascal, Jacko, hab you no more respect for de young officer, den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief.'

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

'Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus' ketch him 'fore you flog him; and its no so easy for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey bare-foot.'

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half way up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs whilst the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath his elastic motion. In a second more his hand was on the futtocks.

'Massa Stay!' cried Jake who sometimes, from being a favorite, ventured to take liberties among the younger officers, 'Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber's hole—it take a sailor to climb de futtock shroud.'

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution before Bob was in the top. The monkey in the meanwhile had awaited his approach, until he had got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross trees, where it again quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little measmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey all the while seeming to exert so much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be growing weary of the chase. At last by this kind of manoueuvering, this mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast head, when springing suddenly on the royal stay, it ran nimbly down to the foreto' gallant-mast head, thence down the rigging to the foretop, when leaping on the foreyard, it ran out to the yard-arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, where taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and, perhaps unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, he sat down in the royal cross-trees; while those who had been attracted by the sport, returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon taking up the cap, returned in towards the slings, and dropped it down upon deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me, as soon as which was performed, I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the taffrel, was quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very different from the small pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of every thing around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness.

'My God! Massa Scupper,' cried he, 'Massa Stay is on de main-truck!'

A cold shudder ran through my veins, as the word reached my ear. I cast my eyes up—it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and impelled by one of those impulses by which men are instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, he had climbed the skysail pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick at the thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but the empty air—and beneath him, nothing but a point, a mere point—a small unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil, and the taper skysail-pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent? His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform that he stood upon, and beneath that a long, smooth naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that held him from destruction. An attempt to get down from 'that bad eminence,' would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck a crushed and shapeless mass. Such was the nature of the thought that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eye, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and horrible exigency? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, would be but to ensure his ruin. Indeed I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought that I could see his limbs begin to quiver, and his cheek turn deadly pale. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and to tremble and waver like the heated air around a furnace; the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height, and making a strong effort to recover myself like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the dreadful object, to which they had been riveted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked round me, the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wild

fire—as such news always will—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck to behold the appalling—the heart-rending spectacle. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened in silence on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a steadfast, unblinking and intense, yet abhorrent gaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the awful suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty seemed to be absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob, but he had scarce raised it to his lips, when his arm dropped again, and sunk listlessly down beside him, as if from a sad consciousness of the utter inutility of what he had been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar deck, and every eye was turned to the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew near the gangway, and directly after another face was added to those on the quarter deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced, austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he did the other young officers, or if there was any at all, it was not in favor of Bob. Some, who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him and that intending him for the arduous profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which now turned on him to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled. By no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this stepping aft, and getting on the look-out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder.

'Robert!' cried he, 'jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you.'

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain

his balance. The commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried,

'Jump! 'tis your only chance for life.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the body was seen to leave the truck and spring out into the air. A sound between a shriek and a groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not, sighed not, indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony, a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose—he was alive! his arms were seen to move!—he struck out towards the ship!—and despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrainable joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment the old commodore had stood unmoved.—The eyes, that glistened with pleasure, now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the horse-block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put his hand as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by Black Jake.—He was borne into his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its equability and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed when the little fellow left the cabin that he was in tears. The next day we sent down our taut and dashy poles, and replaced them with the stump-to-gallant-masts and on the third, we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

Andrew Brown, a colonel in the American army; distinguished himself at the battles of Bunker Hill and Lexington; after the war, he removed to Philadelphia, and established the 'Federal Gazette;' died 1797.

Wm. Cullen Bryant, an eminent writer was born in Cornington, Mass.; his pure taste, and cultivated genius, have excited admiration on both sides the Atlantic; he now resides in New-York.

Rt. Hon. John Burgoyne, a privy councillor of Ireland, Lieut. general of the British army, author of three dramatic pieces, viz. 'The Heiress,' 'The Lord of the Manor,' and 'Richard coeur de Lion.' He surrendered his whole army after a sanguinary battle on the 17th Oct-

1777, to Gen. Gates, consisting of more than 5000 men, 42 pieces of brass cannon, 7000 muskets, clothing sufficient for 7000 men, with a great quantity of tents and military stores. Gen. Wilkinson, who fought under Gen. Gates, gives the following account of the meeting of the two commanding officers:

'Gen. Gates, advised of Burgoyne's approach met him at the head of the camp—Burgoyne in a rich royal uniform, and Gates in a plain blue frock. When they had approached nearly within sword's length, they reined up, and halted. I then named the gentleman, and Gen. Burgoyne, raising his hat most gracefully, said, 'The fortune of war, Gen. Gates, has made me your prisoner;' to which the conqueror, returning a courtly salute, replied, 'I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your Excellency.' Burgoyne died in Eng. Aug. 4, 1792.

Wm. Burnett, son of the celebrated Bishop Burnett, was appointed governor of New-York and New-Jersey in 1720; of Mass. and N. Hampshire in 1728; died in 1729.

Aaron Burr, a native of N. Y. was elected Vice-President in 1801, a brilliant orator and statesman. He is also notorious for being the leader of the celebrated conspiracy of 1806-7, to divide the union. He now resides in New-York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

It is a curious paradox in regard to time, that every body complains of its shortness, taken in its separate parts. Who, that looks back upon life, does not feel that it has been short—scarcely more than a span? Who, that looks forward to some desirable event, though it be but a day or two, does not feel that the time is long, and every minute wearisome until it arrives? So strangely are the human feelings constituted, that mankind would, if possible, annihilate the brief portions of time that hang heavy on their hands: and when gone, they would make any sacrifice to recall them. They are apt to look towards the future, as it were through a long perspective; and to survey the past through a glass that brings every thing near the eye. The past is short, because it is past; and the future is long, because it is to come. Soon the long future will be short past, and man will wonder, as he ever has done, how he could be insensible to the rapidity of its flight.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

A Dampier.—A young man from the country, lately volunteered his services to gallant a young lady home from a party. On the way he cudgelled his brains for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with, but in vain; he could hit on nothing until they met several cows, when the swain said, with much simplicity of manner, 'Now isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?' To

which the lady replied, 'I do not think it strange, sir, that a cow should have a motherly appearance to a calf.' The beau was silent during the rest of the walk.

A lawyer, engaged in a cause before the Judge, tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was so much exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say any thing more. Upon this, the Judge called out to the teasing lawyer, 'I think, sir, you must have done with that witness now, for you have pumped him dry.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 6, 1836.

The Denounced.—This is the title of a new novel by the author of 'Tales of the O'Hara Family.' We have not read it, and therefore cannot form any judgment as to its merits; but the productions of such an author cannot fail to excite a powerful interest, and British criticism is already in its way.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We welcome our new correspondent, 'Miss Taylor,' to our columns, and shall insert her story in our next paper.

The communication of 'Elpis' is received and would have been attended to, ere this, but for our numerous engagements and our dread of encountering his extremely fine writing, a few lines of which, from the plainness of the ink, we fear it will be impossible to decipher. We shall, however, put on our editorial spectacles, at our first moment of leisure, and commence reading it in good earnest, when, if we can make any thing of the unintelligible part, and the whole is deemed worthy, it shall receive an early insertion.

The sketch by 'A.' received some time since, is certainly written in a very fine style and shows a highly cultivated mind; but the idea, that a girl of any mind is dying because some fool said 'she had set her cap,' is truly ludicrous. The writer should have imagined some cause for her mortal melancholy worthy the effect, and then we should have complimented his story.

SUMMARY.

Indian Lands.—It is stated that 6,400,000 acres of land will be acquired by the late treaty with the Chickasaws.

American Cottons.—The Raleigh Register says:—In a letter written by the Rev. Mr. Dwight from Constantinople to a friend in Utica, N. Y. he states that our Cotton Goods are in good reputation at that place—so much so, that the English actually put American stamps on their goods, to sell them to better advantage.

The Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, of New-York, has been appointed successor to the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart.

Rouget de Lisle, the author of the Marseilles Hymn, sold on the 18th August, the copy-right of no less than 60 national songs.

The tolls collected on the state canals up to the 1st of September, amount to \$514,000; being about \$100,000 more than were collected in the same period last year.

It is stated that about 1000 men are now employed in making the Albany and Schoenectady rail road, which, it is expected, will be completed next year. The stock has recently advanced 10 per cent.

An engraving has been published in Paris, representing Charles X. in the character of a mendicant; holding out a cocked hat, to which is attached a white cockade, and saying; 'Take pity on a blind man!'

It is said that a gentleman in Boston has employed for the last four months from 5 to 600 females who have made 20,000 different garments.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Euoch Frost to Miss Charlotte Allen, all of this city.

On Monday evening, the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. James Stanley, to Miss Maria Morris.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Foss, Mr. John Richardson, of the Hudson Printworks, (formerly of Yorkshire, England,) to Miss Rachel Heydenbark.

At Ghent, on the 23d ult. by William Smith, Esq. Mr. Daniel Speed, to Miss Katy Eckert, all of Hildesdale.

At Port Gibson, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Daniel Rosman, of Claverack, to Miss Julia Allen, daughter of Stephen Allen. Esq. of the former place.

On the 23d ult. by Adam I. Stuvell, Esq. Mr. Henry Anderson, of Paghkanic to Miss Anna Maria Lova, of Copake.

DIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 21st ult. Harriet, daughter of Thomas Bay, Esq. aged 3 years.

At Albany, on Tuesday the 24th ult. Charlotte, only daughter of Edwin G. Lindsey, aged 1 year, 7 months and 2 days.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

COLUMBUS' FIRST SIGHT OF LAND.

BY MISS ELLENORE TAYLOR.

Wide o'er the blue Atlantic's breast,
An hymn of praise swelled high,
Startling the sea-bird from its nest
And soaring to the sky.

Oh whence arose that lofty song
In the rich Iberian tongue,
With its solemn tones,
O'er that lone sea which ne'er has heard
Aught but the screeches of the bird,
Or zephyr's varied moans?

A small, but joyful company
Are in those three frail ships,
The hymn of praise that swelled so high
Ascended from their lips.

Who is that man of stately mien
Who towering o'er the rest is seen
From whose bright glistening eye
The gushing tears of rapture flow
O'er cheeks, enkindled with a glow
Of holy ecstasy?

It is the daring Genoese
Who fearlessly unfurled
His sails upon the unknown seas
To seek an unknown world.

He many a tedious year has borne
Neglect and poverty and scorn
In prospect of this hour,—
This glorious hour, in which his name
Is written on the scroll of fame
Beyond oblivion's power.

What wonder, then, that joy should gleam
Forth from his dark, bright eye,
Or, down his cheek, that tears should stream
Of holy ecstasy!

For the Rural Repository.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell ye high and sunny hills,
The fields where I have strayed,
Farewell ye deep and dusty beds,
Where loved ones, friends, are laid—
I leave ye all and turn away,
With sorrow in my heart,
Accursing oft the cruel fate
That bids me thus depart.

Farewell, ye friends who've led me up
Thro' childhood's tender years,
Thy parting blessings I receive,
In anguish and in tears—
Come good, come ill, whate'er my lot,
Where'er my feet may roam,
Remembrance sweet shall cherish still,
My ancient friends and home.

I may not see the land again,
Where first I drew my breath,
But here far, far, from friends removed,
Be garner'd up by death—
And friends I left may drop away,
Into the silent tomb,
And I alone may linger yet
In darkness and in gloom.

My aged sire,* I view thee now,
In memory's mirror bright,
And look upon thy kindness past
Which drowns my feelings quite—
Thy faltering voice in counsel raised,
Yet lingers in my ears,
And I see thee, as I left thee,
In agony and tears.

The memory of thy goodness,
Thy kindness and thy care,
Within my bosom treasured up,
Will stay forever there—
And oh!—how painful is the thought—
Tho' here we meet no more,
My fervent, earnest prayer shall be,
To meet on Jordan's shore.

OSMAR.

* L. H. * * * Esq.

THOUGHTS ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

When will parting scenes be o'er,
Separation known no more—
When will friendship bloom again,
Love and bliss forever reign?

When mortality is o'er,
Then will parting be no more—

When misfortune's dreary blast,
Blights the pleasures of the past;
When no gleam of joy I see,
Mem'ry then returns to thee—
Days departed I review,
Scenes of pleasure spent with you.

When will separation cease,—
Friendship's sons unite in peace—
Grief no more oppress the heart—
Friends no more be doom'd to part;
When the scenes of life are o'er,
Friends will meet to part no more.

When thy virtue I review,
Joys departed spent with you;
Hope renews the pleasing strain—
Surely we shall meet again!
Yes when this frail body dies,
We shall meet beyond the skies.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A left-tenant (lieutenant.)

PUZZLE II.—Because they are finely tempered with
Steele, (Sir Richard S.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Of These Capitals Letters a word may be made,
An adjective, as you will find,
which (should it be ever applied to your case)
will Possibly Make you quite blind.

II.

When you go to bed, why is your slipper like an un-
successful dun?

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ASHBEL STODDARD'S BOOKSTORE.

WANTED,

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, NOVEMBER 20, 1830.

NO. 13.

POPULAR TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE IRISH PRINCESS.

BY MISS ELLENORE TAYLOR.

The sun was just sinking behind the western hills, as a young English soldier of noble mien and kingly bearing was riding slowly along the banks of Lough Neagh. He was suddenly aroused from the meditations in which he was buried by a succession of faint shrieks. Looking up, he saw a horse with a lady on his back rushing violently towards the steep and rocky edge of the Lough. Quick as thought our young hero sprang from his saddle, rushed forward and caught the lady fainting, in his arms, while her infuriated animal plunged headlong from the cliffs. After the first thrill of horror at hearing the noble beast tumble from rock to rock and at length dash into the waves, the youth's attention was absorbed by the lifeless being in his arms. Her golden ringlets had escaped from the diamond tiara which confined them and floated 'in all the wildness of disheveled charms,' around a neck and face of alabaster. Her bloodless lips were parted just enough to display a row of teeth more beautiful than the pearls which formed her necklace. Her crimson robe was fastened on her bosom by a massive gold brooch and her exquisitely turned arms and fingers were ornamented with a profusion of precious stones. All this magnificence claimed but one hurried glance from the youth. He looked anxiously around him and perceived at a short distance a wide brook gliding placidly along till it reached the edge of the precipice where, foaming over the cliffs it fell into the Lough. He sprinkled the lady's face with the water of this stream and long watched in vain for some symptoms of returning life. At length her eyelids stirred and a faint flush tinged her cheek, but when she saw a young stranger holding her in his arms and gazing intently on her face, the blood rushed there in torrents. 'Fear not maiden' said he, 'you are safe as if in the arms of a brother.' 'Where am I?

What has happened?' cried she, starting on her feet and looking wildly around her. 'Calm yourself,' said the youth, soothingly, 'you have been in danger but it is over now.' The maiden covered her eyes with her hand and stood motionless while the tide of recollection flowed in upon her mind, then pressing a diamond cross to her lips and raising her streaming eyes to Heaven, she silently breathed her thanks to its King. Then turning to her deliverer she said 'Never, never in this mortal frame can I be grateful enough to Heaven and you for my preservation.' 'I also,' replied he, 'feel oppressed with gratitude to that Heaven which has deigned to make me the instrument of saving the most perfect of its works from destruction.'

A short time after he asked the lady the particulars of her adventure. She answered thus: 'I was returning from a short excursion of pleasure when my horse took fright, from what cause I know not; and all the efforts of my attendants to stop him were useless. I well knew the frightful precipice I was approaching and felt sure of an immediate and horrible death. I could not if I would tell you the sensations that rushed upon me. It seems as if all the thoughts and feelings of my existence were concentrated in that moment. I thought of the transgressions and omissions of my short life. I thought of the tribunal to which I was hastening. I thought of my father; of his feelings when he should see my crushed and mangled remains; of his desolation when he should return from battle and the chase and not meet me; I remembered with agony every instance in which I had disregarded his wishes, and I fervently prayed to be spared that I might atone for my faults and comfort his declining years by my tenderness and devotion. The Almighty heard my prayer; extended his arm and saved me. To you, his instrument, words are far too poor to express my gratitude. Come with me to my father. He will thank you for me.' 'I wish not to receive thanks for an act in which there was no merit,' replied the youth, 'but yet permit me to go with you

for it grows late and you are not yet strong enough to go by yourself.

Queen Elizabeth had sent to Ireland a large army under the earl of Essex for the purpose of subduing O'Neale, king of Ulster. They arrived in the spring and, as Essex was persuaded, too early to proceed to Ulster. He therefore marched to Munster, subdued the inhabitants and returned to Dublin in the fall with an army so reduced by disease and the Irish that he was obliged to send home for fresh troops. When they arrived he marched into Ulster and encamped within a few miles of O'Neale's palace. The country was so boggy that the foot soldiers marched through mud up to their knees and as the winter was now far advanced, this produced great discontent. Besides the imaginations of the English were so wrought up by the reports of O'Neale's fierceness that they believed themselves about to engage more than mortal powers. This chief had received from Nature passions impetuous as the torrents—ungovernable as the whirlwind. In his youth he had loved fervently wildly and distractedly. For a long time his suit was rejected, for the object of it was betrothed to his cousin, heir to the throne of Ulster. O'Neale challenged and slew his rival and being next heir to the throne was proclaimed king. He then laid his crown at the feet of his beloved and was accepted. Scarcely a year after these events the young queen was massacred by a party of English. All the intensity of O'Neale's passions was now concentrated in hatred of the English and love for his infant daughter. These opposite passions sprang from the same source. He loved his little Margaret as the image and relict of his unfortunate wife; and he hated the English as her murderers. His whole soul was bent on vengeance. It was a deep-rooted, insatiable passion entwined with every thread in the web of his existence. He hesitated at no measure which would conduce to the gratification of it. He sometimes stooped to deceptions and stratagems which, in any other cause, his noble nature would have scorned. He professed submission to England and received the title of earl of Tyrone, and while Elizabeth relied on his oaths of allegiance, he secretly incited the people to rebellion. About sixteen years after the murder of his wife he openly threw off his allegiance and reassumed his title of king of Ulster. His palace presented a strange mixture of barbarity and magnificence. It was built of unhewn stones cemented with clay, with here and there a hole for the egress of smoke and the ingress of light and storms. The spacious hall was occupied by a long table of rough boards at which His Majesty and all his household took their meals. One end of the table was covered with white linen of the most beautiful texture, on it were placed three massive silver plates and as many golden goblets. High above a crimson canopy was looped up with rings of gold and a crown was sus-

pending from the midst of it. Along the table huge pieces of beef partly burnt and partly raw, interspersed with coarse barley cakes were laid on the bare board; the wooden bowls and golden goblets were filled with wine, and supper waited for the king's return from hunting. At length he came with an appetite keenly excited by his exercise; but before he seated himself he enquired for his daughter and was told the lady Margaret rode out some time before sunset and had not yet returned. 'Imprudent girl!' muttered he half audibly, 'to go from home while the country is overflowing with those infernal Englishmen. What horse did she take?' said he turning abruptly to one of his servants. 'The white Arabian.' 'St. Patrick! I believe the child means to save the English the trouble of murdering her by breaking her own neck. If that wild colt should be frightened he might be among his native deserts before any thing could stop him. Can she never learn to care for her safety?'—His soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of his daughter's attendants, pale, breathless and with every appearance of terror. 'Throwing themselves at his feet they cried 'Mercy! mercy! great king, we could not prevent it.' 'Prevent what?' cried he wildly 'where is my daughter? what has happened to her?' No one spoke—each looked at the rest expecting them to answer. 'Speak! speak!' cried he raising his huge club over their heads, 'speak this instant or you shall never speak in this world.' They all now began to speak at once. 'Silence!' exclaimed he, 'Robert answer me, where is my daughter?' 'Sir,' replied Robert, 'your daughter's horse took fright and ran furiously towards the Lough. We spurred to the utmost to overtake him, but it was impossible. At a great distance we saw him leap from the precipice into the Lough with the lady Margaret on his back.' O'Neale received this intelligence without word or motion. The blood forsook his swarthy cheek and his fixed eyes glared horribly. He stood like one who has seen the lightning from heaven destroy his last hope and sees nothing left him but despair and death. Suddenly his cheek kindled and his eye flashed and he thundered out. 'Ho! Guards! bind these villains and throw them every one into the Lough!' This terrible mandate was heard by all present with a groan of horror, and a cry of 'Mercy!' arose from the wretches who knelt before the fierce tyrant. It was echoed by a soft voice at his side. 'Mercy father! mercy!' The father started, turned and gazed a moment on his daughter. 'Peace, dear shade, I stay only to see thee avenged. Thy mother awaits us in Heaven; we will go together. See this liberates me,' said he drawing the dagger from his side and preparing to plunge it in his bosom. Margaret caught his up raised hand and held it with all her strength. The surprised father finding his daughter was still in the body, threw his arms around her and the first tears he had

shed since infancy gushed from his eyes. After the first transport of joyous surprize he felt ashamed of his weakness and drying the tears that betrayed it, he angrily enquired how his servants had dared thus to trifle with him. 'Robert's account was all true, dearest father, except the circumstance of my being upon the horse when he took his leap. I came very near it, but was saved by this intrepid stranger at the risk of his own life.' O'Neale now turned to the stranger whom he had not before observed and poured out to him a torrent of gratitude in the wild and powerful language of the country.

The stranger, who spoke with a strong English accent had scarcely begun his reply when O'Neale started back as if he had heard the hiss of a venomous serpent. 'Is it possible that an *Englishman* has saved my daughter and permitted her to return to me in safety?' 'I am sorry, sir, to see that you look upon the English only as the enemies of your country and believe them capable only of bad actions.' 'How could I think otherwise?' said O'Neale bitterly; 'Have they not oppressed my countrymen?—driven them from their homes—murdered or worse than murdered their wives and daughters? have they not rendered us miserable—desperate—He checked his feelings and offering his hand to the stranger continued, 'But you, I believe, are different from your countrymen; the noble deed you have done confirms the evidence of that face—that it does not conceal an English heart. Now let us for this evening, at least, drown our national hostility in the wine-cup. The stranger accepted the hospitality of the Irish chieftain and for several weeks he continued to visit him frequently. Soon after his departure one day a herald arrived from the English camp proposing a conference between the earl of Essex and the earl of Tyrone. The latter readily granted it. It was settled that they should meet the day following, without attendants, on the banks of a stream half way between the English camp and Tyrone's palace.

Tyrone (alias O'Neale) was punctual to his appointment. After he had waited a few moments he saw approaching on the opposite side of the stream, superbly dressed in the uniform of an English general, the unknown youth who had saved his daughter's life on that very spot! His first impulse was to advance to meet him, but Essex called to him to stop, saying that his attendants, who observed them at a distance, must not see any signs of friendship between them. After half an hour's conference they concluded a treaty, the amount of which was that Essex should withdraw all his forces from Ireland, and assuring the queen of the impossibility of subduing the Irish, induce her to relinquish the attempt. He was then to return and receive the hand of the lady Margaret. As O'Neale would not consent to his daughter going to England, Essex agreed to give up his country, the favor of his

queen and the charms of cultivated society, to fix his abode in the land of the beautiful princess. He returned to the camp and told his officers he had concluded a cessation of arms until the next May. In a few days he led his army to Dublin and was preparing to embark for England, when he learnt by a messenger from his royal mistress that she was highly displeased at his treaty with Tyrone and some of his other proceedings and that she commanded him to remain in Ireland till he received farther orders. Essex was considerably disconcerted at this message. He feared it would render it impossible for him to perform the conditions on which the success of his love depended.

'Leave me and send Richard to me,' said he, turning abruptly to his attendants, after he had sat in a musing attitude for a long while.

The tent was immediately cleared and Richard, the confidential secretary of the earl, entered. The latter told him of his passion for the princess Margaret, the treaty he had formed with her father and the perplexity into which the queen's message had thrown him. 'My Lord,' replied Richard, after a respectful pause, 'did you never hear of the course pursued by your father-in-law the noble Leicester? Hearing, while in the Low Countries that the queen was extremely offended with him, he hastened home, threw himself at the royal feet and by expressions of tender adoration and desperate love he obtained not only a full pardon for his offences but a great increase of royal favour.'

'But' replied the earl 'I am not Leicester! What! I kneel to her? I flatter her vanity? I profess to lay at her feet that heart which is wholly another's? No never!' 'Do you forget, my lord, that your only means of gratifying your real passion is by feigning another? Your full influence over the queen is necessary to the fulfilment of the treaty by which alone you can obtain the hand of the princess.' By such arguments the earl's scruples were soon overcome. He set off for home that very day.

The royal virgin of England, habited in a loose robe of white cambric, her stiff yellow hair hanging round her shoulders, sat before a large mirror in her dressing room. Her eyes rested on her image but her thoughts were evidently wandering. She had some days since sent a very severe message to Essex forbidding him to return without further orders; and she had ever since regretted it. Her tenderness was distressed at the idea of a protracted absence from her gallant young general, but her pride would not let her revoke the doom which had been pronounced in a moment of pique and vexation. 'Too dear Essex' murmured she 'why yield cold obedience to commands which thy heart should tell thee to disregard? why not forget the power of the queen and fly on the wings of love to the woman? why?'—Her reverie was here interrupted by a noise in the adjoining apartment.

She was about to despatch one of her ladies to ascertain the cause, when the door burst open and the subject of her thoughts, heated, panting and covered with dust, rushed in and threw himself at her feet. After the first burst of joyous surprise she extended her withered hand to him, saying, 'Rise dearest Essex, I pray you rise. Think not yourself in the presence of England's queen but of your own Elizabeth.' The expression of disgust passed from the earl's countenance too soon to be perceived. He seized the offered hand and pressed it to his lips with an appearance of respectful fervour, but remained gracefully resting on one knee. 'Never,' said he 'can I leave this posture till I have obtained your royal pardon for disobeying the hard mandate which would have excluded me from the light of life.' 'Pardon? Essex, speak you of pardon?' said she tenderly. 'Oh rapture! may I hope that I have not incurred the anger of my gracious sovereign. Has she not—will she not listen to the calumnies of my enemies?' 'The queen took from her finger a magnificent ring and placing it on that of Essex said, 'Should the artful insinuations of your enemies ever overcome my affection for you, only cause me to see this token and I will listen to nothing but my heart. Remember that you have the word of a queen that no anger or suspicion on her part shall withstand the recollection of this moment. Now rise, I beseech you—I command you.' Essex in rising quickly, stumbled but recovering himself with admirable grace, he said, 'Your gracious majesty has loaded me with so much happiness that I cannot well stand under it.'—After an hour of flattery on one side and tenderness on the other, the earl took his leave under a deep sense of degradation for his duplicity.

'How unfortunate' said Elizabeth, 'that he should see me in such dishabille;—what must he have thought of my appearance?' 'As my lord of Essex is universally allowed to be a man of taste,' answered one of the ladies in attendance 'he must have thought the graceful negligence of your majesty's attire peculiarly interesting and the golden locks are certainly very becoming to the snowy bosom around which they float.' 'Ah flatterer! cried the queen, striving in vain to repress the satisfaction which shone in her countenance. 'Say my lady of Sussex, is she not a gross flatterer?' 'If to express an opinion in which all who look upon your majesty must coincide, be flattery,' replied the countess of Sussex, 'I fear that I cannot exculpate my cousin of Murray from your majesty's accusation.' A page now entered to say that the countess of Nottingham requested a private audience of the queen. She was immediately admitted and the ladies retired. What can Nottingham have to say of such importance! whispered lady Murray as she closed the door of the ante-room. 'Wait a moment and I will tell you, for coz' replied the noble countess of Sussex

applying her ear to the keyhole. For some time she heard only the countess of Nottingham's voice speaking earnestly but in too low a tone to reach her ear. At length Elizabeth in a loud impatient tone exclaimed 'Impossible! I never can—I never will believe it.' 'I was as unwilling as your majesty can be,' replied the countess (catching some of the queen's impetuosity of manner) 'to suspect the apparently noble-minded earl of such treachery, but the testimony of his confidential secretary together with'—here her ladyship's voice sunk to its former cautious tone and tantalized the curiosity of the listeners at the door.

On the afternoon of the same day, Essex renewed his visit to the queen with the intention of inducing her to relinquish the attempt to subdue Ireland; for in the morning he had avoided the subject so closely connected with his happiness. He immediately perceived that it was no time to urge his suit, for instead of the loving woman who had received his morning visit he met the stern and haughty Queen. He was much perplexed by this change in the deportment of his royal mistress, but submitted to it with a good grace hoping that it was a caprice which would soon wear away. He was disappointed. The queen continued to treat him with such rigorous severity that he despaired of fulfilling his treaty and consequently obtaining the object of his love. The slow protracted martyrdom of Hope, preyed on his health and he fell into a fever. Elizabeth who attributed his illness entirely to grief for her personal displeasure was softened and sent him a kind message. Considering the importance of possessing her favour, he subdued his pride so far as to thank her with the greatest humility. But in vain. On his recovery she returned to her former severity which she continued to practise until the day arrived on which she was accustomed to renew a monopoly of wine which she had bestowed on her favorite. On this occasion, instead of renewing it, she sent word to him that 'an ungovernable beast must be stinted in his provender.' This insult was too much for his newly acquired prudence to withstand. His fierce spirit burst all controul. He threw off the yoke of submission he had with such difficulty imposed on himself and roused the people to an insurrection. He was seized, tried and condemned to a traitor's death. The warrant for his execution was made and wanted only the royal signature. But—this, it was generally thought it would never receive. Elizabeth had often been heard to declare that it was her intention only to humble his spirit and subdue his pride and not eventually to injure him. And her tenderness for him was so well known and the pain with which she inflicted every new unkindness was so apparent as to make it believed that she would defer signing his death-warrant and at length restore him to full favour. Consequently his court friends were as kind and attentive to the condemned prisoner in the Tower as

they had ever been to the royal favorite when he exercised almost a boundless influence over the sovereign.

Among the most assiduous of these friends was the countess of Nottingham. The deep interest she appeared to take in every thing that concerned him won the entire confidence of the open-hearted Essex and he solaced himself by pouring his sorrows into her friendly ear. In recounting to her Elizabeth's first reception on his return from Ireland, he happened to mention the circumstance of the ring which he had nearly forgotten. On hearing of this his friend expressed great joy. She said that she had no doubt that the queen would fulfil her promise, and offered to convey the ring to her. He partook of the lively hopes expressed by his friend and after he had sent the ring he was continually expecting a message of kindness and pardon from the queen. Every morning he arose with the full expectation of being released before night and every night he laid his head on his pillow suffering 'the sickness of the heart that arises from hope deferred.' In some minds, hope may be deferred—disappointed—but it cannot be crushed. Hydra-like it springs up with renewed vigour from the apparent death blow. Such was the mind of Essex. He hoped and hoped on till hope was folly—till it was almost madness. Even when he beheld from the narrow windows of the Tower the gloomy preparations for his execution, he could scarcely believe that the once tender indulgent and forgiving Elizabeth would relentlessly doom him to death; or that she who had ever held her word sacred and above all things of importance had forgotten or disregarded the solemn promise she had given him with the ring. He was right. So far from forgetting her promise she waited in agonizing suspense for an opportunity to fulfil it. But female perfidy was too deep and too successful.—The earl of Nottingham was a political enemy of Essex and his countess who possessed a talent for intrigue unrestrained by honour or principle, took on herself the task of destroying him. For this purpose she had corrupted his confidential secretary, learned from him the faults into which he had been betrayed by his impetuous passions and represented them with deepened shades and heightened colours to the queen. She had obtained the ring from him to prevent his employing a more faithful messenger; for her knowledge of Elizabeth's character and feelings made her certain that it would immediately restore him to liberty and favour. Had she received this pledge of reconciliation and pardon, it would have decided her wavering mind. She thought he was restrained by pride, obstinacy or resentment from asking her forgiveness even in so delicate a manner as the one she had provided, but she ardently hoped that fear of death and desire of her favour would bow his spirit so far as to make him claim her promise. She wait-

ed impatiently—but in vain, and being constantly surrounded and solicited by the enemies of her favorite, she at length with much reluctance and hesitation signed the warrant for his execution. He died as sinful erring man should die—not with a stoical indifference—not with the assumed fortitude of the proud savage or high souled Spartan—but with humble penitence and pious hope. His last words was a prayer for Heavenly pardon—his last inarticulate sigh was for Margaret O'Neale. His separation from that beloved being was short. The long weeks and months of suspense since the departure of her noble lover had undermined her constitution and when on her sick bed, she heard the tidings of his bloody death, it was the last blow to the slender thread of her life. Her stern father saw her expire just as he had been told of the death of the only other being on earth whom he did not hate, and his lofty spirit was overthrown. He sunk into a state of torpid indifference and submitted unresistingly to the guidance of those around him. Among other acts into which he was unconsciously led was that of surrendering his person to the English and petitioning Queen Elizabeth for pardon of his rebellion. The pardon was granted and he returned to his home, where in time his benumbed faculties began to revive. He felt and felt most keenly his desolation and what was still more insupportable the sense of his degradation in the base submission he had made to the oppressors of his country. He felt that the life which had been granted him by the capricious mercy of a tyrannical queen was a burden too heavy for him to bear, unsupported by her whose smiles had made his only happiness; and his dagger soon relieved him of it.

Meanwhile the perfidious countess of Nottingham was on her death-bed writhing under the lash of remorse. In the hope of assuaging the intolerable anguish of her mind she sent for the queen and gave her the ring with which she had been intrusted by the unfortunate Essex. Confessing her enmity to him and the infernal machinations she had contrived to ruin him. Elizabeth, who had never ceased to reproach herself for the death of her favorite, after the first transport of anger was over fell into a state of debility and dejection and refusing the aid of her physicians, soon sunk into the grave.—Thus will unrestrained passions mislead and destroy the noble, the royal, the brave, the beautiful.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

William Burroughs, a brave Captain in the American Navy; fell in the action between the *Enterprize* and *Boxer*, when the latter surrendered, Sept. 5, 1813.

Thomas Butler, a Col. in the army of the revolution; in 1797, he commanded in Tennes-

see, and brought the Indian war to a successful termination : he died 1805.

Richard Butler, an active officer of the American revolution; he was killed at the defeat of Gen. St. Clair, on the Miami, 1778.

Joseph Buonaparte, brother to Napoleon; an adopted son of America, was born at Ajaccio, Island of Corsica, 1768, was ambassador from France to Rome, 1787, Commissary General in the French army, afterwards secretary to the council of five hundred, counsellor of state, minister plenipotentiary to negotiate a treaty of peace with the United States, 1801, President of the senate of France, Prince, and grand Elector of the Empire, General and commander-in-chief of the army of Naples, which he invaded with a powerful army. On the 14th Feb. 1806, he entered Naples, and took possession of the palace and was soon after proclaimed King; in the year 1808, he was crowned king of Spain and the Indies, by his brother, was overthrown by lord Wellington, and retreated from the kingdom in 1813, and on the invasion of Russia, in 1814; he was appointed by the Emperor, lieutenant general of the empire, and commandant general of the National Guards. Being afterwards overpowered by the Allied army, he left the kingdom and retired to Switzerland; and on the final abdication of Napoleon, he came to the U. States. He has since resided in New-Jersey, as an American citizen, and is held in highest estimation.

John Cabot, a native of the city of Venice, sailed from England, 1494, on a voyage of discovery. On the 24th June, 1495, he discovered land, which he called *prima vista*, which in Italian, his native language, signifies *first sight*. This land is supposed to be Newfoundland.

Sebastian Cabot, son of the preceding, sailed from England 1498, and discovered the continent north of the St. Lawrence, since called Labrador, and coasted along the shore to the southern point of Florida. It is said that he was the discoverer of the main land; that he made the land June 11, O. S., and that Columbus did not until Aug 1, same year.—Cabot made another voyage to America, and proceeded as far south as Brazil, 1516.

John Cadwallader, a brigadier-general in the American Army; this zealous and inflexible friend of America was born in Philadelphia 1742. He was distinguished for his intrepidity as a soldier, in upholding the cause of freedom during the most discouraging periods of danger and misfortune, that America ever beheld. He acted, [the] with the command of brigadier-general, as a private soldier, in the actions of Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and several others, and received the thanks of Gen. Washington, whose confidence and regard he uniformly enjoyed. This patriotic and exemplary man died Feb 10, 1786.

John C. Calhoun, was born in South Carolina, 1781. In early age he was elected to the as-

sembly of his native state, and afterwards a representative in Congress. Of this body, Mr. Calhoun was an able, eloquent, and leading member, until the year 1817, when he was appointed Secretary at War. In March, 1825, he was elected Vice President of the U. States. He was a leading, decided, and able advocate of the late war, and has ever been an uniform advocate of internal improvement, and also for a navy, as 'the appropriate armour for a free people, without endangering their liberty.' As a statesman, Mr. Calhoun is an ornament to his country; as a patriot he is ardent and independent, and his colloquial powers are of the first order.

Edward Carrington, an active officer during the American revolution, who, as Quarter-master-general under Gen. Green, rendered important services to the southern army. He was afterwards a representative in Congress from Virginia, his native state. He died 1810.

Sir Philip Carteret, a proprietor and governor of New Cesarai, now New Jersey, 1665 and 70: died 1682.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born in Annapolis, Maryland, 1737, a sincere friend of the American Revolution, and an ardent patriot; one of the 54 signers of the 'Declaration of Independence,' and at present time the only survivor—he was twice elected to Congress, once in the U. S. senate, and four times in the senate of his native state.

Daniel Carroll, a relative of the preceding, held many important offices during the revolution, a delegate to congress from Maryland, and a signer of the 'articles of confederation,' 1778, and a delegate to the convention which framed the constitution of the U. S. 1787.

John Cartwright, commonly major, distinguished himself while young, as a lieutenant in the British Navy; espoused the cause of America, 1774, in several works of talent. In 1776, accompanying Lord Howe in his expedition against the colonies, and down to the time of his death in 1824, was a zealous and able though perhaps sometimes an intemperate advocate of reform in the British government. His works are numerous, though almost entirely political.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYALTY FROM A BREW HOUSE.

During the reign of Charles I. a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid. But not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brew house. The brewer observing a good looking girl in his occupation, took her into his family as a servant maid, and shortly after married her; but he died whilst she was a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young widow was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the Earl of Clarendon)

finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., the mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

A traveller of a humorous turn, on passing a Dutch dwelling where a stone oven was heating, which was out of doors, at one side of the house, felt disposed to hoax the inhabitants. He called out, 'hallo, the house! hallo the house!' Out came the Dutchman, the Dutchman's wife, the Dutchman's three sons, and the Dutchman's eleven daughters. He observed to them 'your oven's on fire.' They all flew swiftly around the corner of the house, and the merchant rode on enjoying the joke. A short time since the same gentleman was travelling to the east in a gig; the roads were uncommonly muddy. He was about passing the same house, when a young lad came running towards him with great anxiety depicted in his countenance. 'Sir,' said he, 'your wheel is loose.' The man immediately stooped, got out into the mud, and looked at the wheel, when the boy exclaimed, 'the other wheel, sir.' Around he waded through the mud, filled his pumps with water and mire, examined the linch pin, and said to the boy, 'I don't see any thing out of the way.' 'Why, I thought it was loose,' said the boy, 'I saw it turn round,' (at the same time describing a circle with his finger.) 'You provoking little rascal what do you mean?' exclaimed the gentleman. 'Aye,' says the lad, 'the oven's on fire! the oven's on fire!' The merchant was so highly pleased with the lad's wit, that he gave him a dollar and continued on his journey.

Mistaken Ideas of dress.—The London Weekly Times lately made a few remarks on this subject, the justice of which must be apparent to every observer of men in this country as well as in England. The editor remarks, that the passion for dress, amongst males, is almost exclusively confined to tradesmen and persons in the lower ranks of life. There are no people in the world who dress so plainly as the House of Peers and House of Commons. Indeed there are but few members of these august bodies, whom a Fleet-street shopman would not turn up his nose at in the street. There are many people, who are not yet aware, that in good society it is considered a mark of vulgarity to be dressed particularly well!

Honest Motto.—Persons who retire from trade are generally eager, from a false shame, to conceal the mode by which they acquired their wealth. An honorable exception occurred to this, in the case of a Mr. Gillespie, a tobacconist in the city of Edinburgh. Having acquired an ample fortune by the sale of snuff at the end of the American war, he set up a carriage, and lest the public, or himself might forget how he had acquired the means of keeping

one, to arms of three snuff boxes rampant, he added the following doggerel couplet as a motto:

'Who would have thought it,
That the noses could have bought it!'

The Lion roars loudest when most frightened. In the commencement of the American revolution, when one of the British king's thundering proclamations made its appearance, the subject was mentioned in a company in Philadelphia; a member of congress who was present, turning to Miss Livingston said 'well Miss, are you greatly terrified at the roaring of the British Lion?' 'Not at all, sir, for I have learned from natural history, that *beast roars loudest when he is most frightened.*'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 20, 1830.

Omission.—The story in our last number, entitled 'The Main Truck,' should have been credited to 'The New-York Mirror,' a paper from which we have selected many good things.

The Mussulman.—Dr. Madden, author of 'Travels in Turkey,' has issued a novel under the above title. There is interspersed throughout the work, a variety of interesting incidents, calculated to give an accurate idea of Turkish character and manners; the plot is well laid and happily developed, and it is altogether such a production as might be expected from the talents of the author and his extensive knowledge of the country and people of which it treats.

Sir Walter Scott.—This indefatigable writer has announced, as forth coming two new works: 'Robert of Paris, a romance of the Lower Empire,' and 'Tales of a Grandfather, being stories taken from the history of France.'

'The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas.'—This is the title of Cooper's new novel, which is now in the press of Messrs. Carey and Lea, and will make its appearance in the early part of next month.

SUMMARY.

A watchmaker in Portland has manufactured a padlock and key of gold, complete in all their parts. The lock measures in length 3-8ths of an inch, well warranted, and about the thickness of a sewing needle. The lock and key together weigh only eight grains.

The property of Trinity Church, N. V. amounts to several millions of dollars.—One hundred and sixty thousand persons have been buried in its cemetery since the year 1703.

The Duke of Wellington's family receives, in stipends, provisions and salaries, no less a sum than \$263,736 annually. The Duke has also received in grants from the government \$3,500,000.

Colonel John Houghton, of Green county, Geo. has invented a new and valuable improvement in Mills, by which the wheels are operated on by the force of the current of a river or creek, without the construction of dams.

A machine has been invented in Worcester England, to be worked by steam, particularly adapted for cutting canals, leveling hills for railways, &c. The engine cuts at a single movement, 6 feet wide and 3 feet deep, delivering into a cart upwards of a ton per minute.

MARRIED,

At Hillsdale, on Thursday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Porter Tremaine, of Ancram, to Miss Amanda Collin, daughter of David Collin, Esq. of Hillsdale.

In Puttfield, Mass. Mr. Samuel Partridge to Miss Sophia Chase.

DIED,

At his residence, in the town of Clermont, after a long and painful illness, Thomas Brudhead, M. D. in the 67th year of his age.

In this city, on Monday evening the 8th inst. after a short illness Mr. Lewis Brigham, in the 25th year of his age.

In this city, on the 12th inst. a child of Mr. EH Mosier, aged 4 months.

On the 10th inst. a child of Mr. Aaron Macy, aged 4 years and 3 months.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
SABBATH EVE.

It is a holy night—the moon is up
In all her chastened splendor, and the stars
Smile sweetly down upon the cherished earth—
Silence has spread her sacred charm abroad
And one profound, unbroken calm pervades
The shades of earth. It is a time for worship !—
Holy prayer may now pour forth its fervour,
Into the gracious ear of Deity—
Earth's regenerate and awakened sons
Bowed down in deep humility may draw
Their warm affections out in praise and thanks,
And in the richness of their faith may hold
Communion sweet with God.

The shadowy

Vales of earth in Cynthia's burnished rays,
Are sparkling bright, and zephyrs play along
The softened air, and to the delighted
Senses, waft a thousand sweets. 'Tis soothing,
Enchanting quite—but nature's wildering
Beauty and glory and loveliness,
Shine not on earth alone—far, far away,
In the distant, majestic sky are hid
Wonders and beauties transcendent, unreach'd
By mortal ken—and yet more distant still,
E'en in the pure and bright empyrean,
One broad, enduring and unmeasured blaze
Of glory covers all !—

OSCAR.

From the *Tokos* for 1831.
STANZAS.

O. W. B. PEABODY.

Too lovely and too early lost !
My memory clings to thee,
For thou wast once my guiding star
Amid the treacherous sea ;
But doubly cold and cheerless now,
The wave too dark before,
Since every beacon-light is quenched
Along the midnight shore.

I saw thee first, when hope arose
On youth's triumphant wing,
And thou wast lovelier than the light
Of early dawning Spring.
Who then could dream, that health and joy
Would e'er desert the brow,
So bright with varying lustre once,
So chill and changeless now ?

That brow ! how proudly o'er it then
Thy kingly beauty hung,
When wit, or eloquence or mirth
Came burning from the tongue ;
Or when upon that glowing cheek
The kindling smile was spread,
Or tears, to thine own woes denied,
For others' griefs were shed.

Thy mind ! It ever was the home
Of high and holy thought ;
Thy life, an emblem of pure truths
Thy pure example taught ;
When blended in thine eye of light
As from a royal throne,
Kindness and peace and virtue there
In mingled radiance shone.

One evening when the Autumn dew
Upon the hills was shed,
And Hesperus, far down the West
His starry host had led,
Thou said'st, how sadly and how oft
To that prophetic eye,
Visions of darkness and decline
And early death were nigh.

It was a voice from other worlds,
Which none beside might hear,
Like the night breeze's plaintive lyre,
Breathed faintly on the ear ;
It was the warning kindly given,
When blessed spirits come
From their bright paradise above,
To call a sister home.

How sadly on my spirit then
That fatal warning fell !
But oh, the dark reality
Another voice may tell ;
The quick decline—the parting sigh—
The slowly moving bier—
The lifted sod—the sculptured stone—
The unavailing tear—

The amaranth flowers that bloom in heaven,
Entwine thy temples now,
The crown that shines immortally
Is beaming on thy brow ;
The seraphs round the burning throne
Have borne thee to thy rest,
To dwell among the saints on high,
Companion of the blest.

The sun hath set in folded clouds—
Its twilight rays are gone,
And gathered in the shades of night,
The storm is rolling on.
Alas ! how ill that burning storm
The fainting spirit braves,
When they, the lovely and the lost
Are gone to early graves.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Ophthalmic.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is put off until the next day.

NEW-PUZZLES.

I.

Where'er my first appears dread horror reigns,
Sad desolation marks his wild career ;
Mild Peace affrighted flies to happier plains.
And roseate Hope is chased by pallid Fear.
Led by false zeal, the preacher oft mistakes
My empty nest for energy divine ;
The simple majesty of truth forsakes,
And fills with pompous sound each feeble line.

My whole, dread mandate of offended power,
The trembling culprit views with wild dismay ;
Too late he deprecates the fatal hour
That led him from fair Virtue's peaceful way.

II.

Why is a dismayed ship like a storekeeper with a
poor stock of goods ?

WANTED,

A smart active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an
apprentice to the Printing Business.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII [NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, DECEMBER 4, 1830.

NO. 14.

POPULAR TALES.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

Alvarez de Rameiro was the son of a Portuguese marquis by an English lady of great beauty and considerable fortune. The match was particularly obnoxious to the family of the nobleman; and Alvarez, at the death of his mother, found himself heir to her English estates and to the cordial dislike of his Portuguese relations; but he was of a light heart and free spirit, and found an antidote to their coldness and neglect in his contempt for their opinion. It naturally followed however, that he was often, as much 'upon compulsion' as from choice, left to the society of his own reflections, which, as he possessed a tolerably well stored mind and a clear conscience, were very endurable company.

In one of the solitary rambles, in which it was his wont to indulge, he found himself in the vicinity of the pleasure grounds attached to a villa within a league of Lisbon, the country residence of a British merchant. As he approached the garden, which was separated from the road by a deep moat, he perceived walking on a slight elevation or terrace a young lady whose form and countenance were so entirely to his taste, that his eyes followed her with an earnestness which, had she observed it, might not have impressed her with a very favourable notion of his good manners. Whether he was desirous of quenching the incipient flame in his bosom, by rushing into the opposite element, or of arriving at his object by the shortest possible cut (overlooking in his haste the parenthesis of the ditch,) it is neither possible nor essential for me to state; but certain it is, that the lady was roused from her meditations by the noise of a sudden plunge in the water, and, on turning round, she saw a portion of a mantle floating on the moat, and immediately the hapless owner floundering about, either ignorant of the art of swimming, or incapacitated for efficient exertion by his cloak and appended finery.

The lady did not shriek out, for she knew that the gardener was deaf, and that her cries would not reach the mansion: she did not tear her hair—for unless she could make a rope of it, there had been little wisdom in that—but she did better; she seized a rake, and approaching as near to the moat as she could, literally hooked him into shallow water whence he was enabled to gain the terrace, where he stood before her dripping like a river-god and sputtering thanks and duck weed in great profusion. Never did human being present more equivocal appearance than did Alvarez on this occasion, covered as he was with mud and weeds. The damsel, at the sight of him scrambling up the bank, was almost induced to exclaim with Trinculo, 'what have we here?—a man or a fish?' And indeed, until 'the creature found a tongue,' it would have been no easy task for Linnæus himself to determine the class of animals to which he belonged. No meeting between fair lady and gallant knight could, by possibility, be more un-romantic; nay, 'twas the most common-place thing conceivable; whatever may have been the cavalier's sensations, she did not fall in love with him; for her first impulse on seeing him safely landed was to laugh most incontinently; and love, as my friend the corporal hath it, is 'the most serious thing in life.'

'I pray you senora,' said Alvarez, as soon as he recovered himself, 'to accept my humblest apologies for intruding upon you so extraordinary an apparition.'

'Apparition!—nay senor, you are encumbered somewhat too pertinaciously, methinks, with the impurities of earth to be mistaken for any thing of the kind; unless you lay claim to the spiritual character on the score of your *intangibility*, which I have not the slightest inclination to dispute; and as for your apologies you had better render them to those unoffending fishes whose peaceful retreat you have so uncerimoniously invaded; for you have raised a tempest where, to my certain knowledge, there has not been a ripple for these twelve months.'

'Indeed fair lady, I owe them no apologies since but for you I had been their food. You moat, although not wide enough to swim in possesses marvellous facilities for drowning.'

At this instant the merchant himself entered the grounds, and approached the scene of the interview. His daughter immediately introduced her unbidden guest. 'Allow me, my dear papa, to present to you a gentleman who brings with him the latest intelligence from the moat. Behold him dripping with his credentials, and the bearer of a specimen of the soil and a few aquatic plants peculiar to the region he has explored, and of which, having landed on your territories he politely requests you to relieve him.'

'You are a saucy jade,' said the merchant, 'and, but that I know your freaks ever stop short of actual mischief, I could almost suspect you of having pushed him in.'

'Nay papa that could not be; we were on opposite sides of the moat.'

'You forget lady,' rejoined the cavalier, who began to recover his spirits, 'that attraction is often as powerful an agent as repulsion, and that therefore your father's conjecture as to the cause of my misfortune may not be altogether groundless.'

'I beseech you, senor,' said the daughter, 'to reserve your compliments for your next visit to the Naiads of the moat, to whom they are most justly due, and cannot fail to be acceptable from a gentleman of your amphibious propensities. I hope our domestics will be careful in divesting you of that plaster of mud; I should like the cast amazingly.'

During this colloquy the party approached the mansion, where Alvarez was accommodated with a temporary change of attire; and it is certain that if the damsel was not captivated by his first appearance, her heart was still less in danger when she beheld him encased in her father's habiliments—a world too wide for him—the merchant being somewhat of the stoutest, while the fair proportions of his guest were not encumbered with any exuberance of flesh.

Thus originated the acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth and his fair daughter with the most gallant of all Portuguese cavaliers, Alvarez de Rameiro; an acquaintance which, as their amiable qualities mutually developed themselves, ripened into friendship. Alvarez exhibited a frankness of manner which never bordered upon rudeness and equally remote from assurance; while the liberality of his opinions indicated an elevation of mind that the bigotry amid which he had been educated had not been able to overthrow. These qualities well accorded with the straight forward disposition of the Englishman who probably found them scarce in Lisbon, and rendered the society of the young foreigner more than ordinarily agreeable to him.

It happened, one afternoon in the summer, that the merchant and Alvarez were enjoying their glass of wine and cigar, while Mary

Wentworth was attending to some plants in a grass-plot before the window. Mr. Wentworth had told his last story, which was rather of the longest; but as his notions of hospitality, in furnishing his table, including conversation as well as reflection, he made a point of keeping it up, and with this general object rather than any particular one—for he had great simplicity of heart—he filled his glass, and, passing the decanter to his guest, resumed the conversation; 'It has occurred to me, Alvarez, that your attentions to my Mary have been somewhat pointed of late—fill your glass man and don't keep your hand on the bottle; it heats the wine.'

'Then sir my conduct has not belied my feelings; for I certainly do experience much gratification in Miss Wentworth society, and her father is the last person from whom I should desire to conceal it.'

'Then have the goodness to push the cigar dish a little nearer for mine is out.'

'I hope sir, that my attentions to your daughter have not been offensive to her?'

'I am sure I don't know, for I never asked her.'

'Nor to yourself I trust?'

'No, or you would not have had so many opportunities of paying them.'

'They have occasioned you no anxiety or uneasiness, then, sir?'

'Nay your honour is my warrant against that, and I have the collateral security of her prudence.'

'May I, then, without offence, inquire whether your observations tend, and why you have introduced the subject?'

'In the first instance, simply for want of something else to talk about; but now we are upon the subject, it may be as well to know your views in paying the attentions to which I have referred.'

'When I tell you honestly that I love your daughter, you will not with the confidence you are pleased to place in my honour, have any difficulty in guessing them.'

'Guessing is not my forte, and therefore I have hated riddles; they puzzle the understanding without improving it. Speak out.'

'Why sir with your sanction, to make her my wife.'

'Then you will do a very foolish thing: that is, always supposing that my daughter has no objection to your scheme; and we, both of us, appear to have left her pretty much out of the argument. Pray is she aware at all of the preference with which you are pleased to honour her?'

'I have never told her, because I know not how she would receive the declaration; and I prize your daughter's good opinion too dearly to desire to look like a simpleton before her.'

'Well, there's some sense in that. By the way, Alvarez, without any particular reference to the subject we are discussing, let me exhort

you, whenever you make a declaration of your love to a woman, never do it upon your knees.'

'Why not sir?'

'Because it is the most inconvenient position possible for marching off the field; and in the event of a repulse the sooner a man quits it the better.'

'But, sir, I maintain, and I speak it under favour, and with all deference to the sex, that the man who exposes himself to the humiliation of a refusal richly merits it.'

'As how?'

'Because he must be blind, if he cannot, within a reasonable period, find out whether his suit be acceptable or not, and a fool if he declares himself before.'

'You think so, do you? Then be so good as to push over that plate of olives; and, as I said before, in reference to your matrimonial project, I think it a very foolish one.'

'In what respect, sir, may I ask?'

'In the first place, it is the custom in England for a man and his wife to go to Church together; and you were born a Catholic.'

'Only half a one, sir; my mother was a Protestant.'

'And a heretic.'

'No sir; my sainted mother was a Christian.'

'You do not mean to call yourself a Protestant?'

'I do, indeed, sir.'

'Then, let me tell you that your religion is the most unfashionable in all Lisbon, and somewhat dangerous withal.'

'Have you found it so?'

'Nay; I am of a country which is given to resent as a nation an injury done to an individual member of it; and as a British fleet in the bay of Lisbon would not be the most agreeable sight to the good folk of this Catholic city, I presume I may profess what religion I please, without incurring any personal risk; but you have no such safeguard; and, although my daughter might have no great objection to your goodly person as it is, she might not relish it served up as a grill, according to the approved method, in this most orthodox country, of freeing the spirit from its earthly impurities.'

'You talk very coolly, my dear sir, upon a rather warm subject; but I assure you I am under no apprehensions on that score.'

'Well, admitting that you are justified in considering yourself safe, do you think that an alliance with the daughter of a merchant, and a foreigner, would be otherwise than obnoxious to your family?'

'Why as to that, my affectionate brothers-in-law, not reckoning upon the pleasure of my society in the next world, have not been at much pains to cultivate it in this; and therefore I apprehend I am not bound to consult their wishes in the matter.'

'The conversation was here interrupted by

the entrance of Miss Wentworth, and the subject was of course changed.

The explanation which had taken place between the merchant and Alvarez was followed by an equally good understanding between the latter and the young lady; and it was finally arranged among them that Mr. Wentworth, who had been eminently successful in his commercial pursuits in Lisbon, should only remain to close his accounts, and convert his large property into bills and specie, for the purpose of remitting it to London, when the whole party, Alvarez himself having no ties to bind him to his own country, should embark for England, where the union of the young people was to take place.

But, alas! 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' and scarcely had the preliminary arrangements been completed, when the merchant was seized with an inflammatory fever which terminated in his death, leaving his daughter, who loved him to a degree of enthusiasm which such a parent might well inspire, overwhelmed with sorrow, a stranger in a foreign land, and without a friend in the world but Alvarez, whose ability to protect her fell infinitely short of his zeal and devotion to her service. Still however, he could comfort and advise with her; and she looked up to him with all that confiding affection which the noble qualities of his heart and the honorable tenor of his conduct, could not fail to create. But even he, her only stay, was shortly taken from her. The Holy Office, having gained information of their intention of quitting Lisbon with the property of the deceased merchant, availed itself of the pretext afforded by the religious professions of Alvarez to apprehend and confine him, as the most effectual means of delaying the embarkation relying on ulterior measures for obtaining possession of the wealth of their victims.

Mary Wentworth's was not a mind to sink supinely under misfortune, for she had much energy of character; but this last blow was enough to paralyze it all. She had no difficulty to guess at the object of the Holy Office, and she knew that if any measure could avail her in this emergency, it must speedily be adopted. But the power of the Inquisition was a fearful one to contend with. There was but one man in Lisbon who could aid her, and to him she was a stranger; yet to him she determined to appeal.

(Concluded in our next.)

For the Rural Repository.

THE RESERVOIR OF OBLIVION.

In a very pensive mood, or state of mental indisposition to which every individual is more or less addicted, I found I had wandered to the entrance of a grove, which being my favourite retreat, I entered. Every obstruction caused by the falling of broken limbs had been removed and the production of the soil left to flourish in its native beauty. A meandering

rivulet was gurgling its music, as if to rival the feathery songsters which hopped from branch to branch of Nature's lofty bower, which she had formed by intertwining the foliage of the trees which grew upon the sides of the rivulet. I wandered on till I came to an alcove which a brother's taste had decked with a beautiful variety. I sunk upon the grass-grown seat, reclining my head against the trunk of a large tree that grew by its side, and unconsciously closed my eyes upon the scene to wander in the regions of fancy.—Shall I rehearse my dream?—Yes!—Then list and ye shall hear.

The Reservoir of Oblivion was open to my view. It was a motley store of good and evil thrown promiscuously together. The half, so numerous they were, I did not view. Much of good I saw, of genuine worth forgotten. There were myriad hopes which adverse winds had blighted in embryo. Various also were the ways and means by which they here were seen. I know the world is prone to blot the good man's deeds e'er Fame can once repeat them. (For know that Fame is a menial servant of man. What the majority of them would have her do, she does.) But why a holy God should suffer good to be forgotten while wickedness was praised as the height of virtue, I pondered to opine. But soon Truth whispered in my ear these words. 'To love of admiration the best of men are prone. When they have done the worthiest deed, should their worth be duly valued, the eulogies of men would quite unfit them for the path which leads to Heaven. All mortified desires are blessings in disguise which thou in Heaven shalt fully understand, and which will call from thee the deepest gratitude thy heart can feel. There thou wilt see the harmony of what thou now callest discord.'—I saw also parents' prospects shrouded in tears of bitter agony. Their hopes were centred in a child, which even in childhood far surpassed some of maturer years. In prospect they had seen him walking in the higher ranks of life; they saw in him the sound divine or statesman, and even fancied he would guide a nation's destiny. Nor was it all a parent's fondness, others saw and praised the lofty aspiring spirit of the youth. But lured by deadly influence, he sipped a drop or two from dissipation's cup. Need I tell the agony which probed the heart to view his utter ruin? In time he drank the dregs of dissipation up, and sunk from the vortex of disgrace, to the Reservoir of Oblivion. Sad proof that 'with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool.'—Other hopes, death had laid prostrate. The wicked laughed and said tauntingly, these parents trusted in their God; but did not know these were the means employed to guide them on to Heaven, that else they would have been too firmly linked to earth.—There was one, suffer me and I will briefly sketch her character. Think not the term a paradox or rather allow it, though applied to one crushed, sunk to earth's great

Reservoir. Among the favored ones she was a favorite. Accomplished to the height of grace and loveliness. Though if ye will subtract the haughty feeling which at long intervals curled her young lip, and ye will leave no blot upon a heart fraught with love to God and man. She loved with a serenity which was reciprocated by a youth of noble heart and mien. Hymen was twining a wreath to grace the brow of each, when Fortune with a frown upon her contracted brow, snatched from his hand the roses and with rude haste despoiled them; tossing their fragrance to the winds. The lovers did not see the ominous looks of Fortune in her freak. Their country's clarion sounded and in the fair one's breast responded to that which lit the lofty brow of her lover.——With the parting hour, came the parting anguish. Each knew their own heart too true to admit a thought of treachery; but the day of battle; Would he return graced with valour's laurels? or, distracting thought! would the steed of the survivor trample upon his gory bed? e'en leave the hoof-print on his marble brow!——The watch-word given—the cannon's roar—the clashing of the gleaming steel, each with the foeman's—hark!—the shout of victory!—'tis ours! raise high the notes of gladness.—But where was he whose nodding plume showed he that wore it fought desperately where the battle raged with the deadliest carnage. Amid the heaps of slain she made her too successful search.—Reason reeled, was dethroned.—The wandering maniac bore for a time the world's pity, then wore an angel's garb.—This is as a blank, compared with what I saw, or as a drop to ocean's mass of waters,—The moral came home to my heart. A.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

John Carver, first governor of Plymouth Colony, 1621, and distinguished for prudence, integrity, and firmness.

Jonathan Carver, born in Connecticut, a celebrated traveller; he penetrated the most interior parts of America, and died in 1780, in want of the necessaries of life.

Thomas Cary, Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina, was removed from office, and afterwards sent to England for trial, for attempting to excite a rebellion, about 1709.

Samuel de Champlain, a Frenchman, sent on a voyage of discovery, by Henry IV. in 1602. He discovered the Lake which bears his name.

Charles Chauncey, L. L. D. was secretary of State, and afterwards a judge of the supreme Court of the state of Conn. and died 1822.

John Chester, a native of Wethersfield, Conn. a colonel in the American Army, distinguished himself at the battle of Bunker's Hill; died 1809.

Benjamin Chew, a native of Maryland, was chief judge of the Supreme court of Penn. and

afterwards judge of the high court of Appeals of that State. He died in 1810.

Thomas Chittenden, first governor of Vermont and president of the convention which formed the constitution of that State. He was a native of Connecticut and an illiterate man, but yet he possessed great natural talents and great private virtue. He died in 1797.

Benjamin Church was distinguished for his exploits in the Indian wars, in New-England, and commanded the party that killed the famous Philip. He died in 1718.

Thomas Clapp was President of Yale College, and one of the most profound scholars of his age. He published a history of Yale College, and conjectures upon meteors, and constructed the first Orrery or Planetarium in America. He died in 1767.

Mathew Clarkson, of New-York, born in 1758; he was a Major General in the revolutionary army, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Bridgewater. He subsequently held various public offices. His name is associated with those who fought and bled for American Independence, and in private life, with the most devoted virtues.

Josiah Clayton, was a governor of Delaware, and a member of the United States' Senate. He died in 1799.

Henry Clinton, a British General in the war of the revolution; was grand-son of the Earl of Lincoln, and became captain of the Guards in 1758. In 1778 he was appointed commander in chief in America; evacuated Philadelphia the same year; took Charlestown 1780 and returned to England in 1782. In 1795 he was made governor of Gibraltar, and died soon after.

Charles Clinton, a native of Ireland, emigrated early to New-York, where he maintained a high character for usefulness and respectability. He was the father of James and George Clinton; died in 1773,

James Clinton, was a Major general in the American army; distinguished himself as a brave and indefatigable officer in the wars of the French and Indians, and in the revolution was with Gen. Sullivan on his expedition to the Genesee Country; was for some time commander of the Northern Section of the Union, stationed at Albany, and was afterwards at the siege of Yorktown. He closed his military career by bidding an affectionate farewell to Washington at New-York, and retiring to private life. He died in 1812.

George Clinton was brother to James and an eminent Lawyer and member of Congress from New-York 1776. He was an active supporter of the Revolution, and of his country, and during the war he rendered essential service to the American arms. He was repeatedly chosen governor of New-York, and was elected Vice President of the United States in 1804. He died in 1812.

George Clinton, Admiral of the English Navy and governor of the colony of New-York

before the revolution; afterwards returned to England.

De Witt Clinton, son of Gen. James Clinton, was born in Orange county N. Y. 1769. In 1797 he was elected a member of the Legislature from the city of New-York, and soon after of the Senate. In 1802 he was chosen a member of the United States' Senate, and from 1803 to 1807 he was Mayor of the city of New-York. During this time he was, for nine months, in the Legislature, and member of the Council of Appointment. In 1811 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the state of New-York and from that time till 1815 was again Mayor of the city of New-York. In 1817 he was appointed a Commissioner of Canals. In the same year he was elected Governor of the State of New-York almost without opposition, and was re-elected in 1824 and again in 1826. He died suddenly at Albany in 1828.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOOK TO YOUR ACCOUNTS.

It is an old and vulgar, although a true saying, that 'there is as much in picking as there is in digging;' and the business world will so find it, if they have not already. It matters not how much business a man does if he be not regular in keeping his accounts. Mechanics and farmers are proverbial for their neglect in this particular. Many keep no account book at all; a piece of chalk and a pine board constitute their only materials of record; the whole labor of the year is trusted to them, liable to be totally lost by the slightest accident; or the credit sales of produce, to twenty or thirty people, have only this frail memorial to tell what they have taken place, and even those who pretend to keep account books do it but partially; they either depend upon the honesty of their neighbors, or upon their own memory, rather than perform the trifling labor which arises from a record on paper; or, having charged, they are dilatory in collecting. They either have a false delicacy which prevents them, or they are too indolent to dun others, while they are continually dunned themselves, and while their own claims, which might have been collected with a very little attention in due season, are becoming good for nothing. This want of attention, we may venture to say, has ruined as many mechanics as any one thing.—Their payments for labor and for stock are periodical and regular, while that of their customers is the reverse; they depend upon being paid without asking for it; they are disappointed and of course disappoint others—and their credit once gone they are ruined.

Every man, whether farmer mechanic or merchant, who has dealings with the world, ought to know how he stands in relation to it, and in order to do this, he should keep with precision, honesty and neatness, a set of account books. Contracts and bargains should

be recorded, and nothing should be bought or sold without having a place there. He should also have a system for the collection of what is due to him, as well as for the payment of what he owes. Fear of giving offence by asking the payment of just dues, should never be indulged for a moment.—The custom of one who is unwilling or unable to pay for what he has, is better lost than retained; and all should reflect that it is their duty to be honest before they are benevolent. Let every man take care of himself, and then every man will be taken care of; but when a man entrusts his pecuniary matters to the care of the public, he must make up his mind to starve.

LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.

A Physician in Vermont received a visit from his brother in Massachusetts, who in person resembled him very nearly. The brother walking out the next day, was accosted by a person in the street, who mistook him for the man of medicine. 'How fare ye, Doctor?' said he; 'that physic you gin me yesterday did wonders; I feel like a bran new man.'

'Physic!' said the stranger, staring with astonishment, 'I gave you no physic.'

'The devil you did nt!' exclaimed the man; 'well that beats my notion all to pieces.—Now doctor, you're either jokin or else you're very forgetful, one of the three. But I han't forgot, and now, if you've no objection, I'll pay you the damage. How much is it, doctor?'

The stranger protested that so far from receiving any damage, he never saw nor heard of him before; and to convince him of the mistake, he mentioned that he was a stranger in the place, and that he had just come on a visit to his brother, who very much resembled him in person.

The man was satisfied and went his way; but the singularity of the mistake kept running in his head; and meeting the same man the next day, and supposing that he had now found the bona fide doctor, whose physic had operated so wonderfully, he accosted him—'Would you believe it, doctor! I mistook your brother for you yesterday, and was a going to pay him for the physic you gin me—and by gorry, I never saw one man look so much like another, and yet not be him, in my life before!'—*N. Y. Constellation.*

An Anecdote is told of Sir George B. to show the credulity of mankind; when a young man he put an advertisement in the papers, to say that Mynheer ———, just come over from Germany, had found out a method of taking a likeness much superior to any other, by the persons looking into a mirror, and heating a glass so as to bake the impression; he stated this wonderful artist to live in a perfumer's shop in Bond street, opposite the hotel where he lodged, and amused himself the next day in seeing the numbers of people who flocked to have their likeness taken in this surprising

manner. At last he went over himself to ask for Mons. ———, and was driven out of the shop by the perfumer in a rage, who said there was no Mons. ———, nor Mons. Devil lived there! At another time Sir George was going in a coach to a tavern with a party of gay young men; the waiter came to the coach door with a light, and as he was holding this up to the others, those who had already got out, went round and getting in at the opposite door, came out again so that there seemed to be no end to the procession, and the waiter ran into the house frightened out of his wits.—*Lond. paper.*

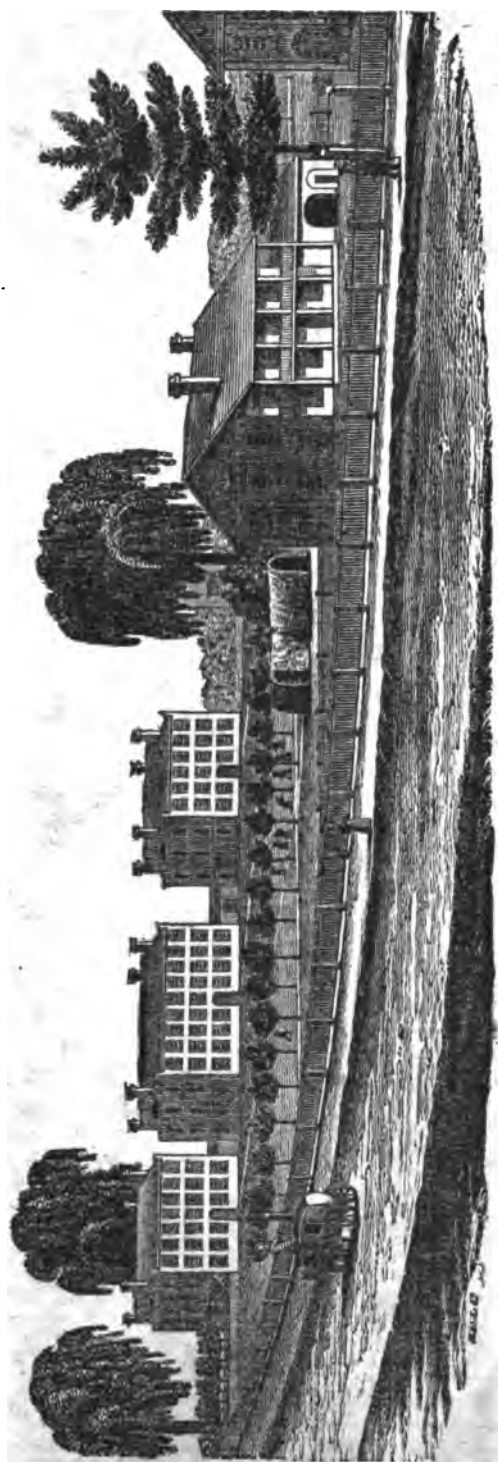
'What is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?' said a young larch tree to a young oak. 'I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches. I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe.' 'And thy duration,' answered the oak, 'is some third part of a man's life, and I am appointed to flourish a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into piling where thou rottest and art burned, after a single summer; of me are fashioned battle ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas.'

The richer a nature, the harder and slower is its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh grammar school; John ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Baillie John, of Hunter-square; and Walter, Walter Scott, of the Universe. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the—cabbage.

Anecdote.—Many years since, some gentlemen set up an assembly for dancing, and desiring to make a distinction and to assume a rank above the mechanics, they at first proposed this among the rules for regulating the assembly:—'That no mechanic, or mechanic's wife or daughter, should be admitted on any terms.' Being shown by a manager to Dr. Franklin, for his opinion, he remarked that one of them excluded God Almighty! 'How so?' said the manager. 'Because,' replied the Doctor, 'he is notoriously the greatest mechanic in the universe, having as the scripture testifies, made all things, and that by weight and measure.' The intended new gentlemen became ashamed of their rule, struck it out, and no such distinction has ever since been made.

Muddy Wit.—A black servant not a hundred miles from St. Andrews, being examined in the Church Catechism, by the minister of the parish, was asked—'What are you made of, Jack?' He said, 'of mud massa.' On being told he should say 'of dust,' he replied, 'no massa, it no do, no stick togedder.'

A butcher about to kill a cow, employed an Irishman to hold her. The butcher squinted, and when looking at the cow appeared to look



BARRISTER GYMNASIUM.

at the Irishman. Pat, fearing that he should get the knock instead of the cow, said, in much hurry, 'Arrah, man, do you strike where you look?' 'To be sure I do—where do you think I'd strike?' 'Then you may howld the cow yourself, till I get out of the way, just.'

Anecdote.—Harry Erskine, of facetious memory, was retained for a female named Tickle, against whom an action had been brought. On the trial he commenced his address to the court thus 'Tickle my client, the defendant, my Lord.' The audience, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics by the judge replying, 'Tickle her yourself, Harry, you are as able to do it as I.'

An old fellow was set in the pillory for abusing the civil authority; he was afterwards brought before a bench of judges, and threatened with severe punishment, if they heard any such conduct in the future: 'You shall hear no more, (said he) but I'll play you a trick which the devil never did.' And what is that? said one of the judges—'I will leave you,' said he.

Burying on Suspicion.—It is a grave subject to joke upon, but there is novelty in the following: a gentleman of this city the other day speaking to another of having attended the funeral of one of their acquaintance, was asked in the usual way of exclamation—'Is he dead?' He replied, 'I don't know whether he is dead or not—but at all events, they have buried him on suspicion.'—*N. Y. Constellation.*

Jumping.—Old Lines, of Connecticut used to bet with young men that he could jump as far in the same direction as they. As often as he found a novice, he would say, 'I am decrepid and you spry therefore permit me to choose the ground.' Certainly. Well, the ground would be chosen within a foot of the house, and he would jump his toes against it, and say, 'Jump farther there and in that direction, if you can.' Once he was beaten; for, happening to choose a spot beneath a window, his competitor took out the sashes, and jumped into the room.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 4, 1830.

BERKSHIRE GYMNASIUM.

The following particulars, relative to the Berkshire Gymnasium, are taken from a circular issued by the trustees:—

This School, conducted on the plan of the European Gymnasias, commenced on the 1st of June, 1827. Its object is to combine the best modern improvements in instruction, and to secure the *health, morals, and intellectual cultivation* of the pupils. Lads of any age, and young gentlemen of fair character, are prepared for admission into any of the colleges, or for business, and the instruction adapted to the employment to be pursued. The course of instruction is designed to be as extensive

as this enlightened age requires. Particular attention is paid to the elementary branches of education, reading, spelling, penmanship, &c. as well as to geography and history, English literature, mathematics, philosophy, the Latin and Greek and modern languages, chemistry, natural sciences, as botany, mineralogy, &c. and natural and revealed religion; and generally, to all the important departments of instruction.

The government of the School has the paternal character, mild, firm, and decisive—chiefly addressed to the understanding, the feelings, and the honor; and the intercourse of the instructors with the pupils is that of parents and friends. Associated with the Principal and Assistants as a family, the pupils are under their inspection in their amusements and at meals, as well in their studies.

Gymnastics, riding, botanical and mineralogical excursions, bathing (under the direction of a teacher,) and various other means, will be employed to impart and secure vigor and energy to the body and mind.

The particular direction and management of the BERKSHIRE GYMNASIUM is confided to Professor C. DEWEY, assisted by experienced teachers in the English studies, in the Hebrew, Latin and Greek languages, and in the French, German, Italian, Mathematics, &c.

This School is located in the town of Pittsfield, Mass. at a convenient distance from one of the most pleasant, healthy and flourishing, villages in the northern states. Elegant and extensive brick buildings have been erected for the purpose, on the large and beautiful grounds formerly occupied as a cantonment by the government of the United States. This school is five hours ride from Albany, on the great stage road to Boston, and during the passing of steam-boats on the Hudson, only twenty hours from the city of New-York; a location, combining superior advantages, is rarely found.

This School is in successful operation, and pupils are admitted at any time. Their stay depends wholly upon their good deportment, and the pleasure of their parents or guardians.

The whole expense of lads under 9 years of age is \$175
Between nine and thirteen, 200
Over thirteen, 250
a year, payable quarterly. This sum comprizes all the charges for tuition, lectures, boarding and washing, room, fire, lights, bedding, room furniture, and also books and stationery used in the School.

SUMMARY.

A Light Hat.—The hatters of London are manufacturing for queen Adelaide a riding-hat, the weight of which is not to exceed four ounces.

The United States Marine Hospital, situated in the western section of the city of Savannah, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 8th instant.

Three thousand and seven hundred lbs. of mackerel have been packed in Barnstable the past season.

The first steam engine ever used in Connecticut, was put up in Hartford last month. This is rather remarkable.

A Stocking Manufactory has just been put in operation in Troy, N. Y. under the direction of Mr. Reby, a thorough bred stocking weaver.

MARRIED.

In Brooklyn, (N. Y.) Mr. Edward Goodwin, of Hartford, (Editor of the Connecticut Current,) to Mrs. Eliza A. Sheldon.

At Claverack, on the 26th ult. by the Rev Mr. Slayter, Mr. Hiram Macy, to Miss Ann Hall.

At Copake, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wintere, Mr. Wilson Bates, of the firm of Wilson Bates & Co. to Miss Harriet Nephins.

On the 10th ult. by the same Rev. gentleman, at Northeast, Dr. George F. Hurd, of Salisbury, Ct. to Miss Julia Hopkins, daughter of Bess Hopkins, Esq. of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 21st ult. Hannah Jane, daughter of Mr. William Clow, aged 5 years and 4 months.

In Portsmouth, N. H. on Sunday morning, 21st ult. after a short illness, Hon. Clement Storer, aged 70. Gen. Storer was formerly President of the Senate of New Hampshire, Representative and Senator in Congress, and until a short time previous to his death, High Sheriff of the County of Rockingham.

At Boston, on Thursday last, the Hon. William Westmore, aged 81 years. He is thus added to the long list of Revolutionary Patriots, who have departed ripe and full of years. He was educated at Harvard University, and was graduated in 1770.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
THE CREATION.

Thick darkness lay out in deep and lengthened
Folds upon the vast, unmeasured space
Of undistinguished nothingness. Silence
Was there: not a sound broke the dread stillness
Of the embryo world. Time was not born.
In chaotic sleep reposed the elements—
Formless and void was then the massive earth,
Nor height nor depth, nor length nor breadth was
known—

In the deep grave of uncreated things
Lay the wide universe, and the creative
Power of the Almighty slumbered still.
At last the great incomprehensible
And eternal King surveyed from his high
Throne the dark abyss. He spake, and lo!
The bright eyed sun shot his burning
Rays athwart the gloom profound. Old darkness
Fled affrighted, and rolled her lurid clouds
Away—one deep, long, enduring crash was heard
And the shapeless mass of unresolved
Elements divided, and comeliness
And form appeared, and chaos fled afar—
Old ocean rolled his heavy waves together.
And earth the beautiful earth arose—
The far off sky rounded up its deep blue
Arch, and flung forth its azure drapery,
In all its fresh and wondrous beauty
Along the distant, boundless realms of space.
And then fair Cynthia, empress of th' night,
Flouted out upon th' bosom of the sky,
And threw down to earth her soft and mellow beams,
To enrich the beauty there.—

At length star

By star looked out, till the whole firmament—
Presented one strange continuous glow
Of richness and of splendour—'Twas lovely all!—
Man in the chosen image of his God,
Walked forth the proud superior of all
That earth could boast—all was blissful happiness
And joy—every breeze wafted health and freshness
And pure innocence luxuriated
In all her free unstained and native charms—
Sweet music fell from the arched chambers
Of the sky, and rang out symphonious
Echoing and re-echoing away,
In strains enchanting, thro' the still valleys
Of the new created, noiseless world—
The Deity paused—his works beheld—
Pronounced them good—and rested from his labours.—

OSMAR.

From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831.

HYMN OF THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

BY I. J. McLELLAN, JUN.

They waste us, ay, like April snow
In the warm noon we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go,
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land and we
Are driven into the western sea.—Bryant.

Like the shadows in the stream,
Like the evanescent gleam
Or the twilight's failing blaze,
Like the fleeting years and days,
Like all things that soon decay,
Pass the Indian tribes away.

Indian son, and Indian sire
Lo! the embers of your fire,
On the wigwam hearth, burn low,
Never to revive its glow:
And the Indian's heart is ailing,
And the Indian's blood is failing.
Now the hunter's bow's unbent,
And his arrows all are spent!
Like a very little child,
Is the red man of the wild,
To his day there'll dawn no morrow,
Therefore he is full of sorrow,
From his hills the stag is fled,
And the fallow deer are dead,
And the wild beasts of the chase
Are a lost and perished race,
And the birds have left the mountain,
And the fishes, the clear fountain.
Indian woman to thy breast
Closer let thy babe be prest,
For thy garb is thin and old,
And the winter wind is cold,
On thy homeless head it dashes,
Round thee the grim lightning flashes.
We the rightful lords of yore,
Are the rightful lords no more:
Like the silver mist we fail,
Like the red leaves in the gale,
Fall like shadows, when the dawning
Waves the bright flag of the morning,
By the river's lonely marge
Rotting is the Indian's barge;
And his hut is ruin'd now,
On the rocky mountain brow,
The father's bones are all neglected
And the children's heart dejected.
Therefore, Indian people, flee
To the farthest western sea;
Let us yield our pleasant land
To the stranger's stronger hand;
Red men and their realms must sever,
They forsake them, and forever!

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—War-rant.

PUZZLE II.—Because it cant make sail, (sale.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

O say, what is *it*, and resolve in a line
What philosophers covet, but cannot define;
'Tis a letter at study, a letter in motion,
A letter in flames will illustrate the notion;
'Tis a letter you'll find, too, that pours through the choir
In cadence the hymns our devotions inspire.

II.

Why did the French people lose more by the late
revolution than Charles X. did?

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VOL. VII. [1st. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, DECEMBER 18, 1830.

NO. 18.

POPULAR TALES.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. H. HARRISON.
(Concluded.)

The name of Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, will be familiar to those who are conversant with the history of Portugal as that of the prime minister of king Joseph; to which elevation he appears to have risen from circumstances of extreme indigence and the humble rank of a corporal. He is represented to have been a man of enlarged mind, uncommon personal courage, and great decision of character. On the other hand, he is said to have exhibited a haughty overbearing spirit, to have executed justice with extreme severity, and evinced a cruel and ferocious disposition. It is nevertheless, universally admitted, that in the majority of his political acts he had the good of his country at heart, which is evidenced by the wisdom with which he met and the success with which he alleviated, the public calamities consequent upon the earthquake at Lisbon in 1775—by the salutary restraints which he imposed upon an arrogant aristocracy, as well as upon the tyranny of the Inquisition—and by the decided measures by which he contributed to overthrow the power of the Jesuits. In person he was of gigantic stature; and his countenance was so singularly marked and imposing, that a nobleman, who had opened his carriage door with the intention of assassinating him, was deterred from his purpose by its awful and terrible expression.

To this man, whom the boldest could not approach without awe, Mary Wentworth resolved to appeal. It was night when she presented herself at his palace, where she was refused admittance. While, however, she was parleying with the sentinel, Carvalho's steward, who had accompanied his master on his embassy to the court of London, approached the gate and being interested by her English accent, caused her to be admitted. He inquired the nature of her business with the minister, which she briefly explained to him.

'Alas, my daughter,' said the old man, 'I fear your errand to Carvalho will prove a fruitless one. I may not safely procure you an interview; but your countrymen, while I sojourned among them, were kind to me, and I would peril something to do you this service.—Follow me.'

He preceded her up a flight of stairs, and, pointing to a door partly open, at the end of a long passage, he said: 'There in that room, is he whom you seek; may God prosper your errand!' With these words, he disappeared by a side door, and Mary approached the apartment which he had pointed out as that of Carvalho. The door was sufficiently open to admit her; and entering, she found herself in a spacious and lofty room, from the ceiling of which depended a lamp immediately over the head of the man at whose frown all Lisbon trembled: and when she beheld his gigantic form, and ferocious countenance, she felt that nothing short of the stake which depended on the interview, could induce her to persevere in seeking it.

His head rested on his hand; his brow was strongly knit; and his eyes were intently fixed upon some papers. The rustling of her dress, as she drew near the table, attracted his attention. He did not start, but raising his eyes, he looked coldly and sternly upon her; without uttering a word, appeared to wait for an explanation of so extraordinary an intrusion.

Mary possessed shrewdness and discrimination enough to perceive that, with a man of Carvalho's strength and decision of character, nothing was more likely to prejudice her cause than circumlocution. She therefore entered at once upon her story, and told it in the fewest possible words, concluding with an appeal rather to his justice than to his feelings, and in this she did wisely. He listened without interrupting her, or betraying in his countenance the slightest indication of the effect of her appeal. When she had ended, he waited a few moments, as if to ascertain whether she had any thing more to say. His reply was—

'Senora, were I to try my strength with the Holy Office upon every occasion of its oppression and injustice, I should have constant occupation, and gain little by the contest. I am not omnipotent: I have checked the power of the Inquisition, but I cannot crush it, or, credit me, not one stone of that hated edifice should stand upon another. Your case is hard, and I compassionate it; but I fear I can do nothing to aid you in obtaining redress. You say your father was a British merchant; what was his name?'

'Wentworth, senor.'

'Wentworth!—I have good cause to recollect him. Of all my political opponents, that man, if not the most powerful, was the most persevering and unbending. I adopted certain measures which he considered to militate against the commerce of his country, and he combatted them with all his might; but he did it like a man, boldly and open-handed. In the very heat of this controversy, when the feelings of both parties were at the height of their excitement, I was walking unattended, in the streets of Lisbon, when a mob collected upon my path, and dark looks and threatening gestures were gathered around me. I am not a man to fly from a rabble; I frowned defiance upon my assailants, who continued to press upon me; and some of them unsheathed their daggers. On a sudden, and from behind me, I was seized by a powerful hand, dragged into a house, the door of which was instantly closed, and found myself in the presence of your father. 'Carvalho,' said he 'you are my enemy and my country's; but you shall not die a dog's death while I can protect you.' He kept his word in defiance of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, declaring they should pull his house upon his head, ere they should violate its sanctuary. A party of military at last arrived and dispersed the rioters. Your father at parting, said with a smile, 'Now Carvalho, we are foes again.' And is he dead? Then I have lost an enemy, whom to bring back to earth, I would freely surrender all who now call themselves my friends. Marvel not lady, that I am somewhat rough and stern; ingratitude hath made me so. This city was once a ruin; gaunt famine was even in her palaces, and the cry of desolation in her streets. I gave bread to her famishing people, raised her from the dust, and made her what you see; but I sowed blessings, and curses were the harvest that I reaped. I have laboured day and night for the good of this priest-ridden people; and, because I have consulted their welfare rather than their prejudices, there is not a man in Lisbon who would not plunge his dagger into my heart if he had courage for the deed. A sense of gratitude to any human being is new to me, and, trust me, I will indulge it. The debt I owe your father, and which his proud spirit would not permit me to acknowledge as I purposed, I will endeavour to repay his child. Yet how

to aid you in this matter I know not. I have to combat the most powerful engine of the church, which on this occasion will have the prejudices of the people on its side.'

The minister paced the room a few minutes thoughtfully and perplexed; at length he resumed; 'The holy brotherhood are not wont to do their work by halves, and you will be their next victim. I know of but one way to save you and him for whom you intercede: it is replete with peril, but it shall be dared. Go home to your dwelling; tell no one that you have seen me; and, happen what may, I will be with you in the hour of danger, if it be to perish by your side.'

Alvarez had been a prisoner three days, during which his treatment was in no respect rigorous, when he was summoned before the inquisitor. The hall of audience, as it was termed, was a spacious chamber, in the centre of which, upon an elevation or platform, about three inches from the floor, was a long table, covered with crosses; at one end of it sat the inquisitor, and at the other end the notary of the Holy Office. At the extremity of the chamber, was a figure of the Saviour on the cross, which nearly reached the ceiling; and immediately opposite was a bench appropriated to the prisoners during their examination. The inquisitor wore a kind of cap with a square crown; the notary and the prisoner were of course uncovered. Alvarez was at first commanded to lay his hand on a missal which was on the table, and swear that he would truly answer the interrogatories which might be put to him. He was then desired to sit down upon the bench which was at the left hand of the inquisitor, who, after a pause, said 'Senor Alvarez, you are doubtless aware of the accusation upon which you have been summoned before this tribunal.'

'Conscious of no offence which should have subjected me to the loss of my liberty, I hesitate not to pronounce the accusation false, be it what it may.'

'You speak rashly, senor; the Holy Office is not wont to proceed upon slight grounds. I pray you therefore, to examine your conscience and see if—not recently perhaps, but in the course of your life—you have never committed any offence of which it is the peculiar province of the inquisition to take cognizance.'

'I can only repeat what I have already said: and if any man have aught against me, let him stand forth.'

'The Holy office, for wise reasons, does not confront the accuser and accused, as is the custom in ordinary courts; neither is it our wont to declare the nature of the charge, which we rather refer to the conscience of the delinquent: but willing that you should meet with as little delay as may be, the accusation which has been brought against you, I will read it. It recites, that having been born of an English mother, you have embraced the tenets of the falsely called reformed religion,

to the danger of your own soul, and the scandal of the true faith; that you have of late been in habits of close intercourse with a pestilent heretic of the same country, since dead; and that you are on the point of marriage with his daughter, also a heretic, contrary to the canons of our holy church. This, señor Alvarez, is the charge: what have you to urge against its truth?

'God forbid, that in hesitating to confess what I believe to be the true faith I should deny its Divine author! You have reproached me with my English parentage, and if the religion of Cranmer, of Ridley, and of Latimer be heresy, then am I a heretic; and, if the cup which was presented to their lips, may not pass from mine, may God give me grace to drink it as they did holding fast by the faith to which I have linked my hopes of heaven's mercy!'

'Nay, señor Alvarez, the Holy Office is not willing that any should perish, but rather rejoiceth in the exercise of that mercy, which is in its discretion: and, although the offence of which you have confessed yourself guilty, hath incurred the penalty of a death of ignominy and torture, we have the power, by deferring the execution of the sentence, to give you time to repent; so that, upon a renunciation of your errors, you may finally be pardoned, and received into the bosom of the church. By a law, whereby the goods of heretics are confiscated, those of the deceased merchant, Wentworth, become the property of the church; and as, from your connexion with him and his daughter, you cannot but be informed of the nature and disposition of his wealth, I call upon you, as you would propitiate the Holy Office by assisting in securing its rights, to put it in possession of all you know upon the subject.'

'Behold,' said Alvarez, with a burst of indignation which startled the inquisitor, 'the cloven foot of the Evil One! Now listen to me. The robber of the mountains hath kept faith, and the lion of the desert hath spared his prey; but with the minions of the inquisition, there is neither faith nor mercy. I know that he, upon whom your dungeons have once closed stands upon the brink of the grave, and that his life is above human ransom. Were I to answer the question you have so insiduously proposed, I should not only betray the trust reposed in me by a dying father, and make his child a beggar, but I should strengthen the hands of an institution which if its power were equal to its will, would make this beautiful world a howling wilderness. I will neither betray my trust nor deny my faith; by God's grace, the last act of my life shall not involve the double guilt of treachery and apostacy.'

During this speech the countenance of the inquisitor was gradually losing that hypocritical expression of mildness, under which those holy functionaries were accustomed to mask the most cruel and vindictive feelings; his face became flushed with rage, and he exclaimed

when Alvarez had finished: 'You want it bravely señor! we will now try that persuasive power which is wont to make our guests marvelously communicative.'

'You may wring the blood-drops from my heart, but you will not rob it of its secret.'

'Away with him to the torture!' roared the inquisitor, and immediately quitted the apartment, while Alvarez was conducted by another door, and through a long passage, into a spacious chamber, from which the light of day was entirely excluded. The lamp which was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, was just sufficient to render distinct the tribunal of the inquisitor, the instruments of torture, and the familiars who were appointed to apply them, and whose grim pale features and frightful habiliments imparted additional horror to the scene. The remoter parts of the room were involved in darkness. Alvarez looked towards the tribunal and immediately recognized the inquisitor by whom he had been previously examined, and who now addressed him with a taunting smile and said, 'Well, señor Alvarez, we have met again: have you brought your boasted courage with you?'

'He who hath laid this trial upon me, and for whose truth I suffer, will give me strength to bear it.'

'You will need it all señor, when your turn shall come; but we do all things in order: we have one here before you, by whose example you may profit. Bring forward the other prisoner?'

Alvarez turned his eyes in the direction in which the inquisitor looked as he spoke, and with feelings of agony and horror, which no language can adequately describe, he beheld in the intended victim, his own Mary! A shriek proclaimed that her feelings at their mutual recognition, were not less acute than his, and she fell back apparently lifeless, into the arms of her terrific attendants.

Alvarez turned to the inquisitor, and addressed him for the first time, in the tone of supplication. 'If,' said he, 'there be one instrument of torture more dreadful than another, let me be its victim: tear me piecemeal, limb from limb: but, for the sake of Him whose all-seeing eye is upon you, spare, oh spare, this beautiful work of his hands! Oh, if you have a human heart, you cannot look upon such loveliness and mar it! Oh, if yon image of the blessed Jesus be not set up in mockery of his meekness and mercy, I beseech you, harm her not!'

'Nay señor,' replied the inquisitor with a laugh of irony, you drew so captivating a portrait of our mercy in the hall of audience, that it were gross injustice in us to prove it false. Let the torture be applied to the female prisoner!'

The preparations to obey the mandate aroused Mary Wentworth from her swoon; and a faint, and of course ineffectual struggle was all she could oppose to the application of

the first instrument of torture intended to be used, namely the thumbscrew. It was therefore soon fixed, and the attendants waited the word from the inquisitor to draw the cords. This he was in the act of giving, when from the gloom in which the extremity of the room was involved, a voice of thunder exclaimed, 'Forbear,' and immediately the speaker advanced to the front of the tribunal, his arms, however were enveloped in the folds of his mantle, concealing his face to his eyes.

The inquisitor angrily asked who it was that presumed to interrupt the proceedings of the court, and directed the attendants to seize him. The stranger spoke not a word, but, slowly dropping his arm, discovered the stern and haughty countenance of Carvalho. The inquisitor started, as if a spectre had risen up before him, but immediately recovered himself.

'Senor Carvalho,' said he 'this visit is an honour for which we were not prepared, may I beg to be informed of its object?'

'Simply the liberation of these prisoners.'

'Upon what authority do you demand it?'

'My own will.'

'Much as we respect that senor, it were scarcely a sufficient warrant to us for their surrender. The circumstances under which they were arrested were such as utterly to preclude us from according to you the courtesy you ask.'

'As for your respect, I know well the standard by which to measure it. The circumstances attending their arrest has been reported to me, and leave me at no loss to account for your reluctance to give them up; and as for your courtesy, I pray you keep it until it be asked. I did not come to sue for their liberty, but to demand it.'

'It may not be senor, the prisoners must pass to their trial, where they will have justice.'

'Oh, doubtless!' said Carvalho, with a bitter smile, 'such justice as the wolf metes out to the lamb, and the vulture to the dove.'

'I pray you senor, to reflect upon the unseasonableness of a jest upon an occasion like this.'

'In good sooth, jocularly is not my wont, and a jest within the torture room of the Holy Office, from any other than an inquisitor, would possess too much of the charm of novelty to be forborne. But, credit me, I was never more in earnest than I am now. Be this the proof. Before I ventured to obtrude myself into your reverend presence, I left instructions with the commandant of artillery, in obedience to which, if I be not with him in half an hour, he will open a fire upon your walls. Now I depart not alone; and you, who best know how the light of day will accord with the secrets of your dungeons; will make your election between surrendering the prisoners, or seeing this edifice a smoking ruin.'

'Senor Carvalho,' said the inquisitor, who had witnessed too many awful instances of the minister's veracity, as well as of his power, to doubt, for a moment, that his threat if disre-

garded, would be fulfilled with a terrible punctuality, 'in yielding to this extraordinary exercise of power, I felt it my duty, in the name of the Holy Office, solemnly to protest against this interference with its privileges: and you will not be surprised, if, in our own justification, we find it expedient to appeal to the pope.'

'So did the Jesuits; and in order that their memorial might not miscarry, I sent the appellants after it by ship loads until his holiness heartily wished the appeal and the loyalists that followed it, in the Red Sea. You will do wisely to profit by the warning which their example should convey to you.'

Having said this, he turned towards Alvarez and Mary Wentworth, and passing an arm of each through his own, led them unmolested through these several gates of the prison. Mary glanced at his countenance, and perceived that the sardonic smile which had marked it while in the presence of the inquisitor, had passed away, leaving in its place his wonted sternness, softened, she thought, by somewhat more of solemnity than she had hitherto observed him to assume. He walked on between them in silence, until they arrived within a few paces of the principal street in Lisbon, when he stopped and said: 'Here we part: I have risked my power, and, it may be, my life, to save you. But be that my care; all I ask of you, is to get you out of this city, for it is no abiding place for either of you. There is an English vessel in the bay; this officer, (beckoning to him a person in uniform, whom for the first time, they observed standing a few yards from them,) will assist you in getting your effects on board: following them with all despatch; for twenty-four hours you are safe; beyond that time, I will not answer for your lives. Let me hear of your arrival in England.—May God bless and keep you! farewell!' He pressed the hand of each and they saw him no more.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the advice was followed before half of the allotted time had expired, they were on their voyage, which proved safe and prosperous.

THE PESTILENCE.

In my mind, the urn-burial of the ancients has always been sacredly and pleasantly associated. The clean, white marble, containing the purified remains of all we have loved, is an object around which affection loves to linger; but the damp, dark grave, with its silent, loathsome work of corruption, is a revolting subject of contemplation, even where love is stronger than death. Then there is the fear of being buried before the vital spark is extinct, and of returning to consciousness with the weight of the earth upon you, and the fresh air of heaven shut out forever! To me this idea is so terribly distinct, that it is the spectre of my waking hours, and the night-mare of my dreams. Death himself has no horrors for me; though

well content with life, and bound to it by the strongest ties, I think I could calmly close my eyes beneath its oblivious touch; but human nature shrinks at the thought of being buried alive! Perhaps the vividness of this impression is owing to the remark I frequently heard from an aged relative, while I was yet a very small child; that 'hundreds and hundreds were buried before they were dead, when the yellow fever raged so terribly in Boston.' That period is well remembered by our fathers, when the pestilence walked abroad at noon-day, and the hearth-stone was silent and dreary as the tomb. The death-carts went their continued round through every hour of the day and night, and unshrouded and uncoffined, the newly dead were hurried to their last home. I knew a man, who, during this time of peril, was snatched from the grave merely by the persevering affection of his wife. Of the correctness of the story there is no doubt; for I have often heard it repeated by both the parties concerned. The awful visitation of God came upon them when they were newly married; when existence was happiness, and separation worse than death.—The young husband became a victim to that disease which was breathing destruction over the city. The friends of his wife urged her to seek refuge in the country, and not to risk her own life in a useless attempt to save his.—But no persuasion could induce her to leave him; night and day she was by his bedside; and in the anguish of her heart she prayed that the pestilence might likewise rest upon her.....But her prayer was not answered—surely and rapidly it did its work upon all her heart held dear; but to her, death would not come though she prayed for it, and sought it with tears..... She had inhaled the breath of her dying husband, but to her it was harmless; and in the madness of despair she repined at the merciful decrees of Heaven.

No one was with her in the house—she was alone with the dead. Suddenly the silence of the deserted streets was interrupted by the rumbling of the death-carts; and she knew they had come to take him away from her sight forever; and with the thought, it suddenly flashed into her mind, that life might still be in him!—Her entreaties excited compassion, and she was permitted to keep the corpse one half hour longer. The impression made upon her mind had the strength of inspiration; and tho' every restorative which ingenuity could devise had failed to produce effect, she would not relinquish hope. Again the carts came around, and the solemn sound, 'Bring out the dead,' disturbed the fearful stillness. Again the young wife entreated, wept, and screamed—the hearts of the men, whose dreadful employment accustomed them to such scenes, were touched; but they would not yield. They said 'the safety of the city required them to be firm in the discharge of their duty; that they had already disobeyed strict orders, and they dared not do it again; that the hope of re-

storing him was mere insanity; it was evident he had long been dead.'

When she found they would not be moved by her prayers, she threw her arms around the body and clung to it with the strength of madness; declaring if they buried one, they should bury both. The men, after a few gentle attempts to remove her, dashed the tears from their eyes, and saying, 'We cannot separate them,' left her another half hour of hope. The moments of that interval had a value, of which mortals under ordinary circumstances, can form no conception. Restorative after restorative was applied; but all in vain. With sickening anxiety, she fastened her eyes upon the watch, and then on his stiff cold form beside her. The half hour had nearly gone; in five minutes they would again come to claim the dead; and she felt that she must resist no longer. She breathed into his nostrils—she moved her hand upon his chest, to restore the actions of the lungs—but no change came over his rigid features. She bathed his temples and moistened his lips with *sal-volatile*—the terrible rumbling of carts was heard in the distance—and in the trembling eagerness of the moment, she spilled the contents of the vial into his nostrils—a sudden convulsion passed over the face of the dead! a short, quick gasp—and the eyes heavily opened!

The men with the death-carts were startled by a loud, shrill shriek, that sounded as if it tore asunder the soul from which it came. When they entered, they found the dead living, and the living senseless.

Both husband and wife were soon after restored to health. They lived to be the parents of a numerous family; and the husband now survives her, who, with the strong arm of love, thus snatched him from an early grave.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

THE WHALE FISHERY.

Soon after the settlement of the island of Nantucket by the white people, they commenced the whale fishery from their shores in boats built for that service—this method of taking the whale obtained among them for some time, and I think about this time commenced the same course of fishing from the shores of Cape Cod, which lies contiguous to the island, but the fishing very soon reverted to Nantucket entirely, and but little exertions were made to pursue it much further on the Cape, they preferred rather to engage in the cod fishery, for which they are so justly celebrated. In the mean time Nantucket was exerting all its energies to follow the monster in his most extended range. It was soon found that the plan adopted by them to obtain the oil was not only arduous, but it was also in small quantities; this, together with the increasing demand for the article, induced them to send out small

sloops, equipped for that purpose. In consequence of the shortness of the time for which they were fitted, it was not possible for them to boil their oil out from the blubber on board, and they were obliged to bring it in as it came from the whale, which was afterwards boiled on shore. This practice was continued for a number of years, but the enterprise of that people was unwilling to stop here; they soon concluded that a more profitable trade might be made by having larger vessels, and sent prepared for a longer stay.—Schooners and large sloops were now sent to the West India Islands, and other low latitudes, which required several months to perform a voyage. Hitherto the object of their labor had been to take what are denominated right whales; it had not been before within their means to obtain any thing different, but far from being satisfied with it, these more extended voyages enabled them to take the sperm whale, which were found in considerable numbers in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea, and frequently in the Atlantic ocean, and from this kind of whale it is that their enterprise has been crowned with success.

Thus from one step to another they continued to advance, until the revolution found them in possession of not only sloops and schooners, but a number of brigs. During the long struggle for Independence, their commerce was nearly annihilated, and when peace was ratified, this industrious people, with the miserable remains of a shattered fleet, commenced again their favorite employment in good earnest, and in a few years repaired the waste which the desolations of war had made, with the prospect of lasting peace, added to their fleet a number of ships, although of a small class, it was thought by many to be of too mammoth a construction, and not likely to be filled. They now turned their attention more particularly to the sperm oil fishery in the Pacific ocean, which has been successfully followed ever since. Thus they continued to increase their fleet, a part of which were sent to the Pacific ocean for sperm whales, and a part of them on the coast of Brazil and on the coast of Africa, for the purpose of obtaining right whales. Their success was great, and their ships increased to the number of forty or more, when they were again doomed to experience another severe misfortune in the late war with Great Britain. I have remarked that their ships consisted of over forty. I think forty-two, twenty-two of which were taken by the English, and those which were enabled to arrive in safety returned in most instances with only parts of cargoes—this, together with the heavy premiums which were paid, made to them an immense loss. But again at the termination of the war, they put forth all their energies afresh, and such was their success that in a few years they not only made up their losses, but added several fine ships to their fleet, which at the present time numbers about seventy of a superior class, and about double

the capacity of those owned by them during the war. In the early commencement of the fishing in the Pacific, their whaling was confined to the coast of Chili and Peru, and from thence they ventured as far as the Galapagos islands—this part of the ocean was all that presented itself as likely to afford them success, but of late years, owing to the number of ships which regularly navigated this part of the ocean, it became necessary to explore a wider range; accordingly the middle of the Pacific was found to contain the treasure, and from thence they have extended their researches to every unexplored corner of that wide ocean.

It is worthy of remark that wherever they have been they have found whales, and sometimes in great numbers, and also it may be remarked that the consumption of the oil has in most instances kept pace with the importation.

Soon after the revolution, a number of the most wealthy and enterprising inhabitants moved to New Bedford, where also since that time it has been pursued to great advantage—since which, and within a few years, several other places have put in for a share of the trade, but as yet the bulk of the business is done at Nantucket and New Bedford, and probably will remain to be so for some time to come.

(To be Continued)

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MOTHER.

'Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something which claims kindred with the skies. The waking watchful eye, which keeps its tireless vigils over her slumbering child—the tender look and angelic smile, are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can reach, and which poetry fails in attempting to portray—upon the eulogies of the most eloquent tongue, we should find tekkel written. It is in the sympathies of the heart alone where lives the lovely picture and the eye may look abroad in vain for the counterpart in the works of art!

'A mother's love! O what a joy is in the sound—entwined around our very souls in our earliest years—we cling to it in manhood, and almost worship at its shrine in old age. To use the language of a celebrated writer, we say that he who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence, without thinking of such is the kingdom of heaven—or view the fond parent hanging over its beauties, and half retaining her breath lest she break its slumbers—without a veneration beyond all common feelings, is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of deserts.'—*N. Y. Amulet.*

Asking a small Favor.—A few days since, as one of the eastern steamboats was about leaving the wharf, a passenger was asked to take charge of a letter to a friend in Boston. He did so, very readily, and others having the like favors to ask, applied to him in their turn.

In a very accommodating manner he accepted the additional charge, and soon had his pockets filled with letters. Others, emboldened by the readiness with which he undertook these little errands, applied to him to take charge of larger and more weighty articles—such as packages of wedding cake, patterns of the newest fashions, and such like matters, which, with the greatest good nature in the world, were also taken charge of by the accommodating passenger. 'Won't you be kind enough,' said a gentleman, 'just to put this shawl into your pocket, and leave it at Mrs. Such-a-one's, in Providence?' 'Shall I trouble you,' said another, 'to take charge of this pine apple, and hand it to my wife? I promised to send her one, and I wish you would be particular to deliver it into her own hands. I'm sorry to trouble you, sir, but'——. He was now interrupted by a wag, who, seeing the disposition to impose upon good nature, bawled out,—'Mister, I regret exceedingly to trouble you, but if your pockets are not full—you would oblige me very much by taking charge of a barrel of flour!'

Fair Play.—Mr. Curran, who was a very small man, having a dispute with a brother counsel, who was a very stout one, in which words ran high on both sides, called him out.—The other however objected. 'For,' said he, 'you are so little, that I might fire at you a dozen times without hitting; whereas the chance is, that you shoot me at the first fire.' 'Upon my conscience, that's true!' cried Curran. 'But to convince you that I don't wish to take any advantage you may chalk my size upon your body, and all hits out of the ring shall go for nothing.'

A Quaker married a woman of the church of England; and after the ceremony, the Vicar asked for his fees, which he said were a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said if he would show him any text in Scripture which proved his fees were a crown, he would give it to him; upon which the Vicar directly turned to the 12th chapter of proverbs, 4th verse, where it says 'A virtuous wife is a crown to her husband.'—'Thou art right in thy assertion,' said the Quaker, Solomon was a wise man; here are five twelve-penny Pieces and something besides to buy thee a pair of gloves.'

An old Negro by the name of Harry, who lived in New Jersey some years ago, commonly made it a practice on holidays, to go round the country begging. One Christmas, meeting a Mr. Nicholas G. he thus accosted him—'good morning massa G. wish you melly Clismus; please gib ole negur sispence dis morning?' Mr. G. who well knew the negro, but determining to have a little fun, replied with some degree of sternness, 'who are you?' 'Massa no know me?' answered the negro, my name Harry; dey call me ole Harry.' 'Old Harry,' says Mr. G. 'they call the Devil old Harry.'

'Yes massa,' replied the negro, 'Some time ole Harry, some time ole Nick.' The wit pleased, and Harry was solaced with a dollar.

Sporting.—A short time since, some gentleman were enjoying the diversion of coursing, and having lost sight of the hare, one of the party rode up to a boy, when the following dialogue ensued. Boy have you seen a hare running this way, followed by dogs? Answer. What do you mean a little brown thing? Yes.—Had it long ears? Yes.—A little white under the belly? Yes.—Had it a short tail? Yes.—And long legs? Yes.—Was it running as fast as it could? Yes it was.—Boy (after a pause) No; I have not seen it.

A short time since, in a church yard in Herefordshire, were written on a grave rail the following lines:

Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now so you must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.

Underneath these lines some one wrote in blue paint:

To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I knew which way you went.

Force of Habit.—Jerry Snow, whose pecuniary concerns were always uppermost in his mind, was once travelling in company, and very early in the morning was waked by his companion, who said, 'Come Snow, day is breaking.' 'Well,' says Snow, 'let it break, it don't owe me any thing.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 18, 1830.

Fire.—A fire broke out in this city on Tuesday the 7th inst. in the building occupied by Mr. Hezekiah Steele, as a Paper Hanging manufactory, which was completely destroyed, together with a Barn, Smoke House, &c. belonging to C. Miller. Mr. Steele's loss is estimated at from 10 to 12 hundred dollars. Insurance about \$300.

NEW AGENTS.

New-York.—John W. House, Perryville—C. B. Griffen, Little Falls—Willard Luce, Manchester—E. E. Theriot, Troy.
Massachusetts.—C. L. Woodruff, and A. C. Felton, Stockbridge.
Vermont.—Chester Baxter, P. M. Sharon—Truman Grandy, Easton.
Connecticut.—Marcus Bebee, Tolland—Benning Mann, P. M. Stafford Springs.
Rhode Island.—Peter L. Taylor, Providence.
Georgia.—E. Blatter, Columbus.

SUMMARY.

Nearly every account from North Carolina tells of the opening of new veins from which gold flows or is drawn. We understand the catch of fish the past season, at Newfoundland, has been uncommonly small.

The directors of the old bank of the state of Tennessee have committed to the flames upwards of a million of dollars of their notes. A man lately navigated himself across Gloucester (Massachusetts) harbor in a tub.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Stobbins, Francis W. Edmonds, Esq. Cashier of the Hudson River Bank, to Miss Martha Norman.
At Redhook, on the 6th inst. by Augustus Wackenhagen, D. D. Dr. John H. Cole, formerly of this city, to Miss Esther P. daughter of Palmer Cook, Esq. of the former place.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
TO H. R. W. Esq.

Let cold misanthropes deeply curse their race,
Brood o'er their sorrows and their ill embrace,
Let the dull gloom that shrouds th' anch'rite's cave,
Hide the lorn victim in his self-made grave—
Let the loathed boor with sycophantic smile,
Tread if he will the thoroughfare of guile—
Pass on, ye thoughtless many-passioned throng,
Ye heartless, move your hasty course along—
Pass on, ye heed ye not—myself and friend—
We have in view a far more noble end,
Raise us on high the sacred altar bright,
From which fair Friendship sheds her vestal light—
Friendship! thou oft abused, perverted name,
Known to the thousands but by feeble fame,
We know thee, taste thee venerate thy joys,
Nor feed the viper that thy charm destroys.
Yes my own friend, I feel within the swell,
Of deep wrought feelings which no words may tell—
Yet the rich feelings in that heart of thine,
Serve but to waken weaker fires in mine—
I love thee—who does not? let envy speak,
But yet her petty jealousy is weak—
Genius is thine, high on her glitt'ring car,
Thou'lt ride 'where fame's proud temple shines afar'—
The wealth of Ind or Ophir cannot find
A gem more precious than thy sterling mind.
Turn'st thou the page with golden learning fraught?
Drink't in the lave which ancient sages taught?
Tis well—the more thy native charms will shine,
Deck'd with the richness of classic line—
Ingenuous youth, thy glitt'ring counsel pursue,
Beloved of virtue, and to friendship true—
Thine be the meed that high born worth bestows,
Thy brilliant morn with glorious evening close—
Be not forgetful, oft thy thoughts extend,
And think of him who is, *will be, your friend.*

OSMAR.

From the Token for 1831.
LAKE SUPERIOR.
BY E. G. GOODRICH.

'Father of Lakes! thy waters bend
Beyond the Eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.
Boundless and deep the forests weave
Their twilight shade thy borders o'er
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
Their rugged forms along thy shore
Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,
With list'ning ear in sadness broods,
Or startled Echo o'er thy waves
Sends the hoarse wail-notes of thy woods.
Nor can the light canoes, that glide
Across thy breast like things of air
Chase from thy lone and level tide
The spell of stillness reigning there.
Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
To all a wild strange aspect gives.
The thunder-riven oak, that flings
Its grisly arms athwart the sky;

A sudden, startling image brings
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.
The garbled and braided boughs, that show
Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
Fantastic horrors through the glade.
The very echoes round this shore
Have caught a strange and gibbering tone,
For they have tolled the war-whoop o'er
Till the wild chorus is their own.
Wave of the Wilderness, adieu!
Adieu ye Rocks, ye Wilds and Woods!
Roll on, thou Element of Blue,
And fill these awful solitudes!
Thou hast no tale to tell of Man,
God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
Rules as a bubble all thy waves!

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

When wit with politeness is sweetly combined,
What charms it conveys to the elegant mind!
Quite free from conceit, from assurance or ranting,
'Tis a musing, & coming, & lighting, & chanting.

PUZZLE II.—Because they lost a sovereign, and he only lost a crown.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I'm a word of five letters and am well known to mariners, behead me and I'm a certain animal, behead me again and I am skilful, behead me again twice and I will tell you the name of an East India plant; my first, second, third and fourth will give you the name of a fish found only in a certain river; my first, third, fourth and fifth is a certain carriage; my first, third and fifth is found in almost every home; my second, third and fifth is a useful covering for a certain part of the body; my first, second and third transposed is a hireling; my first, third and fourth transposed is a part of a circle; my first, third and fifth transposed, will form a part of a play; my third, fourth and fifth transposed is a useless, but troublesome animal; my second, third, fourth and fifth transposed denotes early attendance; my first, third and fourth transposed is a spirituous liquor; my first, third and fifth transposed is a nail; my first, third, fourth and fifth transposed is a road. Who can tell what I am?

II.

My first is the name of a man,
Whose talents the world must admire;
And whose travels are form'd on a plan
To instruct, entertain, and inspire.
The use of my second's to clean,
Though sometimes I've seen it adorn;
My whole on the head may be seen
At the early approach of the morn.

ANTI-MASONIC, GERMAN AND COLUMBIA ALMANACKS FOR 1831,

FOR SALE, AT ASHBEL STODDARD'S BOOKSTORE.

WANTED,

A smart active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, JANUARY 1, 1831.

NO. 16.

POPULAR TALES.

From the New-York Mirror.
THE UNTIMELY JEST.
A College Reminiscence.
BY MRS. EMMA C. HENRY.

Every one has heard of Princeton, the abode of the most abused and insulted *alma mater* that ever attempted to restrain the wild sallies of youth. Fifty years ago Princeton was as much distinguished for its *belles* as for its *rebels*. The students were not forbidden a proper degree of intimacy with the young females of the neighbouring families, and many a mad prank, which ended in the discomfiture of the grave professors of the college, originated in the merry malice of these fair daughters of Eve. I was at that time at the head of the senior class. A laughing eye, a light heart, a great passion for beauty, and a wonderful liking for fun, were my sole recommendations to the favour of the ladies; but I soon found these sufficient. At all the tea-parties, quilting-frolics, apple-peelings, &c. my presence was deemed indispensable; and as I flirted with all without making love to any, I soon became a universal favourite. By the way, let me recommend such a course to all young gentlemen who wish to shine in the light of female favour. A particular partiality for one implies a degree of inferiority in the other members of the coterie; but when each can claim a portion of attention, all are flattered and all gratified. This piece of information is somewhat too valuable to be given gratuitously; however, let it pass.

How it happened that such a giddy and volatile fellow as myself should ever have become the friend of the serious and intellectual Mordaunt Ormesby, I could never exactly understand. He had been a pupil in the college, and after completing the prescribed course of study, had entered the theological seminary with the intention of devoting himself to the gospel ministry. For this vocation he seemed peculiarly fitted, both by nature and education. His expressive countenance,

his soft dark eyes, his cheerful yet dignified manners, and above all his voice, low, rich, and clear as the tones of a flute, all seemed to mark him out as one worthy to be an apostle of the cross. There was one peculiarity in his character, which may perhaps explain the mystery of his regard for me. This was an extreme timidity, amounting almost to nervousness. He had a morbid fear of ridicule, which frequently exposed him to the very evil he sought to avoid, and probably it was the frank and fearless confidence of my manners which first attracted him towards me, and afterwards rendered me a necessary support to him.

Every body wondered at Mordaunt's choice of a friend, still more did they wonder at his choice of a mistress. When it was first known that he was the accepted lover of Cecilia Davenant, the quantity of gossip which issued from the rosy lips of the Princeton belles was absolutely terrifying. To be sure Cecilia was pretty and good-natured, but then she hated the very sight of a book; she was as fickle as the wind, and 'so fond of frolic, that she would rather lose a friend than spoil a joke.' Such were the remarks most volubly poured into our ears by the fair scandalizers, (I beg their pardon, but we all know that ladies are always scandalizers in a *moderate way*.) Cecilia Davenant was certainly the loveliest little romp that ever witched away the sober senses of man. I recollect perfectly well the circumstances under which Mordaunt and myself first beheld her. We had long been intimate in the family of Mr. Wilson, and had frequently heard his daughter, the gentle Mary, speak of her orphan cousin, the rich Carolina heiress. At length we were told she was coming to spend some time in Princeton, and the belles were all in fearful anticipation of a formidable rival. Late one afternoon as Mordaunt and myself were sauntering along the path which led to Mr. Wilson's house, we heard in an adjacent field loud bursts of laughter, occasionally interrupted by the barking of a dog, and the merry cries of a child.

Though the field was concealed from the road by a thick hedge, we succeeded in finding an opening after some difficulty, and beheld a singular and amusing spectacle. Seated on the grass was a beautiful child, whom we instantly recognised to be Mr. Wilson's youngest boy, and beside him a young female, busily employed in adorning a large Newfoundland dog with a straw hat and rich scarf, of which she had evidently just despoiled her own pretty person. When she had finished she started up, and running several times round the field, with a swiftness which completely baffled the pursuit of the dog, encumbered as he was with his unwonted trappings, threw herself on the grass, and laying her head on the child's lap, indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter. I never saw such picturesque beauty as she then displayed. The perfect symmetry of her form, as she lay extended on the grass, with her little feet carelessly folded over each other, the bright eye and flushed cheek, of which we obtained casual glimpses as the wind lifted her clustering curls, were exquisitely lovely. When, a few hours after, we were introduced by Mary Wilson to 'my cousin, Miss Davenant,' we had no difficulty in recognising the pretty romp, notwithstanding the smoothly combed locks and demure countenance which she then exhibited.

I never could see the use of making a long story out of a short one. We all know what stupid people lovers are, (to all but each other, I mean,) and the manner in which love affairs are conducted, has always been the same from the time of the deluge. My story only differs in its *denouement*. Mordaunt had been the acknowledged lover of Cecilia for some months, and their union was only deferred until he should have taken orders. His fortune was considerable, and hers was very great, so that pecuniary considerations were of no weight with them. One evening I accidentally overheard a conversation between them, which gave me some painful doubts as to their future happiness. They had just returned from a walk, and as they seated themselves on the piazza, near the window where I was reading, Cecilia exclaimed, in a half petulant tone.

'Really, Mordaunt, you have grown so stupid and dull lately that you are absolutely tiresome—what on earth is the matter with you?'

'Tiresome,' returned he, in a tone of melancholy sweetness, which thrilled my very heart, 'tiresome even to you, Cecilia?'

'Oh! I didn't mean tiresome exactly; but what is the reason that you are always so dull? I wish you loved mirth as well as I do.'

'I am sorry you even indulge such a wish as that,' said he, gravely, 'as you well know it is one which never can be gratified. I love to see you gay, but certainly never expect to possess such a frolicsome spirit myself.'

'I declare, I am absolutely afraid to talk to you, you take every thing so seriously,' return-

ed she. 'I once heard you called 'the knight of the rueful countenance,' and I really believe you deserve the title.'

This was touching Mordaunt in the tenderest point. His dread of ridicule rendered him tremblingly alive to such a remark.

'Pray who was witty enough to bestow such an appellation upon me?' inquired he in tone of pique.

'There,' said she laughing, 'didn't I tell you that you took every thing too seriously—now you are vexed about that harmless jest?'

'Will you be so kind as to inform me the name of the person?' asked he, in the same tone of vexation.

'Oh, I forget,' answered the heedless girl. 'Ned Willoughby, I believe.'

I was about to start forward and repel the false accusation when Mordaunt replied,

'No, Cecilia, that I cannot credit; whoever it might be, I know it was not Edward. He has too much regard for me to wound my feelings by unmerited ridicule. I can easily believe that woman's affections are governed by caprice, but with man's nature I am better acquainted. You may be amused by a senseless jest even when I am the subject of it; but Edward Willoughby would never heap ridicule upon his friend.'

He spoke this in a tone of the deepest mortification, but she only laughed still more heartily, and asked him if he was practising a homily! He rose hastily.

'Cecilia,' said he, 'I am not just now in the humour for merriment. If you will trouble yourself to recollect that on the coming sabbath I am to preach my first sermon you will probably understand the reason of my gravity. Allow me also to remind you that you have in your possession a manuscript which I wish to make use of on that occasion. As you have probably been too much occupied to pursue it, you will be kind enough to return it to me?'

'Oh, I cannot go for it now,' said she carelessly. 'I suppose it will be time enough to-morrow. I dare say you know it by heart already.'

'I know somewhat too much by heart,' muttered he. 'I will send for it to-morrow.' And before she could reply, he bade her good day and departed.

As soon as he was out of sight I issued from my retreat.

'For heaven's sake, Cecilia,' said I, 'take care what you are doing. I have overheard all your conversation; and, believe me, you are trifling with Mordaunt in a manner which you will repent.'

She burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

'Why really, sir, I thank you for your advice, but I have seen him in such a humour fifty times. He will come to-morrow and beg my pardon for his ill-humour. I will pout for a little while and then forgive him, and we shall be as good friends as ever.'

In vain I remonstrated with her. The

thoughtless girl had too often seen the power of charms to doubt it now, and I left her with painful presentiment of evil upon my mind. The next day was Saturday, and Mordaunt was deeply impressed with the importance of what he had undertaken, shut himself up in his study, and begged I would not interrupt him. 'Shall we go to Mr. Wilson's this evening?' said I.

'No,' replied he hastily; 'Cecilia's gaiety is so oppressive sometimes. I have reflected upon the duty which I have to perform to-morrow, until I am unfit even for your society. My feelings are certainly not in unison with her light and cheerful spirit.'

In the evening I was admitted to his apartment and found him despatching a note to Cecilia, requesting the return of his manuscript. The messenger was delayed a long time and finally returned without it, saying, 'Miss Davenant was engaged with company, but would send the manuscript in the morning.' Mordaunt bit his lip, and the flash of anger passed over his pale cheek as he dismissed the servant.

'Edward,' said he, 'I sometimes do not know what to think of Cecilia. She is so incorrigibly volatile that I frequently fancy we can never be happy together. Last week I gave her the sermon which I intend preaching to-morrow, with a request that she would read it, and give me her opinion of it. Perhaps I asked too much from a gay and giddy girl; but she might at least have tried to comply with my wishes. I have in vain endeavoured to obtain possession of it since, and I dare not trust myself in the pulpit without it; for although I am perfectly familiar with every line, yet I know that my self-possession will fail me when I am compelled to address a large audience.'

I saw that Mordaunt's feelings were deeply wounded, and I in vain endeavoured to soothe them. Though it was rather late, I went to Mr. Wilson's house in the hope of getting the manuscript, but Miss Davenant had retired to her apartment, and I returned unsuccessful.

The next morning, as soon as I thought Mordaunt would admit me, I sought his chamber. He was exceedingly pale, and I could easily discover that he was very much excited. About an hour before church-service commenced, the manuscript arrived. Mordaunt opened it, and after reading the first few pages, said,

'I have not time to overlook it now. I believe I may trust my memory.'

We went to the church together. An unusually large audience was assembled; and, seated in the front pew directly below the pulpit, was the gaily attired and beautiful Cecilia. Mordaunt read the psalm in a low sweet voice, which, like the air, rather felt than heard, seemed to pervade every part of the building. The prayer which followed was one of the most affecting appeals to heaven

that ever issued from the lips of mortal. When it was finished he sat with his face bent down, between his hands as if to recover strength for the more important task which now awaited him. At length he rose. His voice was extremely tremulous as he repeated the text which he had chosen, but in a few moments his self-possession seemed to return, and his manner, so calm, so dignified, and so impressive, gave new force to the truths which his eloquence had adorned. The attention of the audience was intently fixed upon the preacher as he proceeded to explain the disputed points of his subject, and he was gradually approaching that part of his discourse which is usually designated the practical application, when he suddenly paused. A deep silence and almost breathless attention denoted the interest of his hearers. Still the pause was unbroken. I looked at Mordaunt; his face was crimsoned with emotion. He appeared busily turning over the leaves of his manuscript as if in search of some connecting link which had been found wanting. His search seemed vain. His brow grew almost black with suppressed agitation. A slight titter began to be heard among the younger part of the audience. Mordaunt was still silent. At length a laugh was distinctly heard from the pew which Cecilia occupied. Mordaunt bent over the pulpit, and for a moment fixed a stern and wild gaze upon her. He in vain endeavoured to speak. The words seemed to rattle in his throat, but he could form no articulate sound. He sat down. The more serious part of the audience remained in mute amazement, while the laugh had become almost universal among the young people. After the lapse of several minutes Mordaunt again arose and, in a low and hurried voice, muttered something about the loss of a part of his sermon, and hastily apologizing to the audience, abruptly left the church. The confusion which followed can scarcely be conceived. I made my way to Cecilia as soon as possible. Her immoderate mirth convinced me that she knew more than any one else of the mystery. But I could get no information from her, and, disgusted at her heartlessness, I left her and hastened to Mordaunt. In vain I knocked at his door and implored to be admitted. He refused to allow me to see him. I could hear him pacing his apartment with steps which betrayed his agitation. But it was not until some hours had passed that I was allowed entrance. His face was dreadfully pale, his eyes blood-shot, and his whole appearance was that of a man just recovering from an attack of epilepsy. The mystery was soon explained. In the anticipation of a frolic Cecilia had cut out a leaf of the sermon. Taken completely by surprise, Mordaunt entirely lost his self-possession. In vain he endeavoured to regain the thread of his discourse. Overwhelmed by mortification and anguish (for he well knew that it could be ascribed to no hand but Cecilia's) he was unable to frame a con-

necting link for his ideas, and the consequence was utter humiliation.

After a long and agitating conversation between us he rose to seek Cecilia.

'Shall I accompany you?' said I.

'If you choose,' was the reply, 'but remember I must see her alone.'

When we arrived at the house I took a seat on the piazza with Mary, while he, having requested a private interview with Miss Davenant, retired to the drawing-room.

What passed during the time they remained together I never heard. Mary and myself were completely engrossed in the discussion of the painful circumstance in which a thoughtless jest had placed both. I remarked with some surprise that Mary seemed much agitated, and spoke of her cousin with a degree of severity very foreign to her usual sweetness and gentleness. For a moment a suspicion that Mordaunt might have found a more congenial spirit in her crossed my mind, but the recollection of her uniform tranquillity during the progress of his love-affair with Cecilia, entirely destroyed the probability of it.

In a few minutes we heard a confused murmur from the room. The low and tremulous tones of Mordaunt's voice were distinctly heard, followed by the accents of deprecation and entreaty from the lips of Cecilia. By degrees the voices were raised. We heard Mordaunt utter these words:

'I have loved you as few men can love, as few women deserve to be loved; but in proportion to the strength of my affection, is now the force of my hatred. I know that christian charity would condemn me for this, but I cannot help it. You have humbled me to the very dust, trampled upon my feelings, ruined my prospects, and crushed my spirit beneath a weight of humiliation which never can be shaken off, and at this moment the poisonous adder is less loathsome to my sight than the vain and selfish being who could sacrifice her best affections to a senseless jest. Farewell.'

In an instant he issued from the room, and hastening down the steps of the piazza, scarcely allowing me time to overtake him before he arrived at his own apartment. The next morning a note was handed me from Mordaunt, stating that he had quitted the country forever. I hastened to his lodgings, but he had left them at day-break, taking with him all his baggage, and none knew his destination. What were the feelings of Cecilia at this unforeseen event, I never knew. She loved Mordaunt as well as such a gossamer spirit could love, but she probably soon forgot his loss and her folly. She immediately left Princeton, and a few months after I heard of her marriage with a southern planter.

Fifteen years passed away, during which time, being deeply engaged in professional duties, I heard nothing of my early friends. One afternoon, conversing with a gentleman from England, the discourse turned upon the

popular preachers of the day. 'He mentioned one who had for some years, he said, attracted the largest audience in London.

'One of our countrymen too,' added he, 'educated, I believe, at Princeton.'

Feeling a vague sort of interest in his account, I asked the name of this popular preacher.

'His name is Ormesby.'

Scarcely believing my own ears, I eagerly questioned him concerning his private history, and was told that he had taken up his abode in London about ten years since, had soon become very popular, had accepted a valuable living in the gift of a nobleman who was very much attached to him, and through whose means he had risen to the highest dignities of the church; that he had been married about five years to an American lady whom he had met with in London, and, finally, that he was living in great splendour, as much beloved for his virtues as honoured for his talents.

As I was upon the point of visiting England myself, I obtained Ormesby's address, and my first visit after my arrival in London was to him. He received me with the utmost affection, and introduced me with a smile to his wife, the identical Mary Wilson whom I had once known at Princeton. I learned from his own lips the particulars of his history. After he had been for some time established in London he accidentally encountered Mary Wilson, who, with her father, was travelling in search of that health which a hopeless love for Mordaunt had destroyed. He had by that time learned more of human nature, and he could not have long remained blind to Mary's partial regard. He offered his hand, and never had cause one moment to repent his generosity. Though not warmly attached to her when he married, her sweetness of temper and tenderness had won his most devoted affection, and they were now completely happy. I ventured to ask about Cecilia. He smiled sadly.

'She is a widow, the mother of two destitute children,' said he. 'Her husband squandered away her fortune, treated her with the utmost harshness, and finally died of intemperance, leaving her without a friend or a shilling in the world. She is now an inmate of my house. Mary sent for her as soon as she heard of his misfortunes, and for the last two years she and her children have been members of my family.'

The next day I dined with him and saw Cecilia. Her sunken eye and pallid cheek told a melancholy tale. Her spirits were entirely gone, and when I contrasted the blooming appearance of the happy Mary with the faded and wretched countenance of her once brilliant cousin, I could not but feel that Cecilia had paid dearly for an untimely jest.

Talleyrand declared on one occasion that he despised mankind. 'The reason,' observed Barras, 'is very apparent; he has studied himself too deeply.'

HEROICS.

'Money! you young spendthrift!' said my uncle Jerry Turntumble, as I asked him for a shilling to celebrate Independence; 'money! money! let me see; perhaps I may have an odd copper for you.' He fumbled in the side pocket of his coat, and, seemingly with much hesitancy, lugged out a ponderous pocket book of very *aboriginal* appearance, which probably had not seen the light for many a day. For uncle Jerry was an exceedingly prudent man, that never show'd off his money for fear of being robbed, and never spent it, for a still greater fear of being starved.—Yet as he was also of a rather benevolent turn, he always carried the huge old pocket book by him, lest peradventure, he should be caught in a fit of charity, without any means of gratifying the extemporaneous qualm. I watched the fat old gentleman's round face, with boyish curiosity, as he opened the book of destiny, and turned leaf after leaf, without appearing to be very anxious for the object of his search. His portly person projected even farther forward than the arms of his venerable elbow-chair, and his bald head, crowned with a circle of light gray locks, rested easily against the back. My uncle Jerry Turntumble tapp'd lightly with his foot on the floor, to keep time to the current of his thoughts, and I became quite provoked with casting auguries on the smiles and the impatient snivels that alternately waddled over his lazy countenance, and lurked in the wrinkles that rallied round his mouth, nose and eyes, as he plodded through nooks and crevices of the old pocket book. At length he stumbled on something that attracted his attention from 'top to toe;' for his head started up from its posture—he gave a stare at the leaf of the pocket book, brought it up close to his face, then thrust it off at a distance till he had fixed it in the focus for observation and finally, raising his feet to my chair, which stood before him, he pushed himself backwards on the extremities of the rockers. All who are acquainted with the Yankees, know what an uncontrollable propensity they have to this awkward position, which gives them frequent opportunities of displaying their agility at a sidespring, to save themselves from a tumble backwards, and perhaps a broken head. Thus situated, uncle Jerry, with vast gravity, examined the object of his curiosity. He turned it first one side up, then the other—gave it a front stare, then a side squint; pish'd, poh'd, rubbed his face, and burst into one of those cordial fits of laughter, which frolic so luxuriantly over the whole frame of a very fat man. His cheeks so loosely plump, and his front so ponderously corpulent, did dance most gloriously to the internal glee of his heart. I was half astonished, and half tickled, at his inexplicable merriment. 'It's droll, uncle an't it?' ejaculated I, after waiting in vain, for the end of his comic performance. 'Yes, boy; ha! ha! ha!' and he as if excited to fresh ef-

forts, roared even louder than before; but throwing his head back with a triumphant flourish, to give force to his mirth, unfortunately destroyed the balance of his position, and over went jest, arm chair, uncle Jerry and all.

Never did the ripe pumpkin put forth a more pithy bump! bump! or utter a more eloquent ventriloquial rumble, than did uncle Jerry, as his round, pudding-stuffed corporation emptied itself out of the rockingchair on the floor. Away he rolled, with as much velocity and dignity as our earth revolves through *philosophical* space—the so much talked of poles which his head and feet might very well represent, as they kept the centre of motion with infinite composure, and never so much as thought of coming in contact with the plane on which his *central rotundity* was moving. But, as his progress was transversely through the room his head first put a period to his masterly performance, by a violent contact with the wall. I pursued, with a mixture of comedy and tragedy in my face; and, by dint of boosting and tugging, at length succeeding in restoring the fat old gentleman to an erect position.—Uncle Jerry's face, at that moment, resembled the closing scene of a feudal banquet, where the remnants of excessive mirth are oddly enough contrasted with the broils and perhaps broken heads to which it has given occasion. Looking at him with the expression of half ridicule and half condolence, I again hailed him with, 'It's droll, an't it, uncle Jerry?' He said not a word, but rubbed his head and sighed, I picked up the pocket book, and saw that what had given cause to so much both of merriment and sadness, was, in truth, nothing but a rude sketch with a pencil of a woman standing up, and a man lying down. Now, there was nothing very marvellous in this; but yet uncle Jerry, in spite of his recent misfortune, seemed hard tempted to burst out a laughing again, when I handed it back to him. 'Ah, Dorothy,' said he, seating himself and shaking his head, 'Ah, Dorothy, Dorothy! this an't the first time you've floored me.' 'Why, aunt Dorothy is dead; she can't hurt you.' 'Yes, yes; she's dead, and it's all for the best, no doubt, for she used to make a terrible racket here on earth. Ah, boy, you never got knocked down with a soap ladle, as I have. Faith, she was a splasher, that Dorothy. This picture I drew of a scrape we had once when I like to have got my head cracked, I'll tell you. We lived here when war first began. Well, it was all woods round the house then, almost up to the doors, you know. On that side of the house, there was a prodigious thicket, so close that you couldn't see through it at all. Well, the war broke out, and I began to feel a little skittish about living alone there, in the woods, where I was exposed to the attacks of the wild beasts, and Indians, and Dorothy, all at once. So I went out by the thicket one day, where Dorothy was boiling a whopping great

kettle of soap, and down I set on a log, and says I, 'Dorothy,' says I, 'don't you think,' says I, 'that we'd better be moving back where somebody lives?' 'No!' says she. 'Why?' says I. 'Cause,' says she. (You know your aunt Dorothy always had a reason for every thing.)—'Why, Dorothy,' says I, 'we shall all be killed here, as shure as a gun.' She began to look 'tarnal cross.—'Why,' says I, 'an't you afraid of the Indians?' 'Pish! that for the whole posse of em,' said Dorothy flourishing the soap ladle. 'Oh! oh! bless me, Dorothy, you've thrown some of your hot soap on me,' says I. 'Keep out of the way then.' I began to think as much, for I had no taste for hot soap. But, just as I was starting up, zounds! what a yell, and four horrid great Indians jumped out of the thicket. I hid behind a stump, so they didn't see me.'

'What,' said I, 'uncle Jerry did you leave aunt Dorothy to the Indians?' 'Why, you silly coot,' said he, 'there were *four* of them. What could I do?' He went on with his story. 'The Indians yell'd, and my wife aqualled. I'd heard my wife before, and the savages before; but it was a rare piece of music to hear them both together. So I peeped out from behind the stump to see how it went. Split me! if my good old Dorothy wa'n't dealing out soap over them with a vengeance. How they did kick, and jump, and yell; but she didn't stop for that. She dealt full ladles of the stuff hissing hot, into their faces, and on their naked arms and legs, while they cut up all manner of capers in the air, and finally took to their heels, roaring and howling like the very d——! I couldn't help laughing right out, to see Dorothy pouring out the boiling soap on them like a volcano, and scalding and biting themselves like mad cats. So when they were out of sight, I ran up to my wife, and was about to bestow a round of kisses, but she twirled the ladle round, and gave me such a knock on the head as laid me on the ground as flat as a flounder. 'It's I, Dorothy,' says I, 'it's I—it an't an Indian.' 'I know it,' says she.—'How could you then?' says I. 'Look here, sir!' says she, 'you little cowardly puppy! when I've been killing Indians half an hour, I'd have you to know I'm in no mood to be kissed.' 'Very probably,' says I.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

THE WHALE FISHERY.

(Continued.)

Having now given a concise view of the rise and progress of the whale fishing in this country, I propose to say something of the method of fitting ships, the manner of taking the whale, and the manufacture of the stock into oil and candles, and also a few remarks in regard to the mixture. In respect to the fitting of ships to the Pacific ocean for sperm oil, I would remark that those designed for that employment

are generally of an average tonnage (in the present day) of about 350 measurement, and of a capacity of from 2 to 3000 barrels. That part of the fixtures which relates to the hull, are generally about one third heavier than the same class of ships employed in the merchant service; this is necessarily the case to enable them to stand the great length of the voyage. When the hull of the ship is prepared and nicely coppered with sheet copper to the bends, they commence taking in their articles for the voyage. It is usual to fill the ships full of empty casks from 60 to 200 gallons, enough of which are filled with fresh water to allow a gallon per day to each man, until they get into the Pacific ocean, where they design to stop and recruit. And then the articles of provisions are put on board, say 200 barrels of flour, 100 of which it is usual to bake into hard bread, and the rest is put into larger casks, barrel and all, and then headed tight to exclude the air; then of meat, 100 barrels of mess beef, and the same quantity of mess pork—the flour also is superfine and of best brands. The average of meat and flour is in the proportion of about a pound per day of each, per man, allowing about 30 men for three years, which is about the complement, and the average of the voyage in respect to time. The whaling materials are composed of too great a variety, and too numerous to mention in a small compass, such as harpoons, lances, whale spades, &c. and also the small articles of provisions would be tedious to be given in detail, and must be omitted.

After all these articles are nicely stowed on board, they fill a sufficient number of the empty casks with salt water to bring the ship in ballast trim for the passage; they are now fitted with 4 or 5 whaling boats built of cedar boards, very light, and manned by five men and a steersman; with this prospect they set sail, the wide ocean before them, and nothing but the needle and quadrant to direct their course. One would be induced to suppose that some heavy longings for home, 'sweet home,' would be likely to steal upon their imaginations, this undoubtedly is the case—these hardy sons of Neptune are far from being insensible to the enjoyments of home; but they know too well their interests to suffer these considerations to rest with undue weight, thus they direct their course with thoughtful and steady views to the object of their search. They are under the necessity of first shaping their course for the western islands or Azores, contiguous to the coast of Africa, in order to enable them the better to fetch by Cape Rouguia, on the coast of South America. To those who are not acquainted with the navigation of the Atlantic, it might appear strange they should direct their course so far to the eastward, but when they take a view of the chart, the mystery will be explained; the continued succession of south-east trades blowing continually from one point, unless this precaution was taken, they could

not fetch by the most prominent point of South America; but by this course of procedure they run down the whole course with safety. They generally double Cape Horn in the latitude of about 60 degrees, and do not often get sight of land once round the Cape; they now direct their course for the Sandwich Islands, which they are enabled to make in the course of four or five months after leaving home. By this time it becomes necessary to recruit with some additional stores, such as potatoes, water, fresh meat, &c. A week is generally sufficient to obtain all they want; their next course is on the coast of Japan, or in the latitudes between Japan and these islands, here is the extent of their distance.

It is usual of late years, when the boats are in pursuit of whales for the captain to stay on board; experience has found this to be the safest method.—On the discovery of the whales by the man at mast head, the signal is given to the officer on deck, who immediately, if the whales are any distance, pursues a course with the ship to intercept them; now follows a scene of activity, the boats are ordered to be lowered and pursuit made, most generally two or more boats are in company when a whale is struck, to guard against danger, thus if one boat is stove another is ready to take in her crew—the whale is struck by the officer of the boat, and if she presents a fair side to the harpoon is killed directly, but should he get his iron into the fleshy part of the whale, much trouble and fatigue ensues: the wounded whale usually sets off with great velocity, or dives to an immense depth, and continues as long under water as she can endure without respiration, (for they breathe atmospheric air as well as other animals) and on her turn to rise to the surface care is taken to place the boat as near to the spot as they can judge she will make her appearance, when another more fatal blow is inflicted, which generally ends the strife.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Blushes.—What a mysterious thing is a blush! that a single word, a look or a thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange too that it is only the face, the human face, that is capable of blushing! The hand or the foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, any more than the glove or the stocking which covers it. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul! There, may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame and prove to him the absurdity of his blind doctrine of chance.

Two Dutchmen travelling together, took up camp at night. Being much wearied by the fatigue of the day, they soon fell asleep. After they had slept for some time, one of them was

awakened by a thunder storm. He got up in a fright and called on his companion to arise, as the day of judgment had come. 'Lie down, lie down, you fool,' says the other, 'do you think de tay of shudgement would come in de night?'

Dr. John Wolcott, alias Peter Pindar, used to say, when laboring in his uncle's laboratory, that his fancy imputed a language to the mortars at which it was his daily task to labor. 'Whenever I was using the large marble one, I thought it repeated the words, linger-'em-long, linger-'em-long, linger-'em long; but when the little brass one was wrung upon by the pestle it cried, kill-'em quick, kill-'em-quick, kill-'em-quick.'

Handsome Reward.—A clergyman in the west, who had unfortunately quarrelled with his parishioners, had the misfortune to have a shirt stolen from the hedge where it hung to dry, and he posted handbills offering a reward for the discovery of the offender. Next morning was written at the foot of the copy posted against the church door:

Some thief has stolen the parson's shirt,
To skin naught could be nearer;
The parish will give five hundred pounds
To him that steals the wearer.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY JANUARY 1, 1831.

Events in Paris.—A pretty, tri-colored volume, containing an account of the late interesting events in Paris, has been recently published by Carter & Hendee, Boston.

The Wreath.—This is the title of a semi-monthly miscellany published at Seneca Falls, by Edward Wheeler. It is an interesting little paper and is offered at the low price of One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar Fifty Cents, if not paid within six months.

SUMMARY.

Williams's New York Annual Register.—We perceive, with pleasure, that Mr. Williams proposes to continue the publication of his 'Annual Register.' The volume for 1831 will be published on or before the first of February next; with such additions and improvements as may have suggested themselves.—*Albany Argus.*

The President's Message was put in type, in some of the offices of the New-York papers, by thirty-four men and boys, in the short space of ninety-five minutes.

Fossil Bones.—An immense quantity of the fossil bones of the hippopotamus, the elephant, the mammoth, and other species of animals no longer in existence, has been recently discovered in a cavern near Palermo.

MARRIED.

In Ghent, by the Rev. Mr. Wyneop, Mr. John Moul, aged 73, to Miss Caroline Hardor, aged 73, all of that place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 21st ult. after a short and distressing illness, in the 23d year of her age, Magdalena, wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, and only daughter of Mr. Henry Fischer, of Taverack.

In this city, on the 23d ult. Miss Harriet Waggoner, daughter of William Waggoner, aged 12 years.

At the County Almshouse, Ghent, on the 19th ult. William Graves, aged 87. Mr. Graves was from Lynn, Mass. During the war of the revolution he was captured from on board of a private armed vessel belonging to Salem, conveyed to England, and remained three years a prisoner in Fortune-Prison.

At the same place, on the 14th William Atchison, aged 53, formerly of Armagh, Ireland.

At the same place, on the 20th John Furmery, aged 80 years, commonly known by the name of *Copper John*.



POETRY.

THE BANNERS OF THE FREE.

There are murmurs from the shore,
 Born of ocean's toiling waves—
 There's a deep and sullen roar
 From the mountain and its caves :
 Louder than from rock or sea
 Rolls the voice of Liberty !
 Hark ! the stirring, lofty call !
 Heroes ! from the dust arise,
 Rend the sullen, shatter'd pall
 From the grave of victories !
 Over them with eager glee,
 Float the Banners of the Free !
 Borne upon the thunder gales,
 Patriot spirits, lo ! behold !
 They are full of lofty tales,
 Tales to make a coward bold ;
 Tales of blood and victory,
 On the banners of the free.
 Let the slave sleep out his day,
 Hug the fetter, kiss the chain,
 Soon will roar the mighty fray
 Vengeance to wash out their stain,
 Then on high shall, proudly wave
 Banners of the free and brave !
 War shall blow her trumpet-breath,
 Swords shall flash, and lances flame,
 Poised will be the spear of death,
 In that struggle's awful game !
 Battle's but a briefer road
 For a slave to seek his God.
 Are those banners now unfurl'd ?
 Float they on the thunder air ?
 Offspring of a crouching world,
 Lo ! they're blazing proudly there ;
 By those banners of the brave,
 Tyranny shall find a grave !
 Lo ! the golden-orbed shield
 Of Freedom flames before the van ;
 Sons of slavery ! to the field,
 Foot to foot, and man to man !
 As to-day the evening clouds,
 Let those banners be your shrouds.
 Shrouds of crimson, steeped in blood,
 Blood of foemen in the fight ;
 Let him live a slave who would,
 Fetters are a coward's right.
 Let him veil his eyes to see
 Banners of the brave and free !
 Front to front, and hand to hand,
 Shield to shield, and glaive to glaive ;
 Dauntless breast and lightning brand,
 Here is life, and there the grave—
 Let thine own hand close the strife,
 Death is but to leap to life.
 What is blood that's not thine own,
 Fever'd by a tyrant's toils ?
 What are lips that have no tone,
 But for fetter'd beauty's smiles !
 What's affection that is nur'd
 For an offspring chain'd and curs'd
 There is thunder on the heaven—
 Hark ! it rolls from shore to shore !

Thunders by a nation given,
 Despotism's reign is o'er.
 Chains are riven, fetters flee,
 From the man who would be free !

From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831.
LOS MUSICOS.

BY JAMES W. BARKER.

The towers of Granada may shine in their pride,
 The Oro may roll in its gold :
 The trumpet may call, and the tourney-knight ride,
 And the beauteous give wreaths to the bold.
 But afar from the masque and the mockery we fly,
 To where nature invites to the grove ;
 Where health and enjoyment fall bright from the sky,
 Over harmony, friendship and love.
 Can the meteor of glory, the vapour of fame,
 To the soul a true pleasure impart ?
 Can the fever of revel, the glowings of shame,
 Give peace or content to the heart ?
 Be ours the pure offerings that nature bestows,
 The blessings that beam from above,
 The spirit's free play, and the bosom's repose,
 With harmony, friendship and love.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Chart.

PUZZLE II.
 The man who instructs, entertains, and inspires,
 I conceive is an author named Cæsar ;
 The second to that, though no person admires,
 Is a Comb, that's lock'd up in a box.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
 Kings, Queens, and peers, my first adorn,
 Without their presence 'tis no more ;
 And commerce by my last is borne
 From pole to pole and shore to shore.
 My whole in hope is ever gay,
 When love and honour join their flame ;
 Yet mutual vows invoke the day
 That sees me lose my once lov'd name.
 II.
 Form'd long ago, yet made to-day,
 Employ'd while others sleep,
 What few would ever give away,
 Or any wish to keep.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY
A. STODDARD,

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir for 1831—The Water Witch or the Skimmer of the Seas, by Cooper—Paul Clifford and Falkland, by the Author of Pelham—De L'Orne, by the Author of Richelieu and Darnley—The Family Library, containing the History of the Jews, Life of Buonaparte, &c.—Also, the following

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS,

Malte Brun's School Geography and Atlas, National Precceptor, Child's Manual, Peter Parley's Method of telling about Geography, Colburn's Intellectual Arithmetic and Sequel.—Also,

Garden Seeds and Herbs, &c.

Put up by the United Society at New-Lebanon.

**ANTI-MASONIC, GERMAN AND COLUMBIA
 ALMANACKS FOR 1831,
 FOR SALE, AT ASHBEL STODDARD'S BOOKSTORE.**

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, JANUARY 15, 1831.

NO. 17.

POPULAR TALES.

THE PHILADELPHIA DUN.

One day, no matter when, a stranger was seen riding slowly through the streets of a flourishing town in Tennessee. He was a well dressed, good looking young man, mounted upon what in this country would be called, 'the best kind of a nag.' His appearance, altogether, was respectable enough; it was even, as respects exteriors, a touch above what is common; and he would have passed along unnoticed, had it not been for one thing, which excited universal attention. Although the streets were crowded with people, and the fronts of the stores were adorned with fine goods, and such fancy articles as usually attract the eye, the stranger's gaze was fixed on vacancy; he turned his head neither to the right hand nor to the left; he moved not lip nor eye-lid, but rode forward as if apparently unconscious, as well of his own existence, as of the presence of his fellow creatures.

It was court-week, and an unusual concourse of people was collected.—Here was the judge, with a long train of lawyers. The candidates for office were here distributing smiles and kindnesses, and practising all those popular arts, which are so well understood in every republican country. Here was the farmer, clad in his neatest homespun, and mounted on his best horse. Here was the hunter with his rifle. Here, in short, were the *people*; collected, some for pleasure, and some for business, exhibiting that excitement of feeling which crowds always produce, with a good humor which is only found in countries where all are free and equal. The public square exhibited a scene which would have been amusing to one unaccustomed to such displays of character. At one spot were two neighbors driving a bargain. Unlike the people of other countries, who transact such business in private, they were surrounded by a host of people, who all occasionally threw in their comments. A stranger, judging from the sly jokes, the loud bantering, and the vociferous laughter which passed round the

circle, would not have supposed that any serious business was in hand: a resident only, would infer, that before this little circle parted, a horse would be swapped, a crop of tobacco sold, or a tract of land conveyed. Not far off, was a set of politicians, settling the affairs of the nation. But the most amusing individuals were some two or three who were *cavorting*. Now, if any lady or gentleman is so ignorant of the American language as not to know what cavorting is, and if Webster's celebrated quarto does not furnish the definition, it is necessary that we explain, that it expresses the conduct of an individual who fancies himself the smartest and best man in the world. On the present occasion, a fellow might be seen, dressed in a hunting shirt, with a rifle on his shoulder, mounted, half tipsey, upon a spirited horse, and dashing through the crowd. Now he would force his spurs into his horse's sides, and put him at full speed, or rein him up until he reared on his hinder feet; and now he would command him to stop, and the obedient animal would stand and tremble. All the time he was ranting and roaring in praise of himself, his horse, and the United States of America. He boasted that he was born in the woods; that he could tote a steam boat, and outrun a streak of lightning; that his wife was as handsome as a pet fawn, and his children *real roarers*. He bestowed similar encomiums on his horse; and finally avowed himself a friend to the United States of America—and then he commenced again and went over the same round, flourishing his rifle all the time, and exerting his lungs to their utmost. Although he often declared that he could whip any man in the round world, except Col. C., that he *fit* under at New Orleans, nobody accepted the challenge, or took offence; the whole being considered as a matter of course, and as the natural effect of stimulant potations upon an illiterate man of ardent temperament, who, when duly sober, was an honest, quiet, and inoffensive citizen.

While the people were amused at the vagaries of this wild hunter, or engaged in conver-

sation, the sun had gone down, and it was nearly dusk when the moving automaton, described in the commencement of this story, rode solemnly into the town. It is customary in this country for persons who meet, although unacquainted, to salute each other, and this courtesy is especially practised towards strangers; and although the new comer on this occasion would not have been expected to address each individual in a crowded street, yet, when those who were nearest nodded or spoke, as they civilly opened the way, they were surprised to see the horseman's gaze fixed on vacancy, and his body remaining as erect as if tied to a stake.

'That man's asleep,' said one.

'He's as blind as a bat,' said another.

'I reckon he's sort o' dead,' exclaimed a third.

'He rides an elegant nag,' remarked a fourth; and all were surprised that a man, who was apparently so good a judge of a horse, had not wit enough to see where he was going, or to know who were around him.

In the mean while our traveller moved proudly on, until he reached the best inn; a fine brick building, presenting every indication of neatness, comfort, and even luxury. As he rode up, two well fed, athletic negroes, with visages like polished ebony, and teeth as white as snow, rushed forth, and while one seized his bridle, the other held his stirrup as he dismounted. Still the automaton relaxed not a muscle; but drawing up his body, moved majestically towards the house. At the door he was met by the landlord, a portly, well dressed man, with a fine, open countenance, who had been honored by his fellow citizens with several civil appointments, and had even commanded some of them in the field, in times of peril. He touched his hat as he welcomed the stranger, and invited him into his house with an air of dignity and hospitality. A servant took his surtout, and several gentlemen who were seated around the fire, pushed back their chairs to make room for the stranger. But all these things moved not the automaton; the gazed eye and compressed lip were still fixed, and the chin remained in the cushion of an immense cravat. After a momentary pause, the gentlemen in the room resumed their conversation, the landlord applied himself to the business of his house, and the silent traveller was consigned to the oblivion which he seemed to covet; and excited no more attention except from an honest backwoodsman, who strolled in to take a peep, and after gazing at him for a quarter of an hour, suddenly clapped his hands, and exclaimed to his companion, 'it moves, Bill! if it an't alive, I'll agree to go a foot as long as I live.'

By this time candles were lighted, and the silent gentleman seemed to grow weary of silence. He now rose and strutted across the apartment with a very important stride. He was a young man of about two and twenty; of ordinary height, and less than ordinary thick-

ness. His person seemed to be compressed with corsets, and his head was supported by the ears upon a semicircle of stiffened linen, which occupied the place of shirt collar; and all his habiliments announced him to the eyes of the curious, as a genuine specimen of that singular *genus* the dandy. After taking several turns through the apartment, he drew forth his gold repeater, and opening his mouth for the first time exclaimed in a peremptory tone, 'Landlord! I want supper!' 'You shall have it, sir,' said the landlord with a bow, and winking at the same time at the other guests, 'we had supped when you arrived, but will not detain you many minutes.'

In a short time, supper was announced, and the stranger was shewn into a back room, handsomely furnished, where a neat elderly matron presided at the head of a table, spread with tea, coffee, bread, cakes, beef, pork, bacon, venison, fowls, and all that profusion of eatables with which western ladies delight to entertain their guests. Near her sat a young lady, modestly attired, in the bloom of youth and beauty, whose easy manners, and engaging appearance, might have warmed any heart not callous to the charms of native elegance. Now, indeed, our dandy opened both mouth and eyes to some purpose.—Scarcely deigning to return the salutation of his hostess, he commenced the work of havoc—fish, flesh, and fowl vanished from before him; his eye roved from dish to dish, and then wandered off to the young lady; now he gazed at a broiled chicken, and now at the fair niece of the landlord—but which he liked best, I am unable to say—the chicken seemed to go off very well, but on the subject of the damsel, he never opened his mouth.

Returning again to the sitting apartment, he found the same set of gentlemen whom he had left there, still engaged in conversation. They were the judge, the lawyers, and other intelligent men of the country, who were not a little amused at the airs of our dandy.—Again they opened their circle to receive him, but his eyes, his mouth, and his heart, if he had one, were closed against every thing but the contemplation of his own important self. After drawing his boots, picking his teeth, and puffing a cigar, he again opened his mouth, with 'Landlord! I want to go to bed!'

'Whenever you please sir.'

'I want a room to myself, sir!'

'I do not know how that will be,' replied the landlord, 'my house is full, and I shall be compelled to put you in the room with some of these gentlemen.'

'I can't go it, sir!' replied the dandy, strutting up and down; 'never slept in the room with any body in my life, sir! and never will! must have a room, sir!'

The landlord now laughed outright at the airs of the coxcomb, and then said, very good humoredly, 'well, well, I'll go and talk with my wife, and see what we can do.'

'My dear,' said the landlord, as he entered the supper room, 'here's a man who says *he must* have a room to himself.'

'What, that greedy little man in corsets?'

'The same.'

'Set him up with a room!' exclaimed the landlady.

'He is a trifling fellow,' said the landlord, 'but if we can accommodate the poor little man, we had better do so.'

The lady professed her readiness to discharge the rites of hospitality, but declared that there was not a vacant apartment in the house.

'Give him my room, aunt,' said the pretty niece, 'I will sleep with the children, or any where you please.' The young lady was a visitor, and a great favourite, and the elder lady was altogether opposed to putting her to any discomfort, particularly on account of such a rude man. But the niece carried the point, and arrangements were made accordingly.

In a few minutes, the silent man was conducted by the landlord to a very handsomely furnished apartment in the back part of the house. Every thing here was of the best and neatest kind. A suit of curtains hung around the bed; the counterpane was white as snow, and the bed linen was fresh and fragrant. The dandy walked round the room, examining every thing with the air of a man who fancied his life in danger from some contagious disease, or venomous reptile. He then threw open the bed-clothes, and after inspecting them, exclaimed 'I can't sleep in that bed!'

'Why not, sir?' inquired the astonished landlord.

'It's not clean! I can't sleep in it!' repeated the dandy, strutting up and down with the most amusing air of self importance, 'I would not sleep there for a thousand dollars!'

'Take care what you say,' said the landlord; 'you are not aware that I keep the best house in the country, and that my wife is famed for the cleanliness of her house and beds!'

'Can't help it,' replied the dandy, very deliberately surveying himself in a mirror, 'very sorry, sir—awkward business to be sure—but to be plain with you. I won't sleep in a dirty bed to please any man.'

'You won't, won't you?'

'No sir, I will not.'

'Then I shall make you!' said the landlord, and seizing the astonished dandy by the back of the neck, he led him to the bed, and forced his face upon it—'look at it,' continued the enraged Tennessean, 'examine it—smell it—do you call that bed dirty, you puppy?' Then going to the door, he called to a servant to bring a horsewhip; and informed the terrified dandy, that unless he undressed and went to bed instantly, he should order his negro to horsewhip him. In vain the mortified youngster promised to do all that was required of him; the landlord would trust nothing to his word, but remained until his guest was dis-

robed, corsets and all, and snugly nestled under the snow-white counterpane.

It was nearly breakfast time when the crest fallen stranger made his appearance in the morning. To his surprise, his steed, who had evidently fared as well as himself, stood ready saddled at the door. 'Pray, sir,' said he to his host in a very humble tone, and in a manner which showed him at a loss how to begin a conversation, 'pray, sir, at what hour do you breakfast?'

'We breakfast at eight,' was the reply, 'but the question is one in which you can have little interest; for you must seek a meal elsewhere.'

'Surely, my dear sir, you would not treat a gentleman with such indignity—'

'March!' said the landlord.

'My bill—'

'You owe me nothing; I should think myself degraded by receiving your money.'

In another moment, the self important mortal, who the evening before had ridden through the town with such a consciousness of his own dignity, was galloping away, degraded, vexed, and humbled. As he passed along, the same backwoodsman, who had gone to ascertain the fact of his vitality on his arrival, met him, and pulling off his hat, said, very civilly, 'stranger, your girth is under your horse!' The dandy reined up his steed, jumped off, and found that his girth was indeed under his horse—where it ought to be.

'Do you mean to insult me?' exclaimed he, turning fiercely upon the backwoodsman; but the latter, instead of replying, coolly remarked, 'if it an't alive, I'll agree to be shot;' and walked on.

'Who is that young man?' inquired the judge of the circuit court, as the stranger rode off.

'He is a Philadelphia Dun,' replied the landlord.

'I am no wiser than before,' said his honor.

'Have you lived in our country so long, and not known this race of men? Sir, they are the collectors, sent out by eastern merchants to collect their debts. Although they come from different cities, they all go under this general denomination; some of them are fine young men, but too many are like yonder chap.'

'But how do you know this to be one of them?'

'Oh, bless you, I know them well. I read the history of that youth in his motions, before he was in my house five minutes. One year ago he could bow and smile like a French dancing master, skip over a counter, and play as many tricks as a pet monkey. He is just out of his apprenticeship, promoted to the dignity of a dun, and mounted on a fine horse; and you know the old proverb, "set a beggar on horseback—,"'

'I understand the whole matter,' replied the judge, and very gravely walked into the house, while the other members of the bar

were roaring with laughter at this odd adventure of the Philadelphia Dun.

THE TRIPLE MARRIAGE.

BY SAMUEL HAZZARD.

Thirty years ago there lived in one of the largest seaports of New England, a gentleman whose name was Reave—Benjamin Reave. For twenty years he had been a follower of the seas; but having (*mirabile dictu*) achieved an independence on that barren field, where the wind is more frequently sown and the whirlwind reaped, he was now laid up in ordinary, a fine old wreck, waiting to be dismantled. Rough as a reef, positive and loud, when contradicted, as a northeaster. he was generous, frank, and free, and the very soul of honour. Descended from one of the oldest families in the province, he was as proud of his blood as a republican (and a seaman) can well be. He had found his wife in England. Report said that she had noble blood in her veins, and that the captain had sailed away with her. Be these as they may, she had a nose that disdained all sublunary things; and the captain's person, in his prime, was such as few ladies can resist. Very soon finding her disposed to take the helm of affairs, he gave her to understand, that no mate of his should command his ship, while he could hail a top or drink his allowance. Taught by a few bitter experiences that his word was a Persian law, she quietly yielded him the weather side of the quarter deck for the rest of the voyage of life; and when not engaged in retailing to a circle of toad eating gossips the histories of 'my cousin Lord Gage,' and 'my uncle Sir Harry,' spent most of her time 'wrapped in the solitude of her own originality,' or profoundly meditating how the glory of the name of Reave could be best maintained; its *acme*, she humbly thought, was reached when she merged her own in it. Her cogitations at length came to the following head—'That it was highly necessary to form a suitable matrimonial alliance for her darling and only son, George Rodney.' 'But who? where?' how? She cast her eyes about her.

Caroline Lee was an heiress, and though she was of no particular age, (never having been able to hold her tongue long enough for a gentleman 'to pop the question matrimonial,') she was vastly accomplished, and (*paullo majora*) came of a good English family. Nothing could be nicer. It was mutually settled by their 'Mas that Rodney Reave and Caroline Lee must come together.

The young gentleman whose hands were thus relieved of what most men find a world of trouble, the selection of a wife, was already six feet high, and twenty-two. With the true errant propensities of his father, he had already wandered over half the earth; and with a finer genius than the old gentleman ever possessed, he had learned something from every shore to adorn his mind, or to increase the effect of an unusually fine person. But notwithstanding

these holiday graces, which your 'old salt' would consider the height of effeminacy, he was a consummate seamen, and the master of a Baltic ship. There floated in his eye when on shore, there breathed in his every attitude and motion, a listless air of inimitable voluptuousness, which might have been mistaken for want of spirit; but there was pride at the bottom of his character, which when roused, could make him as dogged and resolute as his father. He acted from impulse rather than reflection, and had a peculiar partiality for doing things his own way. As to moral principle, he had not been particular in its cultivation, and consequently it was not a plant calculated to stand the ruder gusts of temptation. Yet no man could call Rodney Reave a libertine. His spiritual needle, like that in his binnacle, never varied more than twenty or thirty degrees from the pole star of right—pretty well done for a seaman to whom all the world allows great latitude in these matters. Add to this a depth and warmth of feeling which the indolent sunshine of his countenance by no means promised, and a liberality to his men, which not a jack-tar of them could exceed, and Rodney Reave was as good as his neighbours.

On his return from Gottenburg, his mother communicated to him her plans relative to Caroline Lee. Rodney made some obsequious reply, and that very afternoon went down town and fell desperately in love with Amy Howland. She was a sweet girl of sixteen and a maker of gloves. Her father was the second son of a very respectable family in North Britain. When only ten years old, he ran away and entered as cabin boy on board a Berwick ship. Fortune is proverbially fickle. Many who commenced their career as inauspiciously as did Bennet Howland, have risen to be post captains and commodores of squadrons, by the mere force of circumstances. Not so Bennet. What good luck brought him his vices squandered; and his feeble efforts at reformation, misfortune withered. Through a life of forty years he never passed abaft the foremast. His wife was a beautiful, put uneducated Northumbrian, whom he had enticed from the old glover, her father, at the age of fifteen. After removing from port to port, they at length crossed the seas with their little daughter, then ten years of age, and fixed their head quarters at the scene of our narrative.

Of a limited capacity herself, and insensible to the worth of education, Mrs. Howland had taught her daughter nothing but her trade, by which she gained a very pretty maintenance, and what little she knew of letters, which was to read in an old Bible, and to make a few crooked marks, which she had been told stood for her name. Thus at the age of sixteen, Amy Howland, with a cheek like the damask rose, an eye in whose every glance there shot forth soul, and a smile that drove young Reave mad, could not read writing! But think not that, as in the case of education, culture is

always necessary to promote the growth of virtue. Nature's nursling, it blooms sweetest in the wilderness. All innocent thoughts, all gentle affections grew spontaneously in the heart of Amy Howland, and clustered round it with a luxuriance to shame the hot-house and forced sentimentalities of the finished belle. Add to this a natural taste in dress, a neat and tastefully arranged shop, through which her light, rounded, floating figure moved with sylph-like grace, and the portrait is complete. Rodney Reave called to make a purchase. He took the gloves, but left his heart. Amy 'talked not of scruples;' she knew no guile; she suspected none in others. She was of that age when the young heart is so sweetly predisposed to love—when its pent affections yearn to go forth for some object on which to fasten. She spoke not of the impossibility of their union, if ever she thought of it. She felt only that he loved her, and that he was lovely; and unhesitatingly she put into his hands the hitherto unappropriated treasures of her heart. A new existence dawned upon her. A part of the immortal nature seemed to have slept till now, and was at length waked to a life of untold intensity.

As for Rodney, he underwent a complete transfiguration. His outside show of indolent repose was worn only in presence of his parents to prevent suspicion; but on his way to meet his love, or in her presence, nothing could be more elastic than his step, or more animated than his countenance. He hardly allowed his mother opportunity to renew the subject of 'Caroline Lee;' whenever it was introduced, however, he listened with great apparent complacency, but pleaded business, and begged to have the matter deferred. In this way a month of dreamy bliss flew by. But now a new change came upon young Reave. He became abstracted, moody, and silent. When he visited Amy of a morning, his look would be haggard and his eye red, as if he had watched or been weeping. And as he sat clasping her hand, his colour would come and go, and he would knit his brow like one in pain, and not unfrequently rise abruptly and hurry out of the house. At length, one day he sprang suddenly out of one of his fits of absence, and pressing Amy passionately to his bosom, proposed marriage. She was surprised—She hesitated, especially as he insisted on a private marriage; but need I tell the result? That very night she put on a muslin dress and a wreath of flowers; and, leaving the house unknown to her mother, drove out of town with her lover.

'Who did you say was lost?' asked a sailor, whose weather stained face and bundle proclaimed him just come from sea—'Who did you say was lost?' asked he eagerly of the town-crier, who, with bell in one hand was publishing, with a most dolorous nasal twang, the contents of a handbill which he held in the other. This grave personage, having looked

at his interrogator a moment over the horns of his spectacles, again took up his dismal tale.

'O-o-yes! O-o-yes! O-o-o-yes!' said he; but before the third was fully pronounced, the mariner had satisfied his curiosity by looking over the crier's shoulder, and was rolling up the street at a great rate.

'Now I'll bet that's her father,' said the crier, taking off his spectacles and stopping short in the middle of his story.

(To be Continued.)

THE TRAVELLER.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

THE WHALE FISHERY.

(Concluded.)

The whale now dead, the next object is to get her to the ship, which if to leeward generally tacks up to them, or if to windward, runs down to save labour in the boats as much as possible; if but one whale is taken she is brought directly alongside of the ship, when the operation of cutting commences. This is done by scoring the whale spirally winding round the whole body from the head to the tail cutting no further than through the blubber; the next operation is to raise a piece forward, and by means of two heavy winding tackles made fast aloft, they man the windlass and commence to heave, and in proportion as the piece rises the whole continued to roll until all the blubber is rolled off from her carcase, when one tackle is hoisted as far as the distance will admit, the other tackle is applied below and the piece of blubber cut above the incision and lowered into the body of the ship, the hold of the whale is always maintained until all the blubber is severed from the carcase, and that sent adrift as useless. The head of the whale previous to this operation is taken from the body, and if of small size is hoisted on deck, but if large a small tackle is applied and the head turned endwise in the water, the nose down, and when the people are ready they make an incision into the upper end in order to open what is called the case; this is a body of sperm contained in the cavity of the head, through nearly the whole length, from which in a large whale several barrels are taken; this performed, all the refuse is set adrift, food for sharks or other voracious monsters of the deep.

The service of cutting now over, the next process is trying out the oil from the blubber, which in proportion to the size of the whale is from six inches to two feet in thickness, and covers all parts of the carcase; in its first state when taken from the whale, the pieces are called blanket pieces, and it becomes necessary to reduce them to a smaller size, accordingly they are cut into pieces about three feet long and a foot wide, for the convenience of mincing them to the mincing horse, and sliced very thin, yet the slices are cut in such a manner as to hang all together; in this state they are put into the try pots, which are set on deck

and boiled out. The scraps at all times are found a sufficient fuel for the purpose, and consequently only a small quantity of wood is used, that which is just sufficient to kindle the fires in the start, the fires are never extinguished so long as blubber is found to try out. The crew stand watch and watch, and when whales are found in abundance, this labor is severe; as fast as the oil is tried it is taken from the kettles and cooled, and then stowed down in casks in the hold of the ship. This operation is repeated until all is full, which with a weary crew is a time of rejoicing. The ship now full, bends her wayward course for home which she is enabled to reach in five or six months, when she is hailed with a hearty welcome by all concerned. The oil is taken from the ship and laid on the wharf, in order to obtain its amount, and also to make an accurate distribution among the different parties concerned: the crew come in for their share.

I would remark that in shipping a crew it is usual for them to receive a part of the proceeds of the voyage as a compensation for their services—it is not as in the merchant service, where wages are paid, but in this case each one receives his proportion of the proceeds of the voyage on his return home, which is at his disposal—And now we have the crude stock, I will give some idea of the process of converting it into oil and candles; when the oil is taken to the oil house, it then contains the oil and sperm in a mixed state, and the object of the manufacturer is to separate it and thereby make of the one the oil and the other sperm candles.

It is usual when the crude oil is brought to the manufactory, to boil all over in kettles set on purpose, and when that is done, it is rolled out and left subject to the first heavy frosts in the early part of winter, after which it is put into stout duck bags, and then into the press, from which about one half of the whole quantity is taken, and is called winter oil, the remainder in the bags is melted, and placed back into the casks, and rolled out subject to the first warm weather in the spring when it is taken into the house and undergoes a second pressing and that which comes from this pressing, is summer oil, the remains of which are nearly sperm; the next process with the remainder is to heat it again and run it into the tubs, which when cooled is shaved up by an instrument somewhat like a spokeshave, only much larger, and then to the tight press, where it undergoes a severe pressing, until all the oil is driven out, the sperm remaining behind is very hard; from this press it is taken to the refining kettle and there refined until it be judged white enough for candles, and then is cast for the market. In respect to the manufacture of winter oil, I would wish to correct one mistaken opinion that pretty generally prevails with the purchasers and consumers of it, which is that winter oil ought not to be chilled in very cold weather, that this is a mistake, can be proved by this circumstance, they are under the ne-

cessity of subjecting the crude stock previous to pressing to the severest frost of the winter, and consequently is extremely hard, and would no more separate from sperm than water would separate from ice by hard pressing; but it is only in the warmer days of winter that the oil is found to yield to the force of the press, and only at this time that good winter oil can be made. Sometimes in extreme winter weather, oil is found to chill, nevertheless it does not impede its burning after the blaze of the lamp has communicated but a small portion of heat to the oil.

Of the right whale fishing I would remark, the great bulk of that kind of oil is now taken on the Brazil banks, in the South Atlantic ocean. The enterprising capitalists in New Bedford are the most engaged in this kind of fishery. The method of taking this whale is much the same as that of the sperm whale, the only difference consists in the length of the voyage and the expense of the outfits, which are small compared to the voyages in the Pacific ocean. This oil is mostly sent to the European continent, where it finds a market; but enough remains in the country to afford to those disposed an opportunity of adding much to their stock of sperm. I think I may safely say that many persons who make large purchases of whale oil never have any to dispose of; a strange metamorphosis converts it into a less base kind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BURNS' HEAD.

'To what base uses we may turn, Horatio.'—*Hemlet.*

A proof 'to what base uses we may turn, Horatio,' is the exhibition of the head of Robert Burns, on the signs of the grog shops. He, who was endowed with the divine spirit of poetry, is hung up as the representative of the spirit of rum.

Notwithstanding it makes us grieve to see the head of the sweet bard thus abused, we cannot help relating a laughable incident which occurred the other day respecting this same head. A broad Scotchman inquired of a blundering Irishman, the way to the Burns' Head, 'Will ye be kind enuff,' said he, 'to inform me whereabouts is the Burns' Head?'

'Whereabouts you've burnt yer head?' said the Paddy, 'sure, and if you'll take off yer hat I'll be after telling you.'

'Tak aff my hat, d'ye say?' replied Sawney in a passion; 'and wherefore ye brogan, should I tak off my hat to such a bogtrotter as you? I ask ye to tell me the direction to the Burns' Head.'

'Oh, ho! the way to burn yer head, is it?'—provokingly returned Pat—'and sure its aisy enough, that same; if you'll jist stick it into the baker's oven on the other side of the strake, it will be burned to perfection.'

'Ye're a fule, Pat,' said the wrathful Scotchman, 'and don't ken your right hand from

your left. It is the hoose which they ca' the Burns' Head, that I speer at ye.'

'Och, me darlin, then is it where the jewel of a Burns is hanged up before the door?'

'Hanged, indeed?' exclaimed the indignant Scotchman; 'you bogtrotters are always thinking about hangin.'

'And why not, honey? hasn't an Irishman as good a right to think about hangin as any body in the world? sure, they're as well used to it as their betterers.'

'But, my freend, will ye tell me where I shall find the Burns' Head?'

'Ay, that I will in the twinkling of a pratie's eye. In the first place, you must kape strate ahead, and turn to yer left up Broadway, and then to yer right and left, and then to the right into the left side of Fulton strate, and then go strate ahead turning into Cliff strate, till you git to Beekman, jist opposite his honor the Mayor's, and there—'

'Thank ye, sir, thank ye,' said the Scotchman; 'I'll be gangin noo.'

'And sure now,' said the Irishman most provokingly, 'you would'nt go to look for the Burns' Head there, would you?'

'Didn't ye say 'twas there?'

'The devil a word on't. I was jist going to tell you that when you had got there me darlin, you wouldn't find it. But tell me now, honey, which of the Burns' Heads you would after goin to—the Mister Burns in Nassau strate, or the new Mister Burns in Liberty strate, or the 'tother Mister Burns there at the O'Connell's Head in Chatham strate? Which of the Mister Burnses would you prefar! and then I will tell you where he is, that same.'

'Robert Burns, ye maun ken, is the mon I want.'

'Then folly the directions I'm after givin you, and when you find the house, you cant helpseein it.'

'Gang awa', ye noodle you, I'll find the hoose sooner wi' a' your lang-winded directions, and I'll none o' them. Gang awa', gang awa'.' So saying, the Scotchman trudged on foot to find the Burns' Head where he could, and left his blundering director to go his own way.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

A buckish young gentleman went into a barber's shop on Wednesday evening, to have an operation performed on his chin. The young barber executed his office most barbarously, cutting away a piece of skin occasionally, and making several incisions, that considerably disconcerted the patient—who exclaimed in a rage, 'You rascal, you are not fit to shave a dog.'—'No sir,' modestly answered the boy, 'I am a new apprentice, and so my master sets me to practice on puppies.'

Prosperity.—Great God! how miserable is the lot of man! in prosperity he forgets every one; and in adversity every one forgets him. In prosperity he appears to have lost his sen-

ses; and when loaded with misfortunes, he is said never to have had any. In his sudden elevation, he becomes discontented with all the world; and when hurled to the bottom of the wheel of fortune, all the world are discontented with him. He who basks in the sunshine of fortune, should remember that riches sometimes take the wing, and suddenly fly from us.

'You've a cowl, Mrs. Leary, dear!' said an Irish woman at Acton, to her crony. 'Indade! and it's true for you, Mrs. Mahon!' And where would ye get that, honey? 'Sure, and I slept last night in the field, and forgot to shut the gate now.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY JANUARY 15, 1831.

The Ladies' Magazine.—We have received the December number of this work, which contains as usual much valuable and interesting matter. The following extract from the Address with which Mrs. Hale closes her third Volume, will show her arrangements with regard to the further publication of the Magazine:—'It will henceforth be published by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, and arrangements are made to have it executed in a superior style. The type is to be new, and six plates, engravings or lithographs, the best our American artists can furnish, will be given during the year. Other ornaments will occasionally be introduced. The January number will be published on the *fifteenth*, and for the future it is intended no delay shall occur in the delivering of the numbers.'

Youths' Repository.—This little paper is printed and published semi-monthly, at No. 47, Howard street, New-York, by Master Francis L. Hagadorn, aged thirteen years, at fifty cents per annum payable on the delivery of the first number.

SUMMARY.

Dentistry.—We have seen the artificial roof and palate made by Mr. A. C. Castle, surgeon-dentist, of this city. They are ingeniously contrived to answer as a substitute for the organs and muscles of the mouth and throat. Attached to this useful piece of mechanism is a set of teeth, by which the office of mastication may easily be performed. It will, doubtless, attract much attention among scientific men, and those so unfortunate as to need its assistance.

Economy.—The New-York Ladies wear shirt collars and ruffles made of paper. The ruffles are plaited with iron made for the purpose and look as well as cambric ones.—They are worn but one day, and are bought for half a cent a piece.

7500 ship letters were received at the New-York post office on Sunday, and about 6000 on Monday.

The population of 30 counties in the state of New-York, according to the late census, amounts to 1,025,947 souls exhibiting an increase of 167,078 since 1825. The Courier estimates the probable population of the state at 1,900,000 souls.

MARRIED.

In this City, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Michael Vanderhoof, of Lansingburgh, to Miss Emeline Snow, of this City.

At Claverack, by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Andrew Miller, of Windham, Greene Co. to Miss Elizabeth Shurtz, of this city.

At the same place on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wackerhagen, the Rev. J. Berger, A. M. Pastor of Christ's church, Ghent, and St. Luke's church, Millville, to Miss Catharine, daughter of the Hon. J. I. Miller.

At Albany, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Green, Mr. Enos Buckbee, to Miss Eliza, daughter of Mr. Joseph F. Badgley, all of that city.

DIED.

In this city, on the 5th inst. Reuben, son of Gorham Macy, aged 14 years.

At Hilledale, Dr. Adonijah S. Bidwell, aged 36 years. His death was in consequence of an Aneurism upon his thigh, occasioned by the accidental stab of a penknife about 17 years since.

In Chatham, on the 31st ult. Erastus C. son of Edwards Beebe, aged 7 years.



POETRY.

From the New-York Mirror.

THE LANDING OF THE WRECKED.

The morning broke—the towering cliff
Loom'd dimly through the hazy air;
To heaven their hearts and hands they lift,
In silent, solemn, thankful prayer!
And joyfully the warm tear starts
From weary eyes, with watching pain'd,
For hope and rapture fill those hearts,
Where grief and anguish long have reign'd.
Long had they gazed upon a sea
That, shoreless, seem'd to touch the sky;
Till hope, deferr'd and misery
Had drain'd the fount of sorrow dry;
For since their gallant ship was lost,
Many, ah! many a weary day,
And many a night, had they been toss'd
Like lonely sea-birds on the spray!
Many a bright and cloudless noon
Had mock'd their anguish and despair,
And oft the melancholy moon
Had, in her watchings, found them there—
There—on the ocean—void of rest,
Where hope no solace could diffuse,
While o'er each cold and aching breast
Distill'd the nightly chilling dews!
There was the child—the maiden fair—
The father, too, of manly form;
The mother shone more sweetly there,
Like a pale sun-beam in the storm!
Her heart was sad—but still she smiled—
Gazed wistful on the sea and sky—
Then fondly clasped her wood'-ring child,
As if she'd found assistance nigh.
And now a little stricken band
Of rescued fugitives they come,
And pause upon that beachy strand,
Houseless and friendless, far from home!
All they possessed of worldly wealth,
The winds and waves have swept away;
With hunger faint, impaired in health,
They watch the slowly opening day.
And wherefore are they joyous now?
Why sparkles every eye with hope,
And why does pleasure light each brow,
As they ascend the grassy slope?
No joyful cry—no shout was heard,
Of welcome, on that lonely strand—
No greeting spile—no tender word,
No ardent pressure of the hand!
The sunny hills, the blooming vales,
The distant village-spire and dome,
The shady wood, the fragrant gales—
All—all awake fond thoughts of home!
For, far away, there are bright eyes—
(And kindred hearts, that daily burn)
Watching the winds, the storms, the skies,
All anxious for that ship's return!
That glorious ship—and where is she?
The mountain wave she rides no more;
A giant martyr to the sea—
Her lofty beauties strew the shore.
Yet they—the loved—in distant land,
Who darkly watch for her in vain—

The voices of that shipwrecked band
Shall glad their sinking hearts again!

THE HUMA.

'A bird peculiar to the east. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground.'

Fly on! nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
Too near our shaded earth,
Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,
May lose its note of mirth.
Fly on—nor seek a place of rest,
In the home of 'care-worn things,'
'Twould dim the light of thy shining crest,
And thy bright burnish'd wings,
To dip them where the waters glide
That flow from a troubled earthly tide.
The fields of upper air are thine
Thy place where stars shine, free,
I would thy home, bright one, were mine,
Above life's stormy sea.
I would never wander—bird, like thee,
So near this place again,
With wing and spirit once light and free—
They should wear no more the chain
With which they are bound and fetter'd here,
For ever struggling for skies more clear.
There are many things like thee, bright bird,
Hopes as thy plumage gay,
Our air is for ever with them stirr'd,
But still in air they stay.
And happiness, like thee, fair one!
Is ever hovering o'er,
But nests in a land of brighter sun,
On a waveless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings,
Where the fount of 'living waters' springs.

ENTOMIAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

No Court is held unless a Monarch sways:
A ship our commerce bears to distant lands:
And oft the day is hail'd with joyful lays
When Courtship's name is lost in Hymen's bands.
PUZZLE II.—Bed.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
My 1st is an accommodation for travellers, my 2d
is a woman's name, my whole is a destroyer of mankind.

II.
My 1st is the short term of college, my 2d the short
term of slaughter, my whole a near and clear running
water.

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NO. 18.

POPULAR TALES.

From the New-York Mirror.

'KILLING, NO MURDER.'

A TRUE STORY.

I am a sober, middle-aged, married gentleman, of a moderate size; with moderate wishes; moderate means; a moderate family; and every thing moderate about me, except my house, which is too large for my means, or my family. It is however, or rather, alas! it was, an old family mansion, full of old things of no value but to the owner, as connected with early associations and ancient friends, and I did not like the idea of converting it into a tavern or boarding-house, as is the fashion with the young heirs of the present day. Such as it was, however, although I sometimes felt a little like the ambitious snail, who once crept into a lobster's shell and came near perishing in a hard winter, I managed for ten or twelve years to live in it very comfortably, and to make both ends meet. My furniture to be sure was a little out of fashion, and here and there a little out of the elbows; but I always persuaded myself that it was respectable to be out of fashion, and that new things smacked of new men, and were therefore rather vulgar. Under this impression, I lived in my old house, with my old fashioned furniture; moderate sized family and moderate means, envying nobody and indebted to no one in the world. I had neither gilded furniture, nor grand mantle glasses, nor superb chandeliers; but then I had a few fine pictures and busts, and flattered myself they were much more genteel than gilded furniture, grand mantle glasses, and superb chandeliers. In truth, I looked down with contempt not only on these, but on all those who did not agree with me in opinion. I never asked a person to dinner a second time who did not admire my busts and pictures, considering him a vulgar genius and an admirer of gilded trumpery.

But let no man presume, after reading my story, to flatter himself he is out of the reach of the infection of fashion and fashionable

opinions. He may hold out for a certain time, perhaps, but human nature can't stand for ever on the defensive. The example of all around us is irresistible, sooner or later. The first shock given to my attachment to respectable old fashioned furniture and a respectable old four-square double house, was received from the elbow of a modern worthy, who had grown rich, nobody knew how, by presiding over the drawing of lotteries, and who came and built himself a narrow four-story house right at the side of my honest four-square double mansion, it had white marble steps; white marble door and window-sills; folding doors and marble mantle pieces, and was as fine as a fiddle, in doors and out. It put my rusty old mansion quite out of countenance, as every body told me, though I assure my readers, I thought it excessively tawdry and in bad taste.

But, alas! such is the stupidity of mankind—I could get nobody to agree with me.

'What has come over your house lately?' cried one good natural visitor; 'somehow or other it don't look as it used to do.'

'What makes your house look so rusty and old fashioned?' said another good-natured visitor.

'Mr. Blankprize has taken the shine off of you,' said Mrs. Sowerby; 'HE HAS KILLED YOUR HOUSE!'

Hereupon the spirit moved me to go out and reconnoitre the venerable mansion. It certainly did look a little like a chubby, rusty old fashioned quaker by the side of a first-rate dandy. I picked a quarrel with it outright, which by the way was a very unlucky quarrel. I was not rich enough to pull it down and build a new one; and it is a great folly to quarrel with an old house until you can get a better. But if I can't build, I can paint—thought I, and put at least as good a face on the matter as this opulent lottery man, my next-door neighbour. Accordingly I consulted my wife on the subject, who, whether from a spirit of contradiction, or, to do her justice, I believe from a correct and rational

view of the subject, discouraged my project. I was only the more determined. So I caused my honest old house to be painted a bright cream colour, that it might hold up its head against the scurvy lottery man.

'Bless me!' quoth Mrs. Smith—'What is the matter with this room—It don't look as it used to do?'

'Why, what under the sun have you done to this room?' cried Mrs. Brown.

'Protect me!' exclaimed Mrs. White—

'Why, I seem to have got into a strange room. What is the matter?'

'You've killed the inside of your house,' said Mrs. Sowerby, 'by painting the outside such a bright colour.'

It was too true; this was my first crime. Would I had stopped here!—but destiny determined otherwise. It happened unfortunately that my front parlour carpet was of a yellow ground. It was to be sure somewhat faded by time and use; but it comported very well with the unpretending sobriety of the outside of my house, under the old regime'. But the case was altered now, and the bright cream colour of the outside 'killed' the dingy yellow carpet within. So I bought a new carpet, of a fine orange ground, determined that this should not be killed. It looked very fine, and I was satisfied. I had done the business effectually.

'Bless my soul!' cried Mrs. Smith—'What a sweet pretty carpet!'

'Save us!' exclaimed Mrs. Brown—'Why, you look as fine as twopence!'

'Protect us!' cried Mrs. Sowerby—'What a fashionable affair!' Then casting a knowing look around the room, she added, in a tone of hesitating candour—'But don't you think, somehow or other, it kills the curtains?'

Another murder! thought I—wretch that I am, what have I done? What is done cannot be undone; but I can remedy the affair. So I bought a new suit of yellow curtains. I'll twig Mrs. Sowerby now.

Mrs. Sowerby came the very next day.

'Well, I declare now this is charming! I never saw more *tasty* curtains. But, my dear Mr. Sobersides, somehow or other, don't you think they kill the walls?'

Murder again! four stone walls killed at a blow! But I'll get the better of Mrs. Sowerby yet. So I got the walls coloured as bright as the curtains, and bade her defiance in my heart the next time she came.

Mrs. Sowerby came as usual. Her whole life was spent in visiting about every where, and putting people out of conceit with themselves.

She threw up her eyes and hands. 'Well, I declare, Mr. Sobersides, you have done wonders. This is the real French white'—which by the way, my readers unlearned should know is yellow—'But,' continued this pestilent woman—'don't you think that these bright coloured walls 'kill the chairs?'

Worse and worse! here was twelve innocent old arm-chairs, with yellow satin bottoms and backs, murdered in cold blood, by four unfeeling French-white stone walls! But there is a remedy for all things but death. I forthwith procured a new set of chairs as yellow as custard, and snapt my fingers in triumph at Mrs. Sowerby the next time she came.

But, alas! what are all the towering hopes of man! Dust, ashes, emptiness, nothing. Mrs. Sowerby was not yet satisfied. She thought the chairs beautiful. 'But then, my dear friend,' said she, after a solemn and appalling pause—'my dear friend, these bright yellow satin chairs have killed the picture frames.'

And so they had, as dead as Julius Cæsar; the picture frames looked like old lumber in the midst of all my improvements. There was no help for it, and away went the pictures to Messrs. Parker & Clover. In good time they came back, 'redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled.' I was so satisfied now that there was nothing left in my parlour to be killed, that I could hardly sleep that night, so impatient was I to see Mrs. Sowerby.

That pestilent woman, when she came next day, looked round in evident disappointment, but exclaimed with great appearance of cordiality,

'Well, now I declare, it's all perfect; there is not a handsomer room in town.'

Thank heaven! thought I—I have committed no more murders. But I reckoned without my host. I was destined to go on murdering in spite of me. The spring was now coming on and the weather being mild, the folding doors had been thrown open between the front and back parlours. This latter was furnished with green, somewhat faded I confess. I had heretofore considered it the sanctum sanctorum of the establishment. It was only used on extraordinary occasions, such as Christmas and new-year days, when all the family dined with me, bringing their little children with them to gormandize themselves sick. The room looked very well by itself; but, alas! the moment Mrs. Sowerby caught sight of it, her eye brightened—fatal omen!

'Why, my dear Mr. Sobersides, what has got into your back parlour? It used to be so genteel and smart—Why, I believe I'm losing my eyesight—the green carpet and curtains look quite yellow I think—O, I see it now—THE FRONT PARLOUR HAS KILLED THE BACK ONE!'

The d—!—here was another pretty piece of business. I must either keep the door shut all summer and be roasted, or be charged with killing a whole parlour, carpet, curtains, chairs, sofas, walls and all!

It would be but a mere repetition to relate how this wicked woman again led me on from one murder to another. First the new carpet 'killed' the curtains; then the new curtains 'killed' the walls; the new painted walls

'killed' the old satin chairs—and so by little and little all my honest old green furniture went the way of the honest old yellow.

'The spell is broke at last,' cried I, rubbing my hands in ecstasy. Neither my front or back parlour can commit any more assassinations. Elated with the idea, I was waiting on Mrs. Sowerby to the front door, when suddenly she stopped short at the foot of the old fashioned winding staircase, the carpet of which, I confess, was here and there infested with that modern abomination—a darn. It was moreover rather dingy and faded.

'Your back parlour HAS KILLED YOUR HALL,' said Mrs. Sowerby. And so it had. Coming out of the splendour of the former, the latter had the same effect on the beholder as a bad set of teeth in a fine face, or an old rusty iron grate in a fine room.

I began to be desperate. I had been accessory to so many cruel murders that my conscience became seared, and I went on, led by the wiles of this pestilent woman, to murder my way from the ground floor to the cock-loft, without sparing a single soul. Nothing escaped but the garret, which having been for half a century the depository of all our broken or banished household gods, resembled Hogarth's picture of the 'End of the world,' and defied the arts of that mischievous woman, Mrs. Sowerby.

My house was now fairly revolutionized, or rather reformed, after the old French mode, by a process of indiscriminate destruction.

I did not, like Alexander, after having thus conquered one world, sigh for another to conquer. I sat down to enjoy my victory under the shade of my laurels. But, alas! disappointment ever follows at the heels of fruition. It is pleasant to dance until we come to pay the piper. By the time custom had familiarized me to my new glories, and they had become somewhat indifferent, bills came pouring in by dozens, and it was impossible to kill my duns as I had done my old furniture, except by paying them, a mode of destroying these troublesome vermin not always convenient or agreeable. From the period of commencing housekeeping until now, I had never a single occasion to put off the payment of a bill. I prided myself on always paying ready money for every thing, and it was an honest pride. I can hardly express the mortification I felt at being now occasionally under the necessity of giving excuses instead of money. I had a miserable invention at this sort of works of imagination, and sometimes, when more than usually barren, I got into a passion, as people often do when they don't know what else to do. More than once I found myself suddenly turning a corner in a great hurry, or planting myself before the window of a picture shop, studying it very attentively in order not to see certain persons, the very sight of whom is always painful to people of nice sensibility.

Not being hardened to such like trilles by

long use, I felt rather sore and irritable. Under the *old regime* it had always been a pleasure to me to hear a ring at the door, because it was the signal for an agreeable visitor; but now it excited disagreeable apprehensions, and sounded like the knell of a dun. In short I grew crusty and fidgetty by degrees, inso-much that Mrs. Sowerby often exclaimed,

'Why what has come over you, Mr. Sober-sides? Why I declare somehow or other you don't seem the same man you used to be?'

I could have answered, 'the new Mr. Sober-sides has killed the old Mr. Sober-sides.' But I said nothing and only wished her up in the garret, among the old furniture.

My system of reform produced another source of worrying. Hitherto my old furniture and myself had been so long acquainted, that I could take all sorts of liberties with it. I could recline on the sofas of an evening; or sit on one of the old chairs, and cross my legs on another, without the least ceremony. But now, forsooth! it is as much as I dare to sit down upon one of my new acquaintance; and as for a lounge on the sofa, which was the Cleopatra for which I would have lost the world; I should as soon think of taking a nap in a fine lady's sleeve. As to my little ranti-pole boys, who had hitherto feared neither carpet, chair, or sofa, they have at length been schooled into such awe of finery that they walk about the parlour on tiptoe; sit on the edge of a chair with trepidation, and contemplate the sofas at a distance with the most profound veneration, as unapproachable divinities. To cap the climax of my system of reform, my easy-old-shoe-friends, who came to see me without ceremony, because they felt comfortable and welcome, have gradually become shy of my new chairs and sofas; and the last of them was the other evening fairly *looked* out of the house by a certain person, for spitting accidentally upon a new brass fender, that shone like the sun at noon-day.

I might hope that in the course of time these evils would be mitigated by the furniture growing old and sociable by degrees, but there is little prospect of this, because it is too fine for common use. The carpet is always protected by an old crumb cloth, full of holes and stains; the sofa and chairs are in dingy cover-sluts, except on extraordinary occasions, and I fear they will last forever—at least longer than I shall. I sometimes solace myself with the anticipation that my children may live long enough to sit on the sofa with impunity, and walk on the carpet without going on tiptoe.

There would be some consolation in the midst of these sore evils if I could only blame my wife for all this. Many philosophers are of opinion, that this single privilege of matrimony is more than equivalent to all the rubs and disappointments of life; and I have heard a very wise person affirm, that he would not mind being ruined at all, if he could only blame

his wife for it. But I must do mine the justice to say, that she combatted Mrs. Sowerby gallantly, and threw every obstacle in the way of my system of reform; advocating the cause of every piece of old furniture with a zeal worthy of better success. I alone am to blame in having yielded to the temptations of that wicked woman, Mrs. Sowerby; and as a man, who has ruined himself by his own imprudence, is the better qualified for giving good advice, I have written this sketch of my history to caution all honest, sober, discreet people against commencing a system of reform in their household. LET THEM BEWARE OF THE FIRST MURDER!

THE TRIPLE MARRIAGE.

BY SAMUEL HAZZARD.

(Continued.)

It was the afternoon after Amy's departure. Her mother sat alone and disconsolate. She had tortured herself all day with fruitless conjectures. She had retired early the preceding night, leaving Amy up; and whether her daughter had been in bed at all, she could not distinctly tell. If so, she might have risen in her sleep, as she sometimes did, and walked out into the dock. She might have been carried off by John Cheney, who, some months previous, had attempted to be rude with her. She knew not what to think; and her best friend, young Capt. Reave, was not at home to advise or comfort her, having gone to Newport the day previous. And her tears burst forth anew. The door opened, and her husband, who had been absent fifteen months, entered.

'Oh, Bennet! Bennet!' cried Mrs. Howland, hanging on his neck, 'our child—our only one is lost!'

'I know it,' said he, flinging his bundle on the table, and calmly seating himself. A few minutes after, a strange carriage, driven by a strange driver, rolled up to the door, from which alighted Amy; and it departed as rapidly as it came.

'Joy!' cried Amy, as she bounded into the room and embraced her mother; 'joy, mother! wish me joy!'

'Joy?' said Mrs. Howland, crying and kissing her at the same time; 'joy! you naughty girl, for what? Where have you been?'

'Been?' said Amy, smiling; 'why, I have been to be married!'

'Married!' exclaimed Mrs. Howland, lifting her hands and eyes in surprise, not unmixed with pleasure, as a conjecture as to the bridegroom's identity stole upon her mind; 'married? it an't possible!'

'Yes mother,' said Amy, kissing her again, 'I was married to Rodney Reave last night.' She turned and met the withered scowl of her father. He had sat unobserved hitherto, with his chair leaning back, his hands folded on his knees, and his hat pulled over his eyes. But when Amy mentioned the name of her husband he raised his head.

'Married to Rodney Reave!' he repeated, in a voice whose very calmness chilled her blood. She approached him with fear and trembling, and put a paper in his hand. He read it aloud:—'This certifies that George Rodney Reave, Esq. and Amy Howland have this day been lawfully joined in marriage by me—Seth Williams.'

'Williams!' said Amy, 'why, mother, Capt. Reave told me it was Mr. Hartshorn, the Baptist minister.'

'And Seth Williams,' said her father bitterly, 'is first mate of young Reave's ship. They may splice folks together in this way at sea, but I tell you what, young woman, you might as well have been tied to Rodney Reave with a ropeyarn, as with this bit of paper.'

'And so she an't married after all!' cried her mother hysterically; 'she's cheated—she's ruined!'

Amy stood pale as death, looking from one parent to the other, till fully comprehending her situation, she fell down in a swoon.

'Bear her away, wife,' said the immovable Howland. The storms and suns of thirty years had battered the limbs, and bronzed the cheek of Bennet Howland. He had served under unlawful flags, and dipped his hands in crime. Misfortunes had soured his temper; intemperance had filched the keys from reason, the keeper of the passions, and opened their prison doors; in their banded might they had swept his soul, as the Simoom sweeps the desert, and left behind a waste, over which brooded apathy; yet was he not wholly lost. Across this solitude there still flitted the shadow of a virtue. There still lurked in his ruined heart a latent kindliness towards his child, which he concealed as carefully as if it were a weakness, and never suffered to be visible unless she were injured by other than himself. Then, indeed, the apple of his eye was touched, and redress or vengeance occupied all his thoughts. He rose with a determined air and step, and proceeded immediately to Capt. Reave's, under whom he had formerly sailed. The old gentleman was enjoying his pipe and easy-chair. He listened to Bennet's honest tale with short interjectional puffs, examined the certificate of Seth Williams, whose hand-writing he knew, and then fell to whistling his favorite tune—'Rodney's Victory'—his usual resource when chafed or perplexed.

'A trifle—a mere trifle, Bennet,' at length said he.

Howland's brow darkened.

'Poh, man! don't be sulky,' said the Captain; 'go home now, and return hither with your wife and daughter at nine o'clock this evening.' When Bennet was gone, the old gentleman sent for Rodney's steward, who was then in the kitchen.

'Has your master returned from Newport?' said the captain.

'Yes sir; but he stays on board to-night, sir.'

'Step down then, and bid him be here to-night, precisely at a quarter-past nine; d'ye hear?'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

Sea law prevailed throughout the captain's domestic establishment. To speak was to be obeyed.

It was nine o'clock in Capt. Reave's private parlour, or *state-room*, as he styled it. Present, the captain in his arm-chair, supported on either hand by the Rev. Mr. Hartshorn and Mr. Justice Loomis. A tap at the door—enter Bennet Howland, wife, and daughter.

'Sit down, Bennet Howland,' said the captain; 'sit down, madam—be seated. Bless me! how the girl has grown? A tight little craft, eh Hartshorn?'

The parson smiles assent.

'And bless me!' continued the old seaman, 'white, all white—flowers and all! Oh—ay—honey-moon on yet—second day wedding—eh, Amy?' In this way the old gentleman wriggled, whistled, and talked incessantly, apparently to drown thought. He pulled out his watch impatiently. 'I wish 't were midnight,' muttered he. A footstep was heard in the passage, and he rose, with an air of mingled dignity and nonchalance, to meet his son.

'Your servant, Capt. Reave,' said the old gentleman, facing Rodney as he entered; 'I understand you was married last night, sir; and, you ungrateful rascal, you hadn't the manners to invite your old father. Now, I have always wanted to be present at your wedding, so, to punish you and please myself, we'll have the whole over again—and here we all are ready.'

The astonished youth suffered himself to be led up to Amy Howland, and her hand put into his; answered mechanically, and in the affirmative, certain questions proposed by Mr. Hartshorn; and before he recovered his self-possession, himself and Amy were pronounced by this gentleman 'lawful man and wife.'

'There it is, Bennet!' cried the captain, handing him the parson's certificate; there it is, strong as chain cable. Hartshorn's note is better than Seth William's, eh!'

Tears—ay, tears rushed into Howland's eyes as he took the invaluable paper, and tried to thank his benefactor.

The captain turned to his son with his sternest look:—'*lawful man and wife*—mark me, Capt. Reave.'

The humbled youth threw himself at his father's feet. 'It was the darling wish of my heart,' said he; 'I should have asked your consent, but thought you would never have given it, and?—'

'Nor would I, you rascal,' said his father, indignantly; 'I would have seen you both at the bottom of the Red Sea first. But what else—let's hear!'

'And I knew that disinheritation and your displeasure would be the consequence, if I married her without.'

'Can it be that this fellow has been to sea!' cried the indignant old tar. 'Was there ever such a ground shark?—to cheat an honest girl in this way for a little paltry change! Why didn't you show your true colours, you fresh water pirate? then if you had carried her, it had all been fair play. But to lie, even to a —, to perjure yourself—out of my sight, you rascal, and use what God has sent you, or by the great Rodney, the money you have been so afraid of losing shall never be yours.'

Rodney's humiliation was deep, and he deserved it. He loved Amy as his eyes; he knew that she would never consent to be his, but as the gift of holy church, and he had not the moral intrepidity either to forego his passion, or to brave the consequences of his father's anger. He accordingly took the course he did, that he might have a way of escape if the matter came to his father's knowledge; well knowing that the old gentleman's notions of gallantry belonged to the accommodating creed of the sea, and that neither Amy nor her mother could read writing. To adopt this method had cost him a hard conflict; but then he resolved to do justice to Amy at some future day.

True love covers a multitude of sins in its beloved. 'Many waters cannot quench it, nor floods drown.' Pure as the fire of heaven's altar, it consumes all the heart's dross, and would not ask or take a favour which virtue would blush to offer or to grant. Such should have been the love of Rodney; such was the love of Amy Reave. She forgave her repentant husband; and years of bliss opened in brilliant perspective before her. But what language can describe the dismay, the horror, the rage of Mrs. Benjamin Reave on learning these events! She had retired very early the evening of the marriage, and knew nothing of the matter till the breakfast hour the next morning, when her husband, with a most mischievous gravity, presented to her her daughter-in-law. She stood a moment utterly incredulous, till, gathering from the meek obeisance of Amy, and the confused looks of Rodney, that it was no joke, she uttered an exclamation which we must not record, and bounced out of the room. The old gentleman laughed heartily, and bade Amy take courage and not mind his wife.

They met again at tea. Mrs. Reave looked despairingly in her husband's now serious and determined face, for some hope or remedy. There was not a vestige of either there. The destruction of her darling scheme almost broke her heart. But another thought soon sprung from its ashes—a thought—a hope, which, under the greatest discouragements, will tarry longer in some bosoms, and wait more patiently than any other—the hope of vengeance—She cherished, she pampered it; she gave it her whole heart.

A twelve-month passed, and Capt. Benjamin Reave, the eccentric, the just, the lamented, was gathered to his fathers. Another, Bennet How-

laud, had found a watery grave, and his wife was buried far from her father's land. During the first eighteen months of this period, Rodney Reave had remained at home, and abandoned himself to the full enjoyment of domestic bliss. But now, the prospects of the Baltic trade were so flattering, that he felt it his duty to try the sea once more. He accordingly bought a fine ship and set sail, leaving his wife with his mother, who had, long since, to all appearance, become reconciled to his match. Now it was that the spirit of vengeance, which had so long lain dormant, like a coiled serpent, in the bosom of Mrs. Reave, awoke in all its pristine vigor, and craved 'a deed to do.' She looked around, and chuckled at her advantages. The foul fiend himself could not have wished better vantage ground or have set to work with more deliberation. Amy had to receive from her, at second hand, the contents of all her husband's letters; for, till this hour, the poor girl had no occasion for reading writing. But to what a most yearning wish did the receipt of her first letter give birth! How eagerly did she break it open, and, with the feeling of the dumb when making a vain effort to speak, regard it? With what a look did she run to her mother with her dumb messenger of love! How fondly did she hang upon her lips while reading it, and make her repeat every word of endearment it contained! and yet, after all, but half satisfied, she took the letter from her mother's hand, and ran wistfully over its mystic characters, as if the spirit of their meaning were still hidden, and could be detected only by her eye of love. How much more could she have made of each word, traced by his loved hand, could she have seen, as it were, the sense. But the scales were on her eyes, and she felt as if her heart would burst.

'Mother,' she cried, with an imploring voice, and a face bathed in tears, 'teach me to write.'

But the heartless old woman laughed at her—'A married woman going to school—really!'

Another, and another came. 'Ha—ha—ha!' said the old lady, stopping short in her reading, 'here is something which I must not read to you. But never mind, child; it is an old proverb, you know—"Sailors find a wife in every port."'

Amy smiled a sickly smile, which sat upon her lips as in mockery of her pale face; and the old lady, repeated her 'ha—ha,' rose and left her to her own reflections. And such reflections! so new to her innocent mind—so harassing. The smile passed away like sun tints from the cloud, but the paleness remained.

There were numerous little imprudencies of which one of Amy's neglected education would unconsciously be guilty. These were 'set in a note book'—'conned by rote,' and made the subject of long despatches to her husband, with a commentary of blind hints and pointless innuendos, such as—'I told you so,'—'Sailors' wives,' &c, which, while they

fixed no definite charge, distracted his mind, and gave birth to the worst suspicions. Amy's health visibly declined; and a Mr. Richards, an intimate friend and neighbor, was in the habit of giving her and her mother short drives into the country, for the benefit of the air; and sometimes Amy, with the old lady's tacit approval, would go alone with him.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New England Review.

WINTER.

Hast thou come again—our old, our good old kind-hearted friend of lang syne? Well, old gentleman, here is a hand for thee to shake, and we greet thee lovingly with right good will. Blessings on that frosty head and blue nose of thine? they are the same as when we hailed them welcome in the days of our boyhood. Aye, Winter was Winter then—and the light of thy venerable countenance carried joy to every heart.

They say thou art growing melancholy, old neighbour; that thine eyes overflow with rheum, and that thy hand is freezing cold. Shame on them! Those are tears of joy; and, if thy hand smacks somewhat of the icicle, let thine enemies shake it till their blood tingles again in their veins. Melancholy! Thou art the veriest wag of the whole family: the grand marshal of fun and frolic: the appointed prince of light hearts and heels. Melancholy! Bacchus were a Dutchman to thee. Cold! Let them build a fire for thee—thou art not such a fool as to laugh without a fire. Let them welcome thee—an old-fashioned wit—in the old-fashioned way—and our word for it, the very roof-tree will shake with thy good-natured mirth. Cold! Pile on the wood—bring forth the ruddy tankard of October—the fragrant basket of greenings—the broad bowl of shell-barks, and see if Summer, in all her glory, can dispense life and heat like thee. See if even the miser's flinty heart does not begin to warm at thy approach. Draw out the fiddle—marshall your ranks—young and old—fathers, mothers, aunts, cousins—the whole of you? Now, there! is it a cold, melancholy, rheumatic old cynic, that sets such lively spirits in motion? No, our old friend: it is too common that benefactors are belied; and they belie thee most foully—they do indeed. Would that thy detractors could boast of garments as spotted, and hearts as free and warm as thine.

Come thou dweller in the stormy caves of the North! Come from thy mountain home! Glad hearts are waiting to hear thy hoarse voice in the sky. Touch the hills—spread thy mantle in the valleys. The merry bells are impatient to ring forth the joys of thy appearing. The virgin has prepared the best room, and her heart sits lightly on its throne—for thou hast promised her a lover at thy coming. Speak to the waters! The skater's shout shall answer thee; as his iron heel thrills along the glittering chrys-

tal. Breathe on the forest boughs! The twigs become networks of burnished silver, sprinkled with diamonds. Spring has wrought no enchantment so beautiful as thine.—The architect gazes with awe upon the temples thou hast builded in the Northern seas, and the lover of beauty stops to admire thy cunning work, where thou art busy with the snowwreath. Come, thou harbinger of the dance and song—we love thy hoary locks, for they mind us of youth, and love, and joy. It is meet thou shouldst be revered, for thou bearest age without its austerity, and art venerable, without being unsociable and unhappy.

More Light.—A jolly sweep, who had been keeping up Thanksgiving, pretty snugly and partaking rather freely of the 'creature comfort,' which rendered his opticks somewhat cloudy, and his head being more spirited than his pedestals, it was with some difficulty that he navigated his way home in the evening; he however made a 'home thrust,' and mistaking a large slough in the street for the cross walk, soon found himself wallowing in it—after having extricated himself, he thus soliloquized: 'How berry true massa Troop's proclamation sarmon cum to pass; dat man's wisdom be but a small light shinin about de steps, showin de tinga dat be near off, while de mud holes close by be hidden in de dark, and therefore let a poor nigger fall in 'em fore he tink.'

Juvenile Magnanimity.—A lad was recently called before the police court, for throwing a stone which struck a little girl in the eye—the respectability of the parties excited considerable interest, and drew many persons to hear the examination. The boy was bound to appear before the municipal court, and Col. M. was engaged as his counsel.—Soon after the examination another boy, about 12 years of age, called upon the counsellor aforesaid, and asked, 'Sir, are you engaged to defend —?' 'Yes, I am; why do you ask?' To which the little fellow replied, with honesty worthy of his immortal grand-father, 'because, Sir, I threw the stone, and cannot suffer a comrade to be punished for a crime of my own commission.'—'Well done—you are a fine boy; what is your name?' 'My name is —' 'Well,' said the counsellor, admiring the noble heartedness of the lad, 'will you tell the County Attorney that you committed the act?' 'Yes, sir,' said he, and immediately went to Col. Austin's office for that purpose.—The friends of the injured girl, on learning these particulars, declined taking any further steps in the premises.—*Commentator.*

A vain fellow, who commanded a small vessel, but who tried to appear greater than the captain of a first rate man of war, told his cabin boy one day, that when he asked for the silver handled knives and forks, he must tell him they have gone ashore to be ground; and answer

in the same strain to any question he might put. He did so. The knives and forks passed off very well. The next question—'Where is that large *Cheshire Cheese*, boy?'—'Gone ashore to be ground, sir,' was the answer.

'What dat you pick up dare, Sambo?' 'Dollar Pompey.' 'Well just leff 'im down agin, I only put 'im dare to try you.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY JANUARY 29, 1831.

The Mentor, and Youth's Instructive Companion.—We have just received the first number of this periodical. It is to be published semi-monthly, in the city of New-York, by S. Wild, Editor and proprietor, at One Dollar per annum. Judging from what little we have seen from the pen of Mr. Wild, we consider him eminently qualified for the pleasing, though arduous task he has undertaken:

To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot—
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.

For the *Mentor* is calculated not only to please the fancy, but to convey instruction to the mind of youth; and withal, as the number before us evinces, not only to win their attention for the moment, but to produce in their minds the salutary habit of reflecting upon what they read. A specimen of the above work may be seen at this office.

The New-York Amulet.—This paper has passed into the hands of Mr. Wild, editor of the '*Mentor*,' by whom it is to be hereafter conducted.

SUMMARY.

The second volume of Moore's *Byron* has been received by the Harpers of New-York, and will be issued from the press immediately. Washington Irving has taken out a copy-right at New-York, for his new work, the '*Voyages of the Companions of Columbus*.' It may soon be expected from the press.

Proposals have been issued by Clement Robins, for publishing a monthly periodical, called the '*Vampires of New-York*.' It is intended to contain a full account of the gambling houses in that city, and of their transactions for the last four years, and the names of those who have suffered by them. The persons who are interested in getting up the publication, are said to be those who have been ruined by gambling establishments.

The Little Brain School Geography.—This little geography, by Samuel G. Goodrich, of Boston, is one of the very best School books that has fallen under our observation in a long time. It contains between three and four hundred pages, and to render it more attractive to the juvenile learner, it has been illustrated by numerous original engravings, and is accompanied by an atlas of nineteen maps, charts and tables. Mr. Goodrich, the author, is acquiring great credit by his labors in the department of elementary knowledge. The book is published by H. & F. J. Huntington, Hartford; and Collins & Hannay, New-York.—*N. Y. Spectator.*

MARRIED,

In Ghent, on Sunday the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges of Stuyvesant, Mr. Mark Harrison to Miss Johannah O'Connell, both of the town of Ghent.

At Hillsdale, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Truesdell, Mr. Jefferson B. Bingham, to Miss Hannah Richmond.

At Ancram, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Vedder, Mr. Strever Tanner, to Miss Esther Silversail.

At Albion, Greene county, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, Mr. John Clow, to Miss Millicent Leflingwell.

At Vergennes, Vt. on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lovell, Edwin W. Hopkins, M. D. to Miss Julia H. daughter of Beides Seymour, Esq.

DIED,

At Litchfield, Mrs. Lucretia Bolles, aged 29, wife of Mr. Ebenezer Bolles.

At Claverack, on the 16th inst., after a long and severe illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Miss Alida youngest daughter of John Dickie, esq., aged 10 years.

At Upper Redhook, on the 11th inst., after a short illness, Mrs. Christina J. E. Knickerbacker, aged 22 years, wife of Doct. Knickerbacker and daughter of Mr. Nicholas Ten Broeck, of this city.

At Livingston, on the 1st inst. Harmon Thoru Livingston, son of Moncrief Livingston, aged 2 years 3 months and 8 days.

At his residence, in Mulling township, Pa. William Deming in the 94th year of his age.



POETRY.

From the Lady's Book.
WINTER.

I come, I come, for the year is old ;
The fields have doffed their mantle of gold,
And tilting down from the shaking tree,
The blushing leaf falls whirlingly.
Droops to old Ocean the weary Sun.
Ere the last of his radiant course is run ;
And the early shadows of evening gray
Close the bright round of the shorten'd day.
I come, with my snow-flake, spotless white,
With my frosty chain for the waters bright,
With my pendants of diamond for bush and tree,
And the cricket chirping so cheerily.
I come with the shout of the festive throng,
With the merry tale and the christmass song,
With the laugh of the young as the stocking pours
The torrent rich of its sugar'd stores.
I peep through the pane at the blazing hearth,
At the smile of age, at childhood's mirth ;
At the crowing babe, the applauding sire,
The steaming urn and the cheerful fire—
At the blushing maid and the happy swain,
Seated apart from the merry scene,
While soft as the coo of the amorous dove,
Their whispered breathings tell of love.
I come with my mantle of feath'ry snow,
And breathe on the chilly pane as I go,
Till ruined tower and icy tree
On the frosted windows tell of me.
But the whole of my fairy work is done,
When from the bright chariot, the blessed Sun
Casts his warm glances on rill and brae,
Till the gladsome waters burst away.
Then buds the young leaflet, the gay birds sing,
Earth dons her green mantle to welcome spring
Young Zephyr on flowery sweets reposes,
And wild bees sport mid the new-born roses.

From the Connecticut Mirror.
THE CORAL INSECTS.

Toil on, toil on, ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main :
Toil on—for the wisdom of man ye mock
With your sand-bas'd structures, and domes of rock
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave—
You're a puny race thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.
Ye bind the deep with your secret zone ;
The ocean is seal'd, and the surge a stone :
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavements spring,
Like the terrac'd pride of Assyria's king—
The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd :
O'er the whirlpool ripeas the ring of gold—
The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.
But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?
There are snares enough on the tented field—
Mid the blossom'd sweets that the valleys yield,
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up—
There's a poison drop in man's brightest cup—
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright.
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold ;
And the gods of ocean have frown'd to sea
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee.
Hath earth no graves, that ye toil to spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?
Ye build, ye build, but ye enter not in !
Like the tribes whom the desert devour'd in their sin :
From the land of promise ye fade and die.
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye—
As the sires of Egypt's pyramid,
There noteless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye sleep unmask'd mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain. H.

'WHAT IS CHARITY'

'Tis not to pause, when at my door,
A shivering brother stands ;
To ask the *cause*, that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,
For *faults* he once had done :
'Tis not to leave him in despair,
And say that I have *none*.

The voice of CHARITY is kind—
She thinketh nothing wrong ;
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In penitence she placeth faith—
Hope smileth at her door ;
Believeth first—then softly saith,
Go, brother, sin no more !

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—In-temperance.

PUZZLE II.—Schuytkill.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Two fifths of the prophet of whom we are told,
Led Israel the chosen from Egypt of old :
A coin of small value, then take if you please,
And from it the two leading letters erase ;
Two-thirds of a colour, translucent and clear,
Two-thirds of a nectar by Briton's hand rear :
These all when combined together do stand
For a city—controlled by old England.

II.
What comes to the table that is always cut and
never eat ?

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY

A. STODDARD,

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir for 1831—The Water Witch
or the Skimmer of the Seas, by Cooper—Paul Clifford and Falkland,
by the Author of Pelham—De L'Orne, by the Author of Richelieu
and Darnley—The Family Library, containing the History of the
Jews, Life of Buonaparte, &c.—Also, the following

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS,

Malte Brun's School Geography and Atlas, National Preceptor,
Child's Manual, Peter Parley's Method of talking about Geography,
Colburn's Intellectual Arithmetic and Sequel—Also,

Garden Seeds and Herbs, &c.

Put up by the United Society at New-Lebanon.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII [III. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, FEBRUARY 12, 1831.

NO. 19.

POPULAR TALES.

From Friendship's Offering.

THE COUSINS.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Towards the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long fronted, very regular, very ugly brick house, whose large gravelled court flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to veil, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbors, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in town, belonged, of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as may not unfrequently be found in small places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

Richard Molesworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born, and slenderly educated, who by dint of prudence, industry, integrity, tact, and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk, and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the passion for brick and mortar often observed amongst those who have accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas, and rebuilding farm houses. The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighborhood, of the goodly estate and manor of Hinton, famous for its preserves and fisheries, or of a command of floating capital which borrowers, who came to him with good security in their hands, found almost inexhaustible. In short, he was of those men with whom every thing had prospered through life; and, in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an unjust, because sweeping prejudice, there

was a pretty universal feeling amongst all who knew him that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper, a moderate use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well great ones (for it is by two-penny savings that men get an ill name) served to ensure his popularity with high and low. Perhaps even his tall, erect, portly figure, his good-humored countenance, cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of every thing striking, clever, or original, in his conversation. That he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, no one tracing his progress through life could for a moment doubt; but reversing the witty epigram on our wittiest monarch, he reserved his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he *did* showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never *said* a word that rose above the merest common place, vapid, inoffensive, dull, and safe.

So accomplished, both in what he was and in what he was not, our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the country gentleman, held all public offices not inconsistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, and in the shape of stewardships, trusts, and agencies, managed half the landed estates in the country. He was even admitted into visiting intercourse, on a footing of equality very uncommon in the aristocratic circles of country society—a society which is, for the most part quite as exclusive as that of London though in a different way. For this he was well suited, not merely by his own unaffected manners, high animal spirits, and nicety of tact, but by the circumstances of his domestic arrangements. After having been twice married, Mr. Molesworth found himself at nearly sixty, a second time a widower.

His first wife had been a homely, frugal, managing woman, whose few hundred pounds and her saving habits had, at that period of

his life, for they were early united, conducted in their several ways to benefit her equally thrifty but far more aspiring husband. She never had a child; and, after doing him all possible good in her life time, was so kind as to die just as his interest and his ambition required more liberal house-keeping, and higher connexion, each of which, as he well knew, would repay its cost. For connexion accordingly he married, choosing the elegant though portionless sister of a poor baronet, by whom he had two daughters at intervals of seven years; the eldest being just of sufficient age to succeed her mother as mistress of the family, when she had the irreparable misfortune to lose the earliest, the tenderest, and the most inestimable friend that a young woman can have. Very precious was the memory of her dear mother to Agnes Molesworth! Although six years had passed between her death and the period at which our little story begins, the affectionate daughter had never ceased to lament her loss.

It was to his charming daughters that Mr. Molesworth's pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Conscious of his own deficient education, no pains or money had been spared in accomplishing them to the utmost height of fashion.

The least accomplished was, however, as not unfrequently happens, by far the most striking: and many a high-born and wealthy client, disposed to put himself thoroughly at ease at his solicitor's table, and not at all shaken in his purpose by the sight of the pretty Jessy—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright sparkling countenance, all lilies, and roses, and dimples, and smiles, sitting, exquisitely dressed, in an elegant morning gown, with her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side, and her drawing table before her; has suddenly felt himself awed into his best and most respectful breeding, when introduced to her retiring but self-possessed elder sister, drest with an almost matronly simplicity, and evidently full, not of her own airs and graces, but of the modest and serious courtsey which becomed her station as the youthful mistress of the house.

Dignity, a mild and gentle but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, and little on color. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely grained complexion, the softness of her deep grey eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation of Jessy.—In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were of course perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge;

Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in any thing so nearly resembling flattery, as praise.

Few excepting her looking glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and perhaps as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry; to Woodsworth, to Milton and to Shakespeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought within himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her brilliant establishments that had offered; but her sweet questions, 'Are you tired of me? Do you wish me away?' had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favorite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided.—Charles Woodford, a poor relation brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business: a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer phrase he used to boast, 'an eldest son' of Ag-

nes, who would by this marriage offer younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even in his own mind, elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house, and in favor of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made; the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exercise the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant:

But in the affairs of love, as of all others, man is born to disappointments.—‘*L’homme propose, et Dieu dispose*,’ is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who (Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two and twenty) offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully, but very firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; ‘he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy: but he could not marry her—he loved another!’ And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory; a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was sitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town.

‘I hate concerts!’ said the pretty little flirt. ‘To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving or of speaking to any body, or of any body’s getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!’

‘I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide thro’ the crowd to reach you,’ said Agnes a little archly; ‘his presence would perhaps have mitigated the evil, but the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object.’

‘Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!’ pursued Jessy; ‘the noise that they call music!’ Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water: and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing

Handel on a Sunday evening, and Charles Woodford’s reading Milton and bits of Hamlet.’

‘Do you call that music?’ asked Agnes, laughing. ‘And yet,’ continued she, ‘it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford’s reading is music.’

‘It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again,’ interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; ‘for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him.’

Agnes stood as if petrified: ‘Ungrateful! oh father!’

‘You cant have discarded him, to be sure, papa,’ said Jessy always good natured! ‘poor Charles! what can he have done?’

‘Refused your hand, child,’ said the angry parent; ‘refused to be my partner and son in law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?’

‘Why, really, papa,’ replied Jessy, ‘I’m much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it, I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there’s no great harm done.’ And off the gipsy ran; declaring that ‘she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.’

The father and his favourite daughter remained in the conservatory.

‘That heart is untouched, however,’ said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

‘Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly,’ replied Agnes, ‘but has he really refused my sister?’

‘Absolutely?’

‘And does he love another?’

‘He says so, and I believe him.’

‘Is he loved again?’

‘That he did not say.’

‘Did he tell you the name of the lady?’

‘Yes.’

‘Do you know her?’

‘Yes.’

‘Is she worthy of him?’

‘Most worthy.’

‘Has he any hope of gaining her affections?’ Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?’

‘He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford’s conduct, that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object.’

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue,

during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine and watering a favourite geranium; but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

'Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow to much, but although you have never in set words told me your intention, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendor. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to our wealthy and titled neighbour. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no tho't but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to yourself, dear father! Let me live always with you—always your own poor Agnes!' And blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected the fair image as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her: 'Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves.'

'Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?'

'Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?'

'You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!'

'Father!'

'And now mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?'

'Oh father! father!'

'Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?'

'Father! dear father!'

'Choose my Agnes! It shall be as you com-

mand. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!'

'Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!'

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy with her prettiness and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day; but Agnes and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

THE TRIPLE MARRIAGE.

BY SAMUEL HAZZARD.

(Concluded.)

It was late on an afternoon of June that Rodney Reave, after an absence of four months, returned.—No one came to receive him but his mother. He asked impatiently for his wife.

'Your wife,' said the old lady coldly, 'has gone to ride with Mr. Richards;' and she left him to his thoughts. Poor Rodney dropped into a chair with a dreadful feeling of faintness. While he was thus sitting, Amy returned. 'There was something in that pale face and heaven-raised eye—something in the sigh with which she entered the room, that belied all that his mother had written. Where was the wanton she had described? It was his own pure wife; and his heart leaped to meet her.'

'My own Amy!' he exclaimed. With a scream of joy she sprang to his arms. Long and fervent was that embrace. Their tears mingled, and falling on their hearts like the rain of heaven, the jealous fears that corroded them were all extinguished. With huge dismay, the old lady saw all her labours prostrated by the omnipotent sweep of love. But she despaired not. In two weeks there was to be another voyage. With an earnestness almost ominous, Amy begged to accompany her husband. She wept—she implored him not to leave her. Capt. Reave hesitated; he was even on the point of giving his consent, when the old lady started so many and such strong objections, that he embraced his wife, and once more committed her to the tender mercies of his mother. Mrs. Reave set to work with renewed resolution. Iago himself never touched the springs of jealousy more cunningly. Amy ventured to take one or two private lessons in writing from Mr. Richards. The old lady discovered and made a great rout about it. She requested Mr. R. to discontinue his visits, and industriously communicated the 'closeting,' as she styled it, enlarged and embellished, to her son.

Tokens of success at length appeared. Capt. Reave began to address his letters to his mother, instead of his wife; and at last intimated desire that she would watch Amy narrowly.

It elated the old lady beyond measure, and encouraged her to change her battery upon the unfortunate girl. She taunted her with her low birth; read her severe passages from Rodney's letters; dwelt indignantly on what he might have done, had it not been for her foolishness; and even hinted that he would divorce her at his return and marry Caroline Lee, who was still alive with free hand and dower. The poor Amy Reave was nearly distracted. Her waking thoughts were misery; and her mother-in-law sat upon her slumbers like an incubus.—Capt. Reave was expected home.

'Hadm't you better,' said the dowager coaxingly, 'spend a few days in the country. Your health is miserable, and exercise will be of service to you. And here is a letter which says that Rodney left Stockholm on the 30th of September, and let me see—this is only the 12th of October; so we need not look for him these three weeks.'

Amy sighed—'Certainly, madam, if you think it best.'

'Well, dear, then I will get Mr. Cheney to drive you out to Mrs. Hexham's, who keeps a nice boarding-house on the Taunton road.' Now the fact was, old Mrs. Reave had that morning received a letter from her son, stating that he had anchored at Newport, and might be expected home on the next day but one. Mr. Cheney was a young sea captain, who, to the widow Reave's certain knowledge, had cast on Amy a licentious eye; and Mrs. Hexham's nice boarding-house was nothing better or worse than a house of——! That very day Amy was removed, and thirty hours after Capt. Reave arrived and inquired for his wife.

'Your wife!' said his mother contemptuously, and then bursting into tears, 'Ah, poor boy! had you but hearkened to your mother!'

'In God's name,' cried Rodney, 'where is Amy?'

'Your wife, Capt. Reave,' said she, with affected calmness, 'went off day before yesterday with her old beau, John Cheney; and yesterday I heard of her at Nell Hexham's!'

Rodney stood unable to speak or move.

'Go!' cried his mother; 'go, poor dupe of a wanton! see for yourself, and at last be convinced;' and with a glance of mingled scorn and pity, she flung out of the room.

Stung to the soul, Reave ordered his carriage, and, in half an hour, it drew up in front of Mrs. Hexham's. His feet felt like lead as he moved to the steps. 'Is there a lady here of the name of Reave?' he asked of her that opened the door.

'Yes,' said the Hexham.

'Mrs. Reave, the wife of Capt. Reave of——?'

'Yes,' said the harpy, 'and if the young man that brought her here don't call and pay her bill to-day, I will turn her, bag and baggage, into the street to-morrow.'

Rodney turned short on his heel, and re-entered his carriage.

Amy was lying down in her chamber when she heard her husband's voice. She thought she had been dreaming; but it came again, and in an instant she was moving to the door as rapidly as her feet could carry her. She reached it in time to see that of the carriage close after a form she knew too well. She screamed his name—but the whip cracked, the horses sprung off at full speed—and she fell down in a fit!

The courts were in session. A bill was granted annulling the marriage of George Rodney Reave and Amy Howland, for alleged misdemeanors of the latter, sworn and testified to by the widow Reave and Eleanor Hexham.

'Your honour is vindicated, my son,' and Mrs. Reave—but he felt that his heart was desolate.—Thought was madness—oblivion a luxury—intoxication brought it. In a few weeks the accomplished Rodney Reave was a finished sot! He did nothing, but drink, and that prodigiously.

His mother was frightened at her own work. Still she clung to her darling hope, like one drowning.—'Won't you have Caroline Lee?' she asked one day, in a most piteous tone.

I will,' said Rodney; and getting most gloriously drunk, he made a formal tender of his hand, and was rejected with disdain. It took a prodigious quantity of liquor to drown the memory of this disgrace. But to his mother it was a mortal blow. It actually brought on a fever, attended with the most horrible delirium, during which all the dreadful secrets of her heart crept forth to the light of day. She raved incessantly of Amy, in a way that fixed the reeling eyes of her son, and made the servants whisper and shake their heads. At length she slept and woke to reason. But its accusations were more dreadful than madness. Driven with a whip of scorpions, she confessed to her son the innocence of his wife—her own infamy—and died! It effectually sobered him.

Where now was that injured wife? Who knew that she had not perished of want and a broken heart? or, driven by his cruelty to despair, that she had not re-entered the house of shame where he found her, and was now doubly lost to him. His senses reeled at the thought. A brain fever seized him, and he raved for weeks. He awoke, at length, on the borders of the grave. Horrible had been his visions. But still, amid the fiends that haunted him, there had flitted occasionally 'a form of life and light,' at whose presence they would vanish, and a coolness like the dew of heaven visit his burning brain. He awoke—that angel was at his bed-side regarding him with tears of compassion and mercy. Could it be? Was such a look for him? And then, too, so very like those dear eyes! It was—it must be—he felt it in his heart; there was but one being in the universe who could thus regard him. He gasped as if he would have spoken, but her hand was instantly placed on his mouth.

'Attempt it not,' said Amy—'it is I—I know all, all is forgiven.' Long and fondly did he hold that dear hand in the feeble clasp of his, and *look* the blessing he could not articulate; long and freely did he weep. A sweet slumber followed, and, as if he had been touched with the talismanic wand of the healing spirit, his convalescence was immediate and rapid. In a week he was able to sit on a sofa beside his beloved.

'And now,' said he 'put me off no longer—tell me all you have suffered since —'

'Alas! I cannot *all*,' said Amy, quickly relieving the painful pause—'not *all*, for, happily for me, I was unconscious of suffering for more than two months. They tell me that I kept my bed for half that time, at a compassionate farmer's, who took me out of the streets—and then rose a confirmed maniac. They tell me that I have been in the fields all night, at times—that hours upon hours I have sat weeping on your door-stone, begging to be admitted, and telling all who passed that it was my house; but surely you could not have known it?'

Rodney groaned, and covered his eyes with his hand. 'Oh God, no! I was too drunk!'

Amy proceeded. 'Of my recovery I can give no account. The first that I recollect, I was making a glove at Mr. Banim's my preserver, who lives only, two miles out of town. He had the goodness to furnish me with work from the shops in town; and I spent two weeks more in his house. He was in the habit of attending market two or three times a week, and on his return one day, brought me the news of your mother's death and dreadful confessions.—Judge of its effect upon me. I thought my reason would have left me again. From the depth of infancy, to be restored to honour and your good opinion! it was almost too much for my feeble frame. On my knees I poured out my thanks to God, and prayed for your peace of mind. The very next day I heard of your illness. Knowing that you were convinced of my innocence, could I hesitate how to act? No—not even in thought. Amy, the repudiated, perhaps the despised, you could not prevent being your nurse.'

Humbled to the dust, Rodney knelt at her feet in speechless gratitude. 'Angel of my life,' at length said he, 'complete your work of mercy—save me from my vices, by becoming once more mine.'

'Rise and listen to me,' said Amy seriously; 'I have resolved never again to marry above my station—nay, interrupt me not; if you wish what you say, first give me education, and at the end two years—nay, it is my sole condition—teach me to write—I shall want to be able to read your letters.'

Rodney sighed, but remonstrated not. It was not for him to prescribe or even hint terms to her. He would have waited her time like a very Jacob. That very day he commenced his task. He set all her copies with his own hand. She set to her task *con amore*. In a

very few weeks she could, with great rapidity, make a perfect fac simile of that dear autograph to decipher the least of whose syllables she would so often have given worlds, if she had them. Rodney was now perfectly recovered, and removed his betrothed to his *apartment* in Boston. Here masters in all the liberal and ornamental branches were provided her, and she began her studies in good earnest. I cannot conceive of rapture more unspeakable than that with which the first unsealing of the mysteries of knowledge deluges the matured and gifted, but neglected mind. It is like what translation was to Enoch. And nothing can be more astonishing than the progress of such a mind, when, at last, it commences its march. It is onward—conquering and to conquer. Amy Reave did not stop on the threshold of knowledge. Philosophy and poetry opened their fountains to her, and, with all the eagerness of a soul just awakened to a feeling of the immortal thirst, she drank and was regenerated. A new spirit was within her, and senses of agencies hitherto unknown. The drapery of the world was new; so were the tints of the sky, and the hues of forest and flower. She heard, for the first time, the music of the spheres. There were voices from the groves and waters—voices in the air, and a voice in her bosom, mingling with the still accents of her heart's religion, and whispering of immortality with a distinctness creative of thoughts as boundless as they were triumphant.

But to conclude. Two years, as measured by the delighted engagedness of Amy in her new pursuits, *flew*—as measured by the extent and variety of her acquisitions, and the impatience of Rodney, *crept* away, and he saw her at the altar, once more his bride. But with feelings, oh how different! Before, his eye of passion had rested on an artless and beautiful girl indeed; but now, he saw beside him God's noblest work—a woman conscious of an intellect. There was deep respect mingled with the freedom of his gaze, and religious awe chastening its ardour. His dream of passion was over. He had sinned deeply; he had passed the ordeal of a most horrid purgatory, and was now waked to the heaven of virtuous love. Of his incomparable bride what more shall we say. Many daughters of Eve have done worthily, but none ever filled the heart of a husband with deeper springs of affection, or their station in life with more merited applause.—*American Monthly Magazine*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A YANKEE TRICK.

It is well known that in the good old days of our fathers, when New England was truly the land of steady habits, there would occasionally spring up a volatile and fun-loving character, whose disposition and habits formed a striking contrast with the upright and conscientious bearing of the puritans. There were two farm-

ers of this cast who lived very near each other; one of them was the owner of very fine sheep, but who, having a decided antipathy to confinement, would sometimes trespass on the enclosure of their master's neighbour.—The other having caught them in one of these overt acts, determined to inflict summary vengeance on the intruders and their owner. With this intent he proceeded to catch them, and running his knife through one of their hind legs, between the tendon and the bone, immediately above the knee joint, put the other leg through the hole. In this condition the woolly flock decamped, leaving one quarter less tracks than when they came. The feeder of sheep kept his own counsel; and soon after his neighbour's hogs having broken or dug into his enclosures, he took advantage of this opportunity for retaliation by cutting their mouths from ear to ear. In this way the four-footed grunters, rather *chop fallen*, made their way to their own quarters. The owner of the swine soon made his appearance in a great rage, declaring his hogs were ruined, and that he would have redress. His neighbour made answer that it was he who ruined them, 'For the fact is friend, I didn't cut open them are hog's mouths, but seeing my sheep running on three legs they split their mouths a laughing.'

Anecdote of Burns.—Perhaps no man ever more severely inflicted the castigation of reproach than Burns. The following anecdote will illustrate the fact. The conversation one night at the King's Arms, Dumfries, turning on the death of a townsman, whose funeral was to take place on the following day. 'By the by,' said one of the company addressing himself to Burns, 'I wish you would lend your black coat for the occasion, my own being rather out of repair.'—'Having myself to attend the same funeral,' answered Burns, 'I am sorry that I cannot lend you my *sables*, but I can recommend a most excellent substitute; *throw your character over your shoulders*—that will be the *blackest coat* you ever wore in all your life time.'

An Answer.—A pedagogue in Berkshire, not long since, inquired 'what part of speech is *Oh!* and *Ah!*?' or, 'what is an *Interjection*?' The lad not knowing, the knight of the rod attempted to illustrate by again asking, 'what should you say if a man seized you violently by the arm?' 'Why, I should tell him to let me alone, *darnation quick*.'

Do people love to be cheated.—If not why is it that *quacks* are more run after than men of science? Why are the shops of *sharpers* more frequented than those of men who sell at regular and fair prices?—Why are *demagogues* more popular than true patriots? Why are literary *mountebanks* preferred to men of true wisdom?—Why is it that *cheap* school masters are in better request than *good* ones?

Why are the most *fimsy* periodicals well patronized, while the labours of a *Silliman* go unrequited? Why do men drain their purses, and expend their houses and lands for *poisonous* drinks, while the *pure water* provided by heavenly benevolence, is spurned as unwholesome and dangerous?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1831.

The Bouquet, and Ladies' Musical Port Folio.—We have been favoured with the first number of a new periodical under the above title, edited and published by Snowden and Peters, Pittsburgh. The 'Bouquet' is to be issued semi-monthly, and will be devoted exclusively to Music, the Fine Arts and Polite Literature; among the original communications we noticed several by our old friend, William Piatt, who will no doubt be a frequent contributor to its columns. It is neatly printed, on good paper, in the quarto form, and promises fair to merit an extensive patronage, especially from the lovers of music.—Terms three dollars per annum, payable on the receipt of the first number.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY, desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20

For the second best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the Talieman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

For the best POEM, not less than forty nor over a hundred lines, \$5.

For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

All Publishers and Editors of papers, with whom we exchange, and others favorable to the cause of Literature, will confer a favour by giving the above a few insertions.

SUMMARY.

It is stated in the New-York Courier, that Washington Irving received 30,000 dollars for the copyrights of his three last publications, all which were published in the course of eighteen months. The Garville paid him 10,000 dollars for his Columbus.

The Young Reader.—This is a new School Book compiled by Mr. J. Pierpont, and published by Richardson & Lord, of Boston. It is intended as a companion for the spelling Book, and consists of eighty-five short reading lessons in prose and verse, adapted to the capacity of children, and well fitted to interest and improve their minds. It is embellished with a number of appropriate prints.

Portrait of Bishop Hobart.—A fine engraving, and we are happy to add, a striking likeness, of this deeply-lamented prelate, will accompany the forthcoming 'Memorial of Bishop Hobart,' now in the press of the Messrs. Swords of this city.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. John Chase, to Miss Caroline Holt.

At Hilledale, on the 19th ult. by the Rev Timothy Woodbridge, Henry Loop, Esq. to Miss Malinda Kinstry, both of that place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 1st inst. Frances A. daughter of Capt. George E. Seymour, aged about 15 months.

On the 30th ult. Edward Warren, son of Warren J. Rockwell, aged 5 years.

On Saturday, 15th ult. John Hathaway, aged 13 years, son of Mrs. Beulah Miller, widow of the late Cornelius Miller, Esq.

In Kinderhook, on the 20th ult. Mr. Peter Van Vleck, in the 60th year of his age.

At New-York, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Mary Van, wife of Silas E. Burrows, Esq. in the 29th year of her age, daughter of the late Abraham Van Buskirk, of Athens.



POETRY.

From the Token for 1831.

THE LAST REQUEST.

BY B. E. THATCHER.

Bury me by the ocean's side—
O give me a grave on the verge of the deep,
Where the noble tide,
When the sea-gales blow, my marble may sweep—
And the glistening surf
Shall burst on my turf,
And bathe my cold bosom in death as I sleep !
Bury me by the sea—
That the vesper at eve-fall may sing o'er my grave.
Like the hymn of the bee.
Or the hum of the shell in the silent wave !
Or an anthem-roar
Shall be beat on the shore
By the storm and surge like a march of the brave !
Bury me by the deep
Where a living footstep never may tread—
And come not to weep—
O wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead !
But leave me the dirge
Of the breaking surge,
And the silent tears of the sea on my head !
And grave no Parian praise—
Purple no turf for the heartless tomb—
And burn no holy blaze,
To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom !
For the holier light
Of the star-eyed night,
And the violet morning my rest will illumine :
And honours, more dear
Than of sorrow and love shall, be strewn on my clay
By the young green year,
With its fragrant dews and its crimson array—
O leave me to sleep
On the verge of the deep,
Till the sky and the seas shall have passed away !

From the Literary Souvenir for 1831.

LINES.

Suggested by the sight of a beautiful Statue of a dead Child.

BY A. A. WATTS.

I saw thee in thy beauty ! bright phantom of the past ;
I saw thee for a moment—'twas the first time and the last ;
And though years since then have glided by of mingled bliss and care,
I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair !
I saw thee in thy beauty ! thou wert graceful as the fawn,
When, in every wantonness of glee, it sports upon the lawn ;
I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight,
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight !
I saw thee in thy beauty ! with thy sister by thy side ;
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride !
I looked upon thy mother—there was triumph in her eyes,
And I trembled for her happiness—for grief had made me wise !
I saw thee in thy beauty, with one hand among her curls—
The other, with no gentle grasp, had seized a string of pearls ;

She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee, tho' she smiled,
And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or the child

I saw thee in thy beauty ! and a tear came to mine eye,
As I pressed thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought even thou could'st die !

Thy home was like a summer bower, by thy joyous presence made :

But I only saw the sunshine, and I felt alone the shade !
I see thee in thy beauty ! for there thou seem'st to lie,
In slumber resting peacefully, but, oh, the change of eyes—

That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe no more,

Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert of yore.

I see thee in thy beauty ! with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast ;
But thy merry dance is over, and thy little race is run ;
And the mirror that reflected two can now give back but one.

I see thee in thy beauty ! with thy mother by thy side—
But her loveliness is faded, and quelled her glance of pride ;

The smile is absent from her lip, and absent are the pearls,
And a cap, almost of widowhood, conceals her envied curls.

I see thee in thy beauty ! as I saw thee on that day—
But the mirth that gladdened then thy home, fled with thy life away.

I see thee lying motionless upon the accustomed floor,
But my heart hath blinded both my eyes—and I can see no more.

ENTRANES.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Monogram.

PUZZLE II.—A pack of cards.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Expunge from a figure in rhat'ric a letter,
Then see the sweet charms to which beauty's a debtor,
The finest cosmetic applied to the face,
To brighten the features and add to their grace,
That may safely be us'd by the young and the old,
And never was tax'd, though sometimes 'tis sold.

II.

My first denoteth grief and anguish ;
My second's born that grief to feel ;
And when it does in torture languish,
My whole can aid, and often heal.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY

A. STODDARD.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir for 1831—The Water Witch or the Skimmer of the Seas, by Cooper—Paul Clifford and Falkland, by the Author of Pelham—De l'Orme, by the Author of Richelieu and Darley—The Family Library, containing the History of the Jews, Life of Buonaparte, &c.—Also, the following

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.

Mathe Brun's School Geography and Atlas, National Preceptor, Child's Manual, Peter Parley's Method of telling about Geography, Colburn's Intellectual Arithmetic and Sequel—Also,

Garden Seeds and Herbs, &c.

Put up by the United Society at New-Lebanon.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office. *All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



UNBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, FEBRUARY 26, 1831.

NO. 20.

POPULAR TALES.

From the New-York Mirror.

WANT OF EXCITEMENT,

Or a Trip to London.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A TRIP TO PARIS.'

Travelling is certainly the most pleasant and profitable way of spending our time in the world. It makes folks so wise, and enables them to tell so many good stories. People that have nothing to do at home, and most especially young ladies who have been five or six seasons weather-beating at parties, and whose faces are becoming rather too familiar by constant use, cannot do better than regenerate themselves by a trip to London or Paris, where they will acquire a new gloss, and if they bring home nothing else, import the very newest fashions. If they are very rich, who knows whether they may not marry the second or third cousin of a lord?

Julia Earle was the only daughter of a rich broker—we beg pardon—banker, in a certain great city, in which Æsop would not have required a lantern to enable him to find at least two honest men. Bankers rule the world, at least the most enlightened, wise, and virtuous portion of it, called Christendom. There is not a king, by divine right, in all Europe that can make war, give a great feast, or portion off a younger branch of the family without the aid of a banker. Nay, bankers are actually becoming statesmen, which certainly is a vast improvement of the age, since, by being in all the secrets of government, they can speculate to great advantage in the stocks. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Earle held his head high, and his pretty daughter still higher. There was nobody, that is, none of the city of the honest city in which they resided, worthy of their attention, except merely so far as to be invited sometimes to parties, to admire the magnificence of Mr. Earle. By the time she was grown up to be a woman, Julia had become tired of all the city beaux, because they had not the air noble; and of all the pleasures of the city, because—because she had tasted too

much of them—and every body knows, that too much of a good thing is good for nothing.

'Pa,' said she one morning, after being at a party till three o'clock, and eating pickled oysters, 'pa, I don't feel well.'

The old gentleman was alarmed—it was his only daughter.

'What is the matter, my dear?'

'I don't know—I believe I want excitement.'

'Then go and buy a new bonnet.'

'A new bonnet! lord pa, I'm tired of new bonnets.'

'Well, then, go and buy a new cloak.'

'I'm tired of new cloaks.'

'Then order the barouche and take a ride.'

'I'm tired of barouches—they're so common—every body has got barouches. I am told the milk-men and baker-boys mean to change their carts into barouches.'

'Then take a walk in Broadway—'tis a delightful morning.'

'I hate walking in Broadway, it's so vulgar—every body walks there now.'

'Take an amusing book, then and while away the time.'

'I'm tired of amusing books—but—but I'll try—' and she took up the first volume of the Water Witch; but alas! she fell asleep ere she got through the address of Alderman Van Beverout to his man Euclid, and dreamed she was going to London.

She was awakened by a servant announcing the Honourable Captain Chiffington, who always carried a monkey with a gold chain under his arm, given him by the duchess of Devonshire. He was just from London, and and talked so much of lords, ladies, and all that sort of thing, that Julia was miserable to be among such a beautiful, polished, enlightened people, all of whom had the air noble to a certainty.

When the old gentleman came home from heaping up pennies, and slaving all the morning in the service of the divinity he adored, Julia was more languid than ever. She thought of Chiffington and his monkey, of lords and ladies of the air noble, of Almack's and the

court. No wonder she was almost broken-hearted!

'Are you worse, my dear?' said Mr. Earle.

'I believe I am, pa.'

'Shall I send for Doctor Fizzlegig?'

'Oh no, pa, he'll only give me a dose of calomel. You know he prescribes that for every thing. The other day I was telling him of having lost my purse, and he ordered a dose of calomel for its recovery.'

'My dear,' said Mr. Earle, with an awful depression of voice, 'my dear, don't you know Doct. Fizzlegig is a fellow of the royal society!'

'Well, pa, if he is, I suppose the royal society must be a set of very dull fellows.'

'Hem!' quoth Mr. Earle. 'But, my dear, I really wish you would take something.'

'I should like to take something, pa,' said the young lady significantly.

'What is it, my dear?'

'A trip to London, pa.'

'A trip to purgatory'—quoth Mr. Earle; 'what would you do in London?'

'O, I should be so well and so happy! I'm sure I should.'

'Have you not every thing you want, my dear?'

'Y—e—s, pa—but then I want excitement. I'm so *triste*, so *ennui*, so—I don't know what—that I can't keep myself awake in the day-time.'

'That is because you are up at parties almost all night, my dear; but I wish you would try to be happy. I'm sure you've every thing to make you so. Try, my dear; now do try.'

'I can't, pa; indeed I can't—nothing excites me now.'

'Suppose you go and buy a new real Cashmere shawl, my dear?'

The idea roused the young lady, and she acceded to the proposal with delightful facility. The old gentleman gave her a thousand dollars, and away she went as merry as a cricket.

The excitement of the Cashmere shawl lasted a whole fortnight: by that time every body had seen and admired, and heard how much it cost, and there was an end of the excitement. Captain Chiffington and his monkey called too, and talked more eloquently than ever of the air noble, the air distingue, the duchess of Devonshire, Lord Wellington, and the lord knows who. The next morning Julia was *triste*, *ennuied*, downright sick, and doctor Fizzlegig was called in. The old gentleman was at his banking-house, turning a penny as usual. The doctor advised a dose of calomel.

'Pshaw, doctor,' replied Julia; 'if you want me to get well, prescribe me a dose of London.'

'That's a medicine I never heard of before,' quoth the doctor.

'It may be so, doctor; but it is a sovereign remedy, for all that.'

The doctor was no fool, though he was a fellow of the royal society and prescribed calomel for the recovery of lost purses. He

immediately recommended a voyage for the young lady's disorder.

Mr. Earle was alarmed at the imminent danger indicated by the necessity of a sea-voyage.

'Is she in a decline?' asked he with tears in his eyes.

'Not exactly,' said the doctor, 'she's only—hem—hem—she's only a little predisposed—inclined that way—she wants change of air.'

'The air noble,' thought the young lady.

'Well, if I must I must,' quoth Mr. Earle, when the doctor was gone away. 'It will be inconvenient for me to go; it will be thousands out of my pocket, and derange my business sadly.'

'Well, pa, if it's so very inconvenient, you know the Dobbses are going to London, and they will take me under their wing.'

'Hem—I don't like Mrs. Dobbs' wing, and choose to have you under my own. But what shall I do in London? perhaps I may make a profitable speculation,' and he rubbed his hands in the anticipation.

'Yes, and then you know, pa, you know you've been so civil to all the distinguished Englishmen that have visited the city. You know you gave six dinners to the marquis of T. a party to Lady A. a public breakfast to Lord B. and General C. staid with us in the country a whole month, you know, pa; oh! we shall be quite at home, and receive such attentions! I shouldn't be surprised if we were to go to Almack's and be presented at court!'

The good gentleman felt himself gradually melting at this description of the paradise that awaited them abroad. He made his preparations with infinite alacrity and the very next packet saw them on their voyage to London.

'The voyage will be of service to you,' said Doctor Fizzlegig.

'I'm sure it will,' said Julia, who got seasick before they were outside the Hook, and could eat nothing but gingerbread during the whole voyage. But the old gentleman was just as bad, and that was some consolation.

'I wish I was home again,' said Mr. Earle.

'I wish I was dead,' sighed Julia.

'I wish I was in purgatory,' said a young man from the western country, who had never seen salt-water before, except in a brine spring.

They got to London at last, after a voyage of eight weeks, which seemed like eight years. Had it not been for the anticipation of the air noble, the air distingue, of lords and ladies, Almack's, and the court, Julia would have died on the voyage, and been eaten by the fishes.

On landing at the London docks, there was a great struggle for their baggage, such as happened at the siege of Troy for the body of Patroclus. It ended in a battle, and the conqueror carried off the spoil. The Thames ran blood, but was not so much frightened as the little Scamander, being used to such matters. Mr. Earle, being a prompt man drove straight to his banker, to present his bills of exchange.

and take his advice as to disposing of himself and his daughter. The banker had been in the United States, and drank a pretty considerable quantity of Mr. Earle's Bingham and Marston.

'I dare say he will invite us to stay with him,' said Julia.

'No doubt of it,' quoth Mr. Earle.

The banker received them with great attention, talked to them half an hour at least at the door of the carriage, advised Mr. Earle to take lodgings as far off as possible, as the neighbourhood was not healthy, and regretted his inability to return his kindness in America, on account of his carpets not being down, and his house in confusion.

'I should be delighted to see you when the bustle is over; but the fact is, Mrs. or rather Lady Barrington, for we have been honoured of late by his most gracious majesty, is going to take a trip to Paris this summer. Ah—hem—ha—how long do you expect to honour us with your company—hem—in London?'

'About two months, I believe,' said Mr. Earle, 'we shall then commence a little tour into the country.'

'Then I regret to say we shan't be able to see you at our house. Good-by, my dear friend—any services in my power—a—a—good by, my dear friend. Shut the door, coachman.'

'Civil!' cried Julia, putting up her pretty lip.

'A specimen of the hospitality of Old England,' responded Mr. Earle, shrugging his shoulders. They drove to the hotel, where Sir Somebody Barrington recommended them to go, and were accommodated with magnificent lodgings, at a most magnificent price. The waiter seeing the direction of Edward, Earle of —, reported a nobleman, and they were accommodated accordingly. Nothing could equal the civility, or rather servility of the landlord, the waiters, the chambermaids, and the courtly devoirs of the gentleman denominated 'boots,' among the initiated in travelling. Being a nobleman, every thing was charged accordingly. Mr. Earle felt a severe twinge in the vicinity of his pocket, but he was determined to do the thing genteelly.

Here they had every accommodation, not to say luxury, they could desire.

'I declare, pa,' said Julia, 'I feel almost as comfortable as at home!'

But the dullest of all dull cities for people without friends or employment, is London. Mr. Earle and Julia, after gazing out at the window, seeing the transit of rags and beggary on one hand, and princely splendour on the other, and listening to a noise of carriages, sufficient to confound the universe began to feel all the desolation of strangers at an inn.

'I'm so tired!' said Julia.

'I wish I had something to do?' said her father. He rang for the waiter. 'Is there any thing to be seen this morning, any public exhibition fit for ladies?'

'O yes, sir, plenty; there's five men to be engaged, hand a boxing-match for a thousand guineas aside, a few miles hout hof town.'

'Hum—not exactly the sort of amusement for ladies,' said Mr. Earle.

'Not hamusement for ladies, sir! the first ladies hin the city went to see Mr. Fauntleroy hin jail, and hat the *drop*, hand the duchessa hof **** won a undred guineas on Crib hin his last fight with Molyneux.' So saying he departed, grumbling to himself, 'Such nobility! hi dare say they hare Hirish!'

After a day of most desperate *ennui*, they went to the theatre. It was during the famous war of O. P. and N. P. and John Bull was in all his glory. Such hissing and howling, and catcalling and catterwauling was never before heard in such an enlightened city as London. The actors were pelted off the stage, and Julia was almost frightened out of her wits.

'What in the name of common sense and common decency is all this about?' asked Mr. Earle of a person in the box.

'About sixpence,' replied the gentleman.

'Are you for O. P. or N. P.?' demanded a fellow who came in with a bludgeon, of Mr. Earle.

'Say O. P. or you are a dead man,' whispered the gentleman, and Mr. Earle answered accordingly, whereupon the O. P. man flourished his cudgel, and went away crying 'O. P. for ever!'

'Let us go home, for heaven's sake,' said Julia to her father.

'Won't you stay and see the sport?' said the gentleman.

'Sport,' answered Mr. Earle, 'do you call breaking heads sport?'

'The finest in the world for John Bull,' said the other.

Such a scene of yelling, and scuffling, and hissing, and swearing now commenced, that Mr. Earle hurried his daughter away as fast as possible. When they were safe in the carriage, Julia exclaimed,

'Well, I declare I neversaw any thing half so vulgar and brutal in America as a London audience at the theatre royal.'

The next morning, as Julia was sitting at the window, killing time, she saw a superb barouche and four, with a gentleman, almost covered with gold lace, sitting in it and a weasel-faced, hump-backed, servant out of livery driving.

'Ah!' exclaimed she, unconsciously aloud, 'what a superb equipage!'

'Tis Lord Dowdle's,' said the waiter, just coming in.

'O, I was sure it must belong to a nobleman. He has the air noble!'

'He is reckoned the greatest whip in town.'

'The greatest what?'

'The greatest flourish-hand man, your ladyship. He always drives himself, and makes his coachman take his place in the barouche.'

'Impossible! a nobleman with a hump on his back!'

'It is true, I assure your ladyship. The man sitting in the barouche is my own brother.'

Julia began to lose her faith in the air noble, and a little more experience destroyed it entirely. She afterwards saw a great many lords and ladies, that could not be distinguished from ordinary people by their air or manner.

'I declare,' thought she, 'there is hardly any difference between the well-bred people here. Who would have thought it?'

But she found a vast difference between the common people of one country and those of the other. In America they were almost all in the enjoyment of the rational comforts of life; in London they were hungry and discontented, and consequently profligate. In America they could almost all read and write; in London the largest portion could neither do one nor the other. In America the familiarity of the common people was the mere consciousness of equal rights and independence; in London it was rudeness and stupidity.

'Well, I declare,' said Julia one day to her father—'I declare, papa, I don't think the people of England are half as civilized as our countrymen.'

'Nor I,' answered Mr. Earle. 'Has any one called to see you to day?'

'No,' answered the young lady sighing.

'I wonder what has become of the marquis of T. and Lady A. and Lord B. and General C. and the rest of them that used to dine with us so often at home?' said Mr. Earle.

'I dare say they don't know we are in town,' replied Julia—and yet it's very odd if they don't. Every body knew when we were in town, at home.'

The next day, or, at any rate, very shortly after this conversation, as the old gentleman and his daughter were walking in Regent-street, they saw the marquis of T. approaching arm-in-arm with two gentlemen.

'I declare, pa,' cried Julia, delighted, 'here comes the marquis! now we shall have some one to escort us every where. You know how attentive he was to me.'

But all at once the marquis seemed to recollect something he had forgot. He stopped suddenly, turned round on his heel, and bolted round a corner with a precipitation that betokened some very pressing business.

'What a pity,' said Julia. 'I dare say he has left his pocket-handkerchief at home.'

'You are mistaken, my dear,' said Mr. Earle; 'it is only another specimen of the hospitality of old England.'

This was destined to be an eventful morning. Scarcely had the marquis disappeared, when my Lady A. came driving along in an open landau. Mr. Earle bowed low, and Julia still lower. Her ladyship took out her quizzing glass, levelled it full at them, and passed on with a contemptuous toss of her head.

'Another specimen of old English hospitality!' cried Mr. Earle.

'I declare, yonder comes General C. who spent a month with us at Elmwood. I'm sure he will be delighted to see us.'

At that moment General C. seemed as if he had just discovered he was marching up to a loaded cannon. He looked every way but towards Julia, and at length, in imitation of my lord marquis, made a most masterly retreat round a corner, and disappeared. General C. was famous for retrograde movements, but he never made one equal to this.

'Poor gentleman!' exclaimed Julia, 'he has left his pocket-handkerchief home too—or else perhaps his spectacles.'

'You are mistaken, my dear,' said Mr. Earle; 'it is only another exemplification of the hospitality of old England.'

These dead cuts mortified Julia and irritated her father. They began to think of a trip to the country. The old gentleman had no opportunity of making a good speculation, and the young lady despaired of making the conquest of a lord. They began to throw out hints, of being actually tired of London, as if such a thing were possible! The next day there happened two miracles—the sun shone bright, and Lady A. visited our heroine.

Nothing could be so civil in this world as my Lady A. and Julia was delighted. Her ladyship would take no denial—they must go down with her into the country and spend a month at least, if not the whole summer. She took Julia in her landau to the Park.

'What a pity nobody sees me!' thought Julia. But the hour was so unfashionable that she saw nobody but nurses and children.

They accompanied Lady A. to her superb castle. Only think, said Julia to herself, of my actually living in a castle! The first thing she did was to write to a hundred and fifty friends in America, to tell them that she was a living in a castle seven hundred years old, with four turrets and a rookery. The letters were all kindly franked by his lordship—for Lady A. had a husband, although by her behaviour and conversation nobody would have suspected it. The very next London packet brought out twenty married ladies, and twice as many young ones, who had not been able to sleep a wink after receiving letters from Julia dated in an old castle and franked by a lord.

Nothing could equal the amiable attentions of my lady to Julia, and of my lord to her father. He took the old gentleman all round his estates, and showed him his improvements.

'Your lordship must have a great income,' said Mr. Earle.

'A trifle—about—let me see—about thirty thousand a year. But I can hardly live upon it. A nobleman is obliged to support a certain style—you know—to keep up a certain establishment—you know—to have certain equipages—you know—and a certain retinue of servants—you know, my dear Earle.'

'My dear Earle!' echoed the old gentleman, mentally, and rubbing his hands. 'What a

'And I lost my money,' quoth Mr. Earle, to Mr. Earle, aside.

They sailed a day or two after in the packet, and arrived at home without any accident. Every body came to see them and ask about London. Julia talked about nothing but Lord A.'s great castle, and the charming hospitality of the noble couple. She did not know how dearly his lordship had charged them for their board. The old gentleman always hemmed, and fidgeted about when Julia talked away in this manner. He never told the story of my Lord A. calling him 'my dear Earle,' nor was he so proud of his intimacy with that nobleman as might be expected. Julia, sometime after her return, married a young man of merit, and we are happy to say, that having sown her wild-oats, she is now the respectable wife of a respectable man, the happy mother of two children, and never complains OF WANT OF EXCITEMENT.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE BOHON UPAS.

It is rather a singular phenomenon in the economy of nature, that the Island of Java should produce at the same time the Mangos-teen, the most mellow and luscious of fruits, and the deadly Upas, the most malignant of poisons.—In the Journal of a botanist, lately deceased, whom Napoleon sent to Java in 1810, to make collections of plants for the imperial garden at St. Cloud, we find the substance of the following facts, which we present to our readers.

The Bohon Upas is situated in a valley, watered by a rivulet, and encompassed by hills, at the distance of fourteen leagues from Batavia. The hills and mountains in its vicinage are entirely barren and denuded, as no verdure can vegetate where the breeze wafts the pestilential vapors that emit from the pestiferous gum of the Upas. The French botanist anxious on his return to France, to be able to lay before the Emperor a correct description of the Java tree, made, at the risk of his life, a tour all around this dangerous spot, at about four leagues distant from its deleterious influence, and in every direction of his circuit he found vegetation literally annihilated, and the aspect of the country the most dismal and dreary that could be imagined. Near the easiest ascent to one of the hills, about sixteen miles from the station of the tree, there resided then an old Malayan priest, whose office it was to prepare for eternity the souls of those who, for different crimes, were sent to procure the poison, which is a commodity that yields the native government a considerable revenue. The poison is a gum, which like the camphor issues from the bark. Malefactors under the sentence of death are the only persons who are compelled to gather this deadly and baleful gum. The ministers of the native sovereign provide them with a tortoise shell box, in which they are to put the

pestiferous gum. These devoted criminals then go to the house of the old priest, & they remain until the wind blows in a favorable direction so as to bear the effluvia from them. As soon as the desired breeze arrives the priest prepares them for their approach to fate. At the moment of departure, the priest puts on them a leather cap, with two glasses before their eyes, which comes down to the breast. Thus equipped they proceed on journey to that fatal 'bourne' from which but a few travellers return. The old ecclesiastical assured our traveller, that during a residence of thirty years on this thoroughfare of death, he had witnessed the departure to the Upas of more than eight hundred unhappy beings out of whom not more than thirty ever returned. Those who escaped the dreadful influence of the Upas, described it a middling sized tree, decorated with branches of the most vivid verdure. It broods sullenly over a rivulet, as a landmark of vegetation, in the barren vale of a wilderness, over which it waves its poisonous foliage.

While our traveller remained at the island of Java, he witnessed the following horrid instance of the destructive power of the Upas poison.—In February, 1810 he was present at the execution of twelve of the Javanese king's mistresses, who were convicted of being faithless to his bed.

The fair and interesting criminals were led into the great court of the palace of Soura Charta, where a judge passed the sentence of death on them. After going through many religious ceremonies, the executioner stripped their breasts, and then chaining each of the hapless delinquents to a post, he proceeded to make an incision on the bosom with a lancet poisoned with Upas. The operation was performed on them all in the space of two minutes, and with such celerity did the poison destroy the vital principles, that these unfortunate women, the victims of a savage, were all dead in less than a quarter of an hour!

'Some time after their death' says our traveller, 'their bodies were full of livid spots, their faces swelled, the color of the skin changed to a kind of blue, and their eyes were completely spotted with yellow hues.' We believe that medical men estimate the Upas as the most deadly of all vegetable poisons. In times of war it is the practice of the Malays to throw the Upas gum into the springs and rivulets in order to poison them. The other parts of the island of Java are remarkably healthy; prolific and rich in a soil that produces an abundance of the finest fruits, such as the cocoa, palm, chaddock, oranges, lemons, citrons, tamarinds, mangoes, pine-apples, melons, pomegranates, bananas, sweet-sops, grapes, custard-apples, figs, and the delicious mangosteen, esteemed the best fruit of the east. The tree on which it grows is extremely beautiful, and gaily arrayed like the orange tree, in the spangled vesture of fruit and flowers.—*Irish Shield*

INTERESTING.

BANKRUPT DIVIDENDS.

good hit at the frequent practice of keeping other men's property and paying a small dividend on the amount due therefor.]

The anecdote of the Barber's failure, reminding a friend to call and tell us of a loss he met with a few days since by the bankruptcy of a professional polisher of boots. The discredited Day & Martin had his only change pair of now-trackers in possession, for the purpose of 'gibin on 'em de reel shine'—but as they did not appear at his door in due time in the morning, he put on the yesterday's dull pair and found his way to the shop of Cuffe Brush, which was as fast as a door nail could make it. Cuff, however, showed the dark of his countenance through a broken pane, and said,

'Good mornin' massa.'

'Open the door, Cuff.'

'Oh, massa, I bery sorry I can't admit your honor.'

'Can't, why not?'

'Why, I met misfortune, and bee 'bliged to turn bankrupt.'

'Ah that's bad—how much have you failed for?'

'Thirteen dollar sebenty-one cent, massa.'

'Well, hand out my boots Cuff make an honest settlement with your creditors, and you'll do well enough.'

'Here's one, massa.'

'Hand along the other.'

'Oh no, massa, I only pays dididend ob fifty cent on de dollar.'—*Boston Transcript.*

Gloves.—I never wear gloves. Indeed, to my thinking, they are a superfluous piece of vanity. I have no opinion of those nice creatures—gentlemen, forsooth!—who have fears of their delicate hands by contact with plebeian flesh. The good La Fayette did not disdain to extend a welcome and uncovered hand to the lowest man in our country, and shall the fopling of a day affect a superiority to him who is the honor of a century! **Gloves.**—I mean your summer kid ones—so far from being an indication of superior neatness, that when I see a man—especially if he is a business man, or a clerk—with his hands adorned with a pair, I have the kind of suspicion as when I meet with a fellow impregnated with perfume,—the latter serves to disguise some unpleasant odour,—perchance a breath redolent with brandy—the former often hides a hand not used to too frequent ablutions.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Quality of Heads.—When Yates was Governor of this State, a gentleman was discussing with a Dutchman the comparative merits of De Witt Clinton and the reigning Governor. The Dutchman was in favor of Yates, while his antagonist supported Clinton. In the course of the debate, the advocate of Clinton,

speaking of his superior talents, that he had a very LONG HEAD. 'All dat may pe ferry drue,' replied the Dutchman—'put I-in zhure if Guf-fernor Clinton has got a longer head as Guf-fernor Yates, 'tis not near so TICK.'—*N. E. Constellation.*

A Mr Gridley, who advertises some land in Georgia for sale, among its recommendations says:—'The land is said to be very valuable, but I never had the extreme pleasure of getting nearer than half a mile of it, not having prepared myself with a canoe. It is warranted to yield from thirty to forty bushels of bullfrogs to the acre, and alligators enough to fence the tract.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1831.

William's New-York Annual Register.—The volume of this work for 1831 is published, and contains a large quantity of useful and interesting information not readily to be obtained elsewhere. It is afforded cheap, and we shall suppose would be a valuable acquisition to persons in the professional and mercantile line.—[The above work is expected and will soon be for sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

The Heiress of Bruges.—This is the title of a new novel, just published by the Messrs. Harpers of New-York, by Mr. Grattan, author of Highways and Byways. The scene is laid in the Low Countries and the story is principally founded on historical incidents relating to the struggles of the brave Netherlanders to free themselves from the Spanish yoke. It is spoken of as an interesting and highly meritorious production.

In Press.—The Harpers also announce as in press, 'The Siamese Twins, a satirical tale, by the author of 'Pelham'; 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' by J. M. Paulding, Esq., and 'Romance of the History of France,' by Leigh Ritchie.

SUMMARY.

The eclipse on the 13th of February was the first of a very remarkable series of five large eclipses of the sun, visible to us in the short term of seven years. The others happen as follows: the first on the 27th of July, 1832, total in Cuba; the second on the 30th November, 1834, total in Charleston, Beaufort, &c. in South Carolina; the third on the 13th of May, 1836, annular near Cuba, and the fourth on the 16th of September, 1838, annular in three-fifths of the states of the Union.

The Siamese youths will embark for the United States, in the next packet from London. They have had an astonishing run there, and have made a fortune.

About nine miles from Cincinnati, a gang of counterfeiters, with a press, were arrested on the 29th ult. One of them, a woman, had \$3800 in counterfeit five of U. S. branch banks.

Constable Meigs at Albany, lately arrested one Mr. Cooney, a stage driver, for having counterfeit bills. U. tried to swallow three 5's but Meigs took him by the throat, and he disgorged.

The East river was closed at New-York on the 5th inst. and hundreds of people crossed thence on the ice to Brooklyn.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Tuesday evening the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Stephen Best, to Miss Gertrude Hallenbeck.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stobbins, Martin Gilbert, Esq. of Ghent, to Miss Catharine L. Myres, of this city.

At Columbiaville, on Thursday evening the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Horace Benjamin, to Miss Elizabeth Williamson.

At Claverack, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Ezekiah Sluyter, of Chatham, to Miss Phebe Ann Harder.

At Hillsdale, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Truesdale, Isaac G. Northway, Esq. of Sullivan, Madison Co. to Mrs. Abigail Edmond.

DIED.

At Claverack, on the 6th inst. Capt. Abraham L. Fonda.

At New-York, Mrs. Mary Ann Ray, widow of Capt. John Ray, formerly of this city.

At Kingston, on the 6th inst. Truman Cowles, Esq. formerly of Farmington, Conn.



POETRY.

THE LEGACY OF THE ROSES.

The following five verses are by Miss Landon, and are founded on the fact reported by Mr. Crofton Crocker, that a person who died at Barnes, left an annual sum to be laid out in roses planted on his grave.

Oh! plant them above me, the soft, the bright,
The touched with the sunset's crimson light;
The warm with the earliest breath of spring,
The sweet with the sweep of the west wind's wing;
Let the green bough and the red leaf wave—
Plant the glad rose tree upon my grave.

Why should the mournful willow weep
O'er the quiet rest of a dreamless sleep?
Weep for life, with its toil and care,
Its crime to shun, and its sorrow to bear,
Let tears and the sign of tears be shed
Over the living, not over the dead!

Plant not the cypress, nor yet the yew;
Too heavy their shadow, too gloomy their hue,
For one who is sleeping, in faith and in love,
With a hope that is treasured in heaven above;
In a holy trust are my ashes laid—
Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

Plant the green sod with the crimson rose,
Let my friends rejoice o'er the calm repose;
Let my memory be like the odours they shed,
My hope like their promise of early red;
Let strangers, too, share in their breath and their bloom
Plant ye the bright roses over my tomb.

LAST WORDS OF EMMET.

'Let no man write to my posterity—for as no man who knows my motives, dares now vindicate them, so let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let me repose in peace, until other times and other men can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then—and not till then—let my epitaph be written.'

He stood before the assembled crowd,
And not a glance had quailed;

Nor his lofty heart in its high resolves
Had for an instant failed;

The haughty souls of bitterest foes
Within their bosoms shrank

As he bent his clear eye proudly round,
With such a fearful look.

And these were the high words he spoke—

'Are not these lips as free
To bear their wishes of the cause
Of glorious liberty,—

As free to speak the sacred words
Which only tyrants fear,

As those which coldly break the rights
Of injured freedom here?

And they *will* speak—the fires that glow
Within this breast of mine,

Were kindled at the holy blaze
Of freedom's hallowed shrine,

And till the heart itself be dead,
Its breathings thro' no more,

Its pulses still to freedom true,
Will tremble as before.

Ye have the power, if not the right,
To crush this feeble frame:

But the high spirit's fiery zeal
It is not yours to tame:

And while you dare to brand with crimes
That never stained my brow,

I too may dare to brave the power,
To which I may not bow.

Yes do your worst—ye may spread your pall
To darken round my name,
But the fearless spirit you cannot bend—
That still remains the same—
And for that name I would not stoop
To ask one memory,
Till every rock and blade of grass
Upon this soil is free!

Let not my martyr's fate be read
While Erin wears her chains:
I would not ask one friendly hand
To wipe away the stains:—
And o'er the pillow of my rest
One tear must not be shed,
Till the holy cross of freedom may
Be placed above the dead.'

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

No art cosmetic can the charm diffuse
With which a Smile o'erspreads the plainest face;
And when to Beauty homage we refuse,
We yield to winning smiles and modest grace.

PUZZLE II.

Oh wo-man, in our hours of ease.
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable, as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is the male of a cow,
My second a bird often found:
My whole, it is known does not low,
But utters a musical sound.

II.

Before the world was, it existed.—Thousands of people think themselves happy to exist near it. Half the world boast of seeing it every hour, but it never was seen.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$30

For the second best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the Talisman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

For the best POEM, not less than forty nor over a hundred lines, \$5.

For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

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RURAL REPOSITORY.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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NO. 21.

POPULAR TALES.

THE TWO SISTERS,

A Sketch.

BY KOTZEBUE.

In a large city in Germany, dwelt two sisters Jeannette and Pauline. Jeannette had the good fortune to be very handsome, and the bad fortune to find it out very soon. She soon accustomed herself to look in a glass—that was natural; she soon took pains in dressing and that was pardonable; she endeavored to acquire accomplishments—that was prudent; but she thought nothing more was necessary—that was foolish. True, she played well upon the harpsichord, and sung bravura airs with taste; she drew landscapes after Hackert and embroidered flowers from nature.—But she only played the harpsichord in great companies, and only sung airs at concerts; she only drew landscapes for exhibition and embroidered flowers for sofas and screens. At home, time passed tediously, although her old weak mother was continually praising her beauty. This old truth could only give pleasure by coming from new lips; hence Jeannette was continually seeking new society. Ladies always practise a certain economy in the praise of other ladies; but gentlemen, on the contrary, are generally very lavish of praise; and therefore Jeannette was fond of the society of gentlemen.

Her sister Pauline would probably have thought and acted in the same manner; but no one praised the poor girl; simply because no one noticed her, for the small pox had rendered her appearance homely. She was also far behind her sister in showy accomplishments. She played the guitar and sung agreeably, but merely simple little songs. She was not behind Jeannette in the art of drawing; but except a few landscapes which hung in her mother's chamber, which no one but her mother saw, no one knew of her talent; for the homely Pauline was as diffident as the fascinating Jeannette was unembarrassed; and it only required a second look from any one to

cause her to blush deeply. Fortunately this did not often happen, for no one looked at her twice. She embroidered as well as her sister, but only on work bags for aunts and grandmothers.—She appeared best at home—in company the consciousness of homeliness gave her an air of constraint; but at home affairs could not go on without her.

When the girls grew up, their mother thought proper that they should take charge of the house each one by turns, week about. Pauline soon became accustomed to it, and in her week all things went on right. When Jeannette's turn came, she hurried about busily the whole forenoon, but when noon came the dinner was spoiled. She grieved also at the time she lost from her singing and harpsichord, and at the little time which was left her to arrange her head dress for her evening parties. The good-hearted Pauline frequently took her task off her hands, until finally the practice was neglected of relieving each other weekly, and Jeannette troubled herself no more about domestic affairs.—The weak mother did not interfere, for she could not be displeased with the lovely face, which pleased every body. There could be no large party unless Jeannette Western graced it; her name served the poets for a subject and was the universal toast. Few only knew that she had a sister.

Two young officers, Edward and Maurice, saw Jeannette and both became extremely enamored. Both were of good family, brave, noblemen and both very rich. Jeannette was delightful with her conquests, and her mother, who was in moderate circumstances, indulged herself in sweet dreams of the future. 'If both should be in earnest,' said she to her daughter, 'which will you prefer?' 'I don't know myself,' answered Jeannette, 'they both please me but I shall like the richest one the best. Then I would take care of you mother, in your old age, and I would have my sister to manage my house for me.' The doating parent wept for joy at the filial sentiments of her daughter, and Pauline was grateful for such a mark of sisterly affection. In the mean time

both of the young men wooed earnestly for the beauty's favor, and both were equally kind to the homely Pauline, because she gave them the pleasure of being alone with her sister. Jeannette was really in embarrassment, which of her adorers to prefer. Edward gave a ball, at which she was queen, and she thought on that evening she was in a fair way to love Edward.—Maurice gave a sleigh-ride, and she flew along the street in a splendid equipage, and on that day she thought Maurice more amiable than his rival. So she delayed her decision from one day to another, attributing her hesitation to her heart.

'If I were in your place,' said Pauline one day, 'I should take Edward.'

'Why?—Maurice is as rich, and you will acknowledge he is handsomer.'

'He is generous too,' said the mother.

'But he is fickle,' replied Pauline.—'Our aunt has told me a good many things about him.'

'Our aunt,' answered Jeannette snappishly, 'is an old aunt.'

'Edward, on the other hand,' continued Pauline, 'is more steady; and I think I have often remarked, that he feels more deeply and more sincerely than Maurice.'

'Pshaw!' said Jeannette, tossing her head while she stuck a flower in her hair before the glass, 'They both feel so deeply that I hardly know how to manage them.' Meanwhile, what harm will there be in delaying my choice awhile? Their rivalry makes my time pass very pleasantly, and finally accident will decide.' Pauline was silent. Both suitors continued their attentions, without remission.

One day as Edward entered the room, he found Pauline in tears and Jeannette laughing loudly. He asked modestly the cause of the tears and the laughter. 'I am a child,' said Pauline blushing, and left the chamber. 'A child indeed,' said Jeannette laughing after her; 'You would never guess what she was crying for.'

'If it is not improper to ask—'

'Oh not at all. You have probably sometimes remarked the old blind dog that used to lie on the sofa? He was mine, and in his young days used to make a good deal of sport. This morning he broke a handsome dish. At first I fretted a little; at last I thought the old blind animal was good for nothing and only did mischief; so I sent him to a huntsman and had him shot.'

'And that was the cause of your sister's weeping?'

'That was it. One would think we were living in the times of Romance.'

Edward was silent and soon changed the conversation. But after that time he never overlooked Pauline as he had formerly done. He conversed sometimes with her, became acquainted with her unpretending worth, admired her modesty, and began to think her appearance less homely. Yet when the fascinating

Jeannette appeared, her charms made him forget Pauline.

Jeannette had prepared a splendid masquerade dress for the character of a Sultana, for the carnival which was approaching when her mother was taken sick. Pauline was to have accompanied her as her slave, and had prepared a becoming dress for the occasion. The day arrived: the illness of the mother had increased; the looks of the physician, although he said nothing, made Pauline determine not to go to the masquerade. Jeannette gave herself but little trouble to persuade her to go, and went without her.

'Where is your sister?' asked Edward.

'My mother is not well, and Pauline has remained at home for company.'—He was pleased at that; but he had little time to think of it, for Jeannette appeared more beautiful than ever, and neither he nor Maurice left her side. She enjoyed the triumph of being admired, in the highest degree. Whenever she danced, a crowd was formed around her; wherever she went, she heard the voice of flattery.

Towards midnight, just as she had promised to dance a quadrille with Edward, a domino came up and took off his mask; it was her mother's physician. 'Miss,' said he, 'I have just come from your house, and I dare not conceal from you that your mother is very ill.'

'Good heaven!' she exclaimed, terrified and perplexed, 'I must go this moment.'

'By all means,' said Edward, 'let us go.'

Just then the music commenced. Jeannette looked round embarrassed; Edward offered his services to look for her servant. She was just at the point of requesting him to do so, when one of the dancers in the set took her hand and commenced the figure. She obeyed mechanically, but said to a lady standing next to her, 'I cannot dance any longer; my mother's sick.'—'O, do not rob us of the ornament of our quadrille,' said a young rich Englishman, 'A few minutes can make no difference.' She looked at Edward as if she wished him to decide for her, but he was silent. It was now his turn to dance. The person next him jogged him—he cast an inquiring look at Jeannette; his neighbor reminded him again—Jeannette did not refuse, and so he danced the figure with her, and the quadrille was finished without any thing more being said. She would then have gone, but she was so heated that she would have taken cold, by going into the air. After walking up and down an adjoining room for some time, she went home, and Edward accompanied her. As they went up the steps they saw fire in the kitchen, where Pauline was at the fire place, preparing something for her mother. Her countenance, reddened by the glow of the fire, appeared handsome, this time, to Edward.

'It is well you have come,' said Pauline to her sister; 'Mother has been very sick, and I have frequently had to leave her alone.'

Edward felt himself in a singular frame of mind. On this very evening, Jeannette had dropped some hints, which gave him hopes of gaining the victory over his rival. His delight on that account, however, had been very much moderated since the last quadrille. A film fell from his eyes. He was able, for the first time, to look upon her beauty without a violent wish to possess her. He would probably have renounced her immediately, if vanity had not whispered that she loved him; that she would have immediately left the ball, if she had not been dancing with him, and that it was he who had made her forget her duty for a moment. His feelings could not withstand the flattering thought of being beloved by so beautiful a girl, and all that reason could win of him was a determination to put her supposed affection for him to the proof.

He waited until her mother recovered, and then went one day with an air of trouble in his countenance to Jeannette, and informed her that his estate in Suabia had been ravaged by the enemy, and that it would take at least a year's rent to put it in its former condition. 'But,' added he tenderly, 'if Jeannette only loves me, my income will be sufficient to protect us from want.' She was visibly shocked, and changed colour as he began his relation, and her endeavors to conceal her confusion did not escape him. An anxious pause ensued. She soon however recovered her composure, laid her hand upon his in a friendly way, and said 'my good friend I will not deceive you. I am a spoilt child, and cannot do without a great many things. We are neither of us romancers. We know that the hottest love will grow cold in a cottage. That I am well inclined towards you, I will not deny; but we must act reasonably—remain my friend.'

This declaration was a thrust in the heart to Edward; but it was a beneficial operation—the wound soon healed. He soon afterwards repeated the story in presence of Pauline. She did not look up from her embroidery, but he remarked that her eyes were moist. 'What gives me the most pain from this misfortune,' continued he, 'is the poverty of my mother—my good mother. If I should devote the whole of my income to her, it will not be sufficient to provide her the luxuries to which she has been accustomed, and you know that poverty always depends on the different wants of mankind.' Pauline raised her head and looked at him kindly. She said nothing, but her countenance spoke. The needle trembled in her hand. She bethought herself and continued her embroidery.—After a pause she asked, as if merely to renew the conversation, 'Where does your mother reside?' Edward answered, at Stuttgart, where, in reality, she was in the highest circle of society. Pauline then spoke of the pleasant situation and advantages of Stuttgart, and nothing more was said of Edward's misfortune. For the purpose of confirming what he had said of his losses, he

limited his expenditures and sold his fine horses. He continued to visit the sisters, and the calmness of his feeling permitted him now to see a thousand little things, that had formerly escaped him—none of his observations were of a kind to rekindle his former love; on the other hand Pauline daily appeared more amiable to him, and her homeliness less striking. As he conversed more with her than Jeannette, she felt more confidence towards him, her bashfulness was conquered and she unfolded her heart. What conducted very much to this, was the modest supposition, that Edward could never have thought of a marriage with her; that removed her embarrassment, and she showed her pure, unrestrained, sisterly affection.

Jeannette, on the other hand, did not receive much pleasure from his visits, which were especially disagreeable when Maurice was present. To him she now confined her coquetry, and soon drew the net so tightly over him, that he besought her pressing every day, to make him the most enviable of mortals, at the altar.—She still took airs upon herself and teased him for a while; and at last jestingly gave her consent. The lover was delighted excessively, and the most exquisite preparations were commenced for the nuptials.

Meanwhile Edward remained very calm. He was no longer in love, but it appeared to him at times as if he loved Pauline.—His wish to see her, if he had not seen her for a day or two; the quickness with which time passed in her company; the unwillingness with which he separated from her—all these things often made him think 'what if I should offer Pauline my hand?' A surprising occurrence suddenly decided for him.

He received a letter from his mother, containing a bill of exchange upon Stuttgart for one hundred dollars, signed by one of the principal bankers of the place in which Edward resided. 'I cannot comprehend,' she wrote in the letter, 'why it should have been sent to me. It was sent in an anonymous letter, in which I am besought, in a few lines, not to despise the gift of a good heart.'—A flame blazed in Edward's breast. He trembled, his eyes sparkled. He hurried to the Banker.—'Did you draw this bill of exchange?'—'Yes.' 'For whom?' 'I have been paid the value.' 'By whom?' 'I cannot say.' 'But the bill of exchange was sent to my mother.' 'I know nothing of that—it is no business of mine.' 'I beg you to tell me the person.' 'I cannot.' 'You will probably cause the happiness of my life.' The banker looked at him with surprise.—'Will you tell me the truth if I name the person?' 'Yes.' 'Miss Pauline Western.' 'You have guessed it.'

Edward hurried out. In two minutes he lay at Pauline's feet and asked her hand. She was confused—she could not answer, she sighed. He put his arm around her 'am I disagreeable to you.' She sunk upon his breast. 'Oh no, I have long loved you; but how could I hope.'

The first raptures of love flowed through two noble hearts, Pauline could not comprehend how Edward had taken such a sudden violent resolution. She often asked the reason—he smiled but did not answer.

Her nuptials with the poor Edward were fixed for the same day, on which Jeannette was to marry the rich Maurice. Pauline made dispositions for strict frugality in her future domestic affairs; her white, plain bridal dress contrasted powerfully with the silver lace of her sister, Edward pressed her to his heart and smiled. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I will inform my mother of the choice I have made, you must also add a letter.' Pauline promised it, not without some embarrassment, and Edward smiled again. On the next day she handed him the letter, but shewed him at the same time her finger bound up, which had compelled her to get her sister to write the letter. Edward kissed the finger, cast a look of love upon her, and a tear stood in his sparkling eye. She blushed and thought something was not right; but he said 'very well,' and smiled.

The marriage day appeared. Edward came early in the morning and laid a valuable necklace in his bride's lap. Pauline was astonished, but Jeannette was more so, for the necklace was more valuable than her own. 'I have been practising usury,' said Edward jestingly, 'A little sum advanced by a noble lady, a friend of mine, has doubled itself a thousand fold.'—'By a noble lady?' said Pauline. 'The necklace is very fine,' continued Edward, 'but what adorns it the most, and will make me the happiest of men, is concealed in this paper.' She opened it confusedly. It was the wedding ring folded in the bill of exchange. Pauline recognized it at the first glance, and cast down her eyes blushing. Edward fell at her feet. She sunk down. 'To deceive me so!' whispered she.

When all was explained, Pauline's mother embraced her, while Jeannette tossed her pretty head. She endeavoured to conceal her vexation; but her marriage day was the commencement of her matrimonial ill humor.

Several years passed; Edward found to his astonishment that he had really been blind, that his wife was really handsome; and his domestic happiness increased every day. Domestic happiness never made its home with Jeannette. Pauline was surrounded by blooming children. The sisters seldom saw each other; for Pauline lived only for her husband and children, Jeannette for the great world. Here she found sufficient amends for the only true happiness of marriage, as long as her beauty daily attracted new admirers, and as long as her husband's riches afforded the means of expensive luxuries. But alas! her charms began to tarnish—she grew sickly—the affection of her husband became deadened—his coffers were emptied—poverty introduced discord. They avoided one another—Madam

run in debt—Monsieur gambled away her jewels. They began with complaining and ended with reproaches. At length, one morning Maurice rode away, without taking leave, and was never heard of afterwards.

Poor and helpless Jeannette was forced to seek an asylum with her sister. She was kindly received and treated with the most tender forbearance; but her conscience was not at ease, a violent cough enfeebled her frame, and in her twenty-eight year no trace of her beauty remained. Her mind was soured and embittered so that she was rendered unfit for any domestic joys. The servants of the family trembled before her. If the nurse wished to hush the infant, she had only to say 'Aunt is coming.' The larger children, when at play, if they heard her cough at a distance, slipped into some corner, and whispered to one another 'Aunt is coming.'

Prize Tale from the Casket.

A TALE OF THE OLD COLONY.

BY HARRIET A. ALLYN.

Susan White, was one of the fairest daughters of the Old Colony. Not 'perfectly beautiful'—she was by no means one of your perfect characters. If she had been, I should not have selected her for a heroine, for I could never sketch a portrait for which I had seen no original. I shall not describe her features. Expression was their greatest beauty, and that expression was ever varying. Even when her thoughts were not expressed by words, one might trace their purport in her countenance, over which joy and sadness flitted as rapidly as sunlight and shadow over a clear lake on an April day. To say, in the accustomed phrase, that she had known 'better days,' would be saying falsely. She had never known happier. But one might easily see her education was above what fell to the lot of girls in general sixty years ago. It would not be understood a 'finished education.' She knew nothing of French, painting, sonnetizing, and boarding school accomplishments; nor had she ever learned music. But she sang—and her's was the music of the heart, not hand. With no master but nature, no rules but those of taste, it was like the carol of the spring robin—light, free and joyous—the language of a heart too happy to express itself in mere words. Often, as old Matthew White sat by his twilight fire, depressed in spirit and tired with a hard day's toil, her merry tones, as she tripped around the house, singing catches of the tunes that had been familiar to him in his youth, would, even while they cheered him, draw tears to his eyes, little used as they were to weeping. By the way, there is something peculiarly touching in those old songs, when sung by one who truly enters into the spirit of the composer. To me there is a charm even in the lameness and oddity of the rhymes—a carelessness about most of them, that insensibly transports me back to the harmless freedom and hilarity of the moon-

light husking scene; to the shrewd insinuations and merriment of the quilting party. And in those that so boldly utter forth anathemas against royalty and oppression, you may trace the same feelings which were excited, supported by act, what the free heart suggested in song. We rarely hear them now, save from some voice whose broken energy reminds us that the few in whose memories they are still treasured, must soon pass away—their songs, their pleasures, themselves, alike forgotten. Never was voice better adapted to them than Susan's; and this rude poetry was to her what the sweet and heart-felt effusions of Burns, and the passionate imaginings of Byron, would have been at a later day. Under a father's care, she had received the greatest benefit of wealth—an useful education: and though his death deprived her of that care and a home, when only twelve years old, she still continued to improve herself in the studies she had commenced, but which at that time were deemed unnecessary for girls like her, and did not enter into the requisites of common school education.

The change of situation from the elegance of her native home, to the unpolished family of her uncle, a comfortable farmer, for a while checked her gay bursts of laughter. But the weight must have been great indeed that could for any length of time have repressed spirits as elastic as hers.—Left a pennyless orphan, she had been received even as a child. She knew that it must be her home, and her laugh soon echoed through the sedate looking dwelling of her uncle, light as ever.—There was a refinement in her mind and manners that distinguished her from the homespun, though not less amiable, daughters of the neighborhood; and in her uncle's house, she seemed like a flower that chance had planted in a wilderness. It was her nature to love whatever around her had aught in it that could be loved, and of course to wish for a return. She saw that, to be loved, she must be useful, and she soon initiated herself into most of the mysteries of housekeeping.—Beside her actual usefulness, she was ever at hand to perform those trifling offices of kindness and love which win the affections more than greater benefits, and to smoothe those little roughnesses that will occur in every family. If her aunt could not thread her needle, or her uncle needed a dry pair of stockings or coat, or either of the five sons had a stock to be folded or clothing to be darned, Susan was ever ready to do it. Of all these services, none were performed with a sweeter smile or greater alacrity than those for Henry, the second son, a youth of her own age. His constitution, less robust than his brothers, did not admit of his sharing in their hardier labors, and consequently a great part of his time was passed within doors. As is generally the case, it had imparted a feminine delicacy to his manners, and softened without degrading into effeminacy the manly traits of his character. During the first two years he

was her almost constant companion. If she rambled over the fields in search of berries, he was her pioneer and assistant; and when he returned from a fishing or gunning excursion, she was the first to meet him at the door to inquire of his success, and listen with interest to all the mishaps and little adventures of the day. For her were procured the most curious and beautiful sea-shells, and for her reserved the finest peach-plumbs and the fairest fruit.

It was at this time that Mr. White, after long consultation with his wife, 'as Henry was good for nothing else,' resolved to give him a liberal education. He commenced the study of the languages with the minister, and after due time was pronounced 'fit for college.' His studies had opened a new source of pleasure, and it had been his delight to communicate to Susan whatever he found amusing or instructive, and now and then to cheer a winter evening by reading to her the old novel or poem that chance threw in his way. These were happy days to both; but as time wore on, Susan began to think that, though he was her cousin, her unreserved manners and sisterly fondness towards him were very improper. She also found out that it was very indecent for her to sit in the large arm chair with him, when want of room round the fire forced them to close quarters; or to allow him to arrange her long dark tresses, as he often playfully did. She grew reserved—said less—blushed more—and became a great deal more thoughtful. These were odd symptoms, to be sure, and Susan never once dreamed of the disease they belonged to. Hey dears! Girls now-a-days are not so ignorant, thanks to the present system of education. Henry loved her as a sister, he thought—he never had a sister, or perhaps he would have discovered a difference in the sentiments. The time came for him to leave home. She tried to be cheerful—but, despite her endeavors, a tear would often fall upon the linen she was carefully folding in his trunk. He went; and never was day so long to Susan White as that succeeding his departure. She went through her accustomed round of duties—but many were the mistakes and disasters of that day. Things were put in the wrong place and Mrs. White's large pewter platter, that bore the initials of no less than three generations, was accidentally thrown down, by which it received a most disfiguring dent, to the no small lamentation of the good lady, who venerated this heir loom as deeply as the gentry across the water do the swords of their titled ancestors. She sang little; and at night, when they gathered round the fire, and her eye rested on his vacant place, she felt for the first time how dreary the world would be without him. Her dejection passed unnoticed. None knew how often the old family clock, as it struck twelve found her waking. None knew how violently her heart palpitated while her uncle was reading his first letter, nor how often she read it when left to herself.

Years passed away. Henry's collegiate and professional education was finished. The lively, interesting boy, had changed into the noble, fascinating young man, no less charming in the eyes of Susan. It is almost needless to say that, in that space of parting sorrows, absent regrets and blissful meetings, he had discovered there is a friend dearer than a sister, and breathed his discovery to her; and when he left his native town, to seek fame, wealth, and home, in the wide world, it was with the promise that, when found, she would share it with him.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAVING THE ADVANTAGE.

Tom Hobbs was a queer fellow in his day, and lived in a place called Squam, somewhere on Cape Ann. Tom would drink like a fish, and when he had taken his fifth glass of a morning, no man possessed more shrewdness. When in this condition and in his happiest mood, Tom, one morning, met a gentleman on horseback, whom he had never put eyes on before. As is customary in the country, Tom immediately accosted him.

'Ah! here you are, my good fellow, how d'ye do? Upon my honour, it does my heart good once more. How's your family, and the old woman, we hav'nt seen her this long time; when is she coming down to see my wife?'

'I am quite well, I thank you,' said the gentleman, 'but indeed, sir, you have the advantage!'

'Advantage! my good fellow, what advantage?' inquired Tom. 'Why, really sir, I beg your pardon,' replied the gentleman, 'but I do not know you!'

'Know me!' exclaimed Tom, 'well I don't know you—where in the deuce is the advantage.'

Anecdote.—The day after the battle of Stonington, several British officers were invited on shore to dine. While at dinner, a lady, sitting next to one of the officers, asked him to explain to her the flags of different nations that decorated the room. After telling her to what nation several of them belonged, he pointed to the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and said, with a sneer, that is what we call the *Gridiron*. I presume so, sir, said the lady, with quickness, by the *brailling* you had upon it yesterday.

Too big a Booh.—A man being about to purchase a young horse, was fearful he might prove skittish, as the phrase is and in order to test his steadiness, or strength of nerve, directed his boy to go a little way off, behind the next corner, and he would ride the colt down opposite to him, when the boy should start suddenly out and cry 'booh!' and if the colt could stand that, it would be proof enough of his being firm and well broke. The boy took his station, and the man mounted and

rode along; but when he came opposite the corner, and the boy jumped out and cried 'booh,' the colt threw him off. The rider picked himself up soon, however, and rubbing his shoulders and shins, asked the boy what he did so for. 'Why, father,' said the boy, 'you told me to say booh.' 'Yes,' said the old man, 'but there was no need of saying such a *big booh* to such a little horse.'

Original Anecdote.—Some eight or ten years ago, there lived near the Log Jail, in the State of New-Jersey, a personage who became very eminent in the military line after he was elected to the office of Major. On the morning of the regimental parade, (being the next after his election) the sun rose as usual, and nature seemed to have lost none of her attributes, when the new-made Major determined to *exercise* a little, previously to associating with his superior officers. He accordingly mounted his own *stoop*, and with all the consequence of a man in power drew his sword and exclaimed, 'Attention the whole!—Rear rank take distance three paces back!' He immediately stepped back and tumbled down cellar. His wife ran from the kitchen, and cried out 'My dear, have you killed yourself?' 'Go into the house, woman,' said he, 'what do you know about WAR?'

Up and Down.—A gentleman going home one night, rather late, saw a man on the ground with another on him, beating him violently. Upon this he remonstrated with the upper man, telling him his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up and have an equal chance with him. The fellow looked the gentleman in the face and drily remarked. 'Faith, Sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him up so readily.'

Amusing Accident.—An amusing accident took place last week in a village not a hundred miles off.—Two negroes employed by a farmer, were sent to the barn to work, where they found a large Steel Trap which had been set some time previous for rats. Not knowing the use of the trap, they began to examine it.—'What's he for? Cuff!' asked Sambo. 'Don't know, ony habes got teet all round—guess he'm patent curry-comb, from looks,' said Cuff.—'Golly, gosh! I guess not,' exclaimed Sambo, 'see how like the debbel he bite, cause you call im wrong name.' The trap unfortunately springing at the instant, and nearly severing off two of poor Sambo's fingers.

Quid Proquo.—Judge R. when president of the court of common pelase for the county of Philadelphia, was one day asked by Mr. B. a member of the bar, whether the court would set the next day. 'Sit, Mr. B.' the judge replied, 'not set; hens set.' Soon after in a case in which the same lawyer was concerned,



A VIEW OF A SECTION OF ART AND NASSAU STREETS, N. Y.

judge R. observed, that an action would not lay in that case. 'Lie, your honour,' retorted Mr. B. 'not lay; hens lay.'

An eternal separation.—An English lady lately divorced from her husband, went over to France and turned Catholic, in order, she said, that she might not again be in his company, either in this world or the next.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1831.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

The view, which accompanies this paper, is a striking sketch of that portion of the City of New-York presented by the lofty buildings recently erected at the corner of Ann and Nassau streets. A cluster of mean dwellings and shops offensive to the eye, formerly occupied the site which now, enlivened by the resort of busy throngs, hourly evinces the increasing prosperity of the metropolis. To the left on Ann Street are seen the Franklin buildings occupied by Messrs. James Conner and Charles Starr as offices, stores, &c. To the right is Nassau Street. Next to the Franklin Buildings are three dwellings of ordinary size, finely relieved by the spacious building of the 'American Bible Society.' To this succeeds a vacant lot, soon to be improved; next follows the magnificent structure, just finished, and intended for the use of scientific, literary and commercial institutions called 'Clinton Hall.' Beyond this are seen a part of the church-yard and prayer-room of the Brick Meeting House the spire of which rises above the hall last named. The back ground is occupied by a distant view of the Public School House, in Chatham Street and a small section of the Park, together with the Jail.

VOLUME EIGHT

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Or Bower of Literature;

Embellished Quarterly, with a Fine Engraving.

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On commencing a new volume the publisher pledges himself to his patrons that his unremitting endeavours shall be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, which he has reason to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favourite and amusing visitor during the seven years of its publication. As its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honour upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the prizes offered below, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

It must be acknowledged that the Repository is one of the cheapest journals extant. Arrangements have been made to have the engravings executed by the best artists. A fine view of the City of Hudson, the River and surrounding Scenery will accompany the first number.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$30.

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For the third do. the Talisman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

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Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen, selected for the purpose. The money offered above will be transmitted to the successful competitors by mail, and the books sent to New-York, Albany, Troy, or Hartford, free of expense, and left at any place in either of those cities, they may designate, subject to their respective orders.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides four plates, a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fast type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter, that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Eighth Volume (Fourth Volume New Series) will commence on the 4th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Those who will forward us Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit us Sixteen Dollars, shall receive twenty copies for one year—reducing the price to Eighty Cents per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty Dollars, shall receive Twenty Five copies and a set of Sturm's Reflections for every Day in the year, handsomely bound. All the previous volumes, except the first and second, will be furnished to those who obtain subscribers, at the same rate. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscriptions to be sent by the 15th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, corner of Warren and Third-Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

37 Editors, who will give the above a few insertions, shall receive the third or the sixth volume, as a compensation, and the next in exchange; those, who consider the whole too long for insertion, and wish to exchange only, are respectfully requested to publish the part relating to premiums, give the rest at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

SUMMARY.

The annual revenue collected at the port of New-York for the last five years has averaged about thirteen millions and a half of dollars—being more than one half of the duties collected in the whole United States.

In Paris, the funeral of Benjamin Constant, member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a distinguished friend of liberty, was attended, it is said, by 300,000 persons. La Fayette delivered an eulogium over his grave.

The North Carolina house of commons have passed a bill to exempt a debtor's house, barn, out-house, and 60 acres of land, from liability of all attachment and sale on execution! It was carried by the casting vote.

Amelia Opie is at Paris, and a constant visitor at the 'sestres' of General Lafayette, where this celebrated female always appears in the simple garb of a rigid Quakeress, forming a striking contrast to the gay attire of the Parisian ladies.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Monday, the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Stobbins, Mr. Ransom J. King, of the firm of Farris & King, to Miss Mary Porter.

On Thursday evening the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitecomb, Mr. William Mann, of England, to Miss Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr. Cornelius Murgatroyd, of this city.

At Claverack, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. William Pierce, to Miss Magdalena, daughter of Abraham T. Van Deusen.

At Barrington, Dutchess county, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. George Roessman, of Livingston, to Miss Joanne Forrest.

At North East, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Winter, Mr. Abner Brown, to Miss Sally Winchell, daughter of Mr. Philo M. Winchell.

At Hillsdale, on the 12th ult. by the Rev. H. Truesdell, Mr. Isaac G. Northway, Esq. of Sullivan, Madison co. to Mrs. Abigail Emond, widow of Doctor John Emond, and daughter of Mr. Parla Foster.

On the 30th ult. at the same place, by the Rev. Arnold Schofield, Mr. Seymour Foster, son of Mr. Parla Foster, to Miss Sarah M. Truesdell, only daughter of the Rev. H. Truesdell.

In Chatham, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr. Caleb Green, of Groenville, Groene Co. to Miss Ann Eliza Winans, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Maria Monell, aged 49 years, wife of Joseph D. Monell, Esq.

On the 2d ult. Mrs. Magdalena Burroughs, aged 54 years.

On the 27th ult. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Couklin Terry, in the 4th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. John James, son of William Waggoner, aged 23 years, after a long and distressing illness of seven months.

On the 31st of January last, Mrs. Sally Beecher, wife of Charles Beecher, aged 29 years.

At Ghent, on the 15th ult. Elizabeth daughter of Doct. Levi B. Skinner, aged 11 months and 21 days.

At his residence in Chatham, on the 21st ult. Capt. Uriel Collins, formerly of Nantucket, Mass. aged 61 years.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

SOCIAL ADMIRATION.

What sound will cheer the lonely heart,
And keep aloof despair,
When horror thrusts the wanton dart
To poison every care?

'Tis sweet pervading harmony
That wakes upon the lyre,
And dances o'er my memory
In sounds that I admire.

When shades of twilight intervene,
Hesperus springs to view,
Till even's mild aspiring queen
More graceful *tales* renew.
This sweet ecstatic euphony,
A theme that will inspire
To swell responding symphony
In sounds that I admire.

When the orient beams of morn
Streak the cerulean arch,
Aurora's hues will soon adorn
The aspect on her march,
Displaying gems of mystery
Upon the lofty spire:
This star in the immensity
Portrays what I admire.

Would fresco by yon mountain's base,
An archetype of bliss,
Wing into life a softer grace,
A milder form than this?
When nature's graceful livery,
In twilight shades conspire,
And urge a theme for poesy,
To paint what I admire.

Thus when the upright, honest heart,
With reverential grace,
Bows with respect when hopes depart
And fortune goes apace.
Then will my balcyon days of chivalry
Be blended in attire;
No gaudy dress nor hectick rivalry,
Will crown what I admire. WILDER.

From Williams' Monthly Magazine.

And they who took the disease died suddenly; and immediately their bodies became covered with spots, and they were hurried to the grave without delay. And the men who bore the corpse, as they went their way, cried with a loud voice—'Room for the dead!'—and whosoever heard the cry fled from the sound thereof with fear and trembling.

'Room for the dead!' a cry went forth—

'A grave—a grave prepare!'

The solemn words rose fearfully

Up through the still air.

'Room for the dead!'—and a corse was borne

And laid within the pit,

But a mother's voice was sadly heard—

And a breaking heart was in each word—

'Oh! bury him not yet?'

The mother knelt beside the grave,

And prayed to see her son.

'Twas death to stop—but by her prayers

The wretched boon was won.

And they raised the coffin from the pit,

And then afar they fled;

For the once fair face was spotted now—

But the mother pressed the dead child's brow

And a faint voice said—

'Nor plagues nor spot shall hinder me
From kissing thee, lost one!
For what alas! is life or death
Since thou art gone my son!
And she bent and kissed the livid brow
While tearless was her eye—
Then her voice rang wildly in the air—
'Widow and childless!—God! is there
Aught left me but—to die!'

The words were said—when there uprose

A low and stifled moan;

Then all were still, the spirit of

That stricken one had flown!

They lengthened the grave, and side by side
Mother and son were laid;
No mourning train to the grave went forth,
Nor prayers were said as they heaped the earth
Above the silent dead!

From the Baltimore Minerva.

A CHAPTER ON FOOLS.

I saw a man some years ago,

Who built his house upon

The frozen bosom of a lake

Beneath a winter's sun,

Thought I, that man's a noble fool,

But greater fool is he

Who puts his faith in woman's love,

And lauds her constancy.

I saw a youth once take a spade,

And labour all the day

In throwing sunshine in the shade

Upon a stack of hay,

Thought I, that youth's a noble fool,

But greater fool is he

Who thinks he'll do his stomach good

By drinking constantly.

A man, I've often heard it told,

When I stood on boy's legs,

Once killed a noble goose to get

At all her golden eggs.

Thought I, he was a monstrous fool.

But greater fool is he

Who stakes his little all for one

Chance in a lottery.

I saw a maid once put her thumb

Upon a red hot coal,

To see if it would burn or no,

It did—upon my soul!

Thought I, that maid's a noble fool,

But greater fool is she

Who once could think of marrying

So great a fool as me.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

PUZZLE II.—Bull-finch.

PUZZLE II.—Nothing.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

The half of a dome, and a flat piece of wood,
Contains a variety, useful and good.

II.

Why is a codfish like an umbrella?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Street Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office. All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, MARCH 26, 1831.

NO. 22.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Jourdan Courier.

THE REPEATER.

Travelling through the beautiful village of A—, in another county, some two or three years since, fatigue compelled me to stop for the next stage; the busy hum of the village, as I sauntered through the principal street, seemed for a moment to transport me in imagination to the metropolis, where I had for years resided. The street was crowded with teams, and the side-walk presented bustle and activity in the persons who passed and re-passed—my eye caught a crowd in the busiest part of the street, where a red flag was displayed, bearing the label 'Auction this day.'—I soon mingled with the mass that had gathered together, and stood listening to the volubility of the Auctioneer, admiring the smoothness of his tongue as he descanted in praise of the articles which he exposed for sale, when suddenly I was attracted by the conversation of two youths who stood near me.

'O, if it does not bring enough, what will our poor mother do,' sorrowfully, and in a soft tone, said one of them.

'I hope it will!—see brother, our sister stands by the corner anxiously waiting,' replied the other.

I turned my eyes in the direction of theirs and saw an interesting girl, neatly clad, impatiently walking backwards and forwards, every now and then anxiously looking towards the crowd, which her modesty prevented from drawing nearer. Soon my attention was drawn to the youths again, by one of them exclaiming 'O there it is,' and his face brightened with smiling and eager looks.

I turned towards the Auctioneer—he held in his hand a repeating watch, and the bidding began from the crowd. I watched the countenances of the youths:—As the bids rose they were lighted up with joy,—but, as the Auctioneer dwelt, and appeared several times on the point of striking it off, their countenance fell, and I could perceive the tears start in

their eyes. I became unusually interested in the sale of this article, and noticed one particular bidder, a young man, who stood near: he waited with caution until just as the hammer was descending, and then raised upon the price repeatedly. At every rise the youths clasped their little hands with joy, and strained their eyes with intenseness upon the Auctioneer, while occasionally they turned with joyful looks towards the sister down the street.

Soon, however, a gentleman on horseback came trotting past the crowd and stopped a moment. At this instant I turned to look down the street towards where the girl had stood, but she was gone.

The bids on the repeater had then risen to sixty dollars,—and it was just on the point of being struck off, when the horseman requested to look at it. I watched him as it passed the crowd and was handed to him. As he received it he pressed the repeater—the sound of the bell seemed to be familiar to him,—he opened the case and his countenance underwent a change. 'One hundred dollars,' said he, and handed it back to the Auctioneer,—it stood at that price a moment, when the young man overbid him—the horseman appeared astonished; but raised on the price. Alternately they bid until one hundred and fifty dollars, the last bid, was named—it was struck off. 'Who's the bidder,' said the Auctioneer.

'I am,' said the gentleman on horseback, handing the money, and with evident joy pictured on his countenance received the watch. He was about moving from the crowd, when the young man who bid against him approached; and there was an earnestness in his looks that spoke volumes. I was not near enough to hear their conversation, but saw them move together down the street.

I then looked for the two youths but they were gone. The interest I had taken in this sale had been raised to the highest pitch, and the next day I learnt the following:—

The watch belonged to an interesting widow woman, whose husband was an officer in the army of the late war. He fell bravely de-

tending his country, leaving her with two sons and one daughter. The soldier's glory—the soldier's honour, and a few valuable trinkets, with this repeater, was all he left. Soon poverty pressed hard upon the widow. In vain she and her daughter, by the industry of their needles tried to keep up appearances and live comfortable; one trinket after the other had been sold, until all was gone. The school bill for the little boys—the landlord's bill for rent—the butcher's, baker's and grocer's bill had become due, and poverty and distress stared them in the face.

In the mean time the interesting daughter of the widow had drawn around her several suitors,—one in particular—it was the young man who had with such perseverance bid for the watch. He had overheard, in one of his visits, a dialogue between the mother and daughter respecting their situation, and the resolution to expose the repeater to sale. It was with pain he heard their regrets at being compelled to part with this article, and he resolved to become the purchaser, and present it, with the price, to them. His modesty forbid his offering them assistance, or at that time to become the purchaser—he therefore waited for its exposure to sale.

His disappointment was extreme when he found the gentleman had thwarted his plans;—but he resolved to state the case,—pay the stranger his price, and still be the instrument of gladdening the hearts of those he loved.

Mrs. M—— was sitting with her children, sorrowful in heart at the parting with the repeater, which her deceased husband had, with his dying breath, consigned to a brother officer, to be conveyed to her. It was now gone from her into the hands of a stranger, as she thought; for the children had, with the rapidity of the wind, conveyed her the intelligence. Soon a rap was heard at the door, and Alfred, the young man, accompanied with the gentleman who had purchased the watch, entered the house.—The widow recognized him at a glance.

'Madam,' said he, 'I once had the melancholy pleasure of fulfilling the dying request of your husband, in delivering you this watch,—accept it again—the auctioneer has his price for it.'

Language would fail to describe the scene that took place. This gentleman, now, is father to her children.—Alfred, the husband of her daughter—and money could not now again buy the REPEATER. ALMANZOR.

Prize Tale from the Casket.

A TALE OF THE OLD COLONY,

BY HARRIET A. ALLYN.

(Concluded.)

His first letter, and who can tell how ardently it was wished for, told her that he had obtained a respectable situation in New-York. It was full of bright-anticipations for the future, and tender recollections of the past.—Month based month in their ceaseless course, and each

succeeding one brought tidings of his success in his profession, to cheer Susan in her loneliness. Yes, loneliness! for when the thoughts are absent on love's mission, what society are those around, let them be ever so gay or numerous? He was fast gaining wealth and fame, but 'tis home where'er the heart is,' and that he had not yet found. A year and a half had thus gone, and then his letters became less frequent, and Susan thought, love may be blind to failings, but oh how quick-sighted to coldness! that she could discern a difference in his manner of writing. She read them again and again. What he said was well enough. It might be chance, perhaps he was depressed in spirit, but then he wrote he was 'very successful and very happy.' 'Very successful.' Very happy! sure she ought to be pleased that he was happy, and she knew not why she was not. But he need not have said *very* happy, once he could not have been 'very happy' without her. A long time passed ere another came, and then it was to his father. The sheet was well filled, but what a disappointment to the affections are such letters! He described the city, and the characters then celebrated whom he had seen, he spoke of public affairs at some length, and merely said in a postscript, that he would have written to Susan, but business hurried him during the morning, and he was engaged to a pleasure party to Brooklyn the rest of the day.—'Business and a pleasure party,' she repeated to herself, and burst into tears. She feared that he would become involved in the dissipation of the city, that disgrace would follow, but her worst fear she could not acknowledge even to her own heart. She could not doubt his faith to her, the very thought was doing him injustice; and she resolved to banish it from her mind. His next *would* do him justice, and she looked forward to its coming with hope and anxiety. Three months, three long months of expectation and disappointment, passed, and it came. It was constrained and unhappy. Business called him to Boston, and he was coming home for a short time. Susan's heart bounded at the words 'coming home'—but oh, how fearfully it sunk at the next sentence! He was married to a young lady, rich, beautiful and accomplished; and he should bring his bride with him! She did not faint, but the color forsook her lips while she gazed on the words, to find in them some jest, some artifice, some contradiction to the obvious meaning. There was none; and it was the truth that he was married! Her uncle read the letter and exclaimed, 'Why, now I am astonished! What could ail the boy to marry a York lady, that won't do half the service of a smart, active Yankee gal, like Susan! Well, learning makes some wise, but a great many foolish: and wilful boys will have their own way, in spite of fate and their fathers.' Mrs. White was amazed, she always went one degree higher in her emotions than her husband. 'I am amazed! whoever heard of such a thing

as his leaving Susan when she'd got her linen above half made. But 'twont be lost, for there's young Winthrop will take you any day, and be glad of the chance; and a likely, pretty lad he is, too. But a city lady, rich, beautiful, and accomplished! I don't spose there'll be any thing here half smart enough for her. I'll do up my mob-cap, and make things look as well as I can, at any rate; and if she turns up her nose at the old house, she may go to a better one.' Susan's thoughts, too, were on how she could receive him. She could not meet him as she used to; she could not meet him as a mere cousin; but she thought she could meet him with cold reserve; and this last she resolved on. Mrs. White sat about preparing, and in the bustle in which she put the household, her feelings were little noticed. The day arrived in which he was expected.—Susan had placed every thing in the room as it used to be, even to the books on the table where he sat and read to her, and had seated herself by the fire, in vain telling herself to be calm. Her back was towards the window, and notwithstanding her aunt's frequent trips to look out, and exclamations of, 'I should sartainly think they would come by this time, if they were comin to-day'—she would not once suffer her eyes to look for them. But when in breathless haste, she cried 'they are come,' her work was instinctively thrown from her. She met him: and for a moment that her hand was clasped in his, wife, reserve, and all were forgotten. He passed to his father; and the bright glow of expectation faded instantly from her cheek, as the words 'my wife' fell upon her ear. She found her way to her chamber, and sank into a chair. She felt nothing, but that she was under the same roof with him; that she had seen him; that he was married. She heard his voice from below, it was the same, the voice that had ever been music to her ear. Her heart swelled with the tide of returning recollections almost to bursting. She threw herself on the bed, and bitter tears came to her relief. She rose composed; and summoning all her pride, her native dignity and her assumed reserve, she joined the family, who, in a joyous, eager group, were gathered round the returned son and brother. He did not appear to notice her entrance, and she took a seat among them. His countenance was much altered. His eye was less bright, and there were traces of care upon his fair, open brow; and on his cheek was the flush of dissipation too plain to be mistaken. She turned from him to his wife. Her features were regular and beautiful, and they were *always* regular and beautiful. Her eyes, whether she conversed or was silent, had the same downcast, pretty expression, the rose on her cheek bloomed morning and night, summer and winter, alike; and her voice had the same affected mildness and sweetness on all occasions. Her's was just the kind of beauty which Moore describes, as

—'unchangingly bright,
Like the long sunny lewes of a summer day's light;
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
'Till love falls asleep in the sameness of splendor.'

She was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and with taste. Yet, as Susan watched every look and action with intense earnestness, she could not help asking where was the fascination that had been so powerful, for that any thing but greater love could have induced him to forget his early attachment, never crossed her mind. She thought, too, that she did not appear to love him as he might have been loved, and treated him rather as a protector, or travelling companion, than a companion for life. He was very lively, very talkative, and very attentive to his wife. But his laugh was changed, it seemed forced, and had nothing of the merry sound that had so often rang through the house. Evening came, a winter evening, and as she looked upon his seemingly gay and unconcerned countenance, she asked herself if it were indeed possible that he had forgotten every thing connected with the happy days of his youth, and that memory could awaken no chord in the heart that had once been so susceptible. She remembered not that Henry had been in the world's school, and had well learned its first lesson, deception.

Unable to endure a situation so trying to her feelings, she left the room, and throwing on her cloak, she sought the free air to regain her composure. She walked rapidly on, as if to flee from herself and memory. She had retraced her path but a little distance, when approaching footsteps caused her to look up, and she beheld Henry within a few yards of her. She quickened her steps, and was passing him in silence, when he caught her hand. She endeavored to withdraw it without speaking.

'Susan!' he exclaimed, in a voice of agitation, 'we have met once more, and after so long an absence, will you not speak to me?'

In vain were her endeavors to speak with calmness; the words died upon her lips. At length she replied in a tone of determined repulse, 'Are you not married?'

'I am; curses on the hour!'

'Do not curse the hour. Though we are separated, it was your own act; the impulse of your own heart.'

'It was not, I was forced to it by circumstances. To-morrow I shall leave this place forever. I followed you to meet you alone, and without disguise. Stay one moment, for we may never meet again!'

'And why should you wish it? The circumstances that forced you to love should have taught you to forget.'

'Forget! can the heart forget what has ever been, nay, now is, dearer to it than life! Would, to God I were this moment free, and I would prove that earth has nothing which I would not sacrifice for you. Listen to me one moment.'

'Henry we can never meet as we have met. You are the husband of another; and, what ever was the cause of your union, the language

of love shall never again pass between us. I was an orphan alone in the world, you was friend, brother, every thing to me; and I repaid you with all I had to give, the undivided affection of my heart. Memory paints no scene where you were not present, no pleasure which you did not share. Perhaps I was too confiding, for I had not even a passing doubt of your truth. Then had you been in poverty or disgrace, I would have gloried in sharing it with you. But now, if you were this moment free, I would reject the hand that had once been the pledge of a vow that the heart did not acknowledge.

'Oh! Susan, you know not how much I have suffered. You do not know how great was the temptation: I was a poor adventurer and I sought friends among the wealthy and proud. I flattered them and they patronized me. I mixed with the selfish and heartless beings of a gay and dissipated circle, till I became one of them. I saw myself admired, my society courted, and I joined in their expensive pleasures, till I found myself be set with duns on every side; I fled them till I could do so no longer. I saw but one way to escape them—I married for money—yes, for money solely. Did you think I could love that piece of soulless marble?'

'And could you thus degrade yourself for wealth?'

'You have not yet heard the worst. Within one week after my marriage her father became a bankrupt, and she worth not a farthing in the world. I was forced to fly from my creditors.—Scenes like those soon hardened the heart; and I thought that I could meet even you, without more than a passing pang of regret. I thought, too, that in a world, where interest was the governing principle, your love for me, perhaps, was influenced by it: but this day has taught me that there is a love that knows no fellowship with this chilling principle. This I have forfeited forever, and my reward is to live among men where interest is the only chord that binds one being to another.'

'Enough! Henry I have heard too long—'

Susan turned from him to hide the feelings that were fast gaining the mastery over her, and without again trusting her voice to bid him farewell, she pursued her way rapidly towards home.

She retired without seeing the family, and in a short time she heard his voice below in conversation, in the same lively unconcerned tone as before he left the house.

She could not see him the following morning, and he departed, to enter on other scenes, to seek forgetfulness in dissipation, to hide an unhappy heart beneath the garment of gaiety—to be a man of the world.

Now, reader, what think you became of Susan White. For a while her voice was not heard singing around the house, her step was more thoughtful, her merry laugh rarely heard, and her cheek very pale. Her affections had been cast back upon her, and for a time she

sank under the weight; but soon, instead of indulging in vain repining and melancholy, she turned her thoughts to calm reflection. The man that was capable of so much deception could never have made her happy; and one that would sacrifice his affections, his happiness, for the gratification of pride, and the love of splendour, she could not but despise. She could be nothing to him in future. Though his love had been awakened by meeting her, she knew that in the gay and bustling scenes of active life, he would forget her, and that her name would be remembered but as a thing to be banished from his mind. She resolved to obliterate his image from her heart; to remove every thing in her power that reminded her of him. The letters he had written her she read for the last time; and, one by one, deliberately committed them to the flames. True, every word was impressed on her memory, but that was not like seeing them in his own writing. Her hand trembled as she read the last, but she cast it upon the fire. She watched their first kindling, their bright blaze, and in a moment the particles of tinder and ashes alone remained of what had caused so many joys and sorrows. 'Fit emblem, indeed!' she exclaimed, as she turned away. She next came to his gifts, mere trifles of themselves, but of what value to her heart! She had received them either as parting tokens of remembrance or in moments of peculiar happiness. Each had a little history of its own, and a train of sad, yet sweet recollections. These too, were given to the flames. She last came to a lock of his hair and a ring, a broken one. Could she part with these? She clasped them in her hand and burst into tears. Resolutions, firmness, all fled, and she thought but of Henry, the long cherished idol of her soul, his words, his looks, when he gave them to her, and her heart seemed bursting with the agonizing thought that he was lost to her forever. But the feelings once brought into subjection by reflection are easily subdued. Ashamed of her weakness, she recovered herself, and folding them in a paper, directed them to him without a word of remembrance or reproach, or even her name.

To give all these up was a hard task; it was the funeral of love, and when it was over she felt a kind of quiet relief, yet a sad vacancy in her heart. I have before said that Susan was formed to love, and now when the all-engrossing object had been removed, the kind assiduities and respectful, yet tender attentions of young Winthrop at first soothed, then pleased and gratified, and finally did much towards supplying Henry's place in her thoughts. She was proud spirited, and she wished to prove to the world, that is *her* world, that she needed not the sympathy and humiliating pity, that they so freely bestowed. Not that any rejoiced in her disappointment; but those shrewd neighbors who had 'all along seen how she would come out' really pitied poor Susan; but what could she expect of a college fellow.

'Pitied!' I detest the word; what is it but another name for scorn? The hatred, the malice, the ridicule of the world, vent it on me if they will; but their 'pity!' let them reserve that for the ragged wretch, the degraded outcast by the road side, and for the reptile they inadvertently crush in their path.

Winthrop she had ever highly respected. She now felt that she could highly esteem, nay, even love him. Not with that enthusiastic love with which reason has nothing to do, for which we would sacrifice kindred, life, and every thing that makes life endurable. This she had felt for Henry, and this can never be felt but once. Her love for Winthrop was that where the heart sanctions the choice reason has made; and which oftener proves that

*'Which obscures life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age.'*

than the former. She married him. Say not, my dear sentimental reader, that one who had loved truly can never be happy with another; for could you have seen Susan White thirty years after, her dark tresses, dark alas! no longer, hidden beneath a neat matronly cap, seated in the midst of comfort and plenty, surrounded with a goodly number of the smiling blessings of matrimony, you would never have dreamed that her thoughtful yet pleasant countenance, had ever been shaded by the gloom of disappointed love. And you, I doubt not, would have acknowledged the part she acted much better than if she had died for love or become a maniac, conformable to the rules of romance, or sued for 'breach of promise,' conformable to the rules of modern practice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Rural Repository.

*'If e'ry one's internal care,
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now!'*

Discontent is one of the prominent features in the character of man. Naturally restless and ambitious, he is constantly straining forward to the accomplishment of new designs and new purposes, the attainment of which he fondly imagines will add greatly to his happiness or his comfort. His schemes may be often successful, but success does not bring ease and quietness. 'On wishes, wishes grow'—and one accomplished, others spring up in a four-fold ratio, clamorous for their own advancement, and distress, inquietude and perplexity are ever their sure attendants.

Numberless are the causes which minister to the unhappiness of men; and each one corroded by his own peculiar and internal woes, falls far short of perfect happiness. But man is a social being—he goes forth into the world all cheerfulness and gaiety, and artfully conceals the canker that is gnawing at the tendrils of his heart. His free and spirited converse, seemingly unalloyed by any of the woes that embitter life, adds, it may be, much

to the comfort and enjoyment of others, while he, in his solitude and his loneliness, may be overwhelmed by all the wretchedness of despair. Buried within the darkness of his own sorrowing bosom, lies that anguish which the world may not know; his breast is, indeed, the very charnel house of woe, while by the unthinking world he is pronounced a happy man—

Distress and misfortune in whatever way they may be manifested, will always excite an emotion of sympathetic sorrow in the feeling breast—but I know of nothing more calculated to awaken all the tenderness of our nature than to see the young and the lovely in the fair and sunny morn of life, sinking like a stricken fawn, under the accumulated load of blighted hopes and ruined affections. We are, surely, abundantly forewarned not to expect too much from this world's favour, when we see, upon every hand, the disappointed aspirant, brooding in all the bitterness of his heart, over his crushed hopes and unanswered expectations. We may go forth into the world, and hear the silvery laugh ringing out its sound of joyousness, we may hear the shout of thoughtless merriment, we may meet, at every turn, the brightening smile, the placid countenance, and the apparently happy unconcernment of the busy, or the idle throng with whom we may chance to mingle; and our cares, our own troubles and perplexities will press upon us with a tenfold weight. We look with envious wonder upon the good fortune and happiness of our fellows, and in the bitterness of our self-created agony, curse the load of wretchedness and of misery which, of all the world, appears to be heaped upon us alone.—But let us go again, and remove the covering from the whited sepulchre. Let us but enter the sanctuary of each one's retirement and behold the sorrowing inmate, with all his cares, anxieties, troubles, disappointments and misfortunes about him. Where now is that gaiety, that envied air of happiness and contentment? Exchanged for darkling gloom, and sullen despondency. We now witness the intense agony and the wasting anguish, which weigh so heavily upon the bursting heart of him whose happiness and good fortune were but a moment before the objects of our envy. Compassion now takes the place of every other feeling; the load of heaviness which had so long rested upon our hearts, now passes off, and we return to our homes with something like a feeling of contentment.

This subject would admit of great amplification, but I forbear, remarking only in conclusion, that rarely will any one be found so completely wretched, as to be willing to exchange conditions with his fellow; and if the 'internal care' of each one were, indeed, 'written on his brow,' instead of envying the good fortune, or cursing the wayward actions of those with whom we may chance to associate, we should ever be ready to pity and forgive. OSMAR.

A LOTTERY DREAM.

'What has my ticket drawn!' said a fat old lady the other morning, who had been dreaming, all night of the highest prize.

'It is a blank ma'am.'

'A blank!' exclaimed the good woman, looking desperately blank herself. 'A blank! did you say?'

'Ay, ma'am, I said a blank.'

'Are you quite sure it's a blank?'

'I'm sorry to say, it is positively a blank?'

'So, so! then, I've dreamed wrong—that's all. But are you sure it is a blank? I wish you would be kind enough to look again.'

'Certainly, ma'am, to convince you.'

'That's a good soul. Now aint it a prize?'

'I wish I could say it was for your sake. But I must pronounce again—it's a blank.'

'A blank! he? I'll never trust your lotteries again as long as I live.'

'Perhaps you will be more fortunate another time.'

'No! If I ever was going to draw any thing, I should have done it this time, for I dreamed three nights handrunning that I should draw the highest prize; and now it's nothing but a rotten blank. No! I'll never trust your lotteries any more.'

'But madam, it was the next lottery your dream was about I presume, instead of the last, which you know alters the case materially.'

'Well, so it does; now I recollect, it must be the next lottery, and I'll take two tickets, if you please.'

The blank in the lady's countenance changed to smiles and she went home as full of confidence as ever in lotteries and dreams.

CHANGE OF RINGS.

Two lovers bound themselves by mutual faith, to separate during the latter part of the seven years war, or as long as the lady's lover, an officer, chose to serve, or the campaign lasted; they agreed however, to consider themselves engaged, and swore an inviolable constancy. This affair was signified on the rings, and the initials of the words engraved on each. On the ring of the lady, which she gave to the officer, were the following letters:

A. I. L. T. N. A. F. A.

Alas! I languish truly; now adored friend adieu.

On the ring which the gentleman gave to the lady;

H. T. F. A. T. P. E.

Hold thy faith and thy pains endure.

After an absence of eighteen months the officer returned, in expectation of marrying the lady, but she was wedded to another. He reproached her for her infidelity, but he was received with great coldness and abusive railery.—On his mentioning the ring and the initials on it, she desired him with an insulting smile, to read the letters backwards on the ring she had given him, viz:

Adieu! for aye, no true lover is absent.

At this he was so enraged that he begged

the same favour of her, to read *his* ring in reverse order likewise, and she would find a true signification, viz:

Egregious perjury, thou art false, thou busy!

House of reformation.—A person living not thirty miles from Boston, hearing that one of his neighbors had killed an ox, and thinking that a piece of the sirloin would make a good Sunday's dinner, called a companion, and proceeded, after the family had retired to rest, to the barn where the ox hung suspended, with a stick between the flanks in the usual way. It was agreed that he should mount the cross stick and cut away, whilst the other kept watch. He had scarcely commenced operations when the stick slipped from under him, the ribs closed in, and fairly locked him inside the carcass, his arms extended above his head and his feet projecting from the neck of the animal. His companion fled, leaving the prisoner to be released from his confinement by the owner of the ox, who, upon opening his barn at sunrise, greeted him with a hearty 'Good morning.'

An Englishman, having once done a Frenchman some small favor, the Frenchman who had a fine hunter, politely offered him the use of it; a short time afterwards the Englishman went to his house in order to borrow his horse. I can't lend him out, said the Frenchman, why, returned John Bull, no later than last week you told me he was at my service, whenever I thought proper to use him; Oh sare, replied the Frenchman, you are welcome to de compliment, but you cannot have de horse.

MISTER HOGDEN WITH AN O.

Some years since, there lived in New-York a lawyer of some distinction, named Ogden, who having one morning hired an Irish servant, sent him to the post office to inquire if there were any letters. Says Pat to the clerk, 'is there any letters here for Mister Hogden?' The clerk looked over the *h's*, and finding none, sent the servant away; and this was repeated two or three mornings in succession till his master, surprised, as he was daily in the custom of receiving a considerable number of letters, went himself to the post office, where he found a large bundle of letters, which had been on hand two or three days waiting for him. On returning home, he called his servant, and gave him a severe rating, for so neglecting his business. 'An' sure,' says Pat, 'didn't I ask for Mister Hogden, and didn't he tell me to go about my business, for there warnt any? Sure enough your honor's name is Mister Hogden?' 'Pooh, pooh!' exclaimed the master, 'not Hogden, but Ogden—not Hogden with an *H* but Ogden with an *O*. Now see if you can do better next time.' The servant went next morning saying, 'Is there any letters for Mister Hogden?' The clerk looking over the *h's* again answered 'No.' 'Sure, now,' says Pat, 'it's not Mister Hogden with a *hitch*,

but Mister Hogden with a *Ho!* This explained the matter, and Pat got the letters, and highly delighted took them home to his master.—*Prov. Pat.*

Names.—Mr. Bearcroft said to his friend Vansittart, 'your name is such a confounded long one, I shall drop the *sittart*, and call you Van.' 'Very well,' replied the other, 'I shall drop the *croft*, and call you bear.'

Some mischievous wags, one night pulled down a Turner's sign and put over a Lawyer's door; in the morning it read, all sorts, of Turning and twisting done here.

Anecdote.—The facetious Ben Barrett, well known to every body in this county as a lover of fun and whiskey, while standing on the wharf in Albany, a great while ago, offered to 'bet a dollar that he could throw a man across the Hudson to Greenbush.' A bystander accepted the bet; when Ben immediately seized and plunged him into the river. After some little exertion, he got ashore, and demanded the stakes.—'Why,' says Ben, 'I didn't succeed the first time; but I'll try a hundred times if I don't do it without.'—*Ind Politician.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1831.

'GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.'

Notwithstanding the occasional struggles of Winter for empire, as he sees his throne melting from under him, and altho', in his anger and disdain, he now and then spite a cloud of snow over young Spring, checking her grateful ardor and convulsing her with chills; still we think the prospect is very fair for early vegetation and fine weather. The bosom of the broad Hudson is again enlivened with navigation. The Steamboats have commenced plying with their accustomed regularity, and to us on the banks of the river, nothing is more cheering than the sight of the first boat, after the tedious seclusion of the Season of Storms.

VOLUME EIGHT

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY, Or Bower of Literature;

Embellished Quarterly, with a Fine Engraving.

Devoted exclusively to Polite Literature, comprised in the following subjects: Original and Select Tales, Essays, American and Foreign Biography, Travels, History, Notices of New Publications, Summary of News, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, &c. &c.

On commencing a new volume the publisher pledges himself to his patrons that his unremitting endeavors shall be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, which he has reason to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favourite and amusing visitor during the seven years of its publication. As its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honour upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the prizes offered below, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

It must be acknowledged that the Repository is one of the cheapest journals extant. Arrangements have been made to have the engravings executed by the best artists. A fine view of the City of Hudson, the River and surrounding Scenery will accompany the first number.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

For the second best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the Tajisman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

For the best POEM, not less than forty nor over a hundred lines, \$5.

For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose. The money offered above will be transmitted to the successful competitors by mail, and the books sent to New-York, Albany, Troy, or Hartford, free of expense, and left at any place in either of those cities, they may designate, subject to their respective orders.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides four plates, a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 312 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fair type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter, that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Eighth Volume (Fourth Volume New Series) will commence on the 4th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Those who will forward us Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit us sixteen Dollars, shall receive twenty copies for one year—reducing the price to *Eighty Cents* per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty Dollars, shall receive Twenty Five copies and a set of *Sturm's Reflections* for every Day in the year, handsomely bound. All the previous volumes, except the first and second, will be furnished to those who obtain subscribers, at the same rate. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscriptions to be sent by the 15th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, No. 135, corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

March 26, 1831.

Editors, who will give the above a few insertions, shall receive the third or the sixth volume, as a compensation, and the next in exchange; those, who consider the whole too long for insertion, and wish to exchange only, are respectfully requested to publish the part relating to premiums, give the rest at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

SUMMARY.

Chronometer.—A splendid piece of workmanship is exhibited by Mr. Mott, at his store in Pearl-street, in the form of a full-jewelled chronometer clock of uncommon dimensions. The American Institute awarded a premium to it as being the best finished article of the kind ever seen in the United States. As an object of curiosity it is well worthy attention.

New Lamp.—A lamp has lately been invented in Lincoln, England, which, it is said, is much less expensive than those now in use, while it emits a more brilliant flame. It burns spirits of tar.—*I. B.*

The editor of the Washington Globe has issued proposals for the publication of that paper as a daily journal.

Mr. Jenks, formerly of the Boston Bulletin, has now the editorial conduct of the New-York Evening Journal.

MARRIED.

At Ghent, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Philip C. Shaver, of Hillsdale, to Miss Rebecca E. Fuhr of the former place.
At Athens, by the Rev. Mr. Van Cleef, on Wednesday afternoon, the 23d inst. Mr. Henry Rouse to Miss Ann M. Stitt both of that place.
At Taughkanick, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Dea. Stephen H. Plator, to Miss Emeline Plator, both of Taughkanick.
At Claverack, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. Josiah Warner, of Kingston, to Miss Eleanor Colvill, of this city.
At Stanford, Dutchess Co. Mr. William Sutherland, of Chatham, to Miss Sarah Thompson.
At New-York Mills, Whitestown, on Wednesday the 9th inst. by the Rev. Andrew Puck, Mr. James Nixon Austin, late of this city, to Miss Hetty Traver of the former place.
At Boston, on the 11th inst. Mr. Cyrus Conant, of New-York, formerly of Stow, Mass. to Miss Adeline Emerson Edwards.
At Troy, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Butler, Mr. Walter M. Webb, Morriston, of Williamsburgh, Va. to Miss Julia Frances, daughter of Mr. John Convery.

DIED.

In this city, on the 19th inst. Aigonet M. daughter of Moriah Shaver, aged 4 years.
In Pittsfield, Mass. Caroline, only child of the Rev. Henry P. Tappan.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

A SKETCH.

Disease had laid him prostrate, and the sands
Of life were ebbing fast—his heated blood
Coursed fiercely thro' his veins, and all of earth
Was fading from his vision, pallid death
Was crawling in upon his vitals, dark
Phantoms flitted o'er his brain—his glassy
Eye rolled wildly, listlessly around,
The deep heart-probing groan came shrieking forth,
Drawn out by his intense, hot pulsed agony;
The delirious start, the hideous scream
The frantic bound, bespoke the sundering
Stroke at hand.—He fell, e'en in the freshness
Of his ardent, aspiring youthfulness,
He fell, but not alone. Affection's eye,
Eloquent with grief, softened into tears,
And anguish-kindled in the hearts of all.
But there was one who shed no tears—the briny
Fount was sealed, the consuming agony
Of her soul had dried the outward show of grief,
And there, with all her fading loveliness
About her, she stood, despair's pale statue.
The shrine of her idolatry was broken,
And on its ruins she threw her bleeding
Heart a sacrifice. O, she was lovely!—
The rich and tender beauty of her eye,
The clustering of her golden curls upon
Her stainless brow, the new fledged blush, that ever
Sported on her virgin cheek—the scarlet
Lip, distilling Hybla's treasured sweets,
Portrayed her, what she was, a thornless rose.
Her smile was love, her voice was melody,
Her heart the throne of purity and truth.
But, ah! that lovely flower was withered!
The adored of her soul had fallen—
The starless night of desolation had
Come over her, the world's dark wilderness
Was before her, a loveless solitude.
Her spirit broke, her hopes extinguished,
She gazed, and gazed upon her lover's death-
Clad visage—o'erpow'ring, she sunk beside him,
Planted a burning, frenzied kiss upon
His gelid brow, and sighed her life out, o'er
His unconscious form—Thus let the constant
Live, thus let them die—Serene they sleep in death,
The wild rose lifts its modest head above
Their lowly bed, and throws its fragrance o'er
Departed worth and beauty.— OSMAR.

THE OCEAN.

The following fine verses, on a truly sublime and poetic subject, are from an Irish Magazine.

Likeness of Heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim,
Shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners,
Are buried in thee!
What are the riches
Of Mexico's mine?
To the wealth that far down
In thy deep waters shines?
The proud navies that cover
The conquering west—

Thou sting'st them to death.
With one heave of thy breast!
From the high hills that show
Thy wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar;
When, like lambs in the tempest,
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge broken billows
The canvass is cast—

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness
And list to its roll:
To think how that heart
In cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of Eternity
Rises from thee!
Ah! where are the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre?
Swept from the nations
Like sparks from the fire!
The glory of Athens,
The splendour of Rome,
Dissolved—and forever—
Like dew in thy foam.
But thou art almighty,
Eternal—sublime—
Unwearied—unwasted—
Twin-brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!
But bold, when thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll;
Then—then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty—more lasting,
More chainless than thou.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Cupola-board—Cup-board.

PUZZLE II.—Because it keeps you dry.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is what an office-seeker claims,
But sometimes loses in his strife;
My second is the record of those names
Which mem'ry often brings to life;
My whole is always read.

II.

My first denotes my constant place
My second what I'm made of,
My whole is useful in a room
Where eating's made a trade of.

SHAKERS' GARDEN SEEDS.

For sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

The Public are respectfully informed that these seeds were raised the last season, by the United Society, at New-Lebanon, whose seeds have generally proved superior to any brought to this market, and are warranted to be as good as any sold in this state.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 133, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office. All Orders and Communications must be post paid to secure attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, APRIL 9, 1831.

NO. 23.

POPULAR TALES.

THE DEMON SHIP; The Pirate of the Mediterranean.

It has been much the fashion with writers of celebrity to choose pirates for their heroes, inasmuch that many of our youth, especially of the female sex attach an idea of romantic grandeur to the very word *pirate*; and I once knew a young lady who, during a sail up the Mediterranean, was kept in a state of delirious excitement by the expectation, I mean the *hope*, of our all being eventually captured by a Greek corsair. Not one, however, of those fascinating marauders made his appearance, and we were doomed, in visitation, I suppose for our sins, to have an unmolested passage, and a safe disembarkation. To console my young friend under her acute disappointment, I showed her a little *MS.* which had been bequeathed to me by a relative, a Colonel Francillon, who died before pirates came into fashion, and who would as soon have thought of seeking a hero in the *Newgate Calendar*, among footpads or house-breakers, as among the daring robbers of the ocean.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

I was the only son of a widowed mother, who though far from affluent, was not pennyless;—you will naturally suppose, therefore, I was a most troublesome, disagreeable spoiled child. Such I might have been, but for the continual drawback on all my early gratifications, which my maternal home presented in the shape of an old dowager countess, a forty-ninth cousin of my mother's. This lady thought that she handsomely purchased a residence in our family by her gracious acknowledgement of this semi-hundredth degree of consanguinity. I believe she had been banished from the mansion of her eldest son because her talents for reproof, and his ideas of his own impeccability, in nowise harmonized to produce domestic felicity. At all events, she became an omnipresent Marplot of mine. Whatever I was doing, wherever I was going, there was she reproving, rebuking, exhorting, and all to save me from idling, or drowsing, or quarrelling, or straying, or a hundred etceteras. I grew up, went to school, to college—finally into the army, and with it to Ireland; and had the satisfaction, at five and twenty, to hear the dowager say I was good

for nothing. She was of a somewhat malicious disposition, and perhaps I did not well to make her my enemy.—At this time I had the offer of a good military appointment to India, and yet I hesitated to accept it. There was in my native village a retired Scotch officer for whom I had conceived a strong attachment. His daughter I had known and loved from childhood, and when this gave place to womanhood, my affection changed in kind while it strengthened in degree. Margaret Cameron was at this period seventeen, and consequently, eight years my junior. She was young, beautiful, and spoiled by a doting parent—yet I saw in her a fine natural disposition, and the seeds of many noble qualities. To both father and daughter, I openly unfolded my affection. Captain Cameron, naturally pleaded the youth of his daughter. Margaret laughed at the idea of my even entertaining a thought of her, told me I was two thousand years her senior, and declared she would as soon think of marrying an elder brother, or even her father, as myself. I listened to the assertions of Margaret with profound silence, scorned to whine and plead my cause, bowed with an air of haughty resignation and left her.

When next I saw Margaret I was in a travelling dress at her father's residence. I found her alone in the garden, occupied in watering her flowers. 'I am come, Margaret,' I said 'to bid you farewell.'—'Why where are you going?'—'To London, to sea, to India.'—'Nonsense!'—'You always think there is nonsense in truth; every thing that is serious to others is a jest to you.'—'Complimentary this morning.'—'Adieu, Margaret, may you retain through life the same heartlessness of disposition. It will preserve you from many a pang that might reach a more sensitive bosom.'—'You do my strength of mind infinite honor. Every girl of seventeen can be sentimental but there are few stoics in their teens. I love to be *coldly great*—You charm me,'—'If heartlessness and mental superiority are with you synonymous,' I said, with gravity, 'count yourself, Miss Cameron,

at the very acme of intellectual greatness, since you can take leave of one of your earliest friends with such easy indifference.'—'Pooh! pooh! I know you are not really going. This voyage to India is one of your favourite threats in your dignified moments. I think, if I mistake not, this is about the twentieth time it has been made. And for early friends, and so forth, you have contrived to live within a few hundred feet of them, without coming in their sight for the last month, so they cannot be very dear.' This was said in a slight tone of pique. 'Listen to me, Margaret,' said I; with a grave, and, as I think manly dignity of bearing: 'I offered you the honest and ardent, though worthless gift of a heart, whose best affections (despite your not unmarked defects of character) you entirely possessed. I am not coxcomb enough to suppose that I can at pleasure storm the affections of any woman: but I am man enough to expect that they should be denied me with some reference to the delicate respect due to mine. But you are, of course, at liberty to choose your own mode of rejecting your suitors; only, as one who still views you as a friend, I would that that manner showed more of good womanly feeling, and less of conscious female power. I am aware, Margaret that this is not the general language of lovers; perhaps if it were, woman might hold her power more gracefully, and even Margaret Cameron's heart would have more of greatness and generosity than it now possesses.' While I spoke Margaret turned away her lovely face, and I saw that her very neck was suffused. I began to think I had been harsh with her, to remember that she was young, and that we were about to part perhaps forever. I took her hand, assured her that the journey I had announced was no lover's ruse, and that I was really on the point of quitting my native land,—'And now, Margaret,' I said, 'farewell—you will scarce find in life a more devoted friend—a more ardent desirer of your happiness than him you have driven from your side.' I stretched out my hand to Margaret for a friendly farewell clasp. But she held not out hers in return; she spoke not a word of adieu. I turned an indignant countenance towards her, and to my unutterable surprise, beheld my beautiful young friend in a swoon. Now this to the cold reader sounds the very common place of sickly romance, but it threw me into confusion and agitation inexpressible. And was this the being I had accused of want of feeling! At that moment I felt that the world held nothing so dear to me as Margaret—I felt, better still, that I was dear to her. I will not go over the ten thousand-times trodden ground of lovers' explanations, and self-reproaches, and betrothals—we left the garden, solemnly pledged to each other. But I pass briefly over this portion of my history. I was compelled by the will of Captain Cameron, and by the necessity of obtaining some professional

promotion, to spend a few years in India before I could receive the hand of Margaret.

I reached my Asiatic destination; long and anxiously looked for European letters—took up one day by accident an English paper, and there read—'Died at the house of Captain Cameron, in the village of A—, Miss Margaret Cameron, aged eighteen.' I will not here dwell on my feelings. I wrote a letter of despair to Capt. Cameron, informing him of the paragraph I had read, imploring him, for the love of mercy, if possible, to contradict it, declaring that my future path in life now lay stretched before me like one wild waste. The Countess of Faldonald answered my epistle by a deep, black-margined letter, with a sable seal as large as a saucer. My sole parent was no more;—for Captain Cameron—he had been seized by a paralytic affection in consequence of the shock his feelings had sustained. His circumstances were in irreparable disorder, and the Countess was residing with him in order, at his earnest request, to manage all his affairs. I remitted handsomely but delicately to my old friend.

The appearance of my name, about five years afterwards, among the 'Marriages' in the Calcutta Gazette, was followed by announcements among the 'Births and Deaths,' in the same compendious record of life's changes. My wife perished of a malignant fever, and two infant children speedily followed her. I set out, to return over-land to my native country, a sober, steady, and gray-haired colonel of thirty-six. My military career had been as brilliant as my domestic path had been clouded.—The habitual complexion of my mind, however, was gravity—a gravity which extended itself to my countenance, and there assumed even a shade of melancholy. Yes I was a disappointed, not discontented, man; and my character had, I trust, undergone some changes for the better. I arrived at a port of the Levant, and thence took ship for Malta, where I landed in safety.

At this period the Mediterranean traders were kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the celebrated '*Demon Ship*.' Though distinguished by the same attractive title, she in nowise resembled the phantom terror of the African Cape. She was described as a powerful vessel, manned by a desperate flesh-and-blood crew, whose rapacity triumphed over all fear of danger, and whose cruelty forbade all hopes of mercy. Yet, though she was neither 'built' of air, nor 'manned' by demons, her feats had been so wonderful that there was at length no other rational mode of accounting for them than by tracing them to supernatural, and consequently demoniacal, agency. She had sailed through fleets undiscovered; she had escaped from the fastest pursuers; she had overtaken the swiftest fugitives; she had appeared where she was not expected, and disappeared when even her very latitude and longitude seemed calculable. One time, when

she was deemed the scourge of the Levant, she would fall on some secure and happy trading captain, whose careless gaze fell on the rock of Gibraltar; at another, when Spanish cruisers were confidently preparing for her capture off their own shores, her crew were glutting their avarice, and gratifying their cruelty by seizing the goods, and vessels of the Smyrna traders. In short, it seemed as if ubiquity were an attribute of the Demon Ship. Her fearful title had been first given by those who dreaded to become her victims: but she seemed not ill pleased by the appalling epithet; and shortly as if in audacious adoption of the name she had acquired shewed the word **DEMON** in flaming letters on her stern.—Some mariners went so far as to say that a smell of brimstone, and a track of phosphoric light marked for miles the pathway of her keel in the waves.—Others declared that she had the power, through her evil agents, of raising such a strange, dense, and portentous mist in the atmosphere, as prevented her victims from descriing her approach until they fell, as it were, into her very jaw. To capture her seemed impossible; she ever mastered her equals, and eluded her superiors. Innumerable were the vessels that had left different ports in the Mediterranean to disappear for ever. It seemed the cruel practice of the Demon to sink her victims in their own vessels.

Most of the trading vessels then about to quit the port of Valetta had requested, and obtained, convoy from a British frigate and sloop of war, bound to Gibraltar and thence to England. So eager were all passengers to sail under such protection, that I had some difficulty in obtaining a berth in any of the holes and corners of the various fine fast sailing copper bottomed brigs, whose cards offered such 'excellent accommodations for passengers.' At length I went on board the 'Elizabeth Downs,' a large three-masted British vessel, whose size made the surrounding brigs dwindle into significance, and whose fresh painted sides seemed to foreshew the cleanliness and comfort that would be found within. One little hen pen of a cabin on deck alone remained at the captain's disposal. However, I was fond of a cabin on deck, and paid half my passage money to the civil little captain who testified much regret that he could not offer me the 'freedom of the quarter deck,' (such was his expression) as the whole stern end of the vessel had been taken by an English lady of quality who wished for privacy. He added, with a becomingly awestruck manner, that she was a dowager countess. 'I hate dowager countesses,' said I irreverently—'what is the name of your passenger?'—'Passenger!?'—Well—countess—what is the title of your countess?' 'The countess of Falcendale.'—'What,' thought I, 'cannot I even come as near to my former home as Malta without again finding myself under her influence? My dear fellow, give me back my passage money, or accept it as a present at my hands for I

sail not with you,' said I. But a man of thirty-six will hardly sacrifice his personal convenience to the whimsies of twenty-five; so I stood to my bargain, determined to keep myself as much as possible from the knowledge of my old tormentor. Conscious of my altered personal appearance, I resolved to travel charmingly incog, and carelessly assumed the name and title of Captain Lyon, which had been familiar to me in my childhood, as belonging, I believe, to a friend of Captain Cameron.

It was the month of June, and the weather, though clear, was oppressively hot. There was so little wind stirring after we set sail, that for several days we made scarcely any way, under all the sail we could carry. I had no mind the first night to encoffin myself in my berth. I therefore, comfortably enough, stretched my limbs on a long seat which joined the steps of the quarter deck. I was now then really on my way to my native shores, and should not step from the vessel in which I sailed until I trod the land of my fathers! Naturally enough, my thoughts turned to former days and old faces. From time to time these thoughts half sunk into dreams from which I repeatedly awoke and, as often dozed off again. At length my memory, and consequently dreams, took the shape of Margaret Cameron. The joyous laugh of youth seemed to ring in my ears; and when I closed my eyes her lovely bright countenance instantly rose before them. Yet I had the inconsistent convenience of a dreamer that she was dead, and as my slumber deepened, I seemed busied in a pilgrimage to her early grave. I saw the church yard of A—, with the yellow sun light streaming on many a green hillock; and there was one solitary grass grave, that, as if by a spell, drew my steps, and on a humble head-stone I read the name of Margaret Cameron, aged 18.' Old feelings that had been deadened by collision with the busy, heartless world, revived within me, I seemed to hang in a suffocating grief, that even astonished myself, over the untimely tomb of my first—ay, my last—love. To my unspeakable emotion I heard beneath the sods, a sound of sweet and soothing, but melancholy music. While I listened with an attention that apparently deprived my senses of their power, the church yard and grave disappeared, and I seemed, by one of those transitions, to which the dreamer is so subject, to be sailing on a lone and dismal sea, whose leaden and melancholy waves reflected no sail save that of the vessel which bore me. The heat became stifling, and my bosom oppressed, yet the music still sounded; low, sweet, and foreboding in my ear. A soft and whitish mist seemed to brood over the stern of the ship. According to the apparently established laws of spiritual matter (the solecism is not so great as it may appear,) the mist condensed, then gradually assumed form, and I gazed with outstretched arms, on the figure of Margaret Cameron. But her countenance looked, in that uncertain light, cold and

pale as her light and unearthly drapery that waved not, though a mournful wind was sighing through the shrouds of our vessel. She seemed in my vision as one who, quitting earth, had left not only its passions but its affections behind her; and there was something forbidding in the wan indifference of that eye. Yet was her voice passing sweet, as still its sad cadence fell on my ear, in the words of a ballad I once loved to sing with her—

‘The green sod is no grave of mine,
The earth is not my pillow,
The grave I lie in shall be *thine*,
Our winding sheets—the billow.’

I awoke,—yet for a moment appeared still dreaming; for there, hovering over the foot of my couch, I seemed still to behold the form of Margaret Cameron. She was leaning on the rail of the quarter deck, and overlooking my couch. I sat up and gazed on the objects around me in order to recover my apparently deluded senses. The full moon was in her zenith. A light haze, the effect of the heat of the preceding day, was rising from the waters. The heat was intense, the calm profound. There lay the different vessels of our little squadron, nought seen save their white sails in moonlight, and nought heard save their powerless flapping, and the restless plashing of the becalmed waves, only agitated by the effort of our vessel to cleave them. Still the moonlight fell on the white form and pale countenance of Margaret. I started up. ‘This is some delusion,’ said I, ‘or because one of the countess’s women resembles my early idol, must I turn believer in ghost stories, and adopt at thirty-six what I scouted at sixteen? My gestures, and the suddenness of my rising, seemed to scare my fair phantom; and, in the hastiness of her retreat she gave ample proof of mortal fallibility by stumbling over some coils of cable that happened to lie in her way. The shock brought her to her knees. I was up the steps in one instant; seized an arm, and then a hand, soft, delicate, and indubitably of flesh and blood, and restored the lady to her feet. She thanked me in gentle tones that sent a thrill through all my veins, and made me again half deem that ‘the voice of the dead was on mine ear.’ A white veil or shawl had fallen from her head and shoulders; this I respectfully replaced, and had thus an opportunity of proving to demonstration that it was made neither of either, mist, or moonbeams. I now expressed my fears that my sudden gesture had been the cause of this little accident. ‘I fear,’ she replied, with the same melancholy music of voice, ‘my reckless song disturbed your slumbers.’ After a few more words had passed between us, during which I continued to gaze on her as if some miracle stood before, I ventured to ask, in a tone as indifferent as I could assume, whether she claimed kindred with Captain Hugh Cameron, of A——? The striking likeness which she bore to his amiable and deceased daughter must, I observed, plead my apology.

She looked at me for a moment with unutterable surprise; then added, with dignity and perfect self-possession, ‘I have then, probably, the pleasure of addressing some old acquaintance of Captain Cameron? How the mistake arose, which induced any one to suppose that his child was no more, I confess myself at a loss to imagine. The error is, however, easily contradicted in my own person. I am the daughter of Captain Cameron; and, after this self-introduction, may, perhaps, claim the name of the father’s former acquaintance.’ You may be sure I was in no mood to give it. I rushed to the side of the vessel, and hanging over it, gasped with an emotion which almost stopped respiration. It is inexpressible what a revolution this strange discovery made in my feelings. There had been days—ay, weeks, in which one thought of Margaret had not disturbed the steady man of the world in his busy engagements; and now she returned upon his feelings as fresh as if only one day had elapsed since they vowed themselves to each other, and parted. I felt that there had been treachery. I became keenly sensible that I must have appeared a traitor to Margaret, and hurriedly resolved not to declare my name to her until I had in some way cleared my character.

I was still sufficiently a man of the world to have my feelings in some mastery, and returned to the side of Margaret with an apology for indisposition, which in truth was no subterfuge. I verily believe, as the vessel had given a sudden lurch at the moment she discovered herself, and my pendant posture over the ship’s side might be an attitude of rather dubious construction, she passed on me the forgiveness of a sea-sick man. Margaret added, with an easy politeness which contrasted curiously with her former girlishness, that she presumed she had the pleasure of addressing her fellow passenger, Captain Lyon.—She had often, she observed, heard her father mention his name, though not aware until this moment of his identity with her brother voyager. I was not displeased by this illusion, though I thus found myself identified with a man twenty years my senior. As I wore one of those charming rural Livorno hats, whose deep, green lined flaps form a kind of umbrella to the face, I became convinced that mine, in such a light was effectually screened from observation. My voice too had, I felt, been changed by years and climate. I therefore remarked, with an effort at ease, that I had certainly once possessed the advantage of Captain Cameron’s acquaintance, but that a lapse of many years had separated me from him and his family. ‘There was, however,’ I remarked, very tremulously, ‘a Captain, since made Colonel Francillon, in India who had been informed or rather, happily for the friends, misinformed of the death of Miss Cameron.’ Margaret smiled incredulously; but with a dignified indifference, which created strange feelings within me, seemed willing to let the subject pass. Margaret’s

It seemed to have lost the buoyancy, and to check the bloom of youth. But there was elegance, a sort of melancholy dignity in her manner, and a touching expression of her countenance, to which both before had been strangers. If she were more beautiful at seventeen she was more interesting at twenty-eight.—Observing her smile, and perceiving that, with another graceful acknowledgement of my assistance, she was about to withdraw, I grew desperate, and ventured, with some abruptness, to demand if she had herself known Colonel Francillon? She answered, with a self-possession which chilled me, that she had certainly in *her youth* (such was her expression) been acquainted with a Lieutenant Francillon, who had since, she believed been promoted in India, and probably, was the officer of whom I spoke. ‘Perhaps,’ observed I, ‘there is not a man alive for whom I feel a greater interest than for Colonel Francillon.’—‘He is fortunate in possessing so warm a friend,’ said Margaret, with careless politeness; but I thought I perceived, through this nonchalance, a slight tone of pique, which was less mortifying than her indifference.’ ‘I know not,’ said I, ‘any thing which causes such a sudden and enchantment-like reversion of the mind to past scenes and feelings, as an unexpected rencontre with those (or even the kindred of those) who were associated with us in the earliest and freshest days of our being.’—‘Nothing, certainly,’ answered Margaret, ‘reminds us so forcibly of the *change* that has taken place in our being and our feelings.’—‘True,’ replied I; ‘yet for the moment the *change* itself seems annihilated; our hearts beat with the same pulse that before animated them, and time seems to have warred on their feelings in vain.’—‘Perhaps to have taught a lesson in vain,’ said my companion. I paused for a moment, and then added, rather diffidently, ‘And what lesson *should* time teach us?’—‘It should teach us,’ she answered; with a sweet composure and gravity, ‘that our heart’s best and warmest feelings may be wasted on that which may disappoint, and cannot satisfy them.’—‘I read your lesson with delight,’ answered I, in a tonesomewhat sad; and added, ‘the only danger is lest we mistake the coolings of time for the conquests of principle.’—She seemed pleased by the sentiment, and by the frankness of the caution.—‘It may be,’ she said, ‘in the power of Time and Disappointment to detach from the world, or at least to produce a barren acknowledgement of its unsatisfactoriness, but it is beyond their unassisted power to attach the soul with a steady and *practical* love to the only legitimate, the only rational source of happiness. Here is the touch-stone which the self-deceiver cannot stand.’ I was silent. There was a delicious feeling in my bosom that is quite indescribable.—‘These,’ at length I said very timidly, ‘are the sentiments of Colonel Francillon! and since we have been on the subject

of old friends, I could almost make up my mind to give you his history. It really half resembles a romance. At least it shows how often, in real life, circumstances—I had almost said adventures—arise which in fiction we should deride as an insult to our taste, by the violence done to all probability. Come, shall I give you the history of your former acquaintance?’—‘Give me the history!’ said Margaret, involuntarily, and with some emotion—it seemed the emotion of indignation.—‘Ay, why not? I mean, of course, his Indian history; for of that in England, perhaps, as your families were acquainted, you may know as much as I can.’

(To be Continued.)

THE GONDOLIER’S STORY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

A beautiful night, stranger. It recalls to my recollection a sad incident of my early years—one of those midnight horrors which mar the beauty and calmness of our City. Ah—this bay is bright and beautiful, and those towers and squares are magnificent, and the sound of that far off music is pleasant—but murder and revenge lurk even here, like serpents under flowers.

It was such a night, Senor, as this—one of those soft pure nights of sabbath-calmness, when Venice becomes a second Paradise. Tower and temple and palace were bathed in the holy moonlight—the canals and transparent lakes shone like so many portions of the beautiful planet which illuminated their calm waters. The soft notes of the guitar and the delicate viol blended with the clear rich strains of human melody.—My boat was resting under the shadow of yonder magnificent palace, on the balcony of which a single form was leaning.

Just under the wall of the palace, I noticed the figure of a man, tall and wrapped closely in a cloak. He beckoned me towards him.

‘Hush!’ said he, as the light sound of my oars fell on his ear, ‘hush—closer yet—there.’—and he leaned towards me, and placed a heavy purse in my hand: ‘Here is gold,’ he said, in a hoarse whisper; ‘tell me are you willing to convey myself and a lady from this spot, at the hazard of a shot from the balcony, or a close pursuit on the water?’

‘Yes, Senor,’ I answered readily. I was indeed charmed at the idea of an adventure. It was a relief to the monotony of my employment.

The stranger turned from me and suddenly disappeared. In a few moments he stood before me with the lady on his arm, whom I had previously seen on the balcony. Her features were but imperfectly revealed, yet I saw enough to know that she was one of those dark eyed girls of Italy, to love whom is to surrender every other feeling and yield up the heart to one wild dream of passion. You, Senor, are from a colder and less passionate clime, where the blood moves slowly and the pulse is calm—where reason triumphs over the

impulses of nature. But you are not a stranger to Italian feeling—and you know the strange spell of the dark eye and passionate look of Italian loveliness.

The stranger seated his companion in my gondola, and placed himself at her side. He gave me a hurried direction, and we moved silently but swiftly away. Not a word was spoken for some moments. The stranger at last roused himself, like one who had recovered from some terrible apprehension of danger.

'Thank God, Vittoria, we are safe now. But why those tears? Surely the Signora does not regret that she has followed her lover!'

The altered tones in which the last words were spoken made me involuntarily gaze on the countenance of the speaker. There was a shadow of ill-suppressed displeasure on his brow.

'No—Signor!' said the beautiful girl, faintly smiling though her tears, as she cast her arms around the neck of her companion with passionate fondness.—'No, Signor—for you I have resigned all my former world of happiness; and have found another and a brighter world in your love. I cannot regret so pleasing a change.'

The cloud passed from the swarthy brow of the Italian; and he returned the caresses of the affectionate girl, with all the ardor of affection.—Ah—Senor—it was a pleasant sight to witness that scene of love—the overflowing fondness of young hearts. Years have passed—but the two lovers are still distinctly pictured before me. The ardent vow—the soft and rich tone—the smile and the embrace—I shall never forget them!

We reached a remote landing place after the lapse of nearly an hour. When the boat touched the shore, the stranger stood erect and gazed around him with earnestness. All was still—as if a spell of silence had descended with the moonlight, save the faint hum of music which came at intervals from some distant balcony.

'Thanks for your exertions, friend!' said the stranger.—'We have now no farther need of your services.' And he assisted his lovely companion on shore.

I know not why, but I remained on the spot, without moving an oar, and watched the movements of the mysterious pair. They had scarcely moved ten paces from me, when three armed officers of the police sprang suddenly from beneath the shadow of a wall, and confronted them.

'Dog of Carbonari!'—they shouted—'yield, or make your bed in purgatory. We have traced you from your lurking place; and shall be under the necessity of interrupting your assignation with your mistress!'

'Stand off,' shouted the stranger, in a voice of stern and fierce resolution, as he unsheathed his dagger, and lifted it to the moonlight, while he still retained the arm of his companion.

* A secret association under the name of Carbonari, threatened at one time the overthrow of the established government of Italy.

I was young and vigorous, and there was so much inequality in the combatants, for one of my warm temperament to contemplate with calmness. Hastily grasping a small dagger which I usually wore, I sprang to the side of the stranger. The officers had recoiled from his first posture of defence, and he turned suddenly towards me. His dark face had acquired an additional gloom, and his eye shone like a star.

'Preserve the lady—and may the holy virgin bless you!' he said, as he shook off the grasp of the beautiful Signora.

The terrified lady sank upon my arm in an agony of terror, and I was compelled to witness the fierce struggle that followed, without being able to share in its dangers. For a moment the tall stranger seemed to have the advantage—and one of the assailants fell. The others pressed closely upon him—the blows fell quick and furiously.

'The Signora! Protect my Vittoria,' said the stranger, as his swarthy countenance; now crossed with dark stains of blood, turned for an instant upon me.—Horror and despair were pictured in that look. He staggered back from his assailants, and fell with a muttered curse.

He was immediately borne off by the soldiers. The Signora had swooned in my arms, at this fatal termination of the struggle; and I conveyed her to my boat, with the intention of returning to the mansion where I had first seen her.—In a few moments the Signora recovered from her trance. She gazed wildly around her, and the dreadful scene she had witnessed rushed back upon her senses. 'Where—where is the Signor—my own dear Antonio?' she exclaimed, 'And whither are you carrying me?'

'To your home—to the home you have just left, Signora,' I answered.

'Stay,' she cried with a vehemence which startled me. 'I will never return thither. Let us go back to the place we have left. I must not leave him, living or dead.'

'No, Signora,' I replied, 'the fate of your unfortunate lover is sealed. He fell beneath the weapons of the police, and we may now only pray for the repose of his departed soul. Return with me to your father's mansion, and all may yet be well.'

'Never—never!' she repeated with wild energy, 'Living or dead, Antonio, I am thine alone!' She sprang upright in the boat—her white dress fluttered for an instant on my view—there was a quick and heavy plunge into the still waters—and she was gone forever, beyond the hope of rescue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EXACT COACHMAN.

The late leader of a Northern Circuit was employed, some time before he left it, in an action against the proprietors of the Rockingham coach. On the part of the defendant, the coachman was called. His examination in

chief being ended, he was subject to the leaders cross examination. Having held up the fore finger of his right hand at the witness, and warned him to give a 'precise answer to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, he proceeded thus: 'You drive the Rockingham coach?' 'No, sir, I do not.' 'Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?' 'No, sir, I did not.' 'Now, sir, I put it to you once more, upon your oath, do you not drive the Rockingham coach?' 'No sir I drive the horses.'

Franklin's Toast.—Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar over all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors when, as nearly as I can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank:—By the British Ambassador—'England—the sun whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth.'—The French Ambassador, glowing with national pride drank—'France—the moon, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations; consoling them in darkness, making their dreariness beautiful.' Dr. Franklin then arose and with his usual dignified simplicity, said, 'George Washington—the Joshua, who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still and they obeyed him.'—*N. Y. Advo.*

Mr. Parke, in his musical memoirs, speaking of a Sunday evening musical party, says the amusement of the evening was conundrums. At length Sheridan, in his turn, gave the following. 'Why is a pig looking out of a garret window like a dish of green peas?' This, coming from Sheridan, excited great attention; every one setting his wits to work to discover the similitude when, having racked their brains to no purpose for some time, they at length unanimously gave it up. What! said Sheridan, can none of you tell why a pig looking out of a garret window is like a dish of green peas? No, no, being the reply, he, enjoying the perplexity he had thrown them into, good humoredly rejoined, 'Faith, nor I neither.'

A negro in Jamaica was tried for theft and ordered to be flogged. He begged to be heard, which being granted, he asked—'If white man buy tolen goods why he no flogged too?'—'Well,' said the Judge, 'so he would.'—'Dare dem,' replied Mungo 'is my Massa, he buy tolen goods; he know me tolen, and yet he buy me. Flog him fast.'

Original Anecdote.—Elder Leland was once riding with Elder Hull, when they were overtaken by a small sprinkling shower. Elder Leland was for seeking a shelter, but the other said, 'Brother, I am ashamed of you. A Baptist minister, and afraid of a little water!' 'Ah, Brother Hull,' replied he, 'I never liked these sprinklings.'—*North. Watchman.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1831.

'O, I do love thee, Ocean!—Byron.'

The whale-ship Alexander Mansfield arrived here on Sunday March the 27th, under the discharge of cannon and amidst the acclamations of the citizens and sailors. In the brief time of nine months and a half, she has accomplished her voyage to the banks of Brazil, and returned with a full cargo of oil; 2020 barrels of right whale and 180 do. Sperin, together with 14000 lbs. of whale bone; being the greatest voyage brought into the United States this year. As a circumstance very favourable to the future prosperity of our city, we have noticed the fine spirits of this the pioneer crew in the adventurous sport of whale catching. They are mostly young men of this place and all appear to be enamoured of a life of such manly enterprise, grateful hardships, exciting dangers and rich rewards.

Accident.—The Steamboat Legislator and the Hudson Barge No. 1, struck the rocks at Verplanck's Point, on Saturday morning April 2d, and we are sorry to learn, that both were considerably injured, having nearly filled with water. The loss however is not so great as was at first apprehended; the cargo being mostly not perishable and covered by an insurance. The Steamboat and Barge will be got off and speedily repaired, and will ply as usual in a few days. Whether the accident was owing to the negligence of those concerned, or was a contingency not to be prevented, we have not been informed.

Literary Premiums.—The publisher of the Gem, offers the following premiums to those, who are disposed to assist in obtaining subscribers for the work:—To every person who will obtain 20 subscribers, and forward the money in advance, free from charge, the Token, for 1829 and 1830, elegantly bound and gilt, each containing 14 elegant copper-plate engravings; the Souvenir for 1829, in case, with 14 elegant engravings; the Letters of Junius, 2 vols. bound in calf with engravings; Goldsmith's History of England abridged, and the 2d volume of the GEM bound. He also offers premiums proportionably liberal to those who obtain, a lesser number; but our limits will not allow us to particularize. The Gem, is published semi-monthly, at \$1 50 per annum. Specimens and subscription papers may be had by addressing Edwin Scramom, Rochester, N. Y. (Post Paid.) The 3d volume will commence on the first Saturday in May next, previous to which time, all names must be forwarded. [Subscriptions received at this office.]

SUMMARY.

A bell has been cast in New-York for the City Hall, weighing two tons. This is said to be the largest bell ever cast or used in America.

Copper Ore.—James Neal, of Unity, N. H. has discovered on his farm, the present season, a bed of Copper Ore in an extensive ledge. The ore has been examined by competent Judges, and pronounced to be of good quality. The owner has erected a building over a break he has made in the ledge for the purpose of working the same the ensuing winter.—*N. H. Patriot.*

The family of La Fayette is one of the most ancient in France. In 1422, the Marshal La Fayette defeated the Duke of Clarence at Beaugre, and by this victory preserved his country from the dominion of England.

There are at this time, living on one farm in Pitt county, North Carolina, five persons, the aggregate of whose ages is 410 years—the oldest 100 and the youngest 70 years old. In the same family is a bible 317 years old.

MARRIED.

In Ghent, on the 8th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wynkoop, Mr. Peter. Hogeboom, to Miss Ann S. Hulbert, daughter of Harry Hulbert.

DIED.

At Athens, on the 26th ult. Nathaniel Howland, aged 62 years. At Kinderhook, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Anna Maria Ogden aged 39 years.

At Hilldale on the 30th ult. of apoplexy Alexander Kennedy, aged 39 years.

At Troy, on the 12th ult. after a short illness Colonel Derrick Lane, aged 76 years.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
HARD THINGS.

'Tis hard to keep the tear drop back,
And wear a sunny smile,
When sorrow fills the aching heart,
And anguish pains the while.

'Tis hard to be by fortune left,
When youthful joys have flown,
To wander forth in wretchedness,
Forsaken and alone.

'Tis hard to feel that cold neglect,
Has flung its pall around,
And left us in deep loneliness,
Without one cheering sound.

'Tis hard to have the closing tomb,
Shut beauty from our sight,
And feel that all the world is then,
To us a rayless night.

But harder far it is, to have
The heart's best feelings chill'd,
To have its pulse of gladness,
Forever crushed and still'd—

To have the soul's idolatry,
Torn recklessly away,
To bind a *ghillie* wreath around,
The victim of decay.—

OSMAR:

For the Rural Repository.
INVOCATION FOR AN ALBUM.

Ye who have hearts, your offerings bring,
Fresh from Affections shrine;
Let Friendship warmly wake the string,
And breathe in every line.

Ye, who have trod the path of life,
Since earliest youth, with me;
O, leave some token of your love,
When ye no more may be.

Or should mine be the earlier lot,
To leave this vale of tears,
Then may it cherish unforget
The scenes of earlier years.

Of earlier years! how bright they shine,
Thro' Memory's vista seen;
When Hope's bright visions seemed divine,
And life's gay bowers were green.

What tho' that brilliancy hath gone,
Those airy visions fled,
Tho' Life's gay bowers are seared and lone
And Fancy's garlands dead;

Yet from Oblivion you may save
Full many a youthful scene,
And Memory strew with flowers, the grave
Of pleasures that have been.

Friends of maturer years! whose sails
Of life are nearly furled,
Teach me to shun the dangerous gales
And breakers of the world.

That so my bark with favoring wind,
Life's dangerous ocean passed,
All perils o'er, may safely find
The port of peace at last.

Ye who no other title claim,
Than Love and Friendship yield

Whose boast is Virtue's spotless name
And Honor's taintless shield.

Your priceless precepts here impart
Your welcome offerings bring
Spontaneous gushing from the heart
As waters from a spring.

So shall my book a Temple be
To Truth and Virtue given,
Hallowed by Sensibility!
Acceptable to Heaven.

CLARIAN:

From the New-York Evening Post.

ODE TO SPRING.

Thou fairest of the seasons—Spring!
Child of a stormy sire—
Stern Winter—all, thy welcome sing,
Thy early smile admire.

All living things on land and main,
Or in the air above,
Feel the soft influence of thy reign,
And earth awakes to love.

Come source of hope, thy ringlets fair,
With buds and blossoms crown'd,
Breathe thy new fragrance through the air
And scatter verdure round.

Thy stores unlock, shed out thy might,
On garden, mead, and wood,
And clothe in robes of various light,
Their lonely widowhood.

Hail, nurse of fruits, thy genial breath
Already scents the gale,
And cherishes in earth beneath
Germs that shall deck the vale.

The lifeless herb, the leafless spray,
Shoot in thy warmer showers,
And pleasant is the task each day,
To mark the tints of flowers.

Called by the genius of the year,
I stray by sounding floods,
Or listen in the vale to hear
The music of the woods.

Thy smile that wakens Nature's sleep,
A higher pleasure yields,
Than Summer's foliage full and deep,
Or Autumn's pensive fields.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Title-Page.

PUZZLE II.—Side-Board.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
My age is just 16 years, my father's 36: how long is it since the number of my father's years was exactly three times mine?

II.
Why are your eyes like a soldier undergoing the punishment of flogging?

SHAKERS' GARDEN SEEDS.

For sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

The Public are respectfully informed that these seeds were raised the last season, by the United Society, at New-Lebanon, whose seeds have generally proved superior to any brought to this market, and are warranted to be as good as any sold in this state.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office. 37 All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, APRIL 23, 1831.

NO. 24.

POPULAR TALES.

THE DEMON SHIP;

The Pirate of the Mediterranean.

(Continued.)

The self-possession of men of the world generally increases in proportion to the embarrassment of those they address; yet I confess my heart began to beat quick and high as taking advantage of Margaret's silence, I began to tell my own history.—Francillon had, I observed, arrived in India animated in his endeavours to obtain fortune and preferment by one of the dearest and purest motives which can incite the human bosom. Here Margaret turned round with a something of dignified displeasure, which seemed to reprobate this little delicate allusion to her past history. I proceeded as though I marked not her emotion.—Francillon was, I proceeded, under an engagement to a young and lovely compatriot, whose image was, even too closely, the idol of his bosom, but whose name, from natural and sacred feeling, had never passed his lip to human being. Here I thought Margaret seemed to breathe again. So I told my history simply and feelingly, and painted my grief on hearing of the death of Margaret with such depth of colouring, that I had well nigh identified the narrator with the subject of his biography. I am sure my companion was moved and surprised; but recovering herself, she said in a peculiar tone, with which an assumed carelessness in vain struggled. 'It is singular that a married man should have thus grieved over the object of an extinguished attachment.' There hath been foul play in two ways between Margaret and myself, thought I. 'Captain Francillon,' I observed aloud, 'was not married until five years after the period we speak of—when he gave his hand to one of whom I trust he has too much manly feeling ever to speak save with the tender respect she merited, but to whom he candidly confessed that he brought but a blighted heart, the better half of whose affections lay buried in the grave of her who had first inspired them.' In vain I sought to perceive what effect this

disclosure had on my companion. Her face seemed studiously averted. The calm was profound; every breeze seemed to have died on the deep. It could not, therefore, be the night-air that so violently agitated the white raiment of Margaret.

I continued my history;—brought myself to Malta, and placed myself on board an *English vessel*. Here, I confess, my courage half-failed me; but I went on.—'Francillon,' I said, 'now began to realize his return to his native land.' On the first night of his voyage he threw himself, in a meditative mood, on the deck, and half in thought, half in dreams, recalled former scenes. But there was one form which recreated by a faithful memory, constantly arose before his imagination. He dreamed, too, a something—I know not what—of a pilgrimage to the lone grave of her he had loved and lost; and then a change came upon his slumbering fancy, and he seemed to be ploughing some solitary and dismal sea; but even there a form appeared to him, whose voice thrilled on his ear and whose eye, though it had waxed cold to him, made his heart heave with strange emotion.—He awoke—but oh!—the vision vanished not. Still in the moonlight he saw her who had risen on his dreams.—Francillon started up. The figure he gazed on hastily retreated. He followed her in time to raise her from the fall her precipitate flight had occasioned, and discovered, with sensations which for a moment well nigh overpowered him, that she whom he beheld was indeed the object of his heart's earliest and best feelings—was Margaret Cameron! I believe my respiration almost failed me as I thus ended. I spoke passionately, and uncovered my head when I uttered the concluding words. Margaret sprang to her feet with astonishment and emotion. 'Is it possible!—have I then the pleasure to see—I am sure—I am most fortunate—' again and again began Margaret. But her efforts at calmness, at ease, and even politeness, all failed her; and re-seating herself, she covered her face with her hands, and gave way to an honest flood of tears. I was

delighted; yet I felt I had placed her in an embarrassing situation. Seating myself, therefore by her, and taking her hand, rather with the air of an elder brother than of a suitor—'Margaret,' I said, ('if, as an early friend both of you and your father, you will again allow me thus to call you,) I fear I have been somewhat abrupt with you. Forgive me if I have been too bold in thus forcing on you the history of one for whom I have little reason and less right to suppose you still are interested. Bury in oblivion some passages in it, and forgive the biographer if he have expanded a little too freely on feelings which may be unacceptable to your ear.' I stretched out my hand as I spoke, and we warmly shook hands, as two old friends in the first moment of meeting.

I had been longing to know somewhat of Margaret's own history,—wherefore she had visited Malta, &c; but she seemed to have no intention of gratifying my curiosity, and I only too feelingly divined that her parents' altered circumstances had sent her out the humble companion of the Countess of Falcondale. 'I am aware,' I said, smiling, 'that I have more than one old acquaintance in this vessel; and, in truth, when I heard that my former friend—I had nearly said enemy—The Countess of Falcondale, was on board, I felt half inclined to relinquish the voyage.'—Margaret hesitated—then said half-smiling, half-sad, 'I cannot *autobia graphize* as my friend has done. But—but—perhaps you heard of the unhappy state of my dear parent's affairs—and his daughter was prevailed on to take a step—perhaps a false one. Well—well, I cannot tell my history. Peace be with the dead!—every filial, every *conjugal* feeling consecrate their ashes!—but make yourself easy; my *mother-in-law* is not here. You will find but one dowager countess in this vessel, and she now shakes your hand, and bids to you a good night.' Margaret hastily disappeared as she spoke, and left me in a state—But I will tease no one with my half dream-like feelings on that night.

Well, I failed not to visit my *noble* fellow-passenger on the morrow; and day after day, while we lay on those becalmed waves, I renewed my intercourse with Margaret. It can easily be divined that she had come abroad with a husband, who, dying, had there left her a widow, and—alas! for me—a rich widow. If the limits of my little manuscript would allow, I could tell a long tale of well-managed treachery and deception how the ill-natured countess suffered me to remain in the belief that the death of Captain Cameron's neice, which occurred at A—, shortly after my departure, was that of my own Margaret; how; in her character of the supreme manager of the paralytic officer's affairs she kept my letter for her own exclusive eye; how she worked on Margaret's feelings to bring about a marriage with the Earl of Falcondale, in the hope of again acquiring a maternal footing

in her son's house, and the right of managing a portionless and now broken-spirited daughter-in-law; how Margaret held out stoutly until informed of my broken faith; and how the marriage was kept from the public papers. For the countess, although I feel assured that there was a something inexpressibly soothing in her feelings in thus over-reaching and punishing one who had so often mortified her self-importance,—yet I do believe that the love of concealment, and *management*, and plotting, and bringing things about by her own exclusive agency, was, after all, the *primum mobile* in this affair. She had too little feeling herself even to conceive the pang she was inflicting on me, and she doubtless considered herself the supreme benefactor of Margaret.

One night, after we had been standing for some time, contemplating the unrivalled blue of a southern summer sky, I thought as I bade the Countess a good night, that I perceived a light breeze arising. This I remarked to her and she received the observation with a pleasure which found no correspondent emotion in my bosom. As I descended to my birth, I fancied I descried among the sailors one Girod Jaquemint whose face I had not before remarked. He was a Frenchman, to whom I had during my residence abroad, rendered some signal services, and who, though but a wild fellow, had sworn to me eternal gratitude. He skulked, however, behind his fellows, and did not now, it appeared, choose to recognize his benefactor.

I believe I slept profoundly that night. When I awoke there was a sound of dashing waves against the vessel, and a bustle of sailors' voices, and a blustering noise of wind among the sails and rigging; and I soon perceived that our ship was scudding before a stiff, nay, almost stormy gale. I peeped through the seaward opening of my little cabin. The scene was strangely changed. It was scarcely dawn. Dim and grey clouds obscured the heaven I had so recently gazed on. I looked for the white sails of our accompanying vessels, and our convoy. All had disappeared. We seemed alone on those leaden-coloured billows. At this moment I heard a voice in broken English say, 'Confound—while I reef those tammed topsails my pipe go out.'—'Light it again then at the binnacle, Monseer,' said a sailor.—'Yes and be hanged to de yard-arm by our coot captain for firing de sheep. Comment faire Sacre-blue! I cannot even tink vidout my pipe. De tought! Monsieur in de leetle coop dere have always the lamp patent burning for hees lecture. He sleeps now I go enter gently—light my pipe.' He crept into my cabin as he spoke. 'How is this, my friend?' said I, speaking in French; 'does not your captain know that we are out of sight of convoy?' Girod answered in his native language,—'Oh! that I had seen you sooner. You think, perhaps I have forgottep all I owe you? No—no—but 'tis too late now!' The man's face shewed so much horror and anguish,

that I was startled. He pointed to the horizon. On its very verge one sail was yet visible. A faint rolling noise came over the water. 'It is the British frigate,' said Girod, 'firing to us to put about, and keep under convoy. But our captain has no intention of obeying the signal; and if you get out of sight of that one distant sail, you are lost.'— 'Think you, then, that the Demon Ship is in these seas?' said I anxiously. Girod came close to me. With a countenance of remorse and despair which I can never forget he grasped my arm, and held it towards heaven.— 'Look up to God!' he whispered; '*you are on board the Demon Ship!*' A step was heard near the cabin, and Girod was darting from it; but I held him by the sleeve. 'For Heaven's sake for miladi's sake, for your own sake,' he whispered, 'let not a look, a word, show that you are acquainted with this secret. If our captain knew I had betrayed it, we should at this moment be rolling fathom deep over one another in the ocean. All I can do is to try and gain time for you. But be prudent, or you are lost!' He precipitately quitted the cabin as he spoke, leaving me in doubt whether I were awake or dreaming. When I thought how long and how fearlessly the 'Elizabeth,' had lain amid the trading vessels at Valetta, and how she had sailed from that port under a powerful convoy, I was almost tempted to believe that Girod had been practising a joke on me. As however, I heard voices near I determined to lie still, and gather what information I could. 'What have you been doing there?' said a voice I never heard before, and whose ruffianly tones could hardly be subdued by his efforts at a whisper, 'my pipe go out,' answered Girod Jaqueminot, 'and I not an imprudent to light it at de beenacle. So I go hold it over de lamp of Monsieur, and he sleep, sleep, snore, snore all de while, and know noting. I have never seed one man dorme so profound.

I now heard the voices of the captain, Girod, and the ruffian in close and earnest parlance. The expletives that graced it shall be omitted. But what first confirmed my fears was the hearing our captain obsequiously address the ruffian-speaker as commander of the vessel, while the former received from his companion the familiar appellation of Jack. They were walking the deck, and their whispered speech only reached me as they from time to time approached my cabin, and was again lost as they receded. I thought, however that Girod seemed, by stopping occasionally, as if in the vehemence of speech, to draw them, as much as possible, towards my cabin. I then listened with an intenseness which made me fear to breathe. 'But again I say, Jack,' said the voice of the real captain, 'what are we to do with these fine passengers of ours? I am sick of this stage-play work; and the men are tired, by this time of being kept down in the hold. We shall have them mutiny if we stifle

them much longer below. Look how that sail is sinking on the horizon. She can never come up with us now. There is eight good sacks in the fore-castle, and we can spare them due ballast. That would do the job decently enough for our passengers—ha!' Here there was something jocose in the captain's tone. 'Oh! mine goot captain you are man of speerit,' observed Jaqueminot; 'but were it not wise to see dat sail no more, before we shew dat we no vile merchanters, but men of de trade dat make de money by de valor.'— 'There is something in that,' observed Jack; 'if the convoy come up, and our passengers be missing, 'tis over with us. We can no longer pass for a trader; and to hoist the Demon colours, and turn to with frigate and sloop both, were to put rash odds against us.'— 'And de coot sacks wasted for nothing,' said Jaqueminot with a cool ingenuity that contrasted curiously with his vehement and horror-stricken manner in my cabin. 'Better to wait one day—two day—parblue! tree day—than spoil our sport by de precipitation.'— 'I grudge the keeping of these dainty passengers all this while,' said the captain roughly;—my lady there, with her chickens, and her conserves and her pasties; and Mr. Mollyflower captain here, with his bottles of port and claret, and cups of chocolate and Mocha coffee. Paying too, forsooth! with such princely airs for every thing, as if we held not his money in our own hands already. Hunted as we then were, 'twas no bad way of blinding government by passing for traders, and getting monied passengers on board: but it behooves us to think what's to be done now?'— 'My opinion is,' said Jack, 'that as we have already put such violence on our habits, we keep up the farce another day or two until we get into clear seas again. That vessel yonder, still keeps on the horizon, and she has good glasses on board.'— 'And the men?' asked the captain. 'I had rather, without more debate, go into this henpen here, and down into the cabin below and in a quiet way do for our passengers, than stand the chance of a mutiny among the crew.' Here my very blood curdled in my veins. 'Dat is goot, and like mine brave captain,' said the Frenchman; 'and yet Monsieur Jean say well mosh danger kill at present; but why not have de crew *above* deck vidout making no attention to de voyagers. Dey take not no notice. Milada tink but of moon, and stars, and book; and for de *sleeping Lyon dere*, it were almost pity to cut his throat in any case. He ver coot faillo; like we chosen speerit. Sacre-blue; I knew him a boy.'— [I had never seen the fellow until I was on the wrong side of my thirtieth birthday.]— 'Alwavs for de mischief—stealing apples, beating his school-fallows, and odor-little speerited tricks. At last he was expell de school. I say not this praise from no love to him; for he beat me one, two time, when I secretaire to his uncle; and den run off vid

my soulheart—so I ver well please make him bad turn.’ ‘Well then, suppose the men come on deck half at a time,’ said the captain; and we’ll keep the prisoners—Heaven help us! the passengers—till the sea be clear, may be till sunset.’ ‘Look, look!’ said Jack, ‘the frigate gains on us; I partly see her hull, and the wind slackens.’ I now put my glass, which was a remarkably good one, through my little window, and could distinctly see the sails and rigging and part of the hull of our late convoy. I could perceive that many of her crew were aloft; but the motion of our vessel was so great that the frigate was sometimes on and sometimes off the glass; and I was therefore unable to discover whether she were hoisting or taking in sail. It was a comfortable sight however, to see a friendly power apparently so near; and there was a feeling of hopeless desolation when on removing the glass, the vessel, whose men I could almost have counted before, shrank to a dim, grey speck on the horizon. The captain uttered an infernal oath, and called aloud to his sailors, ‘Seamen—ahoy—ahoy! Make all the sail ye can. Veer out the main-sheet—top-sails unreefed—royals and sky-sails up!’ &c. &c.] ‘Stretch every stitch of canvas. Keep her to the wind—keep her to the wind!’ I was surprised to find that our course was suddenly changed, as the vessel, which had previously driven before the breeze, was now evidently sailing with a side-wind.

The noise of rattling cables, the trampling of sailors’ feet on deck, and the increased blustering of the wind in the crowded sails, now overcame every other sound. The Demon Ship was of course, made for fast sailing, and she now drove onward at a rate almost incredible. She literally flew like a falcon over the waves. Once more I turned to the horizon. God of mercy! the frigate again began to sink upon the waters.

And how shall I waste words in telling what were my feelings during the hour of horrors I have described? I felt as one who had dreamed himself in security and awoke in the infernal regions. I felt that in a few hours I might not only be butchered in cold blood myself, but might see Margaret—that was the thought that unmanned me. I tried to think if any remedy yet remained, if aught lay in our power to avert our coming fate. Nothing offered itself. I felt that we were entirely in the power of the Demon Buccaneers. I saw that all that Girod could do was to gain a few hours delay. Oh! when we stand suddenly, but assuredly, on the verge of disembodied existence, who can paint that strange revulsion of feeling which takes place in the human bosom! I had never been one who held it a duty to conceal from any human being that approaching crisis of his destiny which will usher him before the tribunal of his Maker; and my earnest desire now was to inform Margaret as quickly as possible of

her coming fate. But after Girod’s parting injunction I feared to precipitate the last fatal measures by any step that might seem taken with reference to them. I therefore lay still until morning was further advanced. I then arose and left my cabin. It was yet scarcely broad day, but many a face I had not before seen met my eye, many a countenance, whose untameable expression of ferocity had doubtless been deemed, even by the ruffian commander himself, good reason for hitherto keeping them from observation. All on the quarter-deck was quiet. The skylight of the cabin was closed, and it seemed that the countess and her female attendants were still enjoying a calm and secure repose. I longed to descend and arouse them from a sleep which was soon to be followed by a deeper slumber but the step would have been hazardous and I therefore walked up and down the quarter-deck, sometimes anxiously watching for the removal of the skylight, sometimes casting a furtive glance towards the evidently increasing crew on deck, whilst ever and anon my soul rose in prayer to its God, and spread its fearful cause before him.

I had now an opportunity of discovering the real nature of my sentiments towards Margaret. They stood the test which overthrows many a summer-day attachment. I felt that, standing as my soul now was on the verge of its everlasting fate, it lost not one of its feelings of tenderness. They had assumed indeed, a more sacred character, but they were not diminished. The sun arose, and the countess appeared on deck. I drew her to the stern of the vessel, so that her back was to the crew and there divulged the fearful secret which so awfully concerned her. At first the woman only appeared in Margaret; her cheek was pale, her lips bloodless, and respiration seemed almost lost in terror and overpowering astonishment. She, soon, however gained comparative self-possession. ‘I must be alone for a few moments,’ she said. ‘Perhaps you will join me below in a brief hour.’ She enveloped her face in her shawl to hide its agitation from the crew, and hastily descended to her cabin. When I joined her at the time she had appointed, a heavenly calm had stolen over her countenance. She held out one hand to me, and pointing upwards with the other, said, ‘I have not implored in vain. Come and sit by me, my friend; our moments seem numbered on earth, but, oh! what an interminable existence stretches beyond it. In such a moment as this how do we feel the necessity of some better stay than aught our own unprofitable lives can yield. Margaret’s bible lay before her. It was open at the history of *His* suffering on whom her soul relied. She summoned her maidens, and we all read and prayed together. Her attendants were two sisters, of less exalted mind than their mistress, but whose piety trembling and lowly, was equally genuine. They sat locked in one another’s arms, pale and weeping,

It was a difficult day to pass, urged by prudence, and the slender remain of hope, to appear with our wonted bearing before the crew. We felt, too, that there was a something suspicious in our remaining so long together, but we found it almost impossible to loose our grasp on each other's hands and separate. Too plain indications that our sentence was at length gone forth soon began to show themselves. Our scanty breakfast had been served early in the morning, with a savage carelessness of manner that ominously contrasted with the over-done attentions we had before received, and the non-appearance of any subsequent meal, though day waned apace, fearfully proved to us that the demon captain now held further ceremony with his doomed passengers useless. Margaret held me to her with a gentle and trembling tenacity that rendered it difficult for me to leave her even for a moment; but I felt the duty of ascertaining whether any aid yet appeared in view, or whether Girod could effect aught for us. I walked towards evening round the quarter-deck—not a sail was to be seen on the horizon. I endeavoured to speak to Girod, but he seemed studiously and fearfully to avoid me. The captain was above, and the deck was thronged. I believe this desperate crew was composed of 'all people, nations, and languages.' Once only I met Girod's eye as he passed me quickly in assisting to hoist a sail. He looked me fixedly and significantly in the face. It was enough; that expressive regard said, 'Your sentence hath gone forth!' I instantly descended to the cabin, and my fellow victims read in my countenance the extinction of hope. We now fastened the door, I primed my pistols, and placed them in my bosom, and clinging to one another we waited our fate. It was evident that the ship had been put about, and that we were sailing in a different direction; for the sun, which had before set over the bows of the vessel, now sent his parting rays into the stern windows. Margaret put her hand into mine with a gentle confidence, which our circumstances then warranted, and I held her close to me. She stretched out her other hand to her female attendants, who clinging close together each held a hand of their mistress. 'Dear Edward!' said Margaret, grasping my arm. It was almost twelve years since I had heard these words from her lips; but it now seemed as if there were between us a mutual, though tacit understanding of our feelings for each other. Unrestrained, at such a moment, by the presence of the domestics, Margaret and I used the most endearing expressions, and, like a dying husband and wife, bade solemn farewell to each other. We all then remained silent, our quick beating hearts raised in prayer, and our ear open to every sound that seemed to approach the cabin. Perhaps the uncertain nature of the death we were awaiting rendered its approach more fearful. The ocean must undoubtedly be our grave; but whether the wave, the cord, the pistol or

the dagger would be the instrument of our destruction we knew not; whether something like mercy would be shown by our butchers in the promptness of execution, or whether they might take a ruffian pleasure in inflicting a lingering pain. Had Margaret or I been alone in these awful circumstances, I believe this thought would not have occupied us a moment; but to be doomed to be spectators of the butchery of those we love, makes the heart recoil in horror from the last crisis, even when it believes that the sword of the assassins will prove the key of the gate of heaven.

The sun sunk in the waters, and the last tinge of crimson faded on the waves that now rolled towards the stern windows in dun and dismal billows. The wind, as is often the case at sunset, died on the ocean. At this moment I heard the voice of the captain—'To the top of the mainmast, Jack, and see if there be any sail on the horizon.' The group of victims in the cabin scarcely drew breath while waiting a reply which would decide their fate. We distinguished the sound of feet running up the shrouds. A few moments elapsed ere the answer was received. At length we heard a—'Well, Jack, well?'—which was followed by the springing of a man on deck, and the words, 'Not a sail within fifty miles, I'll be sworn.'—'Well, then, do the work below!' was the reply.—'But (with an oath) don't let's have any squealing or squalling. Finish them quietly. And take all the trumpery out of the cabin, for we shall hold revel there to night.' A step now came softly down the cabin stairs, and a hand tried the door, but found it fastened. I quitted Margaret and placed myself at the entrance of the cabin. 'Whoever,' said I, 'attempts to come into this place does it at peril of his life. I fire the instant the latch is raised.'—A voice said: 'Laissez moi entrer donc.' I hesitated for a moment, and then unfastened the door. Girod entered, and locked it after him. He dragged in with him four strings, with heavy stones appended to them, and the same number of sacks. The females sank on the floor. In the twinkling of an eye Girod rolled up the carpet of the cabin, and took up the trap-door, which every traveller knows is to be found in the cabins of merchantmen. 'In—in,' he said in French to the countess and myself. I immediately descended, received Margaret into my arms, and was holding them out for the other females, when the trap-door was instantly closed and bolted, the carpet laid down, the cabin door unlocked, and Girod called out.—'Here you, Harry, Jack, how call you yourselves, I've done for two of them. I can't manage no more. Dat tammed Captain Lyon, when I stuff him in de sack; he almost brake de arm.' Heavy feet trampling over the cabin floor, with a sound of scuffling and struggling, were now heard over our head. A stifled shriek, which died into a deep groan, succeeded—then two heavy plashes into the water, with the bubbling

noise of something sinking beneath the waves; and the fate of the two innocent sisters was decided. 'Where's Monsieur Girod?' at length said a rough voice.—'Oh, he's gone above,' was the reply; 'thinks himself too good to kill any but *quality*.' 'No, no,' answered the other, 'I'm Girod's through to the backbone—the funniest fellow of the crew. But he had a private quarrel against that captain down at the bottom of the sea there, so he asks our commander not to let any body lay hands on him but himself. A very natural thing to ask. There—close that locker, heaven out the long table, there'll be old revel here to-night.—At this moment, Girod again descended. 'All hands aloft, ma lads,' he cried, 'make no attention to de carpet dere—matters not, for I must fairst descend, and give out de farine for pasty. We have no more cursed voyagers, so may make revel here to night vidout no incommodes.' He soon descended with a light into our wooden dungeon.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SMILES AND TEARS OF APRIL.

The division of the seasons was distinctly marked out by Nature, before they were notched down by man. The months have all their several and defined characteristics; and April only, is known as the period, the characteristics of which, not being precisely known, cannot be precisely delineated. It is literally the season of caprice—emblematical of young Women's affections, and young Gentlemen's vows—Dowager's tears, &c.—and—our fortunes. We remember to have this peculiarity in April accounted for in a way by no means unpoetical. We got the matter from some old Book, or some young Lady—both very charming companions at all times, though neither exactly in our recollection now. Nature once (said they—the Book or Lady) being somewhat divided in the measure of her regard for her several children, the seasons—and grand-children, the months; and not being disposed to exhibit any thing like an undue partiality for any one of them in particular, determined upon assigning to them certain periods of time, when each of them might visit her singly, and without dread of encroachment or intrusion from any of the others. A certain day was accordingly set aside when they were all required to appear before her, in order to be informed as to the future division of their time. A general notice having been given, the great mother took her seat upon a high mountain, and her children began to gather around her.—All were there, the seasons and the months—April only excepted, from among the latter. They waited for some time for the appearance of the stray grand-child, until they grew impatient, and Nature proceeded to the divisions of her time among the rest. We all knew what their several assignments were—April only, being

absent at the distribution, got none. She had just concluded her labors, when the wanderer made her appearance. She was a beautiful child, with light hair and blue eyes, of a capricious step, and carried about her an air of that indescribable grace and sweetness, which we so much admire in female youth, just at its entrance into womanhood. In her hand, she carried a wreath of the choicest and most beautiful flowers. 'Where hast thou been, idle one,' said her mother, hastily, 'when I was distributing my favors among the rest of my children. Thou now hast nothing. I have no time to allot thee—I can see thee no more.'

The tear glistened upon the cheek of the child, and her heart was full. 'Oh mother' she cried, 'revoke thy decree. I have been no laggard, but I would not come to thee empty handed. See these flowers—I have sought them over land and over sea—in wild and in valley, and I have framed them into a beautiful wreath to encircle thy brows. Forgive me then, dearest mother, and revoke thy cruel sentence.'

Nature grew touched at this unlooked for tenderness and affection, on the part of the beautiful child, and taking her in her arms, she exclaimed—'I cannot revoke my decree, thou truant, but I will place thee under the care of Spring, who shall always bring thee along with her; the flowers which thou hast gathered for me, I bind upon thy own forehead, and thou shalt always wear them.' Thus April rejoiced with many smiles, whilst the tears yet trembled on her eye-lashes. And for this cause, divided between sorrow and joy, comes she at her own season to pay her devotions to Nature, with a wreath of choice and various flowers upon her head, and a strange union of tears and smiles upon her capricious countenance.—*Charleston City Gazette.*

The Irish Soldier.—Some time before the breaking up of the British head quarters at Cambray, an Irish Soldier, a private in the 23d regiment of foot, was convicted for shooting at, and robbing a French peasant, and was in consequence sentenced to be hanged. On arriving at the place of execution, he addressed the spectators in a stentorian voice, as follows: 'Bad luck to the Duke of Wellington! he's no—Irishman's friend any way. I have killed many score of Frenchmen by his orders, and when I just took it in my head to kill one upon my own account, by the powers he has taken me up for it.'

Kean, from early manhood, has had an internal complaint, for which he has always been his own physician, and prescribed that sovereign balm called 'brandy,' from which he generally finds relief; at least it always proves an 'alternative.' While lately travelling from London to Belfast, on quitting the coach, at Donagal Arms, he missed his sovereign balm, and called out to the Irish waiter to see the

lately abdicated vehicular conveyance, as he had left his pocket pistol behind. 'The devil a pistol can I find,' cried the searching Hibernian, 'or any thing else but this?'—producing this leather covered charm. 'Why that's it, you blockhead,' exclaimed Kean, suiting the action to the word, and tasting to be convinced. Pat scented the cordial, and laughing, cried, 'Do you call that a pistol, sir? Why, then faith, though I'm a peaceable man, I would'nt mind, standing a shot or two of that pistol myself.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1831.

Northern Lights.—The coruscations of the Aurora Borealis, which lighted up the heavens to the north and the west, a few evenings since, were the most splendid and wonderful, that we ever beheld. Sometimes they would stream up in a brilliant column of pure light, arching over far towards the east, and sometimes the whole region of the pole star would be hung, as it were, with a curtain continually waving, displaying a variety of colours, soft and intense like a rainbow in the moon beams. We have conversed with old seamen, veterans of every latitude, but they say they never saw before so singular an appearance of these mysterious lights. Who can wonder that the sublime imaginings of Ossian placed the heatitude of the fallen heroes of Morven, in an elysium so appropriate and so glorious?

The Storm.—On Friday, the 8th inst. the whole length of the Hudson was swept by a violent storm. It blew in severe gusts during the night. No particular damage was done here, but we learn that about thirty vessels were injured in New-York, two or three of which were sunk. Most of the injury was done on the North River side. The Steamboat Nautilus was sunk at Corlaer's Hook, several chimneys were blown down in the City, and tress, &c. were prostrated. The same night, a man was blown from the deck of the Steamboat Baltimore, going from Newburg to New-York, and was drowned. Another was blown from the State Prison Dock into the river, but he was saved.

VOLUME EIGHT

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Or Bower of Literature;

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LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY dears of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a

spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

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Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides four plates, a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fair type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter, that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Eighth Volume (Fourth Volume New Series) will commence on the 4th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Those who will forward as Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit as Sixteen Dollars, shall receive twenty copies for one year—reducing the price to Eighty Cents per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty Dollars, shall receive Twenty Five copies and a set of *Stanzas & Reflections* for every Day in the year, handsomely bound. All the previous volumes, except the first and second, will be furnished to those who obtain subscribers, at the same rate. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscriptions to be sent by the 15th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, No. 135, corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

March 26, 1831.

Our Editors, who will give the above a few insertions, shall receive the third or the sixth volume, as a compensation, and the next in exchange; those, who consider the whole too long for insertion, and wish to exchange only, are respectfully requested to publish the part relating to premiums, give the rest at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

SUMMARY.

Joseph Bonaparte, (Count Surville) has appointed a gentleman of Bordentown, his almoner, to supply indigent persons in that borough with flour and wood.

We are requested (says the Albany Argus of yesterday) to state, that the Delaware and Hudson Canal will be open for navigation on the 30th of April.

The Legislature of Ohio, at its late session, passed an act to prohibit the circulation of foreign Bank Notes of a less denomination than \$5. in that State. Also, an act 'To prevent kidnapping.'

The Providence Journal of Saturday says—The freight of Cotton alone, imported into that port the last week, amounted to twenty thousand dollars.

Maine has co-operated with Massachusetts in an application to Congress for a Militia System. If one is obtained, its 'Little Angel' may equal the 'thigh' of the State System.

Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.—Four Cars, carrying 100 barrels of flour, were, on Tuesday last drawn by one horse from Elicott's Mills to the Relay House, a distance of six miles, at the rate of seven miles an hour. The horse was not the least distressed.

The amount of property left in pledge with twelve pawn-brokers in New-York, during the year ending January, 1831, was 108,000 dollars. Among the articles pledged, were no less than 120,000 garments, and 10,000 sheets, blankets, and counterpanes.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 7th inst. Mr. Austin Stocking, to Miss Harriet Bowman.

On Wednesday the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Godfrey, of Coxsackie, to Mrs. Mary Brown, of this city.
At New-York, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, the Hon. Thomas J. Oakley, to Matilda Caroline, daughter of the late Henry Cruger, Esq.

In Christ Church, New-York, by the Rev. Dr. Lyell, William Hyde, Esq. to Miss Jane Van Buskirk, of Albany.

In Kinderhook, to Miss Lovina Puliz, of the former place.
In Claverack, to Miss Lovina L. Diedrick, both of Centerville.

In Chatham on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr. John Hogeboom to Miss Mahiath Miller.

At Claverack, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stryker, Mr. Waldo Pool, of Abington, to Miss Elizabeth U. Studley, of Claverack.

DIED.

In this city, on the 11th inst. Jared Coffin, Esq. in the 76th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. Mr. John Van Rensselaer, aged 55 years.



POETRY.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

What wak'st thou Spring? Sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's voiceless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
E'en as our hearts may be.—

And the leaves greet thee, Spring! the joyous leaves.
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade
And happy murmurs running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.—

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
Spring the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep;
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forest deep
Where diamonds sparkle, and blue gleams betray
Their sudden windings to the day.

And flowers,—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set their glory free,
Coloring the cowslips with thy sunny hues,
And pencilling the wood anemone:
Silent they seem, yet each, to thoughtful eye,
Glow with mute poetry.

But what awake'st thou in the heart? Oh Spring!
The human heart with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art,
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With the young birds and leaves and living blooms?
Oh! is it not that from thy earthly track
Hope to the world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our lov'd ones there!

THE ACCEPTED.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY.

I thank you for that downcast look,
And for that blushing cheek:
I would not have you raise your eyes,
I would not have you speak:
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
I ask no other sign,
While thus your little hand remains
Confidingly in mine.

I know you fain would hide from me
The tell-tale tears that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
The anxious fears you feel:
From friends long-tried and dearly loved,
The plighted bride must part:
Thou freely weep—I could not love
A cold unfeeling heart.

I know you love your cottage home,
Where in the summer time,
Your hand has taught the clematis
Around the porch to climb;
You casement, with the wild rose screen,
You little garden too,
How many fond remembrances
Endear them all to you.

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
Though on my suit she smiled,
And spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
Gave up her darling child:
Sigh not for her, she now may claim
Kind deeds from more than one;
She'll gaze upon her Daughter's smiles,
Supported by her Son!

I thank you for that look—it speaks
Reliance on my truth;
And never shall unkindness wound
Your unsuspecting youth;
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh! never fear to cling to me,—
I could not be unkind.

Come, look upon this golden ring—
You have no cause to shrink,
Though oft 'tis galling as the slave's
Indissoluble link!
And look upon you Church, the place
Of blessing and of prayer:
Before the altar hear my vows—
Who could dissemble there!

Come to my home; your bird shall have
As tranquil a retreat:
Your dog shall find a resting place,
And slumber at your feet:
And while you turn your spinning wheel,
Oh! let me hear you sing,
Or I shall think you cease to love
Your little golden ring.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

My age as you suppose to be sixteen,
Take 6, and 10 there will remain,
And from my father's 6 and 30 years,
Take 6, and 30 will be left appears:
This question sol'd I'm sure you will incline
To think my father's age, just three times mine.
PUZZLE II.—Because they are under lashes.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is an animal's name;
Again, 'tis expressive of spite,
Or a temper that's tinctur'd with blame,
Either pettish, or gloomy as night.
My second a serpent resembles,
And yet may be found in the sky;
Round my whole when a party assembles
Both mirth and good-humour are nigh

II.

Why is a patrimony like a bed out of a window?

SHAKERS' GARDEN SEEDS.

For sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

The Public are respectfully informed that those seeds were raised the last season, by the United Society, at New-Lebanon, whose seeds have generally proved superior to any brought to this market, and are warranted to be as good as any sold in this state. Also, just received a general assortment of

Clarinets, Flutes and Fifes,

With Preceptors for the Flute and Fife, containing all the most popular airs.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, MAY 7, 1831.

NO. 25.

POPULAR TALES.

THE DEMON SHIP;

The Pirate of the Mediterranean.

(Concluded.)

Her own unexpected rescue, the fate of her domestics, and the sudden obscurity in which we were involved, had almost overpowered Margaret's senses but they returned with the light. 'Poor Katie, poor Mary. Alas! for their aged mother!' she said in a low and subdued tone of one who seems half dreaming a melancholy dream; and looking with horror at Girod.—'I would have saved you all, had it been possible,' said Jaqueminot, in French. 'But how were all to be hid, and kept in this place? What I have done is at the risk of my life. But there is not a moment to be lost.—I have the keeping of the stern-hold.—Look you—here be two rows of meal-sacks fore and aft. If you, milada, can hide behind one, and you, colonel, behind the other, ye may have, in some sort, two little chambers to yourselves after English fashion. Or if you prefer the same hiding-place, take it, in Heaven's name, but lose not a moment.'—'And what will be the end of all this?' asked I, after some hurried expressions of gratitude. 'God knoweth,' he replied. 'I will from time to time, when I descend to give out meal, and clean the place, bring you provisions. How long this can last—where we are going—and whether in the end I can rescue you, time must be the shewer. If we should put into some port of the Levant perhaps I may be able to pass you on shore in one of these sacks; but we are still on the Gibraltar side of Malta, and shall not see land for a month—only for God's sake, keep quiet. I'd leave you a light, but it would be dangerous. I doubt you'll be stifled alive. Yet there's no help for it. Hide, hide—I dare stay not one moment longer.' He rolled down a heap of biscuits, placed a pitcher by them and departed.

Never will our first fearful night in that strange concealment be forgotten. The Demon crew held wild revelry over our heads. Their fierce and iniquitous speech, their law-

less songs, their awful and demoniac oaths, their wild intoxication, made Margaret thrill with a horror that half excited the wish to escape in death from the polluting vicinity of such infernal abomination. The hold was so shallow that we appeared close to the revellers. Their voices sounded so near we seemed almost among them and our concealment a miracle; while the heat became so stifling and unbearable that we could scarcely gasp, and I began to fear that Margaret would expire in my arms.

It was a strange reflection that we might almost without the warning of an instant, be in the hands of our brutal and unconscious gaolers; for our concealment afforded not even the slender defence of an inside lock or bolt, and the carpet, which seemed to present a slight barrier between us and the Demon horde, had been rolled up, as no longer necessary to give to our late accommodations the peaceful appearance of a cabin fitted up for passengers. The light streamed here and there through a crevice in the trap-door and I involuntarily trembled when I saw it fall on the white garment of Margaret, as if, even in that concealment, it might betray her. We dared scarcely whisper a word of encouragement or consolation to each other—dared scarcely breathe, or stir even a hand from the comfortless attitude in which we were placed. We could hear them speak occasionally of our murder, in a careless incidental manner. The captain expressed his regret that we had not, as matters turned out, been earlier disposed of and made a sort of rough apology to his ship-mates for the inconvenience our prolonged existence must have occasioned them.

At length the revellers broke up.—I listened attentively until I became convinced that no one occupied the cabin that night. I then ventured gently to push up the trap-door a little, in order to give air to my exhausted companion. But the fumes that entered were any thing but reviving. All was dark and quiet as death, and I could hear the rain descending violently on the cabin skylight. The

wind was high, and the ship rolled tremendously. We heard the roar of the waters against the side of our prison, and the heavy dashing, on deck, of huge billows, which even made their way down the cabin stairs.

Towards morning, as I supposed, for with us it was all one long night, I again distinguished voices in the cabin. 'It blows a stiff gale,' was the observation of Jack.—'So much the better,' replied the hardy and ferocious voice of the captain; 'the more way we make, the further we get from all those cursed government vessels. I think we might now venture to fall on any merchantman that comes in our way. We must soon do something, for we have as yet made but a sorry bargain out of our present voyage.' Let's see—four thousand pounds sterling that belonged to the captain there—rather to us—seeing we had taken them on board.—'Yes, yes, we have sacked the captain,' observed Jack facetiously. His companion went on—'His watch, rings, and clothes; and two thousand dollars of the countess's and her jewels, amounting perhaps to another two thousand. This might be a fine prize to a sixteen-gun brig of some dozing government, but the Demon was built for greater things.'—'I suppose captain,' said Jack, 'we go on our usual plan eh? The specie to be distributed among the ship's company, and the jewels and personals to be appropriated, in a quiet way, by the officers? And, for once in a way, I hope there will be no breach of discipline, Captain Vanderleer, in asking where might be deposited that secret casket, containing, you and I and one or two more know what? I mean that we took from the Spanish-American brig.'—'It is in the stern-hold, beneath our feet at this moment,' answered the captain.—'A good one for dividing its contents,' said Jack. 'I'll fetch a light in the twinkling of an eye.'—'No need,' replied the captain. 'I warrant me I can lay my hand on it in the dark.' Without the warning of another moment, the Demon commander was in our hold. On the removal of the trap-door a faint light streamed into our prison but it only fell on the part immediately under the ingress, and left the sides in obscurity. I suppose it was about four in the morning. I had laid Margaret down on some torn old signal flags, in that division of the hold which Girod had assigned her, and had myself retired behind my own bulwark of meal sacks, in order that my companion might possess, for repose, something like the freedom of a small cabin to herself. I had scarcely time to glide round to the side of Margaret ere the merciless buccaneer descended. We almost inserted ourselves into the wooden walls of our hiding place, and literally drew down the sacks upon us. The captain felt about the apartment with his hand, sometimes pushing it behind the sacks, and sometimes feeling under them. And now he passed his arms through those which aided our concealment. Gracious heaven! his hand

discovered the countess's garments; he grasped them tight; he began to drag her forward; but at this moment his foot struck against the casket for which he was searching. He stooped to seize it and as his hold on Margaret slackened, I contrived to pass towards his hand a portion of the old flag-cloth, so as to impress him with the belief that it was the original object of his grasp. He dragged it forward and let it go. But he had disturbed the compact adjustment of the sacks; and as the vessel was now rolling violently in a tempestuous sea, a terrible lurch laid prostrate our treacherous wall of defence, and we stood full exposed without a barrier between ourselves and the ruffian commander of the Demon. To us it now seemed that all was lost, and I leaned over Margaret just to afford my own bosom as a slender and last defence.

The Demon captain had gone to the light to pass his casket through the trap-door. The sun was rising and the crimson hues of dawn meeting no other object in the hold save the depraved and hardened countenance of our keeper threw on its swart complexion such a ruddy glow as—contrasted with the surrounding darkness—gave him the appearance of some foul demon emerging from the abodes of the condemned, and bearing on his unhallowed countenance the reflection of the infernal fires he had quitted. That glow was, however, our salvation. The captain turned with an oath to replace the fallen sacks. Any body who has suddenly extinguished his candle, even on a bright starry night, knows that the sudden transition from a greater to a less degree of light, produces for a second or two, the effect of absolute darkness.—And thus our place of concealment lay enveloped in utter darkness to our captain's eyes, dazzled by the morning's first flood of light. But it was difficult for the half-breathless beings, so entirely in his power, to realize this fact, when they saw him advancing toward them, his eye fixed on the spot where they stood, though he saw them not; was difficult to see, and yet retain a conviction that we were not seen. The captain replaced the sacks instantly, and we felt half-doubtful, as he pushed them with violence against the beams where we stood, whether he had not actually discovered our persons, and taken this method of at once destroying them by bruises and suffocation. His work, was, however, only accompanied by an imprecatory running comment on Girod's careless manner of stowage. We were now again buried in our concealment, but another danger awaited us. Jaqueminot descended to the cabin. An involuntary, though half-stifled shriek escaped him when he saw the trap-door open. He sprang into the hold, and when he beheld the captain, his ghastly smile of inquiry, for he spoke not, demanded if his ruin were sealed. 'I have been seeing all your pretty work here, Monsieur,' said the gruff captain, pointing to the deranged sacks, behind which we were

concealed. I caught a glimpse through them of Girod's despairing countenance. It was a fearful moment, for it seemed as if we were about to be involuntarily betrayed by our ally, at the very instant when we had escaped our enemy. Girod's teeth literally chattered, and he murmured something about French gallantry and honour; and the countess being a lady, and the Captain Francillon an old acquaintance. 'And so because you cut the throats of a couple of solan geese—as your duty was, at your captain's command, you think he must not even see to the righting of his own stern hold?' said the captain with a gruff and abortive effort of pleasantry, for he felt Girod's importance in amusing and keeping in good humour his motley crew. Jaquemiot's answer shewed that he was now *en fait*, and thus we had a fourth rescue from the jaws of death.

Day after day passed away, and still we were the miserable, half-starved, half-suffocated, though unknown prisoners of this Demon gang, holding our lives, as it were by a thread, hanging with scarce the distance of a pace between time and eternity, and counting every prolonged moment of our existence as a miracle. Girod at this period rarely dared to visit us. He came only when the business of the ship actually sent him. The cabin above was now occupied at night by the captain and some of his most depraved associates, so that small alleviation of our fears—small relaxation from our comfortless position—small occasion of addressing a few consolatory words to each other, was afforded us either by day or night. At length I began to fear that Margaret would sink under the confined air, and the constant excitement. Her breath became short and difficult. The blood passed through her veins in feverish, yet feeble and intermittent pulsation. It was agony indeed to feel her convulsed frame, and hear her faintly drawn and dying breath, and know that I could not carry her into the reviving breezes of heaven, or afford a single alleviation of her suffering, without snapping that thread of life which was now wearing away by a slow and lingering death. At length her respiration began to partake of the loud irrepressible character which is so often the precursor of dissolution.—She deemed her hour drawing on yet feebly essayed for my sake, to stifle those last faint means of expiring nature which might betray our concealment.—I became sensible that the latter could not much longer remain a secret, and, with a strange calmness made up my mind to the coming decisive hour. I supported Margaret's head, poured a faltering prayer into her dying ear, wiped the death-dews from her face, and essayed to whisper expressions of deep and unutterable affection. Happily for us there was such a tempest of wind and sea as drowned in its wild warfare the expiring sighs of Margaret. At this moment Girod descended to the hold.—He put his finger on his lips significantly, and then whispered in French 'Courage—Rescue!

There is a sail on our weather bow. She is yet in the offing. Our captain marks her not; but I have watched her sometimes with a glass and if she be not a British sloop of war, my eyes and the glass are deceivers together.' I grasped Margaret's hand. She faintly returned the pressure, but gently murmured, 'Too late.' Ere the lapse of a moment it was evident that our possible deliverer was discovered by the Demon crew, for we could hear by the bustle of feet and voices that the ship was being put about; and the ferocious and determined voice of the buccaneer chief was heard, even above the roar of the tempest, giving prompt and fierce orders to urge on the Demon. Girod promised to bring us more news, and quitted us. The rush of air into the hold seemed to have revived Margaret, and my hopes began to rise. Yet it was too soon evident that the motion of the vessel was increased, and the crew were straining every nerve to avoid our hoped-for deliverer. After a while, however, the stormy wind abated; the ship became more steady, and certainly made less way in the waves. A voice over our head said distinctly in French—'The sea is gone down, and the sloop makes signal to us to lay too.' A quarter of an hour elapsed and the voice again said, 'The sloop chases us!' Oh! what inexpressibly anxious moments were those. I felt that aid must come, and come speedily or it would arrive too late. We could discover from the varying cries on deck that the sloop sometimes gained on the Demon, while at others the pirate got fearful head of her pursuer. At length Girod descended to the hold. 'The die is cast!' he said in his native language.—'The sloop gains fast on us. We are about to clear the deck for action.'—'God be praised,' I ejaculated.—'Amen!' responded a faint and gentle voice.—'Do not praise Him too soon,' said Girod, shrugging his shoulders; 'our captain is preparing for a victory. The Demon has mastered her equals, ay, and her superiors, and this sloop is our inferior in size and numbers. The captain does not even care to come to an accommodation with her. He has hoisted the Demon flag, and restored her name to the stern.'—'But has his motley crew,' whispered I anxiously, 'ever encountered a British foe, of equal strength?'—'I cannot tell; I have been in her but a short time, and will be out of her on the first occasion,' said Girod, as he hastily quitted us. We now heard all the noise of preparation for an engagement. The furniture was removed from the cabin above us, and the cabin itself partially thrown open to the deck. Cannon were lashed and primed; concealed port-holes opened, and guns placed at them. Seeing ultimate escape impossible, the captain took in sail, and determined to give his vessel the advantage of awaiting the foe in an imposing state of preparation for action.—He harangued his men in terms calculated to arouse their brute courage, and excite their cupidity. I confess I now almost began to tremble for the gallant little

vessel, whose crew seemed thus bravely pressing on to their own destruction; I began to fear that they would be powerless to rescue her in whose life my own seemed bound up. But what were my feelings when I heard the captain retire to that part of the vessel which had been the countess's cabin, and there take a solemn and secret oath of his principal ship-mates, that they would, if they were boarded by a successful enemy, scuttle the *Demon*, and sink her, and her crew and her captors, in one common grave. It appeared, then, that either the failure, or the success of the sloop, would alike seal our destruction.

Not a ray of light now penetrated through the chinks of the trap-door, and from the heavy weights which had fallen over it, I was inclined to think that shot, or even cannon-balls, had been placed over the mouth of our prison.—We might, therefore in vain attempt to shew ourselves, or make our voices heard amid the din of war, should our allies (doomed to a watery tomb even in the midst of conquest) prove victorious. Yet condemned, as we seemed, alike by the fall or by the triumph of our self-supposed murderers, there was something in the oath imposed by the captain which as it shewed a feeling of doubt as to the result, inspired me with hope. Besides, the noise of preparation for action had in it something inspiring to my ear; and as it effectually drowned every other sound, I drew Margaret from behind the sack- ing into the most roomy part of our wooden dungeon; endeavoured by fanning her with her handkerchief, to create a little freshness of air around her; and spoke to her *aloud*, in the voice of hope and courage. It was a terrible thing, in such an anxious moment, to be unable to see or hear distinctly aught on which our fate depended. I listened anxiously for a signal of the sloop's nearing us. At length a ship-trumpet, at a distance, demanded safe and unhurt, the persons of Colonel Francillon, the Countess of Falcondale, and two female domestics. It was then evident that the pirate's stratagem at Malta had transpired. The *Demon's* trumpet made a brief and audacious reply:—'Go seek them at the bottom of the sea.' A broadside from the sloop answered this impudent injunction, and was followed by a compliment in kind from the *Demon*, evidently discharged from a great number of guns. The volleys continued. Our vessel reeled to and fro, and sometimes half rose out of the water with the violence of the shocks she received. I heard her masts cracking and her timbers flying in every direction. Yet still her men continued their yell of triumph, and her guns seemed to be served with as much spirit as ever. At length the firing on both sides appeared to slacken. One of the vessels was evidently approaching the other for the purpose of boarding.—But *which* was the successful adventurer? My heart almost ceased to beat with intense expectation. The heavy grinding of the two ships against each others'

sides was soon heard; and, not an instant after, the shouts of the sloop's crew rose triumphantly over our heads. Long and desperate raged the combat above us; but the pirates' yell waxed fainter and fainter; while the victorious shouts of the British seamen mixed with the frequent and fearful cry, 'No quarter, no quarter to the robbers!' became each instant louder and more triumphant. At length every sound of opposition from the *Demon* crew seemed almost to cease. But there was still so much noise on deck, that I in vain essayed to make my voice heard;—and for the trap-door, it defied all my efforts—it was immovable. At this crisis, the ship, which had hitherto been springing and reeling with the fierce fire she had received from her adversary, and the motion of her own guns, suddenly began to *settle* into an awful and suspicious acquiescence. But the victors were apparently too busy in the work of retribution to heed this strange and portentous change. I perceived, however, only too clearly that the *Demon* was about finally to settle for sinking. After the lapse of a few seconds, it seemed that the conquerors themselves became at last aware of the treacherous gulf that was preparing to receive them; and a hundred voices exclaimed, 'To the sloop!—to the sloop! The ship is going down—the ruffians are sinking her!' I now literally called out until my voice became a hoarse scream. I struck violently against the top of our sinking dungeon. I pushed the trap-door with my whole force. All was in vain,—I heard the sailors rushing eagerly to their own vessel, and abandoning that of the pirates to destruction. I took Margaret's hand, and held it up towards heaven, as if it could better than my own plead there for us. All was silent. Not a sound was heard in the once fiercely-manned *Demon*, save the rushing of the waters in at the holes where she had been scuttled by her desperate crew. It almost seemed that—determined not to survive her capture—she were eager to suck in the billows which would sink her to oblivion. At last, as if she had received her fill she began to go down with a rapidity which seemed to send us, in an instant, many feet deeper beneath the waves, and I now expected every moment to hear them gather over the deck, and then overwhelm us for ever. I uttered a prayer, and clasped Margaret in my arms. But no voice, no sigh, proceeded from the companion of my grave. Her hand was cold, and her pulse was quiet: and I deemed that the spirit had warred with and overcome its last enemy, ere our common grave yawned to receive us.

Voices were heard; weights seemed to be removed from the trap-door! It was opened; and the words 'Good Heaven! the fellow is right; they are here, sure enough!' met my almost incredulous ear. I beheld a British officer, a sailor or two, and Girod with his hands tied behind him. I held up my precious brethren, who was received into the arms of her

compatriots, and then like one in a dream, sprang from my long prison. Perhaps it might be well that Margaret's eye was half-closed in death at that moment: for the deck of the sinking Demon offered no spectacle for woman's eye. There lay the mangled bodies of our late dreaded jailers, their fast stiffening countenances still retaining, in cold death itself, that expression of daring and brute ferocity which seemed effaceable only by the absolute decomposition of their hardened features. I shall never forget the scene of desolation presented by that deck, lying like a vast plank or raft of slaughtered bodies, almost level with the sea, whose waters dashed furiously over it, and then receding from their still ineffectual attempt to overwhelm the vessel, returned all dyed with crimson to the ocean; while the sun setting in a stormy and angry sky, threw his rays—for the last time—in lurid and fitful gleams on the ruined Demon.

A deep, as it seemed, long-pent sigh escaped from the bosom of Margaret when the fresh breath of heaven first played on her white cheek. I would have thanked her brave deliverers—have gazed on her to see if life still returned—but the sea was gaining fast on us, and I had lost the free use of my limbs by my lengthened and cramped confinement. To one human being, however, I did not forget my gratitude. As we hurriedly prepared to spring into the boat, I saw that Girod's pinioned members refused him the prompt aid necessary for effecting an escape in such a moment. I returned, seized a bloody cutlass that lay on deck, and without leave of the officer, cut at once through the bonds which confined our first deliverer. 'This man,' I said, as we seated ourselves, 'has been the instrument of Heaven for our preservation. I will make myself answerable for his liberty and kind treatment.' Girod seized my hand, which received a passionate Gallic salute. Our sailors now rowed hard to avoid being drawn into the vortex of the sinking ship. Merciful God! we were then *out of the Demon!* I supported Margaret in my arms; and as I saw her bosom again heave, a renewed glow of hope rushed to my heart.

We had not been on board the sloop many minutes ere slowly and awfully, the Demon sank to the same eternal grave to which she had so often doomed her victims. We saw the top of the main-mast, which had borne her fatal flag above the waters, tremble like a point on their very surface, and then vanish beneath them. A frightful chasm yawned for a moment—it was then closed by the meeting waves which soon rolled peacefully over the vessel they had engulfed; and the Demon, so long the terror of the seas and the scourge of mariners, disappeared for ever.

Here abruptly terminated my relative's narration; and if any reader should have felt just sufficient interest in it to wonder whether Margaret died, and whether Colonel Francillon attended her funeral as chief mourner; or

whether, after all, she recovered, and was married to the Colonel,—I can only briefly say, that the sloop put into Naples, where the Countess was soon placed under a skilful physician. He pronounced her case hopeless, and my relative had now the melancholy satisfaction of reflecting that her dying hour would be peaceful, and her lovely remains honoured by Christian burial.—She passed from the hands of her physician into those of the British ambassador's chaplain; but I do not think it could have been for the purpose of religious interment—as I enjoyed, for nearly forty years after this period the inestimable privilege of calling the Colonel and the Countess my revered father and mother!

From the Philadelphia Saturday Bulletin.

THE CHOICE.

Charles Franklin, succeeded his father in a moderate lucratively business, and feeling the loneliness of an unconnected state, resolved to look around him, in the circle of his female acquaintances, for one who could be content with such an establishment as he had to offer, and whose tastes and pursuits accorded with his ideas of female excellence. Charles was not remarkably fastidious, yet he looked in vain—one charmed him by her beauty, another by her accomplishments, a third by the decorum of her manners, and a fourth by her vivacity. But still, in all, the indescribable charm was wanting; several times he had been on the verge of falling in love, but some accidental discovery, or startling discrepancy saved him from committing himself. Chance, however, brought him acquainted with two sisters, possessed of equal beauty, and, on a slight acquaintance, apparently, nearly resembling each other in manners and disposition. Charles was greatly at a loss which of these sisters to admire the most—they both possessed such charming gaiety, such an easy flow of conversation and, apparently, such equal gentleness of temper. The brilliant eyes of Lucy, the elder, dazzled his imagination, while the less sparkling, but more tender one's of Fanny often riveted his gaze. After a few weeks acquaintance however, he began to fancy the elder sister proffered him, and he devoted more of his attention to her. Time, however, convinced him that the disposition of Lucy differed in some respects from his own. She was ambitious, fond of public amusements, more from the *eclat* of being seen at them, than on account of the pleasure they afforded her, extravagant in her ideas of a matrimonial establishment, though destitute of fortune herself, and ridiculing those *domestic drudges*, as she called them, 'who barter their liberty for a bare competency, and sit down in a corner for the rest of their lives;' his imagination had been dazzled by Lucy's uncommon beauty but his heart was not irretrievably gone; he saw that he should not suit her as a husband, and began to be convinced she would not suit

him as a wife. He quietly withdrew his attentions from her and devoted them to her sister, whose more quiet and retiring habits and less ambitious views, suited his moderate circumstances and unostentatious wishes—he now found that he had overlooked one whose first feelings of partiality had been awakened in his favour, while he had trifled away his time at the shrine of vanity and ambition. Fanny's was a heart formed for affection, and every domestic and endearing virtue; and Charles Franklin had sense and judgment to discover and appreciate them. Lucy a little piqued by the transfer of those attentions which she had prized only because they contributed for a while to her amusement, laughed openly at her sister's choice, and drew a lively and ludicrous picture of the intended domestic establishment—but the good sense of Fanny enabled her to bear this *badinage* with unruffled temper, and she looked forward to a union with Charles with confidence and hope. After Charles and Fanny were settled in their new residence, Lucy, who, notwithstanding her raillery, was a frequent guest, wondered at the unalloyed happiness they seemed to enjoy, and finally told her sister that she could never be content with an establishment which debarred her from the elegancies of high life, and a home which could boast of nothing save neatness and comfort.

In fact, Lucy was a slave to false pride, and weak ambition; and she made no effort to shake off the trammels that enchanted her better judgment. At length she received an offer, the acceptance of which would apparently ensure to her the possession of all she coveted. It is true the lover who offered her a splendid establishment and all the ostentatious parade her heart could desire, was not exactly the person she would have chosen to share those coveted advantages—his person was sufficiently agreeable and his manners sufficiently polished; but Lucy was not destitute of that penetration which enabled her to detect the shallowness of his understanding, and the foibles of his temper. She shut her eyes, and ears, however, and gave her hand; sighed when she thought of her sister, and dashed at once into the stream of fashionable life.

Lucy's husband was ambitious, as well as herself—he was ambitious of being thought a rich man, a 'great dash,' the highest *betier*, a frequenter of the theatres, and other public places. It was his pride to be thought to dress in the most elegant style, to keep the finest horses, and own the largest and most elegantly furnished houses of any of his acquaintances, and he chose Lucy not because he was ambitious of rendering himself useful or estimable, or of making others happy.—He saw but little of his wife, and she never wished to see much of him, except when he necessarily became her escort to some place of fashionable amusement—Lucy was now at the submit of her

ambition—so was Fanny—and we will leave them there for the space of ten years, and then see what changes that space of time has been effecting in their outward prospects.

Charles Franklin had acquired an easy independence, and lives with his Fanny, whom 'time has but rendered more dear,' and his promising children, in a style of elegant and simple affluence, in which the charm of each others' affection, the indulgence of literary pursuits, benevolent actions, and the society of estimable friends, constitute their blessings. Fanny believes that every earthly virtue centers in her husband, and that every good blessing crowns her lot. And what has become of the ambitious Lucy, and her rich and ambitious husband? He has gone on step by step, from a 'dashing fellow' to a gamester, and horse racer, from thence to a *bon vivant*; thence to a sot, and from that last remove, it is to be feared that nothing but death will remove him, his fortune not so great as he wished it to appear, has been squandered in the pursuits of his ambition, in which consumption the ambition of his beautiful wife has not a little aided. And Lucy went on step by step, from a dashing fine lady, to a dissipated belle, thence to that worst of all characters, a married coquette, from thence to a fretful, repining, disappointed invalid, ruined in health, as in prospects, hating her husband, almost hating herself, unable to enjoy, or even endure patiently a life of obscurity and privations, and envying the better fortune of her sister, who married for affection, and now enjoys all that is requisite for rational happiness and laudable ambition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABERNETHY'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

The following amusing anecdote of Abernethy, the surgeon, is from the 18th number of the *National Portrait Gallery*.—The reported fashion of his courtship and marriage is also extremely characteristic. It is told that while attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her daughter which he truly esteemed to be calculated to render the married state happy. Accordingly, on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport; 'You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come to pay my farewell visit. But in the mean time, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to—pounds, and I can settle—pounds, on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what

it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of a family; such a person must be all a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for really I have not time for the routine of courtship.' In this humor the woman was wooed and won: and we believe we may add, the union has been felicitous in every respect.

GREENWOOD AND DRY WOOD.

A countryman driving a load of wood into Providence with an ox team, and staring about upon every side of him, chanced to observe the name of Greenwood on one of the signs; and taking it in the literal sense, he thought there might be an opportunity of disposing of his load of dry wood at the same place. 'Whoa haw?' said he, 'come up here, Buck—haw to, Berry! why don't you come along here? didn't you never see a grocery afore? What the darn are ye afeard on, you tarnal fools, you! Who-a-a! I say—there stand, will ye, till I go in and ax.' With that he stept up to the door and knocked smartly with his long hickory gad—'Holloa? Mister—holloa! the store?' (But comes the storekeeper. 'Cant I trade with ye to-day—what'll ye gi' me for this load o' wood—good dry wood as ever was cracked—say, what'll ye gi' me for it?')

'I'm not particularly in want of wood,' said the storekeeper.

'Why 'tis, true,' said the countryman pointing to the name on the sign, 'I observe you've got Greenwood here, and dain't know but you'd like a little dry to burn with it.—N. Y. Constel.

Economy is generally despised as a low virtue, tending to make people ungenerous and selfish. This is true of avarice; but not so of economy. The man who is economical, is laying up the permanent power of being useful and generous. He who thoughtlessly gives away ten dollars, when he owes a hundred more than he can pay deserves no praise—he obeys a sudden impulse, more like instinct than reason, that it would be real charity to check.

Original Anecdote.—Some years since one of our supreme judges was privately reprimanding an attorney for bringing several small suits into the court over which he presided; remarking that it would have been much better for both parties in each case had he persuaded his clients to leave their causes to the arbitration of some two or three honest men. 'Please your honor,' retorted the lawyer, 'we did not choose to trouble honest men with them.—*Vermont Herald.*

Capt. N—, who lately arrived at Boston, when going up to the wharf, ordered an Irishman to throw over the buoy; and going below for a few minutes, he called to the Irishman,

and asked him if he had thrown over the buoy? 'No,' said he, 'indeed I could not catch the boy, but I threw over the old cook!'

A person speaking very respectfully of a blind gentleman, said, among other things, that he was a good looking man. An Irishman in company, struck with the apparent blunder, exclaimed: 'By the holy Shannon, if I had said as much, I should have been accused of making a bull—How can one be a good looking man, when he is so stark blind that he can't look at all?'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1831.

To Agents.—As the present volume of the Repository is now drawing towards a close, such of our agents as have not forwarded the amount of the subscriptions on their respective lists, will see the necessity of attending to it without delay; forwarding at the same time the names of new subscribers, and also of persons wishing to have their papers continued, our rule being not to send any at the commencement of a new volume until ordered.

Accident.—On Monday last, a man by the name of Dutcher, a resident of this city, was driving in at the upper end of Warren street, and while in the act of whipping his horses, one of them kicked furiously and hit him over the right eye. We understand he is badly wounded, the eyebrow having been cut open and the skull laid bare about two inches in length and one in breadth—the wound then extending down on one side of the nose, the flesh cut to the bone and several of his teeth knocked out. The hurt was immediately examined, when the skull was found to be slightly fractured over the inside corner of the right eye. The horses ran some distance with the man in the wagon, when by its breaking asunder, he was precipitated into the street. Though the street was thronged at the time with people, horses and carriages, no other injury was sustained.

SUMMARY.

Gibbs the Pirate.—We are informed from the most respectable authority that he has made a full disclosure of all the accomplices and abettors in his piracies, and that it is the intention of the person who has the information in his possession, to proceed to Washington and communicate it without delay to the President.—When published, says our informant, 'it will astound the people of this nation'—N. Y. Jour. Commerce.

Steamboat Disaster.—A letter from Wheeling, Virginia, states that the steamboat Tri-Color, had burst her boiler near that town. From four to eight persons are supposed to be killed, and nearly as many wounded.

The Navy Department is now engaged in preparing three small vessels, of that weight of model and capacity, which are peculiarly suited for preventing or destroying pirates.

MARRIED.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Alexander H. M'Kinstry, of Rochester, to Miss Angeline Pond, of this city.

At Claverack, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. Alexander Hammond, to Miss Elizabeth Blake, both of this city.

At the same place, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. Chancellor Snyder, to Miss Jane daughter of John H. Smith.

In Albany, on Sunday the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, of this city, Mr. William Jones to Miss Elizabeth Vice, both of Lansingburgh.

At Poughkeepsie, by the Rev. Mr. Walton, Mr. George Goodrich, to Miss Julia Colwell.

In Lenox, Mr. John Z. Goodrich, editor of the Berkshire Journal, to Miss Sarah Worthington.

DIED.

In this city, on Wednesday the 27th ult. Mrs. Kenia Greene, widow of the late Nathaniel Greene of this city, in the 90th year of her age.

At Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, on the 25th ult. Frederick W. youngest son of David Eberle, in the 19th year of his age.

At Kingston, on the 29th inst. John Tappan, Esq. editor of the Ulster Plebeian, aged 65 years.

At Oswego, on the Susquehanna River, Mr. Nicholas Kittle, aged 76, formerly of Kinderhook.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

MUSINGS—GETHEMENE.

'Twas evening, and the broad deep sea of light
Had rolled its waves away, and left the scene
Reposing in its noon of loveliness.
The moon was up, and its pale, lovely self
Was faintly pictured in the silent pool,
That slowly wandered through Gethsemane.
Oh! yes it was a scene to steal the soul,
Away from earth's dull cares, away from life,
And bind the heart to sober meditation.
A scene withal more sweetly sad, than aught
That fancy pictures to the eye of mind.
Jesus went forth in bitterness of soul,
And sought the hallowed spot where oft he hid
'To pray with those he loved.—The twilight hour
Writes God's own image on the face of nature,
And subdues the pride of human feeling.
That was a mournful hour; then sorrow's fount
Rose high, flowed deep, and full, and rapidly.
'Then Jesus wept; there flowed the purple sweat!
Oh! see the drops hang on his God-marked brow—
They speak the tale of sorrow plainer far
'Than angel's pen in inspiration dipt.
And mark the deep-toned feeling of his soul
As now that purple stream flows down to earth
And mingles with the dust His power had made.
'The flowers that bloom in conscious beauty there
Hang their soft heads and shed their tears of dew.
The gentle zephyr sighs its lonely wail—
And mourning clouds veil Luna's fairy form.
All nature weeps!—O tell me, is there aught
But strains of joy upon the harps of heaven?—
Then a lone note of wailing crept along
The hills and valleys of eternity.

How sweet is holy comfort in the hour
When sorrow's darkest clouds lower round the heart!
The strength'ning angel left the throne of heaven
And healed the broken spirit of the weeper.
Tho' earth should bow herself in agony—
'Tho' tears should fall in heaven, and notes of joy
Should die away and hymns of mourning move
Through the far bosom of eternity;
Still man would sleep in soulless selfishness,
Nor drop one tear to mingle with the flow
Of sorrow's tide. HARP OF HORICON.

Morreau, March 25th, 1831.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SWEETS OF FRIENDSHIP.

There is an hour within the life of him
Who has a friend, when the soul dreams of joy
The traveller on a rude and torrid waste,
Describes far off a fellow pilgrim's steps,
And lifts his beating heart to God in praise.
The seamen while he guides the willing helm
Of his proud vessel, as she spurns the waves
Of the wide ocean, hears with joy the cry—
'A sail, a sail!' All hands rush to the view,
And strain, with anxious hearts the eager eye,
To catch the slightest glimpse. And now they near,
Lo! side by side they hover o'er the deep,
Flapping their white wings in the listening air.
Earth is a desert! not the earth we tread,
The visible creation of our God;

For that has spots that glow as Eden glowed;
And flowers that bloom like flowers of Paradise;
And skies above that shine with quenchless stars,
The scattered jewelry of Heaven;
And clouds, which when the King of Day sinks slow
Behind the mountain tops and leaves a train
Of rainbow hues to mark his burning course,
Are hung in golden fringes o'er the sky,
Like curtains let down by an angel's hand.
And Earth has music. The sweet melody
Of Birds and Brooks; that 'lyre of thousand strings,'
The voice of man. This earth is not a waste;
But 'tis the moral earth the wanderer treads,
Fanned by no breeze of sympathy. He lives;
Men look at him and turn away their gaze;
His hairs grow grey; his eyes are dim with age,
Or pain and sickness—Down he falls and dies.
This is the man unblessed, without a friend.
But oh! how sweet the sense to the lone soul,
That there is one, the pulses of whose heart
Responsive beat, when his are swelled with joy—
Who'll mourn with him, when grief demands a tear.
Together through the maze of life they pass;
Their tastes and feelings and pursuits the same.
Their sympathies around each other twine
In veins which, severed, loose the lives of both.
Immortal spirits, bark by bark they sail;
Trim to the wind, pass o'er the bar of death,
And anchor in the harbour of their God. P.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Snap-dragon.

PUZZLE II.—It is haired (aired.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I'm a word of five letters and am well known to mariners, behead me and I'm a certain animal, behead me again and I am skilful, behead me again twice and I will tell you the name of an East India plant; my first, second, third and fourth will give you the name of fish found only in a certain river; my first, third, fourth and fifth is a certain carriage; my first, third and fifth is found in almost every home; my second, third and fifth is a useful covering for a certain part of the body; my first, second and third transposed is a hireling; my first, third and fourth transposed is a part of a circle; my first, third and fifth transposed will form part of a play; my third, fourth and fifth transposed is a useless, but troublesome animal; my second, third, fourth and fifth transposed denotes early attendance; my first, third and fourth transposed is a spirituous liquor; my first, third and fifth transposed is a nail; my first, third, fourth and fifth transposed is a road. Who can tell what I am?

II.

Why is M in timid like your nose?

SHAKERS' GARDEN SEEDS.

For sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

The Public are respectfully informed that these seeds were raised the last season, by the United Society, at New-Lebanon, whose seeds have generally proved superior to any brought to this market, and are warranted to be as good as any sold in this state. Also, just received a general assortment of

Clarinets, Flutes and Fifes,

With Preceptors for the Flute and Fife, containing all the most popular airs.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 133, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office. All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, MAY 21, 1831.

NO. 26.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Tales of the Five Seneca.
THE KELP-GATHERER.

The stranger who wanders along the terrific masses of crag that overhang the green and foaming waters of the Atlantic, on the western coasts of Ireland, feels a melancholy interest, excited in his mind, as he turns aside from the more impressive grandeur of the scene, and gazes on the small stone heaps that are scattered over the moss on which he treads. They are the graves of the nameless few whose bodies have been from time to time ejected from the bosom of the ocean and cast upon those lonely crags to startle the early fishermen with their ghastly and disfigured bulk. Here they meet, at the hands of the pitying mountaineers, the last offices of Christian charity—a grave in the nearest soft earth, with no other ceremonial than the humble peasant's prayer. Here they lie, uncoffined, unlamented, unclaimed by mourning friends, starting like sudden spectres of death from the depths of the ocean, to excite a wild fear, a passing thought of pity, a vain inquiry in the hamlet, and then sink into the earth in mystery and silence, to be no more remembered on its surface.

The obscurity which envelopes the history of those unhappy strangers affords a subject to the speculative traveller, on which he may give free play to the wings of his imagination. Few, indeed, can pass the deserted sepulchres without endeavouring for a moment to penetrate in fancy the darkness which enshrouds the fate of their mouldering tenants, without beholding the progress of the ruin that struck from beneath the voyager's feet, the firm and lofty fabric to which he had confidently trusted his existence, without hearing the shrieks of the despairing crew, and the stern and horrid burst of the roused up ocean, as it dealt the last stroke upon the groaning timbers of the wreck, and scattered the whole pile far and wide, in countless atoms, upon the boiling surface of the deep. And again, without turning in thought to the far-away homes, at which the tale of the wan-

derers was never told—to the pale young widow that dreamed herself still a wife, and lived on, from morn to morn, in the fever of a vain suspense—to the helpless parent, that still hoped for the offices of filial kindness from the hand that was now mouldering in a distant grave; and to the social fireside, over evening pastimes the long silence of an absent friend had thrown a gloom, that the certainty of woe or gladness could never remove.

Among those nameless tombs, within the space of the last few years, the widow of a fisherman, named Reardon, was observed to spend a good portion of her time. Her husband had died young, perishing in a sudden storm, which swept his canoe from the coast side into the waste of the sea beyond it; and his wife was left to inhabit a small cottage near the crags, and to support, by the labor of her hands, an only child, who was destined to inherit little more than the blessing, the virtue and the affections of his parent. The poor widow endeavoured to procure a subsistence for her boy and herself, by gathering the kelp which was thrown upon the crags, and which was burned for the purpose of manufacturing soap from its ashes; while the youth employed his yet unformed strength in tilling the small garden, that was confined by a quickset hedge, at their cottage side. They were fondly attached and toiled incessantly to obtain the means of comfort, rather for each other than for themselves; but with all their exertions, fortune left them in the rearward of her favor. The mother beheld, with a mother's agony, the youthful limbs and features of her boy exhibit the sickly effects of habitual toil; while the son mourned to see the feebleness of a premature old age begin to steal upon the health and vigor of his parent.

In these difficulties, a prospect of certain advantage and probable good fortune, induced the young man to leave his mother and his native country for some years. The distresses and disturbances which agitated that unhappy land, pressed so heavily upon the fortunes of many families of the middle, as well as the lower rank, that great numbers were found to

embrace the opportunity of improvement, which the colonization of the new world held out for their advantage.—Among those who emigrated, was the family under whom the Reardons held their little cottage; and with them it was, that the young man determined to try his fortune in a happier region.—Having arranged their affairs so as to secure his widowed parent against absolute poverty, they separated with many tears, the mother blessing her son as she committed him to the guardian-ship of providence, and the son pledging himself to return to her assistance so soon as he had obtained the means of providing her the comforts necessary for her old age.

His success, though gradual, was complete. The blessing of the youth Tobias fell upon the work of his hands, and his industry, because well directed, was productive, even beyond his expectations. Instead of lingering like many of his fellow-exiles in the sea-port towns, where they were detained by idleness, and that openmouthed folly, which persuades men that fortune may be found without the pain of seeking.—Young Reardon proceeded at once into the new settlements, where human industry is one of the most valuable and valued commodities. In a little time he was enabled to remit a considerable portion of his earnings to his poor mother, and continued from time to time, to increase his contributions to her comfort, until at length the abundance of his prosperity, was such, as to enable him to relinquish the pursuits of gain, and to fulfil the promise he had made at parting.

He did not return alone. With full approbation of the poor widow he had joined his fate to that of a young person in the settlement where he dwelt, whose dispositions were in every way analogous to his own, and who only excelled him in the superior ease and comfort of her circumstances. Previous to his return, he wrote to the poor widow, to inform her, that in less than two months from that time, with the blessing of Providence, her daughter-in-law, her two grand children, and her son would meet beneath the roof of her ancient dwelling.

Fancy, if you can, the anxiety, with which the poor widow looked out for the long expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her, was such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighborhood, and to render her independent of the hard, and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honor of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent, and other great men, who passed through that lonely district. A few flowers sprang up in her salad fringed garden which were not the less tenderly cherished, that the seeds from which they grew, were transmitted from that emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life up to the moment

when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation, to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to Heaven, and her entire dependence upon the divine will.

But forgive a mother's fondness! There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty, by a sudden and startling occasion: After the widow had heard the letter read, in which her son, announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of Heaven indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart, showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion, she often found her thoughts wandering from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went morn after morn, to the cliff head, and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers, which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavored to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, her deck covered with pale and affrighted faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son, and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking-yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft, and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window, made her start, and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of the fairest and most favorable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow, during the whole of that period, in the manner which had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbors all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighboring river in the course of the day, or had appeared in the offing. She was constantly cheered with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward bound ship

or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged along with unaccustomed heaviness.

One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely that the widow thought the morning would never dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden, she heard voices outside the windows. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognized the voice of a friendly neighbor, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate.—She judged correctly.

'Good news! good news! Mrs. Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?'

'That small boat!—what?—where?'

'Below there, ma'am, where I'm pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?'

'I cannot—I cannot—it is so dark!—the widow replied, endeavoring to penetrate the gloom.

'Dark! and the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!'

'Day! The sun! Oh, Almighty Father, save me!'

'What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?'

'See them?' the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes, and shrieking aloud in her agony.—'Oh! I shall never see him more!—I am dark and blind!'

The peasant started back and blessed herself. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

'Where is she? My mother! Oh my darling mother, I am come back to you. Look, I have kept my word.'

She strove, with a sudden effort of self-restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

'My good, kind boy,' said she, laying her hand heavily on his arm—'you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind.'

The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand

above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. 'Blind, my mother!' he repeated.—'Oh, heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark forever? Is it for this I have prayed and labored? Blind and dark? O my poor mother! Oh, heaven! Oh, mother, mother!'

'Hold, now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a christian to talk? Come near to me, and let me touch your hands. Don't add to my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of heaven. Where are you?—Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah, my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me.'

The disappointed exile supported her in his arms. 'Well—well—my poor mother,' he said, 'I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer and show no discontent, it would be unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of heaven be done!—but it is a bitter—bitter stroke.' Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom, and wept aloud, while his wife retiring softly to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten. After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and moanings of the younger mother. 'Is that my daughter's voice?' she asked—'place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom. The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow. 'Young and fair, I am sure,' the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. 'I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these? Tears? My good child, you should dry out these tears instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see—ah, my heart!—let me feel them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels.—O! if I could open my eyes for one moment to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of heaven be done! perhaps even this moment when we think ourselves most miserable, he is preparing for us some hidden blessing.'

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the reunited family in tears of mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully, should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow, for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their commiseration to a fellow creature's sorrow—even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard with real pity the story of the distress, was a surgeon who resided in the neighborhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art, which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow when she was alone in the cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

'It is not over with me yet, sir,' she concluded, 'for still, when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when I hear my son say something pleasant, I turn to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems as if I lost my sight over again.'

The surgeon discovered, on examination, that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the crystalline lens, and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light.—The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this science, render this disease, which was once held to be incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once by the condition of the eyes, that, by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or prematurely, he began by asking her whether for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor woman replied, that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her existence.

'Then,' replied her visitor, 'I may inform you, that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore you to sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you with an apartment at my house and your family shall know nothing of it until the cure is effected.'

The widow consented, and on that very evening the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after, the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over

her eyes, until the wounds which he had found necessary to inflict, were perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow—

'I think we may now with safety venture to remove the covering. Compose yourself now, my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness.'

The poor woman clasped her hands firmly together, and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow, and the light burst in a joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered and incapable of viewing any object with distinctness. The first on which her eyes rested, was the figure of a young man, bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness upon hers, and with his arms outstretched, as if to anticipate the recognition.—The face, though changed and sunned since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance, that she might have the opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness, and again, with a burst of tears, flung herself upon his neck. Other voices, too mingled with theirs. She beheld her daughter and the children waiting eagerly for her caress. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of raptures which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the young mother—the fresh and rosy color of the children—the glossy brightness of their hair—their smiles—their movements of joy—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such as she might never have experienced, had she not considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon, who thought that the consciousness of a stranger's presence might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been made instrumental in conferring.

'Richard,' said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder, and looked into his eyes, 'did I not judge aright when I said that even when we thought ourselves the most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing? Were we in the right to murmur?'

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed his head in silence.

THE SIXPENNY GLASS OF VINE.

Great crimes generally spring from small beginnings, as well as great trees and great cities. The heart grows hard and wicked by degrees, and probably the worst man that ever lived can recollect the time when he shuddered

and hesitated at the idea of committing a small offence. Truth should be often impressed on the young—say to them, ‘avoid the appearance of evil,’ for every time you deliberately do a wrong thing, you pour a dose of poison into the heart, which will tend to destroy conscience, and break down the principles of virtue you ought to cherish.

The traveller who put up at the old sign of General Wayne, in Alesbury, some 15 or 18 years ago, I promise you, did not leave the house without shaking hands with, and praising somewhat, Montgomery Rosco, the innkeeper’s son, a fine little boy as ever blessed a parent with the full blossoming of early promises. He was so obedient to his parents, so attentive and respectful to strangers, so kind and invariably polite to every one, and with all, he learned so smart at school, that every one loved and admired him.

Few youths ever left home with fairer and with better character than did Montgomery, when at the age of fifteen, he was sent to Philadelphia and put under the care of a business doing merchant, that he might, get such an insight into the business, as would justify his father in setting him up in a store in Alesbury, for this was the destiny he had marked out for his favorite child. His history is directly in point in establishing what I said at the commencement; and though few may have passed through as singular a complication of circumstances in their way, I am fully satisfied that this, in all its main and general features, is the history of thousands.

I said he was apprenticed to a merchant. It was Mr. Markley; his master esteemed him highly, and placed in him unlimited confidence. For a little while he remembered the kind admonitions of his faithful father of selecting good company; was strict in the discharge of every duty, and tried, as well as he was able, to avoid the appearance of evil. One day, however, he went to a neighboring store a moment to see a young gentleman and return a borrowed book. His friend, very politely, drew a glass of wine from one of the casks, and pressed him to drink—he did so, and departed.

The next day the same person stopped to see him—he happened to be alone; and the strong desire not to be behindhand with his new neighbor, overcame his scruples of conscience; and he treated him in turn to a glass of wine. In the hurry of the moment, he did not stop the liquor properly.—His master came in, saw the neglect, and inquired—‘Montgomery, have you been at the wine cask?’ It was an awful moment to him, he dare not pause to think—he yielded to another temptation and answered tremblingly ‘no sir, I have not.’ The old gentleman looked at him most searchingly—then turned and stopped the liquor tight himself.

The next morning the same young gentleman stepped into the store and asked Mr. M. to

sell him a cask of such as Montgomery had given him the evening before. Mr. M. looked at Montgomery again, as if to say, tell the truth next time. The exposure was too humiliating for the high spirited youth to bear. He saw his friend and entreated him to tell Mr. M. that he drew the wine himself. His friend laughed and told him he would for an oyster supper.

The bargain struck; he acquitted Montgomery in Mr. Markley’s eyes; but the poor boy was destitute of money. He had already taken some long steps aside. He took another, and resorted to his master’s drawer for money to meet the expense of the supper he had promised.

While they sat in the cellar, to which they had repaired, a gaming board was produced; and he asked to play for a small sum of money. The thought struck him that there was chance to win the money he had taken from his master, and return it.—He played and lost. He played again, and again, still he lost.

His error was now of an alarming character. He became desperate—He took the further sums from the counter, which were necessary to pay what he had borrowed, and lost. It was missed—he saw himself liable to be discovered and ruined, and resolved at a single effort to retrieve his character, by procuring the sum deficient, and depositing it somewhere that it might seem to have been overlooked.

He arose at night—entered the store, took two hundred dollars and went to a gambling house, where he was confident he could win the money. He lost every cent. The morning came; Mr. M. happened not to examine the drawer which had contained the money himself, and at ten o’clock told Montgomery to carry it to the old bank. Mr. Markley had a large deposit in another bank, and the infatuated youth drew a check for \$200 signed his master’s name to it, presented it—and was detected. He confessed the whole affair when it was too late: he had intended to deposit the money he thus attempted to draw in lieu of the money lost, and depended on chance to conceal the crime yet a little longer.

Poor fellow, I saw him once afterwards, and with a tear in his eye, and grasping my hand, he said: ‘I am going to the state prison, for a *six penny glass of wine*,’ alluding to the first error he had committed, and which had led to all the rest.

THE TRAVELLER.

SPEED OF THE REINDEER.

In the winter of 1798, there came to Reval, in Russia, some Samoyedes, a people from the banks of the Icy Ocean in Asiatic Russia, with a herd of one hundred and twenty rein deer, which they sold partly in the town and partly at the gentlemen’s mansions in the country. They were muffled from head to foot in furs. Three times a day they drove their beasts out of the town to a spacious plain; not far from

Catharinenthal, a country seat built by Peter I. where they scratched away the snow to get at the moss, their sole and scanty fare. A considerable number of persons assembled there daily to see the strange animals. Baron S. had a capital race horse, which had cost him a thousand rubles, and which he thought capable of beating a rein deer; he offered the match to a Samoyede, proposing to stake his horse against a rein deer. The Samoyede accepted the challenge. By order of the Baron, a numerous party of peasants were set to work to sweep away the snow for the distance of a verst (1,500 paces) on the Gulf of Finland, near Catharinenthal, and the sledge race took place on the ice, in the presence of thousands of spectators. The Baron's groom was seated in one sledge, and the Samoyede in the other. At first the horse was ahead, but the Samoyede purposely drove with less activity till his antagonist became somewhat tired; he then darted forward all at once, like an arrow, passed the horse, and arrived at the post long before him. According to the agreement he had won the horse, but was content with one hundred rubles, with which the Baron offered to redeem him.—*Family Magazine*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIGNS.

The following lines, says an English paper, are written upon a public house, in a village of Westmoreland:

John Stanley lives here, and sells good ale;
Walk in to get some before it grows stale.
John succeeded his father Peter;
But in the old man's time the ale was never better.

Near Sackett's Harbor, some years ago, a shantee was kept by a jolly yankee, with the following inscription upon its walls, which we think beats the English:

Cakes and beer
For sale here—
Cider and cheese,
If you please—
Walk in I swear,
And take a chair!

In Albany, we recollect an old sign, erected by one of the earliest interlopers from New-England, which read as follows:

I put this board up here.
To tell you that I sell good beer.

In process of time, Jonathan, finding his earthly store increasing, extended his business. An additional piece of board was nailed to the old sign, with the following additional couplet

And I have made it somewhat wider,
To tell you that I keep good cider.

But the following is more laughable than either. A shoemaker, going to a new place, took a shop, and put up a new sign, on which to display his learning, he had painted after his name and occupation—

‘Mens concaui recti.’

In English—‘A mind conscious of rectitude.’ He being a good workman and industrious, withal, soon obtained nearly all the best custom in the village. A brother strap, whose work since the new shoemaker had come to town had fallen off, conceived that the sybilline words on his neighbor's sign were the cause. He therefore had him a new sign, and not to be outdone by his neighbor, made the painter inscribe, after his name—

‘Mens and womens concaui recti.’

EARL FITZ WILLIAM.

The following story is so pretty in itself, and so creditable to both parties, that we cannot refuse it a place in our columns. A Farmer called on Earl Fitz William, to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his Lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt—and he estimated the damage his crops had suffered at 50*l*. The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest approached, however, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field that were most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his Lordship: ‘I am come, my Lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining the wood.’ ‘Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?’ ‘Yes, my Lord, I have found that I have sustained no loss at all, and I have therefore brought the 50*l* back again.’ ‘Ah!’ exclaimed the venerable Earl, ‘this is what I like—this is as it should be between man and man.’ He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family, how many children he had, &c. His Lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a check for 100*l*. ‘Take care of this: and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it.’—*English paper*.

A Handsome Disclaimer.—A lady tripping down our streets the other day most gracefully, and balancing her neck *a la mode*, found to her inexpressible confusion that all her hair was dropping from her head. Turning round she saw two or three false curls, a bundle of puffs, &c. prostrate in the mud. ‘Law me!’ she cried out to a gentleman in the rear, blushing up to the eyes, ‘what's that? My conscience if 'tisn't false hair. I declare, only think what ridiculous fashions folks are getting into!’—and off she whirled, leaving her poor deserted locks to wallow in the mire.

God sees me.—Persons inclined to the sin of stealing, are satisfied if they can only be certain they shall not be discovered. I once heard it related, that a man who was in the habit of going to a neighbor's cornfield to steal the ears, one day took with him his son, a boy of eight years of age. The father told him to

hold the bag, while he looked if any one was near to see him. After standing on the fence, and peeping through all the corn rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his guilty work.—'Father,' said the boy, 'you forgot to look somewhere else.' The man dropt the bag in affright and said, 'Which way, child?' supposing he had seen some one. 'You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God was noticing you.'—The father felt this reproof of the child so much, that he left the corn, returned home, and never again ventured to steal; remembering the truth his child had taught him, that the eye of God always beholds us. 'God sees me,' is a thought that would keep us from evil acts, if we tried constantly to feel its truth.—*Liberator.*

A Stop Watch.—What time of day is it, Sambo?

'Wy, I don't know, massa, wat time he be.'

'Don't know! why, you have got a watch in your pocket, and can look.'

'Yes, massa—but recollect he's a stop-watch.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1831.

The end of Volume Seven.—The present number closes the seventh volume of the Repository. With gratitude we acknowledge the aid we have received, from strangers as well as friends, in extending the circulation of our little paper; and would express a hope, now that we are about commencing a new volume, that those who have lent us a helping hand, thus far on our way, will still continue their friendly exertions in our behalf, each endeavouring to obtain as many subscribers as possible for the next volume. We repeat what we stated in our last, that papers will not be continued after this number until again ordered; agents are therefore respectfully requested, when they forward the names of new subscribers, to advise us of such of our old ones, as would wish to journey with us another year. We are also again under the necessity of just hinting to the few of our agents who have not as yet attended to our former call, that it is time all arrearages were paid.

Frontispiece for the next Volume.—The view of this City and surrounding Scenery, intended as a frontispiece for volume eight, is received and will accompany the first number.

VOLUME EIGHT

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Or Bower of Literature;

Embellished Quarterly, with a Fine Engraving.

Devoted exclusively to Polite Literature, comprised in the following subjects: Original and Select Tales, Essays, American and Foreign Biography, Travels, History, Notices of New Publications, Summary of News, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, &c. &c.

On commencing a new volume the publisher pledges himself to his patrons that his unremitting endeavours shall be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, which he has reason to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favourite and amusing visitor during the seven years of its publication. As its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect long and

useful periodicals, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the prizes offered below, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for conveying its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALES (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$25.

For the second best, the Tolsons for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the Talisman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

For the best POEM, not less than forty nor over a hundred lines, \$5.

For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides four plates, a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 412 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fast type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Eighth Volume (Fourth Volume New Series) will commence on the 4th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Those who will forward us Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit us Sixteen Dollars, shall receive twenty copies for one year—reducing the price to Eighty Cents per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty Dollars, shall receive Twenty Five copies and a set of *Sturm's Reflections* for every Day in the year, handsomely bound. All the previous volumes, except the first and second, will be furnished to those who obtain subscribers, at the same rate. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscriptions to be sent by the 15th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, No. 135, corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

March 26, 1831.

SUMMARY.

Croly's thrilling story of the *Demon Ship* has been dramatized for the New-York Hovey Theatre. Some of the horrid scenes in which Gibbs, the Pirate, was an actor, have been introduced into the piece.

Extraordinary Performance.—A dealer in charcoal the other day sold us four bushels, and put the whole in an ordinary sized flour barrel, without any apparent extortion.—*Catskill Recorder.*

Strawberries of the present year's growth have been gathered in the neighborhood of Norfolk.

Charcoal.—The common council of Troy have passed a law, prohibiting any person from vending and selling Charcoal in that city, unless it be sold by measurement in wooden tubs or measures, to contain one or two bushels of Charcoal, and to be approved and conspicuously marked by the dealer of measures.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stobbins, Mr. Oscar Durin, to Miss Mary Allen Coffin.

On Thursday, the 28th ult. Mr. Richard Gage, Jr. to Miss Emily Ford, both of this city.

At Claverack, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. Henry H. Brown, merchant of Canaan, to Miss Dorothy Whitbeck of the former place.

At Hillsdale, on Wednesday the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Harry Truesdell, Mr. Elzhanth N. Dimmick, to Miss Jerusha Maria Reed, all of Hillsdale.

At Ghent, on Sunday last, by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Smith M. Beebe, to Miss Lydia Ann Reynolds.

At the same place, by the same, Mr. Stephen V. Cady, to Miss Lydia Reynolds, all of Millville.

DIED.

In this city, on the 12th inst. Miss Anne Rund, aged 18 years.

On Monday the 13th inst. Martha, daughter of Mr. Harman Stoddard, aged 5 years.

On Wednesday the 11th inst. Mr. Richard Bently, formerly of London, Eng. in the 56th year of his age.

On Wednesday the 17th inst. Mrs. Dinah Bunker, widow of the late Mr. Prince Bunker; aged 33 years.

On Sunday the 18th inst. Mr. Henry B. Clark, son of Mr. Joseph Clark, in the 36th year of his age.

At Mount Eagle, Virginia, Bushrod Washington, Esq. in the 47th year of his age.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
TO A LADY.

There is a star burns high and clear,
When night assumes her diadem;
And sails through floods of liquid blue,
Bright as a monarch's brightest gem.

This is the star of Beauty, Love,
I gaze at it and think of thee;
As scattering wide its rays, like Hope,
It lights up yon untroubled sea.

May all thy years be calm and sweet,
As are that star's first evening beams:
Thy bark glide with its moonlight sail,
Over Time's purest, holiest stream.

Then when the eve of death draws near,
Like yon bright orb, thou shalt arise:
In Heaven find a peaceful home,
And shine amid the glowing skies.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

MY MOTHER'S SIGH.

I've felt it oft in childhood's hour—
The magic of a mother's sigh.
I've yielded to its gentle power,
With heart subdued and drooping eye.

When full of glee, a wayward child,
I've stolen from my task away,
That sound amid the frolic wild
Would rise and check my careless play.

I've read, with rapt and earnest look
O'er pages filled with wild romance,—
My mother sighed!—I closed the book
And broke at once the idle trance.

If passion flushed my youthful cheek,
And pride and gloom were on my brow,
When other's frowns were vain and weak,
Her sigh could bid my spirit bow.

If, checked in Folly's radiant dream,
I've turned away with laughing eyes,—
My mother's sigh that smile could dim,
And tears, repentant tears, would rise—

My dream has fled—and wearying care
Has silenced Folly's childish strain,
The thoughtless mirth that revelled there
May never, never come again!

But still I feel that holy power,
It thrills my heart and fills my eye
With tears, as when, in ' childhood's hour,'
I yielded to *my mother's sigh*.

MUSIC FROM SHORE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A sound comes on the rising breeze,
A sweet and lovely sound!

Piercing the tumult of the seas,
That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land it comes,
From hills with murmuring trees,
From paths by still and happy homes—
That sweet sound on the breeze!

Why should its faint and passing sigh
Thus bid my quick pulse leap?

—No part in earth's glad melody
Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot
Whence those rich breathings flow!
Kind hearts although they know me not,
Like mine must beat and glow.

And blessings, from the bark that roams
O'er solitary seas,
To those that far in happy homes
Give sweet sounds to the breeze?

From the Providence Patriot.

PRINTING OFFICE MELODIES.

THE FREEMAN.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the rounce,

And let the work begin;
The world is pressing on without,
And we must *press* within—
And we who guide the public mind,
Have influence far and wide,
And all our deeds are good, although
The *Devil's* at our side.

Let fly the *frisket* now my boys!
Who are more proud than we—
While wait the anxious crowd without,
The force of *power* to see;

So pull away—none are so great,
As they who run the *car*;
And who have dignity like those
That practice at the *bar*;

And you who twirl the *roller* there,

Be quick, you *inky* man;
Old Time is *rolling* on himself,
So beat him if you can;
Be careful of the *light* and *shade*,
Nor let the sheet grow pale;
Be careful of the *monkey* looks
Of every *head* and *tail*.

Though *high* in *office* is your *stand*,
And *pi-ous* is our *case*,
We would not cast a *stir* on those,
Who fill our lower place;
The gaping world is fed by us,
Who retail knowledge here;
By feeding that we *feed* ourselves,
Nor deem our fare too dear.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the rounce,
And thus the *chase* we'll join;
We have deposits in the *bank*,
Our draws are full of *coin*;
And who should more genteely cut
A *figure* or a *dash*?

Yet sometimes we who *press* so much,
Ourselves are *pressed* for cash.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Chart.

PUZZLE II.—Because it's between two eyes.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

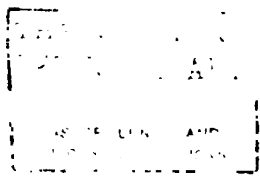
Of what word of one syllable, can the following words
be composed:—Hare, ach, ale, are, lace, care, chase,
rase, sale, ash, case, seal, ace, hares?

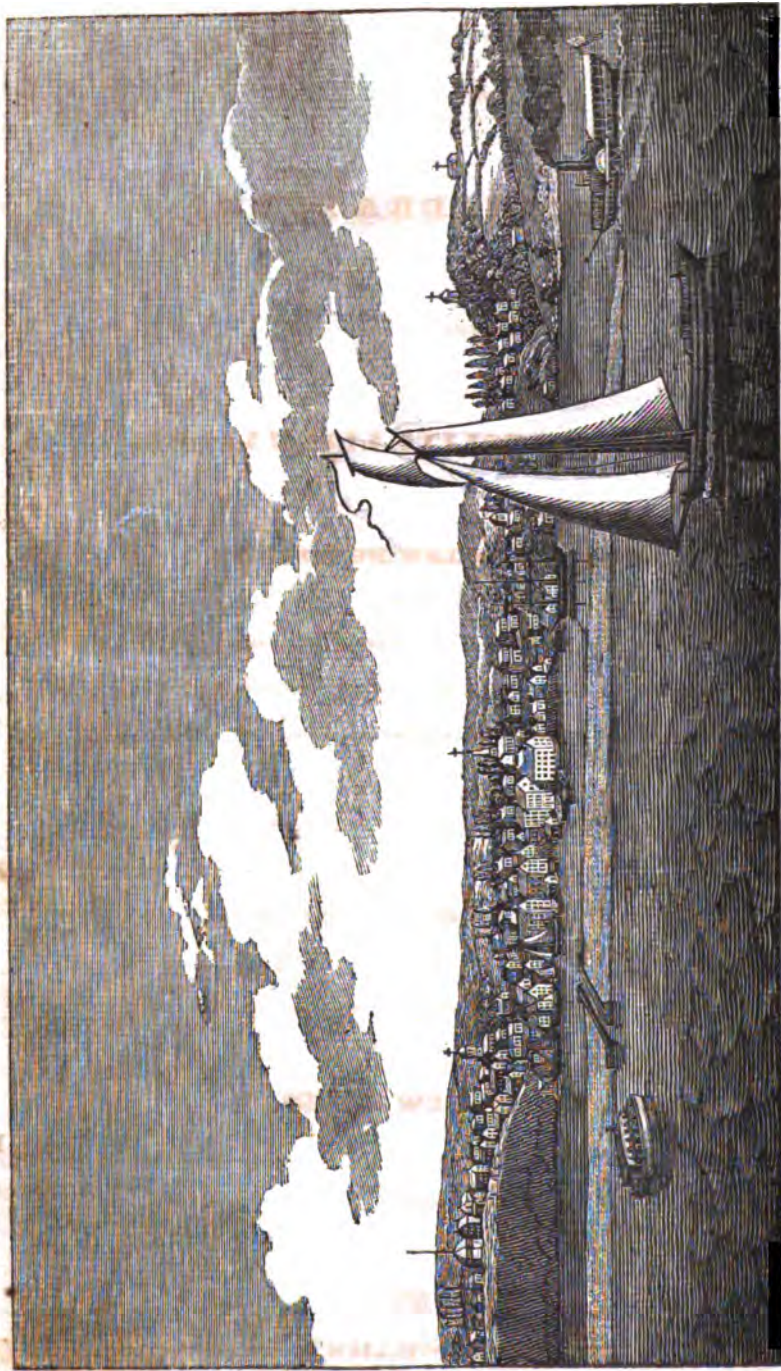
II.

'Tis neither fish, flesh, nor bone, yet has four fingers
and a thumb.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD,
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communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.
All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive
attention.





A VIEW OF THE CITY OF HUDSON.

Drawn and Engraved for the Rural Repository.

THE
RURAL REPOSITORY.

OR

BOWER OF LITERATURE;

DEVOTED

EXCLUSIVELY TO POLITE LITERATURE,

COMPRISED IN THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS:

ORIGINAL AND SELECT TALES, ESSAYS, AMERICAN AND FOREIGN BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELS, NOTICES
OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY,
HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, &c. &c.

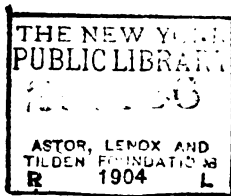
EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. VIII.—IV. NEW SERIES.

HUDSON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

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1831—32.



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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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NO. 1.

POPULAR TALES.

FORT BRADDOCK LETTERS.

In publishing this interesting tale we suppress the introductory epistle, as containing nothing either essential to the story or amusing to the reader. We will just premise that Putnam Bunker, Jr. Lt. commanding Fort Braddock, at a period long subsequent to the era of the transactions recorded in the narrative, writes to his friend that while clearing the rubbish from a ruinous ditch belonging to the ancient works, where the parapet was lowest, his sergeant struck with his spade something that sounded hollow. It was a trunk, which contained a few articles of little value and a collection of papers, letters &c. Several from men of whom he had heard and read; and among others a pretty connected account of events, in which the Lieutenant says he felt an interest because they had related to persons, many of whom, in other circumstances, had been on the spot where he then was. He further states that his leisure gave him an opportunity of writing it off, with the addition of some hints contained in the letters, and with a few slight alterations in the order of the narrative though not in the events. The result of his labours is contained in the following numbers:—

THE BRADDOCK MANUSCRIPT.

And what is friendship but a name.

More than a century ago, in the evening of a day in September, three students in the college which was then at Saybrook, and which is now known at New Haven by the name of Yale College, were seated in a room, in the only building which that institution had then to boast of. Something like a commencement was at hand, and these young men had parts to perform at the approaching public exhibition, when they were to receive the honours of that infant seminary. The Rev. Mr. Davenport with his cap and band, had already arrived in town; The Rector Williams was expected from Wethersfield, in the first boat down the Connecticut river; the Rev. Mr. Saltonstall, the clergyman at New-London, afterwards the ambassador to the Dutch settlement at Manhattan, now New-York, and shortly after the governor of this colony, was expected to accompany his excellency governor Winthrop from New-London; and most of the clergy from the churches then gathered, it was thought would attend. The word *splendid* is a relative

term—it was used by our ancestors, and was good English as long ago as the time of Richard the Lion hearted. They expected a *splendid* commencement at Saybrook. The native stock of female beauty, for which that town even to the present day is famous, was to be increased on the occasion by the great grandmother's of the present generation, then in the bloom of youth, who came, some on foot and some in canoes, from the shore of the river. The more highborn and wealthy came on horseback, and generally rode double; They were dressed in cloth of their own manufacture, made up by themselves in the fashion of the day, with long waists, short sleeves, &c. their stockings were blue, and their shoes were not morocco. Yet the manuscript speaks of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, smiling lips, pearly teeth, and all the witchery of female charms. This sad taste on the part of the writer, considering the unimproved state of the female costume, can only be accounted for by the fact that these classic beaux themselves wore (except on public days) checked shirts and butternut coloured coats, with long backs, full skirts and large pewter buttons. It is even said that in those days of simplicity, one of the lay members of the corporation rode with beetle rings in the place of stirrups.

At the meeting I have mentioned, this display was in expectancy. The conversation of those young men related in part to the several subjects on which they had written, and in part to their approaching separation, and the course of life they would pursue. They read to each other their several compositions. One of them by the name of Dudley, from the vicinity of Boston, whom his parents had always intended for a military man, and who was soon to enter into the small but active naval service of the times, had prepared an oration in Greek upon civilizing the Indians. Another whose name was Van Tromp, whose Dutch parents had owned the very spot where Fort Braddock now stands, and had lived in its vicinity, had written a piece of pastoral poetry on the pleasures of retirement; which as he was quite homesick for this charming retreat, was said to be very

feeling. His parents were dead, and he was to return with a considerable property and much family influence to his large but wild estate, which was then known for many a mile by the Dutch name of Hardzscoggin. At the early age of twenty he was to be master of his own conduct—and with ample means for the times, was to be the head man among servants and dependants, and the new settlers in his neighbourhood.

The remaining member of the trio, was a reserved youth who had formed no intimacy during his stay at college, but with these two companions. He had never until now spoken of his origin or his prospects; his name was Du Quesne. He made on this occasion rather a melancholy disclosure to his companions, that he knew little or nothing of his parentage; that he had been constantly supplied by a gentleman in New-York, with a quarterly payment of money, which was remitted from France by some unknown hand, accompanied by letters not signed, which directed the plan of his education. He was to return to New-York and attempt the study of the law. He had always been better dressed than the other students, and wore by express direction, one of the most rare and extravagant ornaments of the day—a large gold watch, of curious workmanship. Great care had been taken to supply him with additional books, and private instructions upon several branches of science not professedly taught in the college. A turn of mind rather melancholy, inclined him to study and made him a scholar. He not only learned the dead languages, which were then better understood than at present, but he spoke French, and had a good acquaintance with polite literature. He read in his turn a little essay which he proposed to speak, on the uncertainty of fortune, and the vicissitudes of human life; some of which it afterwards appeared he was doomed to experience. The unsettled state of this new country, and their approaching separation for a distance of time and space which they could not determine, was then the topic of conversation; they spoke of their pilgrimage as lonely, and dwelt with the enthusiasm of young men upon the great benefits that might result from union and mutual assistance. They seemed each to feel the want of support and expressed their confidence in each other; this ended before their separation for the night in solemn pledges for future friendship, which they engaged should be of so serious and practical a kind, that if any one of them should at any time in their lives be involved in difficulty, or need assistance, the others should immediately, on notice, be bound to render it, at the expense of every hazard whether of person or property. Upon the strength of this compact they departed in better spirits.

It is said that the commencement was celebrated with more parade than was even expected—for in addition to the dignitaries of church and state, whose attendance was as punctual

as usual, the celebrated Capt. Mason on his return from an Indian victory, on his way to Stonington, stopped at the town and honoured the company with his presence. It is of this very occasion, that he speaks in a manuscript account of his campaign, which is still extant, in which he commends the good conduct of Lt. Gardinier, who commanded the garrison on the platform, where, to use his own language, he was 'formerly received and nobly entertained with many great guns.'

NO. II.

'Ah who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar.'

The scholars were dismissed from Saybrook and each betook himself to his home and entered upon the course of life which his friends or his fortune had prescribed for him. Du Quesne, with whom we must at present continue, repaired to New-York, where upon his being admitted to the bar, as in due time he was, his mysterious supply of money was withheld, and he was left without relatives or connexions to make the usual slow and uncertain progress in the business of his profession.—He was of a temperament much too sensitive for his own comfort, in a calling, which at that time at any rate, however it may be at present, exposed him to personal altercation, contradiction, and that sharp and harsh collision which tries and strengthens the passions of the heart, at least as much as it does the faculties of the mind.

He had a natural and easy eloquence, and more taste and learning than most of his associates. His attention to his business was strict, but it was forced, and his occasional success embittered his enemies more than it conciliated his friends. He even conceited at times, that the courts before which he practised, had their favorites, and that he was not in the number. Sometimes neglected, always opposed, and often mortified, he yet patiently persevered—though he soon found himself the object of personal enmity, and was convinced of attempts to defeat his progress. He resolved to exert his industry to acquire the means of support in some place in the new settlements, as remote as was consistent with personal security, where land was cheap, and where independence might be easily purchased. This vision of comfort he cherished in secret, and resorted to it in his day dreams as his standing consolation. But his enemies were too active, and shortened the period which was necessary to his success. Some bills and papers relating to claims in a suit to a large amount, and which were entrusted to him, were missing, as he found when he was preparing his cases. He searched in vain—his anxiety amounted to distress. He feared to ask for an accommodation, for it was attended with the risk of disclosure. Those who had artfully accomplished their object, by involving him in this embarrassment, were little likely to show him favor. There was no alternative—

after weeks of agony the term began, the suits were defeated—he was personally liable for the loss, and industriously exposed to censure. His employers were advised to their remedy against him, and the least of his troubles was the constant expectation of being arrested.

One morning very early, with an agitated mind he crossed the river to the Jersey shore, for the sake of relieving or indulging his melancholy, and having to himself a few moments of solitude and security. There was a retired spot at no great distance from the shore sheltered by trees, and surrounded by rural beauty, which seemed to invite the solitary, and offer its quiet scenery to sooth the angry passions, and imperceptibly to substitute feelings of a softer kind. And yet this is the very spot which from that day to this has been the battle ground of wounded honor.—How often has it witnessed the worst of passions, and how rich has been the blood that has at times been shed there! To this spot he was unconsciously approaching, when he was roused by the near report of fire arms. He quickened his pace in the direction of the noise, and on coming to a natural lawn among the trees, discovered a man apparently wounded and just fallen. Three others were hastening through the thicket and evidently bent on a hasty escape. The nature of this transaction was evident. He called upon the fugitives in vain—he followed them some distance, till they were out of his sight, and returned when he found there was no hope of assistance, towards the wounded man. He stopped in his way only to take up a pistol which lay on the ground about ten paces distant from the object of his attention. On reaching the wounded man, what was his astonishment to find his own most bitter enemy and rival lay speechless and dying. He looked up with an expression unutterable, when he saw who it was that came to his assistance, made a violent attempt to speak, gasped and died. At this moment Du Quesne was stooping to raise the body already lifeless, when several men who had been alarmed by the same noise which drew him to the place, rushed hastily upon him and as he began artlessly to ask them for help, secured him as their prisoner, and charged him with the murder.

His surprise made his answers incoherent, and his agitation to their eyes was evidence of his guilt. In this state of mind he was reconveyed to the city, taken before a magistrate and charged with the fact. On the examination, it appeared that the pistol found in his possession, had been recently discharged, the lock was sprung, and the smell and marks of newly burnt powder were strong about it. A surgeon had extracted a ball from the dead man, which exactly corresponded with the calibre of the pistol. It was likewise in proof that there had been a bitter enmity between the deceased and the accused.

‘You are a lawyer, Mr. Du Quesne,’ said the magistrate, ‘and know that you can answer

or not to the charge. What say you, is there any reason why you should not be fully committed for trial? The offence is not bailable you know.’ ‘And if it was,’ said Du Quesne ‘I have no bail.’ ‘Do you choose,’ continued the magistrate, ‘to attempt any defence or explanation? it will be evidence against you, you know, and not in your favour. But you are agitated—take a moment’s time.’

This moment’s time helped a little to compose the prisoner’s spirits. He cast his eye around a room filled with boys and men black and white, ragged, dirty and vulgar. It occurred to him how absurd it was, in the presence of such an audience, to say to a Dutch Justice, that his morning walk was one of sentiment, and that the scenery and silence operated upon the workings of his mind to cross the river.

He contented himself with a simple declaration of his innocence, which he knew the Justice did not believe, and mustering his self-possession, said, that he was without evidence and without friends. He uttered this last word with a voice, and in a manner that would have out-done the best of actors. A tear slid upon his long and drooping eyelash, and fell upon the floor; it was succeeded by another—his face was fixed and the last word friends, had recalled to his mind some strong recollections.

The Justice was looking fully at him, and felt for his distress. He had no great opinion of the deceased, and as far as morals were concerned, could excuse the man who met his adversary in an honorable way. He went up to him, and led him to the further corner of the room.

‘My worthy friend, (said he,) confess the whole; I’ll help you if I can—he was a good for nothing fellow, and I have no doubt, was fairly killed;—come tell me what you’ve got to say!’

‘Mr. Van Erp,’ said the prisoner, ‘upon my soul’s safety I am not guilty.’

‘Oh I know that,’ said the justice, ‘it is no great crime in a fair way to dispose of such a fellow, especially in your case—but don’t deny the fact; you may confide.’

‘Yes, I do confide, when I tell you that I did not do it.’

‘What,’ said the justice ‘not shoot him?’

‘No, I did not.’

‘Be it so,’ said the Justice, incredulously shaking his head, ‘you are a lawyer, and have heard the evidence; you know I must commit you: delay is useless.’ The Squire, as he was termed, made out the mittimus himself, (for in this country the magistrates have no clerks,) and Du Quesne was followed to the gaol by the rabble that had attended his trial.—The gaol then stood on the East River, near the centre of that busy spot, where there now are so many slips and grocers—where the streets are so dirty and the passing so difficult. The building itself was made partly of stone and partly of logs; and the gaol-house, in which the keeper and

his family lived, was part of the building. The gaoler too, was a man of some distinction; and, by virtue of his office, was a member of the city corporation. In one of the cells of this establishment was our high minded and aspiring friend locked up, and left to his meditations. It was sometime before he could regain his self-possession, and his busy thoughts then suggested to him the certainty of his fate, the shortness of the interval, and the agonizing reflections by which that interval must be marked. The gallows would be the last object before his closing eyes at night, and the first thought which the mild beam of morning would bring along with it. His very slumbers were disturbed with dreams—dreams of the throng of faces which would surround the place of his execution, vacant, vulgar, and unfeeling—dreams of the cart, the hangman and the coffin on which he should sit, and of the awful dialogue with his ghostly confessor, about his future state—the dread memento of the sheriff, ‘you have but half an hour to live,’ and the grave ready dug at the foot of the scaffold. These dreams would awake him only to the consciousness that it was all true! When awake, he meditated on his hopes of acquittal.—The law on duelling was very severe, and the common law called it murder. The statute, however, in those sad times, unlike these of modern and more impartial days, was unequally administered. Some who had friends could transgress with impunity, while others were left to the rigor of the law. It was easy for the Judge to show that the law was plain and that conviction was inevitable. It was equally satisfactory to hear him put analogous cases and show that the man, who on sudden provocation, would be guilty only of manslaughter, if he should exercise a noble forbearance and give his adversary a chance for his life, would commit a crime still less when he killed his man in a fair and honorable duel.

But our friendless prisoner was well aware that very little ingenuity from the bench, would be exercised in his favor.—The most impartial direction would be, that the law should take its course.

Nearly five years had elapsed since his residence at Saybrook. To this last peaceful period of his life, his thoughts naturally recurred, and dwelt on the only friendship with which his days had been sweetened. Dudley was probably on the ocean, and would hear of his misfortunes only to bewail his death.

He knew well where Van Tromp lived, but could not see how he could assist.—Yet his presence, his influence and perhaps his counsel might relieve if not avert his sufferings. There was at that time a regular communication kept up between the Dutch settlement at New-Amsterdam and the French Posts on the Canada line by the way of the North River and Lake Champlain. To be sure, as the residence of Van Tromp was out of the way and the country wild, the arrival of a letter was uncertain. Yet as he had nothing else to do, he determined

if only to feed his hopes, to write letter after letter by every return of the carrier and by every opportunity of sending to that vicinity.

His letters were nearly of the same tenor, all conversant about the same thing. The only one preserved is the following.

GAOL AT NEW AMSTERDAM.—

My Dear and only Friend,

I am here confined as a criminal, on a capital charge, and am to be tried in about ten months, with no hope of being acquitted. To you it is not necessary that I should go into detail; I know your confidence in me to be such, that you will believe me when I say, that I am perfectly innocent; for I would not call you to the rescue of the guilty. My only solace now is, that I can disclose my every thought to you, that I can repose on your friendship with perfect security, and rely on your exertions as fully as on my own. My thoughts are too distracted to devise any mode of assistance; I leave that to you.—Yet use your influence, and though it may all be in vain, let me, if possible, see you once more.

CARLOS DU QUESNE.

(To be Continued.)

From the *Ladies' Magazine*.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

‘A letter from my father!’ exclaimed the beautiful Grace Acton, as she languidly raised her fine eyes, at the entrance of a servant; ‘but what is this?’ as she, at the same moment, received a small paper.

‘Oh that, ma’am, Mrs. Means’ little boy just gave me, and said his mother told him to be sure you had it before he came home.’

‘Tell him, just now I am engaged, but he may call this afternoon, to-morrow, any other time but now;’ and she hastened to open her father’s letter. The expressions of regret for prolonged absence, the detailed causes of it, and the kind admonitions it contained, were quickly passed over, till, just at its conclusion, Grace read with interest the few following lines: ‘for the first time, for many years, I am from home on New Year’s morning, and cannot consult your taste in the selection of your New Year’s gift; purchase with the enclosed what pleases you best; but, my dear child, remember that on this day we should endeavour to make others happy, while so profuse in the expression of our good wishes. I send you, too, what may answer the claims of charity, as well as the demands of justice? I need not repeat to you, that we have no right to indulge our own wishes, while we withhold what is due to others; a mere competence is all I possess, but I have ever lived in conformity with these principles; I would have my child to do the same.’

‘Now,’ thought Grace, ‘the pearl necklace shall be mine; and this evening too, the very time I would have chosen, for Mrs. W.’s ball—how fortunate! and my father leaves it to my own choice too; but’—and Mrs. Means’ bill, her father’s counsel, flashed across her mind, ‘yet, after all, what can those people want money so much for? they can wait a little longer; next week I will—yes, next week; and it can make no great difference,’ said the

child of indulgence, as she balanced the gratification of her own vanity, with the comfort, perhaps the very existence of others. At this moment visitors were announced, and disturbed not the golden, but pearly visions of the young beauty. Nothing was talked of but the expected ball, the splendid preparations which had been made and the strangers who were to be present; 'and, be sure to look your prettiest,' said one of the ladies, 'for we are this evening, to see Mr. Eustis, the young traveller; rich, admired, with all the polish of foreign manners; in short, a very elegant young man.' 'One, I assure you, that will turn the heads of all our young ladies, and disappoint the hopes of some of our plodding merchants and calculating lawyers—every day sort of people, as they are,' said an elderly lady, as she gave Grace a very significant look. 'At least,' said her auditor, haughtily, 'there is one who will make no efforts to please him.' What apparently trivial circumstances sometimes determine our situations and characters for years, nay, even for life; if any thing can be trivial which influences the moral feelings, and shades the character. The admired and flattered Grace was too hackneyed in the ways of the world, to allow it for a moment to be thought that any attention, or any homage could be viewed as other than the usual incense to her charms; but she secretly resolved that evening to surpass herself—resolved that not only the pearl necklace, but every thing else which could enhance her beauty (at least every thing with in the compass of her power) should be hers. The long expected evening at length arrived; the evening which was to realize or disappoint so many hopes of pleasure; and Grace gave a satisfied glance at her mirror, as she fastened the beautiful ornament around her neck; and perhaps her satisfaction was increased, while she contrasted her own dress and figure with those of her pale but interesting cousin, whose simple white attire and retiring air, Grace thought just fit to pass unnoticed in a crowd. While the conscious beauty was thus anticipating the triumphs of vanity, the door of her apartment suddenly opened, and her maid, followed by the poor woman whose application in the morning had been so cruelly evaded, entered. Her thin and wasted form, her threadbare clothing, contrasted as they were with the comforts and elegancies of the apartment, and the splendid attire of its mistress, told a tale of suffering; it whispered of the heart-broken wife and wretched mother; and when she spoke of her dying husband, of her children, who, with all their little efforts, could scarcely obtain a scanty subsistence, while their wretched parent was dying without those comforts which his sickly appetite and suffering state required:—while she told of those, and appealed at least to the justice, if not to the charity of Miss Acton, for what she had so long withheld, reminded her of the many hours she had stolen from sleep, to complete various kinds of fine work for her;

even then the mind of her auditor was unmoved by distress, of the existence of which she could form no idea, and telling her it was then quite impossible, but next week she would positively see her, she stepped into the carriage, which was waiting at the door. The lights, the company, the music, and still more, the admiring glances which awaited her, soon banished from her mind all remembrance of the late scene; and when told that she was the evident object of attraction to the elegant Eustis, she was at the very acme of her wishes: while a thousand visions of future splendor floated before her in brilliant perspective.

Edward Eustis, to the advantages of person and situation, united the highest sentiments of honour, an excellent heart, and a strong sense of the responsibility attendant upon wealth. He had returned, after an absence of three years, to New-York, his native city, and which was to be his future residence.—Forming, as he had done, even romantic ideas of domestic happiness, he resolved, before he married, to study well the character of the woman, on whom, not only so much of his future happiness, but even moral excellence, must depend.

On the evening of Mrs. W.'s ball, he was certainly charmed with the uncommon loveliness of Miss Acton's face, as well as the polished ease and elegance of her manners; and day after day, week after week, he found himself in her society; her beauty had thrown a spell around him, and while he flattered himself that he still retained the power of impartial judgment, every action was viewed through the medium most favourable to her wishes. Every body, that is, every body in the fashionable world, the ton, had decided that it was quite the thing; and even to the envious and disappointed acknowledged they were just fitted for each other. They knew about as much of the fitness and propriety of the matter as the world usually does, when it decides upon our character and intentions, and seeing only what meets the eye, constitutes itself a correct judge of the thousand nameless thoughts and motives which lie deep in the recesses of the heart.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE TRAVELLER.

THE THUNDERING SPRING.

In a deep glen, in the northwest corner of Upson county, is a curious fountain, popularly known as the *Thundering Spring*. The basin of the spring is about ten feet over, perfectly round, with bright shining zones around it, resembling gold and silver belts, caused by the deposit of fine yellow sand and isinglass. Though the sand boils up with considerable vehemence, the surface of the water, is perfectly smooth and transparent, and runs off so gently that its current is scarcely perceptible, and many suppose that the water sinks as fast, as it rises. The transparency of the water extends about six inches.—Below that depth,

it appears like boiling sand. The water is nearly blood warm, and has a slight sulphurous taste and smell. The ebullition is so strong, that it is said to be impossible for a person to sink in this spring.—Bathing here is said to be a certain cure for rheumatism and many cutaneous affections. The boiling is irregular, some times being scarcely perceptible, at other times strong and violent. The most remarkable feature however about this singular spring, is a low rumbling noise, heard at short intervals, resembling distant thunder or the low mutterings of the tempest.

This spring was held in much veneration by the Indians, who imagined it the laboratory of thunder and storms, and they had an idea, that by agitating the water, they could cause it to thunder and rain! Nearly on the top of the hill over the fountain, is a deep sink or pit, which they say was the former situation of the spring, and that the Thunder spirit removed it down to the valley to hide it from the whites.—*Macon, Geo. Telegraph.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIR WALTER RALIEGH.

He was a man of admirable parts, extensive knowledge, undaunted resolution, and strict honour and honesty.

He was executed in Old Palace Yard in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His behaviour on the scaffold was manly, unaffected, and even cheerful. Being asked by the executioner which way he would lay his head, he answered: So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies.

In his letter to his son, he says, 'My son, let my experienced advice, and fatherly instructions, sink deep into thy heart.—Seek not riches basely, nor attain them by evil means. Use thy poor neighbours and tenants well. Have compassion on the poor and afflicted, and God will bless thee for it.'

'Now, for the world, dear child, I know it too well to persuade thee to dive into the practices of it: rather stand upon thy guard against all those that tempt thee to it, or may practice upon thee, whether in thy conscience, thy reputation, or thy estate. Be assured, that no man is wise or safe, but he that is honest.'

The Edinburgh Scotsman notes it as a beautiful trait in the history of the American government, that it 'has never shed a drop of blood, nor banished a single individual for state crimes.' This is just, and the circumstance is peculiar, and redounds to the credit of the Republican system. The situation and feeling of the American people, at the time they made their easy, natural transition to that system, were eminently favorable to future and permanent unanimity. There is no government other than ours, perfectly adapted to the interests, habits and sentiments of the universal nation; under every other, there is a strong minority

at least disadvantaged and disaffected; the rulers are obliged from self-preservation to resort to the severest penalties against treason or sedition.—*Nat. Gaz.*

Curtailling Whiskers.—Tom Hobbs one day met a friend who was remarkable for his huge fiery whiskers, a portion of which had just been taken off.

'Well, Tom,' said he of the whiskers, 'don't you see a change in my looks?'

'No, I don't,' said Tom, 'where's the change?'

'Why, don't you see,' said his friend, 'I have been cur-tail-ing my whiskers?'

'Well, I didn't notice it,' said Tom, 'I always thought you had dog's hair enough about your whiskers:—*Red Rover.*

A negro was bragging to a minister of the amount which he had gained during the past year by the use of his fiddle, and asked him if it was not nearly equal to his salary. The parson said that it was. 'Well,' says Sambo, 'I spose dat I suit de people good deal better.'

A wonderful capacity.—A storekeeper, rather remarkable for the care he took of number one, was once boasting in the presence of a customer, 'that he could secure a quarter of a pound of tea in a smaller piece of paper than any other man in the seven states.' 'Yes,' said Zedekiah Dry-as-dust, who chanced to hear the conversation, 'and you'll put a pint of rum in a smaller bottle than any other man, that I ever see, any way.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1831.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

We present our subscribers with a view of the City of Hudson, taken from the West side of the river, in a direct line from the South point of the flats, in the centre of the river. Those flats extend about four miles, dividing the river into two deep channels. Across the flats is a dug way for the ferry boat to pass. The city is principally, built on a hill which extends from the river, in a direction inclining several points to the East of South. On the West end of the city is a high Promontory rising almost perpendicularly, upwards of one hundred feet, from high water mark. On the North and South of this promontory are two large and beautiful bays, which at high water (that usually covers the flats also) gives to the Hudson River a most noble and grand appearance, extending to the width of two miles, in one uninterrupted sheet of water. From the Round House, on the most elevated point of the Promontory, the Main, or Warren Street extends in a straight line. This street is more than seven furlongs in length, and is sixty feet wide, on which are many elegant buildings. Midway of the street are the Court-House and Jail, on opposite sides, facing each other.—In the city are six houses for public worship. One for Episcopalians, one for Presbyterians, one for Universalists, one for Baptists, one for Methodists and one for Quakers or Friends. There is also a Bank, an Asylum for Insane persons, under the care of Dr. Samuel White, an Academy, a Lancaster School, Four Printing Offices, from which are issued three weekly and one Semi-Monthly papers and an extensive Air Furnace in which is cast every species of Machinery. In this city is also

carried on the Carriage Making in all its branches, and the manufacture of furniture of every description. The population of Hudson is 5392.

Few places, in this quarter of the world, furnish a greater variety of extensive and beautiful prospects, of the surrounding country, than Hudson. From one site you have a view of the lofty summits of the Catskill Mountains stretching far to the West, diminishing in size until lost in the vast distance beyond the power of sight. From another position you behold the majestic Hudson descending, through its various windings from the North, covered with innumerable vessels of various descriptions, whose white sails spread to the breeze, present a spectacle animating and delightful as the vessels pass and repass each other; while morning and evening you catch a glimpse of the swift Steam Boat as the curling columns of smoke issue from her fire pipes. From Prospect Hill, on the Eastern extremity of the city, after tracing the River for many miles, and scanning the long extended ridges of the Catskill Mountains, turning round to the South, East and North, we behold an extensive range of country delightfully interspersed with Hills and Valleys, Forests, Orchards, Fruitful Fields and innumerable Villages, until the blue expanse of Heaven, resting upon the Mountains that lay between the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New-York, stretching their proud eminences into Vermont, closes the scene from the ken of the most piercing eye.

Hudson was first settled by enterprising men of property belonging to Rhode Island and Nantucket, of the names of Jenkins, Paddock, Barnard, Coffin, Thurston, Greene, Minton, Lawrence, &c. About twenty of those gentlemen in the early part of 1783 set out in company, to find some navigable situation on which to commence a new settlement. They sailed up the Hudson, and purchased the ground on which this city now stands. In the fall of 1783 two families arrived and commenced a settlement. In the spring of 1784 the other proprietors arrived bringing with them several vessels, and the city went on rapidly. The proprietors were soon joined by emigrants from the Eastward, and in 1785 Mr. Asahel Stoddard removed from Connecticut, established a Printing Office and issued a weekly paper called the 'Hudson Gazette.' Ship building was immediately commenced and a number of fine vessels were constructed by Mr. Cheney and others. In 1785 and 1786 the number of Vessels owned in this city was about twenty-five carrying upwards of 2500 tons, being more, than was owned at that time, in the city of New-York. Those vessels were mostly employed in the West India trade: a few were engaged in the Whale and Seal Fishery, which was carried on with considerable success, and Hudson, rapidly increased both in wealth and population. During the revolutionary struggle in France, and the long protracted war in Europe, such was the demand for neutral vessels, and such the high prices of freight, that the vessels owned here, were engaged in the carrying trade. This trade was not long enjoyed, for British Orders in Council; and French Decrees swept many of the vessels from their owners. Other losses followed by shipwreck; and the Embargo, Non-intercourse and War which succeeded, gave the finishing stroke to the prosperity of Hudson. This city was a port of entry until 1815 when commerce ceased to exist, our vessels having passed into other hands. The immense losses at sea produced much embarrassment and many failures; which, with the breaking of the Hudson Bank, produced great jealousy among the neighboring Farmers who had suffered loss: in consequence of which, Hudson has been for several years in the shade, destitute of that trade necessary for its prosperity and growth in population.

At the close of the war in 1815 attempts were made to establish Woolen Manufactories without success, and the failure of the Bank of Columbia in this city, heightened the distresses of the trading classes of community.

Hudson is now rising like the Phoenix from its ashes. A Tow Boat Company has been formed for the purpose of carrying the produce of the country to New-York,

and Merchandize from thence to this city and country. The Company own a powerful Steam Boat and two Barges of three hundred tons each, fitted up in good style for passengers as well as for freight. These Boats alternately leave Hudson and New-York once a week, and perform the distance of 130 miles in 14 hours. A company has been formed to carry on the Whale Fishery. They, have, already, four fine ships carrying 1400 tons, one of which has made a successful voyage returning in ten months with 2200 barrels of oil and 16000 lbs of whale bone.

There is also owned in this city nine Sloops and three Scows, carrying from forty to one hundred tons each, that trade regularly to New-York and Albany.

Under present circumstances the hope is entertained that Hudson will again flourish as in its infant days, and that the beauty and sublimity of its scenery, and the healthfulness of its climate, will invite the attention of the tourist in his journey to visit the medicinal Springs of Ballstown and Saratoga, or the stupendous Cataract of Niagara, and incline him to rest himself, for a few days on the delightful Banks of the Hudson and breathe the pure air of our city.

Travellers, who are desirous of visiting the justly celebrated Springs of New-Lebanon, and taking a view of the neat, luxuriant farms and gardens of the Shakers in that vicinity, will always find at their command, good coaches, excellent horses, and skilful drivers, at the Hotel of Samuel Bryan, whose strict attention to the wants, comfort and convenience of his visitors, has obtained for his house the emphatic title of the TRAVELLERS HOME.

The Album, or Panacea for Ennui.—This is the title of a new periodical published at Fitchburg, Mass. by J. Page. It is to be issued monthly, neatly stitched in a printed cover, at the low price of One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, or One Dollar Fifty Cents if not paid within two months from the time of subscribing. Of its contents, we have only room to say, that the original articles in the two numbers already put forth are respectable and the selections very good.—We wish it success.

SUMMARY.

Mrs. Opie.—This distinguished female is at present residing at Paris, and is engaged in composing a work on the state of society in that metropolis.

Cham's Travelling.—The proprietor of the steam-boat James Kent advertises to take passengers from New-York to Hartford, at one dollar each.

The Groton Monument, erected in memory of the storming of Fort Griswold, Conn. has been completed. It stands on the top of the hill near the old Fort, opposite New-London, 130 feet above the water. The inscription is commemorative of the massacre of the brave men, on the 6th September, 1781, by the British, under the traitor Arnold.

The Boston papers announce, on the authority of their English journals, the death of Louis Bonaparte, at Forti, on the seventeenth of March.

The Dutchman's Fireside is the title of the forthcoming novel of J. K. Paulding, Esq.

An honest son of Erin in Portland, is said to have remarked that the times were better since Gen. Jackson's Presidency, because you can now have six-pistareens for a dollar!

There is a report, says the Cherokee Phoenix, to which we are inclined to give credit, that the President of the United States and his Secretary of War, intend to visit this nation sometime in the course of the ensuing summer.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 25th ult. by the Rev Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Charles G. Snow, of Providence, (R. I.) to Miss Abby Taylor, of this city. On the 26th ult. by the same, George Breese to Miss Charity Clark. In Claverack on the 10th ult. by the Rev Mr. Snyder, Mr. Henry H. Brown, merchant, of New-Canaan, Columbia co. to Miss Dorothy Whitbeck, of Claverack.

At the same place, on the 25th ult. by the same Rev. gentleman, Richard Cooper, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Cooperstown, to Miss Mary Storrs, daughter of the late Amariah Storrs, of this city.

At Ghent, on the 9th ult. by the Rev Mr. Wynkoop, Mr. William F. Jones, of Albany, to Miss Hannah A. Peterson, of the former place. At Hulsdale, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Truocdale, Mr. Levi Vosburgh, to Miss Catherine Paterson.

DIED.

In this city, on the 27th ult. Mrs. Hannah Davis, in the 81st year of her age, widow of the late Jacob Davis.

In Stockbridge, Mass. on the 21st of July, 1823, Mr. Abel Curtis, in his 63th year.

On the 5th of April last, Mrs. Sarah Curtis, aged 72 years, widow of Mr. Abel Curtis.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO C.

Lady could Earthly prayers avail,
The destinies of Life to sway,
Gay were the bark, and bland the gale
That bore thee on Life's voyage away.
There is an influence all must feel,
A charm that bids the spirit bow,
'Tis Goodness' stamp 'tis Virtue's seal,
'Tis Heaven's mild impress on the brow.
Gifted, wherever seen, to reign,
As by a soft and secret spell
Yet make us weep to break the chain,
And Sorrow o'er the last farewell.
The last farewell! I speak the word,
But echo will not catch the tone;
And Hope's sweet whispering voice is heard,
To breathe of Fancies all her own.
Yet go, where home and kindred ties
Have reared Affection's hallowed shrine;
Where scenes of early Friendship rise,
When Youthful grief or Joy was thine.
Enough for me, if when perchance
Remembrance of the past revive,
These should arrest the favouring glance
And with the strain the author live.
Then let this heart be cold and dead,
This form in mouldering dust reclined
That present thought shall serve to shed,
A gleam of triumph thro' my mind.
And tho' in dull Oblivion's shade
My name unknown, unheard should be
Yet would I deem the loss repaid,
If it might kindly dwell with thee.
Farewell!—the warmest, fondest prayer,
That pure affection's breast can swell,
Is only this:—'all that you are
May Heaven preserve you still' farewell!

CLARIAN.

From the Boston Ladies' Magazine.

THE LITTLE FOOT.

My Boy, as gently on my breast,
From infant sport thou sink'st to rest,
And on my hand I feel thee put
In playful dreams, thy little foot,
The thrilling touch sets every string;
Of my full heart a quivering;
For, ah! I think, what chart can show,
The ways through which this foot may go?
Its print will be, in childhood's hours,
Traced in the garden, round the flowers;
But youth will bid it leap the hills—
Bathe in the dews of distant hills—
Roam o'er the vales, and venture out,
When ripper years would pause and doubt,
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink
Where youth's unguarded foot may sink.
But what, when manhood tints thy cheek,
Will be the ways this foot may seek?
Is it to lightly pass the deck?
To, helpless, slip from off the wreck?
Or wander o'er a foreign shore,
Returning to thy home no more,

Until the bosom, now thy pillow,
Is low and cold beneath the willow?
Or is it for the battle's plain?
Beside the slayer and the slain—
Till there its final step be taken?
There, sleep thine eye, no more to waken?
Is it to glory, or to shame—
To wally, or to gild thy name—
Is it to happiness or we,
This little foot is made to go?
But wheresoe'er its lines may fall,
Whether in cottage, or in hall!
O, may it ever shun the ground
Where'er His foot hath not been found,
Who on his path below hath shed
A living light, that all may tread
Upon his earthly steps; and none
E'er *dash the foot against the stone!*
Yet if thy way is marked by fate,
As guilty, dark and desolate,—
If thou must float, by vice and crime,
A wreck, upon the stream of time,
Oh! rather than behold that day,
I'd know this foot, in lightsome play,
Would bound with guiltless, infant glee
Upon the sod that shelters me.

H. F. G.

SONG.

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

Quench not the light that soon must fade,
Nor damp the fire that soon must die,
Nor let to-morrow's ills invade
The hour to-day devotes to joy.
Ah! who with music's softest swell
Would mingle sorrow's piercing moan?
Or to the bounding spirit tell
How soon the charm of life is flown?
Say is the rose's scent less sweet
Because its bloom must soon decay?
Or shall we shut the bliss to meet
That cannot here forever stay?
No—by the Power that bliss who gave,
This hour we'll from the future borrow.
And, all that fate allows us save
From the dread shipwreck of to-morrow.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A Glove.

PUZZLE II.—Charles.

NEW PUZZLES.

L.

A term oft applied to much care,
Much sorrow, much trouble, or grief;
Yet again, 'tis so far from despair,
That 'tis merely a great weight of beef.
My second 'tis valued and pris'd
By the place it receiv'd its birth,
'Tis sometimes disdain'd, and despis'd,
As a mere congelation of earth.
Attraction, all people must own,
Will subdue e'en an adamant heart;
'Tis a charm which my whole has been known
To possess, without succour from art.

II.

Why is a pair of skates like an apple?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS shall receive Six Copies. The volume will contain 4 Engravings, and a Title page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] **HUDSON, N. Y. JUNE 18, 1831.**

NO. 2.

POPULAR TALES.

FORT BRADDOCK LETTERS.

(Continued.)

NO. III.

'Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide,
On softer foot was never tried.'

A war between the French and English settlers, on their respective frontiers, was at this time on the out-break, as it was termed. Several log houses of remote adventurers had been burned. The Indian tribes had been enlisted upon the one side and the other, and news was constantly coming in to the Blasted Tree, (as Van Tromp's proprietary or land patent was termed,) of Indian scalps and massacres.

(One evening as he sat alone, thinking of the approaching troubles, and devising plans of security, a Negro domestic came into the room and presented to him the letter of Du Quesne. He read it over with the utmost interest. Troubled as he was to provide for the security of his numerous dependants, and exposed as he was to sudden inroads of the hostile Indians, he remembered his promise of support and resolved to redeem his pledge. At any other time he would have gone himself; but to be absent at present would be desertion, and might be followed by the ruin of the settlement. Those who had settled in the neighbourhood, had families which they could not leave, and were of a capacity not adequate to the undertaking. The members of his household were of a motely character, and yet those only could he employ. Of them, there was but one on whose desperate spirit of enterprise and perfect fidelity he could rely; but he doubted his prudence, and most of all his means. There seemed no alternative. 'Shadrach,' said he calling to the Negro, who soon made his appearance, 'look for Weshop, and ask him here.'

Van Tromp resumed his meditations, and tried and rejected a thousand contrivances for his friend's escape, when the door again opened, and the Indian warrior made his appearance. His hair was cut close, except a tuft of jetty black, which stood upright on the top of his

head. The skin of a rattlesnake was twisted round his neck, his feet were guarded with moccasins, ornamented with beads and a wampum belt was over his shoulders. He wore round his waist an Indian cincture, and had his bow in his hand, and his tomahawk in his girdle. He was what they termed a friendly Indian, and lived occasionally in this family, not as a domestic, much less a slave, for to a state of servitude, it is doubtful whether a genuine North American Indian was ever reduced, or is indeed capable of being reduced. The motions of this being were more free than those of the master of the mansion. He went and came at any hour, and consulted his own wishes as to the frequency of his visits, or the length of his absence. He had been rescued from his enemies, on one occasion, by Mr. Van Tromp and the men of his plantation, and ever afterwards displayed, in its full force, the principle of Indian gratitude. His fixed features seldom betrayed the working of his passions, or any vicissitudes of feeling. Upon this occasion he continued standing, because it suited his convenience, and listened with his characteristic silence and indifference, to the nature of his commission.

Van Tromp wrote some letters to gentlemen of influence, requesting their interference in postponing a trial, till every means could be used in discovering the truth, and assured his friend that he would soon come to his assistance.

The Indian took time thoroughly to comprehend his employment. Whether he there, devised any better plan than the one proposed, is not certain; but it is certain he never delivered the letters, not even the one for Du Quesne. A stranger even might think loud in Weshop's presence, without the least danger that his confidence would be betrayed; and might talk to him a week without obtaining an exchange of privacy. This trait was not peculiar to him; the red man never whistles and sings in the woods; his steps are noiseless, and his presence unexpected; indeed, to the first settlers of the country, standing

The messenger now made immediate preparation for his journey. He had just eaten, yet he set himself to despatch another enormous meal, to which he was urged, not by appetite, but by calculation, and loading himself with provisions departed so sluggish and dull, that he seemed little likely to reach the end of his journey, much less to return. No one questioned him, and no one missed him.

What were his adventures through the wilderness was never known, and his route was conjectured only from his subsequent conduct. It was about twelve days afterwards, he presented himself suddenly in one of the streets of New-Amsterdam, near the government house, just before the hour when a meeting was to be held of the governor and his council. His entrance into the town had not been observed, and he had the advantage of claiming to have come from any quarter or any tribe. The Indians, partly civilized, who lived in the neighbourhood, were seen daily, but a genuine inhabitant of the wilderness is always, in a populous place, an interesting spectacle, particularly (as upon the present occasion) to the boys and the rabble.

Weshop stood with his bow in his hand, and his bundle of arrows at his back, stowed in a long basket or quiver made of splinters; his face gave no expression of wonder or curiosity. Hundreds were gazing at him, as he leaned against the railing that led to the door of the State House, and were surprised that he took no notice of the spectacle which to him must be so new. He preserved his impenetrable stupidity, and was the only one of the multitude who appeared indifferent, even at the idle gaze of which he was the object. They tempted him to show his skill with his bow, but an owl in the day time could not be duller at taking a hint. The Council at length convened; the Governor made his appearance, and was followed by Weshop into the house. He knew the Governor by the respect that was shown him as he passed. The doorkeeper would have stopped the intruder, but it happened that the subject of the present meeting involved some Indian difficulties, and the Governor's Dutch fancy had already converted Weshop into an Indian Ambassador, the rather on account of his silence and gravity, which the whole Dutch Council greatly admired. The Governor took some credit to himself for the discrimination with which he could detect the diplomatic character.—The wary Indian made a few signs, which the Council, after the Governor's hint could at once interpret, and which they agreed were full as intelligible as any language which a foreign Ambassador should venture to use. They complimented the natural sagacity of the Indian character, which had directed them to choose an envoy not likely to commit himself by talking or betray himself by passion. The Secretary of the Council, who was a learned man, took occasion to remark, that in regard to the establishment

of a boundary with the Indians, it would probably end in a question between the *status ante bellum* and the *usi possidetis*. Enough seemed done for the first interview. Weshop was recommended to the jailor, not as a prisoner, but as a guest; for none of the council thought of inviting his *sansculotte* excellency to dinner; and there was no eating house at the public expense, but the jail. It is hardly proper to say that the department of Weshop won upon the jailor, so as to gain his confidence, but it certainly checked every hint at precaution. He was accommodated in the chimney corner, where he eat by himself, and smoked a Dutch pipe that the Governor had given him. He went out but once or twice during the afternoon, and wandered then no further than the jail door, where he stood smoking when the jailor locked up the rooms, after furnishing the prisoners with their evening meal.

The jailor and his family were in the habit of retiring early. They gave Weshop a blanket, and left him in the kitchen to repose before the fire.

NO. IV.

Du Quesne was awakened in the night by the slow and careful unlocking and opening of his dungeon, and in the light of the setting moon, which shone through the grates, an Indian stood before him with his bow in his hand and his tomahawk in his girdle. He had been dreaming of being executed, and his first waking thought was, that he had fallen into the hands of a new tormenter of another world.

He was on the point of crying out; when the Indian shook him by the shoulder and pointed to the door. He was wide awake in an instant. There was a sense of honor which urged him to await a public vindication of his innocence, but the conviction that his own honesty would be no security against the attempts of his enemies, and the strong circumstances against him decided his resolution. He arose and followed his deliverer. The moon had gone down, the night was dark, and the streets quiet. After they had gained a little distance from the prison, the Indian directed him to stand by the side of a building, while he went himself, as it afterwards appeared, to drop the gaol keys in a direction different from their route and to set adrift on the East River, one of the small boats, which as the tide was coming in, would float towards the Narrows, and mislead pursuit. He then returned, and led the way up the island in silence, at a rate so rapid, that elate with liberty and buoyant with hope as Du Quesne was, he could hardly keep pace with him. The Indian travelled with the certainty of a man familiar with every street and turn, till he arrived at a marshy piece of ground on the North River, at some distance from the city, where a bark canoe lay floating among the rushes. The wind was strong from the south, but though it was fair for their purpose, the size and frailty of the boat, with what he knew of the danger of the navigation, would

have made him hesitate had there been any alternative. He was directed to lay himself down in the boat while the Indian pushed it from the shore, and raised a small pine mast on which was spread a blanket in the form of a sail. He put his skill before the wind, and urged its motion with a rude oar or paddle, with which, at the same time, he directed its course. The waters were very rough, and though his pilot was evidently a bold one, the job in hand required skill as well as courage. The motion of the boat through the water was so varying as to furnish no means of judging what progress they made. He was not insensible of his danger, but more sensible to the joy of his recent escape.—Morning discovered them in that part of the river which forms the entrance into the Tappan Sound. The shores were covered with wood to the very edge, and the land on either side rose into mountains, which grew dim in the distance, till they mingled with the clouds. Accustomed as Du Quesne had been for weeks, to no other prospect than what was to be seen from the loop-holes of his dungeon, so many natural beauties gradually displaying by the rising sun, till they were shown in perfection, filled him with joy.—He worshipped in silence and with thanksgiving, and the thoughtful look of his new friend, seemed to pronounce an impressive Amen.

This noble river, for a great part of its length, discovered at that time, no appearance of art or improvement, except, that now and then, a heavy built Dutch vessel, moved slowly on its surface, keeping up the only intercourse between the few spare settlements on the banks. Still the features of the scenery were interesting and grand. The savage put into a solitary bay, where his canoe was concealed by the jutting rock, but where without being perceived, he could observe for some distance, those who sailed up and down the river. It was impossible for Du Quesne to conjecture the motives which would be so powerful with his deliverer, as to induce all this labor, nor could he well imagine whither he was going, or where his journey was likely to end. The Indian seemed to understand the turn of his thoughts, and quickly produced a scrap of paper, on which was written, in his proper hand, the name of *Derick Van Tromp*. This satisfied his anxious inquiries, and he saw, at once, not merely the name, but the conduct of a friend.—His guide began smoking his pipe; they spent the whole day without food or sleep, watching every movement on the river, till evening returned, when they again set forward. Their progress was now more slow and laborious, for want of a favorable wind. The Indian was anxious to arrive at a particular point, for a reason that appeared when they reached it. This was one of the several places, where, on his way down the river, he had deposited a part of his load of provision, and this unlooked for repast was the more grateful to Du Quesne, from his long fast, to which he was not

used. It was thus that they continued their voyage till they came to a part of the river near Sandy Hill, from which they were to proceed by land. Here at one of his depots, Weshop rested a day and night; both of which he spent in eating and sleeping, as preparatory to the fatigues that remained. On the morning of the 21 day they abandoned the canoe, and set forward on foot through the woods. The activity and vigilance of the guide, were now constant; he examined the ground for what he called the signs to detect footsteps in the grass, altered his course at the slightest noise, and every now and then examined the bark of the tree, which seemed to serve him as a compass. The Indian is artful and patient, when he lays in wait, and cautious and observing, when he fears an ambush. Weshop obtained from a friendly Indian, seasonable intelligence that those tribes under the influence of the French, and the French themselves, had already begun their attack on the frontier, and he knew that an Indian war to those in the immediate vicinity of it, is a state of constant exposure to the greatest perils and sufferings without a single moment of security. The war cry is usually unexpected; and fire, murder, and robbery, steal without warning, upon their victim. Weshop directed his course to the south bay of Lake George, where they at length arrived. A canoe was in readiness as before, and the two travellers after many hardships, reached a point on the western shore of Champlain, then known by the name of Sunkettypaug. During their long journey, they had given one another some occasional uneasiness without intending it; owing to the strong contrast of their characters. One had been educated to speak, the other to be silent; one was made for display, the other for concealment.

One bright November morning, when our travellers were pursuing their way among the highlands west of Champlain, which seem in some degree to connect the Green Mountains in Vermont with the northern part of the first range of the Alleghanies, they arrived at a high opening between the mountains, which goes by the name of Wind Gap. The prospect to the north was commanding, and rich with various colours—the uniform green of the pine and hemlock, was mixed with the blood red of the maple, and the yellow birch to which the frost had changed their natural hue. They both paused at the same time. One seemed admiring the beauty of the landscape, which blended the distance with the rich tints of the sky whose gold, and red, and purple, it seemed to vie with, or rather to reflect, as the moon and the inverted trees are seen in a sheet of water. The other gazed anxiously in one direction, till a slight but unusual joy gladdened his features. He pointed the way he was looking, and asked ‘do you see that smoke?’ It was sometime before his companion, assisted by his guide, could answer ‘yes.’ ‘There (replied he) our journey ends. I have prayed;

the Great Spirit for many days that when I should come to this spot, I might see a smoke and not a blaze.'

It was sundown when they arrived at the residence of Van Tromp, which seemed for the time to be the rendezvous of the surrounding country. Every thing betokened confusion, and sudden alarm. The first object that caught attention, was the numerous group of men, women, and children, of all colours, of many nations, dressed in every variety of garb and fashion; Indians, Negroes and whites, speaking as many tongues as are taught in a German University. Their horses and cattle, too, had been driven to this place for safety; and they had brought such moveables as they could manage to transport. They seemed to have been newly assembled, and were variously employed; some in cooking their evening meal, some in fixing their fire-arms, some in tending cattle, and some in building additional barracks and huts for their present accommodation. They were generally cheerful, and seemed glad to have reached a spot of comparative security. For this purpose the place itself seemed well selected. It was elevated, and of a triangular form; one side made by the right banks of the Chazy, another by a steep and continued ledge which commanded the valley or bottom land to a great distance, and the remaining side defended artificially by a high breast-work, flanked with bastions, and protected in front by a ditch, faced with a rude abatis.— Within, were several low buildings; made of logs and stone, in separate square blocks, and sometimes connected by a continued roof. Most of the rooms were tight and comfortable, and some of them were decently furnished. There were several rows of barracks in the fort, and others on the outside, near the foot of the walls, which answered only a present purpose, and were to be left in case of invasion. The garrison was made up of men well armed, and whose habits of life rendered them the best marksman in the world.

(To be Continued.)

From the Ladies' Magazine.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

(Concluded.)

Eustis started one morning, as turning into the street in which Mr. Acton lived; a passing object brought to his recollection an old servant of his father's who had once saved his own life, when in imminent danger; he wondered that he had never seen him since his return; 'poor fellow!' thought he, 'he may be sick or needy, and he had always a spirit above asking charity.'—As a penalty for his neglect, he determined to change his course, to sacrifice his own gratification, and seek his humble friend, in preference to keeping an engagement, he had the day before formed with Grace: he went directly to the place where he had formerly lived, but was told no such person was there; his informant could not even recollect the name, yet on promise of a reward, believed,

on second thoughts, he had heard it and at last gave the information desired. As Eustis entered a low miserable dwelling, from which the cold air of a winter morning was but partially excluded, and saw, in the most abject poverty, the family whom he had believed at least above want, he drew back, bitterly reproaching his own neglect, and asking himself if he, who had so long forgotten them, had now a right to intrude upon their sorrows. But his indecision soon ceased, as one of the poor children came up to him, and pulling his coat, begged 'the gentleman would come in, and do something for his poor father, to make him well again;' the appeal was too direct to be resisted, and approaching the bed, he saw the poor man indeed, in the last stages of consumption. At first, he gave no signs of recognition, and Eustis believed he had either forgotten his features, or that he was insensible to what passed around him; but when he looked again a ray of former feeling brightened his pale face, and extending his emaciated hand, he pressed that of his young master.

'But, my poor Robert, what has brought you to this?' The wife hastened to reply—it was a simple tale, such as the annals of the poor will often furnish. Their labor, (their only wealth,) while health continued, had placed them above want; but about a year before, the poor man had fallen from a building, received a severe blow upon his breast and before he had recovered from its effects, by over exertion in completing the ornaments of a ball room, to oblige a young lady, one of his customers, had brought on his old complaints. He refused to apply for medical aid, denied himself even the comforts which his situation required, saying, 'he could not pay for them; that was what he blamed others for, and he would wait till the next week, or the next day; for then, the young lady had promised to pay for his own work, and that of his wife.' But, when at last the physician did see him he shook his head, and said if he had been called before he might soon have been well; but now he feared. So entirely was Eustis engrossed with the suffering objects around him, and with listening to the recital of their misfortunes, that he did not at first observe he was not the only visitor in this wretched abode. When he did perceive Miss Worthington, the cousin of Grace, their mutual salutation spoke the surprise which each felt at their unexpected meeting: but not till she had retired, did Eustis learn what had been her untiring kindness to the suffering man, her attention in procuring him comforts, her words of consolation to the wife, and her tenderness to the children, and how she had begged them all, never to mention her cousin's name, as the person who had caused them so much sorrow.

'And I would'nt now, sir, but you seem to care so much about our affairs, and are so kind to my poor husband,' said the woman, 'and besides that, perhaps you don't know her.'

Eustis started as he thought of the precipice on which he had stood. The spell was broken, an angel's form had concealed the harshest features of cruel selfishness, and heartless levity; and it was 'to such a being,' thought he, 'that I am about to commit my happiness; nay, more, my very character; for are we not strongly influenced in our feelings in our decisions, in our very modes of thought, by those with whom we are most intimately connected? Imperceptibly to ourselves, but not less surely, the delicacy of moral sense is blenished, and our standard of moral excellence lowered.'

Elizabeth Worthington was the orphan niece of Mr. Acton. Early matured in the school of affliction, the best feelings in her kind heart had been called forth for the children of sorrow; she had learned to feel that it was to the resources of her own mind, to the government of her own heart, rather than to external circumstances, that she must look for happiness. It was this which had preserved her from surrounding contagion; which had saved her from becoming a mere votary of pleasure, and idol of fashion, which had enabled her without one thought of envy, to view the superior attractions of her cousin. Elizabeth loved Grace with all her faults, and would have concealed those faults from every eye; for Grace, besides being the only companion of her childhood, had another powerful claim upon her—she was the daughter of an uncle, to whom she was bound by gratitude and affection; and insulated as she was from nearer ties, her heart sought objects for its love. She had often seen Mr. Eustis, but in situations which were calculated to call forth nothing either of moral or mental superiority. She thought him decidedly handsome, and as the destined husband of her cousin, (for so report said he would be, and Grace herself tacitly acknowledged) she felt for him a degree of interest; but for this, he might have mixed with the common visitors whom she met at her uncle's house.

But under the humble roof of poor Robert, around the bed of death; it was there, that two hearts met and understood each other, which, in the circles of fashion, in scenes of heartless gaiety, might have never excited a single feeling of mutual interest. Eustis now wondered that he had never sought the society of Elizabeth, never observed the full expression of her deep blue eye; never noticed that her beauty was of that attractive kind, which, once seen, is not easily forgotten.

It was on a sweet sunny morning in April, when every object was cheered by the return of spring; one of those bright days, when the elastic spirit of youth, would imagine that this beautiful world, could be the receptacle only of happiness; and that brilliant sun, in all his course, could look down on no scenes of woe; it was on such a morning, that as Eustis found himself at the side of his humble friend, he saw a fearful change had been wrought; he breathed with difficulty, and the agonies of

death were upon him. For a few hours life struggled, as if unwilling to resign its grasp—then all was calm. Unused to such scenes, Eustis did not at first perceive, that the hand which he held was colder, or the face paler than before—that the spirit had departed. As he left the house of death, his mind, full of the scene through which he had passed, and entered the busy street, crowded with the active and the gay, heard the varied sounds of business and of pleasure, and contrasted them with the death of the humble poor, the low miserable apartment, and the suffering hearts he had just left; he felt that it was for such scenes to teach us wisdom; he felt how vain is that distinction, whose duration is coeval only with our present existence.

In a few months, Elizabeth Worthington became the wife of the admired and courted Mr. Eustis. His selection was a *nine day's wonder*, among the husband-seeking young ladies, and their managing mamma; and of surprise to all, that he had preferred the retiring Elizabeth to her charming cousin; but to no one, more than Grace herself. Her fancy had been dazzled by the intended splendor of his establishment; besides, the little of heart, which flattery and the love of pleasure had left her, was his,—but who ever heard of a *belle* dying with a broken heart? It was not till some time after, that she learned the story of Elizabeth's charitable attention to Mrs. Means, of Eustis' interest in her husband, and the exposure of her own injustice; and never till then, did she acknowledge even to herself, she had paid too dearly for her pearl necklace. She still continued to haunt the scenes of her former triumph, unconscious that time will leave its ravages, on earth's fairest things; that while all else is changing, we are not stationary. Some of her admirers had discovered that they could not marry a portionless beauty, whose expenditure was that of an heiress; and others, that a beautiful set of features, and the *eclat* of marrying the most admired woman in the city, were not quite an ample security for domestic happiness.

Mr. Eustis placed the family of his old servant in a situation of comfort—not one where they were dependant on his constant bounty, for he justly reasoned that the best charity is that which furnishes the poor with employment, and enables them to supply their own wants, not crippling their powers, and destroying their independence, by an habitual sense of obligation, and while he enjoyed the delights of his own domestic circle, and felt that

'There is a Providence, that shapes our ends,
'Rough-hew them how we will!'

he could not forget, that the poor widow had been the instrument of saving him from wretchedness, perhaps from vice. L. E.

A truly respectable person does not need fine dress, or splendid equipage to command the deference to which he is entitled.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOLDING THE BEAR.

Two men, neighbors in the then District of Maine, had been in the woods during the day, and returning towards evening, when within a mile of their homes, observed a large bear making directly for one of them, and to avoid his grasp, he dodged behind a sizeable tree, the bear sprang and claspings his fore paws around the tree, the man immediately siezed them and held them fast. After a consultation how they should despatch the bear, it was agreed that the man who was at liberty should proceed home, obtain an axe, return again immediately and despatch him. The man arrived home, related the situation of their neighbor to his wife and his plan of killing the bear—but not being in much of a hurry, directed his wife to prepare supper, and he would take some before he started, which was accordingly done. After supper was over, he taking several turns from the fire to the door and from the door to the fire, and lounging a while, concluded he would go to bed early and be stirring by times in the morning and release his friend. Morning arrived, the axe got in readiness—he then tells his wife he believed he would have his breakfast before he went—breakfast being over, and several small chores done about the house, he leisurely shoulders his axe and shortly finds his friend in the same position very patiently holding the bear and waiting his return. On his approaching the spot and just raising the axe to give the mortal blow, his friend said stop, I have suffered enough holding the bear, you come and take my place and let me have the satisfaction of killing him. This was readily assented to, and the man after being released, and his neighbor in the situation he had been, shoulders the axe and walks off, leaving his friend in full possession of the bear in turn.

A QUAKER GOING TO WAR.

About the commencement of our Revolution, and soon as it was ascertained that Nathaniel Greene, afterwards Gen. Greene, intended to join our army, in defence of his country, a deputation of Friends, commonly called Quakers, and to whose society he then belonged, (by order of their meeting) waited on him to endeavor to dissuade him from it: after listening to all their arguments on this subject, he informed them that he felt an irresistible propensity not to be got over, for joining his brethren in arms. He thanked them for the interest they had taken in his welfare, but he could not comply with their request. When the deputation took an effectual leave, and left him to his mother, who had been listening with all the anxiety of a fond parent, used her best endeavors to prevail on him to stay at home, when he told her it was impossible. After a pause she burst into tears, with this remarkable ob-

servation, 'Well, Nathaniel, if thee must go, it is possible I may hear of thy death, and if it is God's will that it should so happen, I hope I shall not have the mortification to hear of thee being wounded in the back.'

The duke of Wellington was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give vent to a humorous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. Thus, when the British were storming Bajadoz, his Grace rode up whilst the balls were falling around, and observing an artillery man particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, 'Taylor.' 'A very good name, too,' remarked Wellington; 'cheer up my men, our Taylor will soon make a pair of breaches—in the walls!' At this sally the men forgot the danger of their situation, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

A Bad State.—An Irishman in New-Jersey, was on Sunday driving a horse with a waggon towards Easton, when he was met by a Clergyman, who was going to Church, and took the opportunity to chide the traveller for a breach of the sabbath. 'My friend,' said he, 'this is a bad way you are in.' 'Och! honey,' said the Irishman, 'and is'nt it the turnpike?' 'Yes,' replied the minister, 'but what I mean is, that you are in a bad state.' 'By my sowl,' returned the Irishman, 'and that's true enough too, your worship—it's a very bad State this, and I'll get into Pennsylvania as soon as I can. Gee up honey.'

A lawyer in Massachusetts once wrote 'rascal,' in the hat of a brother lawyer, who on discovering it, entered a complaint, in open court, against the trespasser, who he said had taken his hat and written his own name in it.

'Where goin Sambo?' 'Going to court for testify.' 'Wha for?' 'Oh gemman stole a pair ob boots last night, an I greed to gib him good character for tree and sixpence.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1831.

Agent.—William A. Coffin, of this city, will act as General Agent and is authorised to receive Subscriptions for this paper.

Prize Communications.—Our object in offering premiums, being to obtain a quantity of choice Original matter to vary and enliven our pages, throughout the year; those who have expressed a wish to have their communications returned, if unsuccessful, will see that such a procedure would be altogether incompatible with our design. They are, however, at liberty to withdraw them before the first of July; but once in the hands of the committee, we shall consider ourselves fairly entitled to all that may be deemed worthy of publication, whether they obtain a prize or not.

Steamboat Explosion.—On Tuesday, the 7th inst. as the Steamboat General Jackson was returning from Peekskill to New-York, the boiler burst and the boat was instantly a complete wreck. About 40 passengers were on board, 30 of whom were either killed or severely scalded.

Fire.—On the 29th ult. the flourishing village of Fayetteville, N. C. was almost entirely consumed by this destructive element, and more than 2,000 persons thrown upon the world, houseless and homeless. The loss of property is estimated at \$1,500,000; but the amount of human suffering, who can estimate!

Another New Paper.—The members of the Debating Society, at Detroit, Michigan Territory, have commenced a monthly periodical, entitled the 'Herald of Literature and Science.' It is neatly printed, in the quarto form, and promises fair to become a useful and highly interesting little journal.

VOLUME EIGHT OF THE RURAL REPOSITORY, Or Bower of Literature;

Embellished Quarterly, with a Fine Engraving.

Devoted exclusively to Polite Literature, comprised in the following subjects: Original and Select Tales, Essays, American and Foreign Biography, Travels, History, Notices of New Publications, Summary of News, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, &c. &c.

In commencing a new volume the publisher pledges himself to his patrons that his ever-militating endeavours shall be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, which he as reasons to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favourite and amusing visitor during the seven years of its publication. Its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honour upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the prizes offered below, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enriching its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage heretofore received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is desirous to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself he will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

For the second best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the Talleman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

For the best POEM, not less than forty nor over a hundred lines, \$5.

For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the same and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper, of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides four plates, a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fair type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Eighth Volume (Fourth Volume New Series) will commence on the 4th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Those who will forward us Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive twenty copies, and any person who will remit us Sixteen Dollars, shall receive twenty copies for one year—reducing the price to Eighty cents per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty Dollars, shall receive Twenty Five copies and a set of Sturm's Reflections for every Day in the year, handsomely bound. All the previous volumes, except the first and second, will be furnished to those who obtain subscribers, at the same rate. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscriptions to be sent by the 30th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, No. 135, corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

March 26, 1831.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending June 15th,

A. Brown, S. Bradbury, J. R. Hayes, C. Ackerman, J. I. Mitchell, H. Williams, E. A. Morrill, Albany, each \$1; L. F. Bostford, G. N. Keith, Mrs. Hazard, I. Bradley, M. Quinsy, Coxsackie, each \$1; C. A. Hamilton, Wilkes, N. Y. \$1; C. Hong, Laurens, N. Y. \$1; C. H. Smalley, Hinesburgh, Vt. \$1; O. Northrop New-York \$1; I. Veidler, P. M. Perkinsville, Vt. \$1; E. A. Wing, Esperance, N. Y. \$1; J. Dolson, Middletown, N. Y. \$1; A. Siker, Sudbourn, Ct. \$5; T. Whitney, P. M. Magnolia, N. Y. \$1; E. C. Munson, New-Haven, Ct. \$1; J. Hubbard, P. M. Mulberry Grove, Ga. \$10; C. P. Cobb, Ellington, Ct. \$1; J. P. Goodwin, Kinderhook, N. Y. \$1; J. Davis, P. M. Marlborough, N. H. \$1; J. Waite, Whitesboro, N. Y. \$1; A. Butterfield, Jr. Walpole, N. H. \$1; H. D. Sharp, Hunter, N. Y. \$5; S. D. Pratt, Pratt's Hollow, N. Y. \$1; T. A. More, Marshall, N. Y. \$1; R. C. Egbertson, Oak Hill, N. Y. \$1; N. Bryant, P. M. New Salem, Ms. \$1; H. Foster, Hamden, N. Y. \$1; J. Kent, Lexington, N. Y. \$1; D. S. Kittle, Union Village, N. Y. \$1; J. Smith, Tunbridge, Vt. \$1; W. P. Bryanton, North Adams, Ms. \$3; B. Barker, Enston, N. Y. \$3; D. P. Underlunk, Goshen, N. Y. \$1; A. C. Polson, Stockbridge, Ms. \$2; Wm. Parker, P. M. Orville, N. Y. \$2; E. Tilden, P. M. New Lebanon, N. Y. \$2; J. Barnes, P. M. North Barton, N. Y. \$5; E. P. Whiteside, Easton, N. Y. \$1; S. Hunt, Jr. Brimfield Ms. \$5; J. M. Alpine, Jr. Winchester Centre Ct. \$5; I. Thorp, Waterbury, Ct. \$5; P. H. Banks, Caledonia, N. Y. \$5; N. M. Shephardson, Belkville, N. Y. \$1; M. Gile, Adams, N. Y. \$1; J. M. Spencer, Smithton, N. Y. \$1; A. Winsor, P. M. Slaterville, Vt. \$3; S. Spencer, Peru, N. Y. \$1; H. Phillips, Goshen, N. Y. \$1; C. Johnson, P. M. Rutland, N. Y. \$4; T. Smith, Morrisville, Vt. \$5; W. H. Blodget, Kenyon College, O. \$2; J. Morrill, P. M. East Salem, N. Y. \$5; E. Mattox, P. M. Mattox's, Ga. \$1; W. H. Norton, Brainard's Bridge, N. Y. \$1; J. Jenson, Jr. West Topham, Vt. \$1; B. G. Whiting, Lunenburg, Ms. \$1; G. Rosetter, Greenville, Al. \$1; W. V. Hovenburgh, Chester, N. Y. \$1; B. Penbury, Van Dusen's Ville, Ma. \$1; W. N. Beach, East Kill, N. Y. \$1; A. Coleman, Stanfordsville, N. Y. \$1; G. Sims, Troy, N. Y. \$1; P. Righter, P. M. Pulver's Corners N. Y. \$1; S. Hunt, Chatham, N. Y. \$1; A. Monk, Windsor, Ma. \$10.

SUMMARY.

New Music.—J. L. Hewitt, New-York, has just published in quite a neat style, the pieces of the 'Bell at sea,' words by Mrs. Homan, music by her sister;—'Here do we meet,' written and composed by J. A. Wade;—'Christ our passover, is sacrificed for us,' composed by Gear;—'The light bark,' and 'Air from the opera of Giovanni.'

A company to supply the town of Poughkeepsie with good and wholesome water, has been incorporated.

Mr. McKenney's work, the History of the North American Indians, is now ready for the press. It is to contain 180 portraits of Indian Chiefs.

It is said that letters have been received at Montreal, announcing that on the eve of the dissolution of Parliament, a bill passed both Houses, opening the Canadas to the introduction of American produce.

An Italian artist in New-York, is about sculpturing a marble bust of De Witt Clinton.

Col. De Witt Clinton has been appointed to survey the Hudson river.

Susan Tripp, one of the two large children who have been exhibited as prodigies, died in New-York on the 12th ult. of inflammation on the lungs. She was 8 years old and weighed 327 pounds.

It being definitely settled that Algiers is to be a Colony of France, many families in Toulon were making preparations to emigrate.

Sir Walter Scott was very ill at the last dates and there were little expectations of his recovery.

A considerable vein of Anthracite Coal has been opened in making the excavations for the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, near Seneca.

MARRIED.

At Hampton, Livingston Co. on the 25th ult. John T. Talman, Esq. cashier of the Monroe Bank, Rochester, to Miss Mary E. Fitz Hugh.

At Red Hook, on Sunday, the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sherwood, Theodore H. Jenkins, of New-York, to Julia A. S. daughter of Robert S. Livingston, Esq. of the former place.

In Patterson, Putnam county, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wendict, Mr. Daniel Hoag, of Ancram, to Miss Melissa M. Peck, of the former place.

At Eastkill, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Murphy of Hunter, Mr. Sylvester Hanson, to Miss Rebecca D. Winter, both of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 3d inst. after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Amy Ann Rodgers, aged 40 years, wife of Mr. David Rodgers.

At Spencertown, on the 2d ult. Miss Elizabeth Howford, aged 79 years.

At the same place, on the 8th inst. Mr. Nelson Numan, aged 25 years.

At Mattawana, Dutchess County, Abraham H. Schoenck, Esq. in the 57th year of his age.

At Providence, R. I. James Otis Rockwell, editor of the Providence Patriot.

At Lexington on the 24th ult. Mrs. Jerzima Dopp, wife of Mr. David Dopp, in the 40th year of her age.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE MANIAC MAID.

She sat upon the lonely shore
Of her own native land,
The gloomy tide with sullen roar
Was washing up the strand.
The rough rocks on the beach arose,
The pebbles brightly shone,
And glittered with their scattering glows,
As jewels, in the morn.
The ruined one in silence viewed
The stars, that brightly burned,
Then upward on a rock she stood,
And hand, and head, and eye, she turned—
To where, far off in Heaven there rolled,
Uneasy as a wave-tost bark,
A fiery orb, like molten gold,
Mid clouds with latent fury dark.
‘Be thou the star, whose gloomy blaze
Shall light his soul with burning woe—
The torch, whose broad, unhidden rays,
Shall o’er his head in vengeance glow.
‘Whene’er with joy he smiles, appear ;
In day, let fancy show thy form—
Come, and the cloud of blackness wear,
Portentous of a gathering storm.
‘Whene’er he groans, and thickening night
Of sorrow veils his sky in gloom,
Thy meteor flame shall burn his sight
And broadly glare upon his tomb.
‘Blanch’d be his cheek, and thinn’d his frame,
May vengeance curse his destined lot,
His memory perish and his name
With other worthless rubbish rot.
‘May death be hard : above his bed,
Let Satan shake his withering lance ;
Fiends of the Pit, his death scene wend,
And round his chamber lead their dance.
‘Seize flames of Tophet, seize his soul !
Eat up his peace, undying worm ;
Lift, cupbearer of Hell, thy bowl,
And fill with venom’d wrath his form.
‘I die ! this rock shall be my hearse,
And yonder billow mark my grave ;
I die ! but may my dying curse
Roll o’er him like that angry wave.
‘His bark, on restless waters tost,
Dash it, ye storms from sea to sea
Till mid the howling surges lost
He sinks in deep eternity.’

She said, her dark eye gleamed with light,
The tide roared on with angry foam,
The vision fled from the sight,
The spirit found its final home.

THE EXILE’S DIRGE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

There went a dirge through the forest’s gloom—
An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.
‘Brother!’ (so the chant was sung
In the slumber’s native tongue :)
‘Friend and brother ! not for thee
Shall the sound of weeping be—

Long the exile’s woe hath lain
On thy life in a withering chain ;
Music from thy own blue streams
Wander’d through thy fever dreams ;
Voices from thy country’s vines,
Meet thee midst the alien pines,
And thy true heart died away,
And thy spirit would not stay.
So swell’d the chant, and the deep wind’s moan
Seem’d through the cedars to murmur—‘Gone !’
‘Brother ! by the rolling Rhine,
Stands the home that once was thine ;
Brother ! now thy dwelling lies
Where the Indian arrow flies !
He that blest thine infant head,
Fills a distant greensward bed ;
She that heard thy lisping prayer,
Slumbers low beside him there.
They that earliest with thee play’d,
Rest beneath their own oak shade,
Far, far hence !—yet sea nor shore,
Haply brother ! part thee more ;
God hath call’d thee to that band
In the immortal Fatherland !’
‘The Fatherland !’—with that sweet word
A burst of tears midst the strain was heard.
‘Brother ! were we there with thee,
Rich would many a meeting be !
Many a broken garland bound,
Many a mourn’d and lost one found !
But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe the changeful air ;
Loved and bright things to resign,
As even now this dust of thine ;
Yet to hope !—to hope in Heaven,
Though flowers fall and ties be riven—
Yet to pray ! and wait the hand
Beckoning to the Fatherland !’
And the requiem died in the forest’s gloom ;
They had reached the exile’s lonely tomb.

MOTTO FOR AN ALBUM.

Here *friendship’s galaxy* shall shine,
In tender, pure, unclouded light ;
A ray each thought, a star each line,
Forever fixed, forever bright.

‘I would,’ says Fox, ‘a tax devise,
That shall not fall on me ;’
‘Then tax receipts,’ Lord North replies,
‘For *these* you *never* see.’

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Loadstone.

PUZZLE II.—Because they have both occasioned the fall of man.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What word is there of five letters, which, by taking away two, leaves one ?

II.

What was yesterday, and will be to-morrow ?

WANTED.

A smart, active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business. One that has a good education, and can come well recommended will meet with good encouragement by inquiring at this office.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum *payable in advance*. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS shall receive *six Copies*. The volume will contain 4 Engravings, and a Title page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year.
All Orders and Communications must be *post paid* to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. JULY 2, 1831.

NO. 3.

POPULAR TALES.

FORT BRADDOCK LETTERS.

(Continued.)

NO. V.

Through the assemblage of armed men at the garrison, Weshop held his way, without stopping to make inquiries: for his eye conjectured the meaning of all that he saw. He went directly to Van Tromp's room and found him alone. With a motion of the hand, which native feeling rendered graceful, he introduced to one another, these long separated friends, who fairly rushed into each other's arms, and shed tears of joy at so unexpected a meeting. Du Quesne who felt at the moment happier, perhaps, than he had ever been before, pointed in silence to the Indian as his deliverer; and Van Tromp was astonished at the success of his achievement, and additionally grateful on this emergency, because he should have the assistance of his friend. He clasped the hand of Weshop strongly, and looking full upon his quiet features, while his own were agitated with different emotions, spoke to him a few words in Indian to which Weshop replied, for he loved to hear the sound of his native tongue, particularly from Van Tromp.

The Patroon, for so was Van Tromp commonly called, relaxed his grasp, and left the Indian to supply his wants, and consult his pleasure: adding only, 'You will not go?' 'No,' said the warrior, 'not now, perhaps never.' The two friends, left to themselves, commenced that sort of conversation which was natural on the occasion, in the course of which they explained, each to the other, whatever was the subject of mutual inquiry, till Du Quesne declared that as it was the first undisturbed moment that he had enjoyed for long and long before, he would retire. 'What a luxury,' said he 'once more to sleep in safety after all my troubles.'

'But you will wait for the evening service,' said the Patroon, 'the drum beats in a few moments.' 'What do you muster your men for exercise?' 'No—our people shoot best

without a manual, but we meet, men, women, and children, when the drum beats, for prayers.' 'What, and the Indians too? I should think they would be disorderly.' 'They are full as quiet as the rest. We have with us a young clergyman by the name of Elliot, from Massachusetts, who performs part of his service in their language; and there is no doubt they are benefitted by his instruction. They only require attention.'

'The Indians,' said Du Quesne, 'seem a mysterious people, about whom little can be known, though they swarm about us in such numbers. They are savage, blood thirsty, and implacable. I don't think they can ever be civilized.' 'What think you of that specimen which came to you in prison?' said Van Tromp. 'Ah! that indeed—think of him? he is a wonder any where—I owe him my life. That man could redeem his tribe if they were all murderers.' 'He has been cultivated some,' said Van Tromp, 'but you may one day see him use his tomahawk, and bow, and not wait your bidding, or ask your advice; and use the rifle too, with as little remorse as any of his countrymen. One reason why so little has ever been known about the Indians, is that they will not communicate. They have a religion, it is certain; and I suspect they observe their articles of faith, though they seldom tell what they are, not for want of language, for if you understand their language you will find it sufficiently copious; and if you listen to their conversation, you will be convinced that the sounds are softer than those of any other tongue that is spoken. When the English undertake to write them in words, they fairly exhaust their liquids and vowels, and the reader who is acquainted with the spoken language, is as much at a loss to utter it, as if he stood at a desk of printers' types; I have heard a better speech from an Indian chief, than that Greek oration of Dudley's *Periton Indianon*, but I forget my Greek, and I could not think of the word for civilized, if it was to civilize the whole tribe. Hark the drum beats, you will know more of these in time—let us go.'

The religious service of the evening was performed, and the friends retired; Du Quesne to a repose, which after his fatigue, was as sweet as the sleep of infancy, and Van Tromp, to visit his new inmates and to go the rounds of his duty—after which, at the winding of a horn the garrison was silent.

Meanwhile Weshop, after eating and drinking among the people, and learning the particulars of the gathering, was retiring to the kitchen where he meant to spend the night. One Jonathan Hodges, a Yankee man, had taken up his quarters with Shadrach, and the black was just saying to him, 'I wonder what's become of our runaway Indian,' as the door opened. 'Ah here he comes,' continued the speaker, 'glad to see you old friend, help yourself,' as Weshop unasked was taking up their mug of cider, the remains of which he drank without stopping for breath. 'Well, Weshop, said Jonathan, 'what's the news; you must have been somewhere by the strange gentleman I saw tagging at your heels—who was he, Weshop; I say, Weshop, who was he?' 'Why don't you tell him, dumbhead,' said the black, ('can't get nothing out of him;') or here, help clear away these things,—never was so poor a tool in a house as an Indian.'

'Come, Bearskin,' said Jonathan, 'clear your claim with some more cider, and give us the news. Did you see any thing of my brindle cow that I lost last June? I always thought Jim Staines shot that cow for a grudge he owed me, or I owed him.'

'My name an't Bearskin, it's Weshop, I hav'nt seen your cow.' 'Nobody cares for your name,' was the reply—'Blueskin, Red-bird, Yellowlegs: any thing is name enough for an Indian—the name of an Indian!' and he muttered it very much as Dr. Doubty does 'the form of a hat!'

Weshop motioned towards an unfinished hoehandle that stood in the corner.

'What, going to strike?' said Jonathan, 'they talk about civilizing the Indians! bless my soul—I'd rather tame that wild cat that I shot night before last.' 'One thing I'll say for Weshop,' said the black, 'he an't a talking man.' 'No,' said Jonathan, 'but to hear 'em yell in the woods, as I have done, a body would think they *could* talk. There is an oddity among people of different colors.' 'Talk to Shadrach about colors,' said the Indian. 'Different colors is nothing,' said the black. 'O no—its owing to heat, and cold, and shade, and the sun, and moon, and the seven stars; but there is a difference among nations,' said Jonathan, 'though, by the way, I was never out of this.' 'Pray Jonathan,' said Shadrach 'how many nations are there?' 'Ten thousand; but what is that to you? brush your master's boots, and have the guns in order for the hunting that is to be on Thursday; but put out the candle now—don't you hear the horn blowing for nine o'clock? Weshop has turned in I see, and I'll follow his example.'

So saying, Jonathan walked towards his bunk on one side of the kitchen, muttering something about Shadrach, Mesheck, and Abednego.

All was still, when Weshop, who awoke at the slightest noise, heard the howling of a dog at the door. 'Get up, Shadrach, and let in Dash. The Negro delayed some time, till the loudness of the dog's cries urged him to open the door. 'Lay down, Dash,' said he, as the dog bounced into the room; but he was not to be quietted. He overturned stools and benches, howled, returned to the door, and then back, till the astonished Negro exclaimed 'the dog is mad.' 'Something is the matter,' said the Indian, 'where is your master?' Shadrach lighted a candle, and the Indian springing on his feet, opened the inner door, and followed by the dog, went directly to the bedroom of Van Tromp. It was empty, and the bed had not been occupied during the night. He roused Du Quesne, and told his conjectures. The newly arrived guest, with the advice of his late guide, led the way, and kept close to the dog, set out upon a search without disturbing the garrison: attended by Shadrach and Jonathan.

A few who had been detained for the duty of a night watch, waited to prepare lanterns and horses, and soon overtook the party in advance, but as they found themselves at a loss in the dark, it was agreed to take the dog for a guide. Weshop tied a string to his collar, and hastened along at as round a trot as the horseman dared to venture.

After passing through woods and underbrush, they came to something like a path, which led along the brow of a steep declivity, whose sides were covered with bushes, and too dark to be seen. The turf was broken at the edge of the bank, and there were some deep prints of a horse's hoofs. Weshop let slip the dog, and followed him down the descent, supporting himself by the way with shrubs and stones. The result of the search was soon known. Van Tromp's horse lay dead from the fall, and he was almost senseless. He was carefully conveyed to the garrison, without unnecessary disturbance; and as Jonathan and Shadrach were again betaking themselves to rest, they wondered what he could have been doing there at that time of night.

Van Tromp had rode out of the garrison soon after sunset, for the purpose, as those who saw him supposed, of reconnoitering the country. His departure was noticed only by a few, who might be elsewhere at his return; and the constant hurrying and shifting from place to place among the new comers, left every one to suppose, when the horn blew, that *all was well*, as the sentinel on his duty declared. A large black dog, was the only attendant that followed his master.

The manuscript which is unusually brief in this spot, makes mention of a family in the neighbourhood, where an elderly lady resided, and a young lady lived, too, of uncommon beauty and accomplishments; and adds that

in peaceful times, Van Tromp, for want of more edifying company, occasionally rode that way. How that may have been, is rather to be conjectured from the residue of the story. The immediate result of the night's adventure was, that he was so badly bruised as to be scarcely able to turn himself in bed; and it was certain he could not attend the hunting, which was to take place three days after.

This hunting was not the common sporting chase after a fox, or a tame deer, nor did the skill which it required, depend on leaping fences, or clearing ditches. It was not a search after 'a partridge among the mountains';—provision, until more quiet times, was to be made for nearly ninety souls, including women and children; an extent of dangerous country was to be scoured, embracing what was called the Iroquois hunting ground, and the still rougher tract beyond; and a fortnight might be consumed in the enterprise. Meanwhile the garrison would be stripped of its men, except a few for immediate service, and left to the family discipline of old and young women.

'I shall not be able to hunt with you, Du Quesne,' said, Van Tromp, 'and you'll find it a bad job for a beginner.' 'I hope you'll find your hurt not serious,' said he. 'I shall not be able to endure it,' was the reply; 'but, after all, my mind torments me most. I have a dreadful apprehension, Du Quesne. This accident warns me that I may meet with others, and for fear of what may happen, must make you my confidant. What think you I took this ride for! I'll tell you. About five miles off, at a place near the lake which the Indians call Manhaddock, and in the French, Point au Fer—but no matter for the name—is a family, which, except servants and laborers, consists of a lady, and girl by the name of Dubourg. She was the daughter of a French officer, who commanded a post on the lines, I believe.

He married somewhere on the Hudson, and lost his wife, and was then ordered aboard—but pshaw! 'what care you for that?' 'Any thing that interests you, I care for,' said Du Quesne. 'O! it's no interest of mine—that is, it would be very neglectful in me to leave such a family, so helpless, at such a time; so I meant to have brought the old lady and her people here. But Du Quesne,' added he, lowering his voice, 'the house and buildings are burnt to the ground; and what can have become of the girl—so beautiful, I wish you could have seen her—A horrid suspicion came across my mind, as I wept over the spot. I raked the ashes, not knowing but I might find human bones.'

Van Tromp made a pause of some moments, which Du Quesne did not interrupt. He proceeded. 'There is one chance; the New-England troops were to assemble on the other side of the lake; and it may be, that they are there already. If so, these people may have gone down the water, to their protection. But

what I meant to say— If any thing befalls me, remember to find them out, and take care of them if they are living.'

NO. VI.

'A famous hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.'

The two succeeding days were employed by the Garrison at the Blasted Tree in busy preparations for their hunting expedition.—Provisions, blankets, runlets and knapsacks, were got ready—several horses were loaded, guns and ammunition, bows, arrows, axes, &c. were put in order, with a view to as much comfort, as was consistent with spending their nights in the woods. They arranged themselves in three bodies, which were to keep the same general direction, at no greater distance from one another, if practicable, than would admit of their meeting at night. Indeed for the two first nights, they appointed their rendezvous, and as they did so, they talked of Buffalo paths and prairies, and beaver ponds, and wolf dens, and Indian names which are no where to be found on the map.

It was expressly forbidden to blow a horn or a bugle except in case of imminent danger. Du Quesne and Weshop, were to head one party, Jonathan and Shadrach another, and the third was to be directed by some of their sturdy neighbours. Thus equipped, our adventurers sallied forth at day break on their perilous and fatiguing duty.

The incidents of this hunt made a lasting impression on the memories of all who survived it; and Shadrach in after days, charmed many a breathless listener, as he smoked his pipe in the chimney corner, and told this hunting story. The manuscript is less minute. It seems that the game was abundant, consisting principally of the moose and common deer, the bear and the buffalo—sometimes the wolf or the wild cat would fall in the way of the hunters.

During this time, the parties sometimes met and were sometimes separated. Weshop and Du Quesne were apart from the rest, but kept near one another, from a sense of duty on the part of the Indian, and of dependance on the part of Du Quesne, who always missed his way, when he missed his guide, and was in constant danger of losing himself in the woods.

The attention of Weshop, was suddenly arrested by the actions of a small spaniel dog that kept at his heels—and then by a slight rustling noise in the thicket. He made a sign to Du Quesne not to stir, and crept softly among the bushes, where he saw several of the hostile Indians, and had convincing proof that there were many of them in the neighbourhood.

He perceived the nature of his danger, and guessed the extent of it. Without being discovered, he made good his retreat to Du Quesne, and with his finger on his lip, led his noiseless way to a place where the heavy timbered upland joins the edge of a large natural meadow that extended farther than the eye could reach, and was covered with a course

jointed grass, which grew thick, and in most places taller than a man's head.—Weshop explained the danger, and said they must take means to notify and assemble their party, and instantly retreat for the garrison. 'But tell them,' added he, 'to avoid the direct course, for between the Lion's Tail (which was the name given to the extremity of a long ridge of hills,) and the beaver ponds, that pass will be guarded. I would rather risqué the run than the ambush.'

It is proper to observe, that when a party of the settlers and a party of the Indians discovered each other in the woods, the weaker was pursued by the stronger, without any hope of mercy if they were overtaken, and with little chance that the pursuers would relinquish their object until the flying enemy should gain a place of safety. Day after day sometimes, would the hurried and fearful march be kept up, usually in Indian file, from the difficulty of the way, and the necessary caution of leaving as few signs as possible, by which the pursuers could discover their course. This was termed *running the Indians*, or being run by the Indians, depending as a lawyer would say, on who was the party Plaintiff, and who was the party Defendant.

Our two wary hunters moved with extreme caution through the high grass, lest the waving motion of the top should detect them as with all their caution, it probably did. It was not till they came to the buffalo path, that Weshop directed his friend to blow his bugle, and himself set up the Indian cry of alarm, which he continued as he went, to give a hint of the direction he was taking. The hunters began to fall in from different quarters, and the horns and bugles were heard in several directions. It was determined that they should attempt their flight in three divisions, and by different routes, so as to divide, and perhaps confuse their pursuers. Du Quesne and his party were under the guidance of Weshop, who set off again at a brisk trot for the head of the lake. 'Quick, quick,' said the Indian, 'the woods will soon be on fire, and this day the grass will flash like gunpowder. See the smoke there and there; we must get out of the grass; don't wait for it to kindle.' He kept near the eastern border that he might have it in his power to escape being burnt alive; but all his speed and caution were nearly in vain. The fire was now seen darting its streams to the top of the pines and hemlocks, and leaping with the activity that belongs to that element, from one dry tree to another, till the woods were in a blaze—seizing the tallest trees that crowned the little head-lands, and breaking them, as if by manual force. It caught the grass in several places at once. Without stopping to consume the fuel before them, the long pointed flames, darted and kindled as they touched. The wind rose with the fire, and the wild animals who seek in these spots their food and shelter, were seen and heard with cries and howlings, to fly before it.

It often happens, that the deer are overtaken at full speed, and consumed by the flames before they reach the upland, while the waves of this fiery deluge pass over them.

The hunting party had already turned to the east short of reaching the place of their destination: and had scarcely gained a dry ridge, when the whole plain was one continued sea of fire. A strong current of air was raised by the heat, which occasioned a roar much resembling heavy thunder. The senses of Du Quesne were confounded. He dared hardly turn his eyes to this dreadful conflagration, which threatened to consume the spot on which he stood. He trod close to the steps of Weshop, who was now certain that the hostile Indians were on his track, and whose only hope rested on gaining the lake. Every nerve was strained; partly from the heat, and partly from exertion, Du Quesne was ready to fall, when he sprained his ankle and dropped.

'Leave me, Weshop,' said he, as the sweat poured from his body, 'escape if you can, but lay me in the bushes, and depart, perhaps they may pass me by.' Weshop cast on him one look of agony, as he said 'a man who falls in the run is never heard from again.' He took him by the arm, and sometimes carried him on his shoulders, till they found themselves cut off from their party, and surprised and taken by a party of the pursuing Indians. As Du Quesne moved with difficulty, his fate was for a moment uncertain; but the encampment of the enemy happened to be near and Weshop was compelled to assist his companion in keeping up with the party.

They arrived about nightfall, at a spot near the left bank of the Saranac, where that stream which is full of falls and rapids, passes between high hills, and is bounded by a country which corresponds with the troubled motion of its waters. Several wigwams were disposed under the shelter of a rocky height, the face of which was nearly perpendicular, and whose top was thinly covered with savin bushes that seemed looking down as they bent over the brink. The warriors immediately betook themselves to eating and sleeping; some in the wigwams, and some round loose fires which were already kindled, where the squaws, and *shantops* and *pappoosees* (as the larger and smaller children are called,) stood ready to welcome their friends.

Weshop and Du Quesne were secured in one of those natural caverns or openings in the rock, which are common in this vicinity, and which the Indians with a little labour often convert into places of residence—they generally resort to them in times of danger as affording shelter and safety.

The narrow entrance was strongly secured and they were left to conjecture their approaching fate. Du Quesne bewailed the continual misfortunes in which he seemed to have involved himself, and those with whom he had been and was connected, and compared his

present misery with his more tolerable imprisonment at New-Amsterdam, from which his fellow sufferer had released him.

'What,' said he, 'will these wretches do with us? shall we be tortured and murdered, Weshop? I have heard they roast their prisoners—I have heard even worse than that!' Weshop slowly replied, 'they can get pay for a white man, if they carry him to the next French town, but me,' said he firmly, 'they will burn.'

'Oh!' said Du Quesne in horror, 'God forbid—tell them, *I beg of you*, if they carry me as a prisoner among civilized men, to wait till I can send your ransom. You shall be ransomed if it takes all the property at Blasted Tree, if it costs the evacuation of the whole country, if it costs my life; certainly they can ask no more,'—and he groaned with anguish.

'Twill do no good,' was the answer. 'I once escaped before; may be they won't save you.' He paused and then continued. 'Do not the white men say, that the good are happy as soon as they die?'

'Yes.'

'We believe it takes seven days, to go to the country of good spirits, after that I expect to see you and know you, if you should be alive, but I can't make you see me, nor know me.'

Du Quesne was unable to reply.

Weshop seemed more inclined to talk than usual. His notions were wild and fanciful, but his manner was serious: and particularly was it affecting, to one who was likewise endeavoring to prepare himself for the same awful trial. In the course of the next day, Du Quesne was surprised to see him produce his tomahawk, which he had artfully contrived to secure to his arm, by a fold of his blanket, so that it escaped the notice of his enemies.

The Indians who held them prisoners, were only a detachment of those who had surprised the hunting party. Most of them, as it afterwards appeared, had made directly for the garrison, where this division was soon to join them. It was led by a warrior named Tantinnock, whose business it was to execute or otherwise dispose of such as were made captive, according to the sentence of the sagamores, or elders. This Indian came into the cave towards the evening of the second day. His appearance showed he had been preparing for some unusual occasion. The expression of triumph in his features was made more ferocious, by stains and streaks of different coloured paints with which his face was disfigured or adorned according to the taste of the beholder. His head was decked with feathers, and his nose, ears, ankles, and wrists with rings and shells, and strings of beads. He told Weshop, with an appearance of great satisfaction, that at midnight he would lead him out to his tormentors. The warrior heard his sentence with seeming indifference, and even reproached his enemy with weakness and cowardice. Every sensation of anguish was now felt by

Du Quesne, in the extreme. He had no consolation to bestow, for he felt that he needed much, and he watched over Weshop in bewildered silence. The 'stoic of the woods' lay stretched upon the straw, where he slept till awakened by the approach of his midnight visitor. Tantinnock had a tomahawk in one hand, and a pine knot burning in the other. He stood over his prisoner as he rose, and making signs for him to follow, led the way from the cavern.

The small cavity in the rock where they were, communicated outward by a very narrow passage, or cleft in the ledge, with room for but one person to walk at once. Du Quesne cast a look upon the departing hero, but it was not answered, and he was about to turn his eyes, when just as Weshop entered the passage, the broad glare of the torch light showed the tomahawk in his hand. He struck with his whole force a single blow, which needed not repeating. The weapon sunk into the head of the foremost Indian who fell instantly dead. Weshop put his finger to his lip, as he returned to Du Quesne, with a look that showed him to be, at that instant, perfectly happy. 'Turn to the right,' said he, 'as soon as we get out; don't be afraid, but jump down the rocks to the gap in the bank where the canoes are. I must move a little towards the fires with the torch.' Du Quesne instantly obeyed. His ankle was now strong, and his agony of mind for the last two nights had prepared him to welcome any danger, and defy any hazard. He turned round the corner of the ledge, jumped, and sprang, and fell several times, rose, and exerted all his might, reckless of danger, to reach the narrow landing place, where he knew such was Weshop's activity, that his friend, unless taken, would be found.

Some of the ridges of the rock which fell towards the river in different tiers, or *strata*, were so high and difficult that he appeared to have fallen, with occasional intermission, the whole way. Weshop reached the spot nearly at the same moment. The snow was falling very thick and fast, so that an object could not be distinctly seen but a small distance off. Weshop had left his torch in the cleft of a tree burning, and now contrived himself to get off with a canoe, and stave holes with his tomahawk through the bottom of several others. Du Quesne remembered his old posture, and dropped in the bottom of the boat, which his active pilot soon conducted to the middle of the stream. The river was little more than a succession of rapids and falls, which made their progress as dangerous as it was speedy. The little barge of birch and splinters held its onward way, like the charmed egg-shell of the Lapland witches. The noise was now heard of the Indians, now gathered on the bank of the river, firing the few fire-arms that they had, and raising their cries above the roar of the waters and the storm; but the motion of

the boat could not be perceived, and the rushing of a frigate through the waves would have been drowned by the violence of the storm, and the dash of the torrent; and the boat shot over the rapids with the boundless velocity of an arrow from the string. There was a desperate plunge soon to be taken over a fall below. Du Quesne was directed to make himself fast to the boat with a cord, that in any event they might not be separated from their only hope. The precaution was not in vain. The boat in the dark plunged over the fall, and fell so swift as to rob him of his breath. He fell down-right without knowing where the descent would stop, till he found himself plunged in the river and covered nearly to drowning by water, under which he felt himself drawn by the rope. The boat had turned sideways and had filled—so that the slightest weight would have sunk it but for the current that pressed it forward. Weshop told him to hold on, and both clung to the canoe till they came to the edge of a shelving shore where the water eddied round a point, and the Indian touched the bottom with his feet. Their united efforts drew the skiff on shore, emptied it, and launched it again buoyant upon the stream. The Indian kept it steady while Du Quesne got in, and then sprang lightly over the stern, and continued his course till he reached the peaceful bosom of lake Champlain. They were now far southward of the Chazy, and made no doubt the garrison was so beleaguered that any attempt to join it, would expose them to certain capture. Du Quesne knew so as to describe to Weshop, nearly the place where the New-England troops were to rendezvous.

‘We must cross the lake and find ‘em’ said the Indian, as he stood balancing in the stern.

‘Van Tromp wants ‘em. The enemy is around him so that there’s no coming out or going in. The Oneidas and Mohawks will burn and murder every living soul; without help, they will leave nothing but ashes, so let us push for the New-England troops.’

Our adventurers accordingly continued their course across the lake, where for the present we must leave them; for the connexion of events require that we should now shift our scenery to another, and distant part of the country, and leave for a space our northern friends, that we may bring up to the same period, the fortunes of Dudley;—who it will be remembered was in the league of friendship at Saybrook college.

(To be Continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

‘Look on this picture, and on this.’

The two most prominent military chieftains of Europe at the present time are *Diebitsch*, the Russian General, whose laurels lately gathered in Turkey seem destined to wither in Poland, and *Skrzynecki*, whose recent and glorious triumph over the former has suddenly turned the eyes of the world upon him. The following sketches of these distinguished men—the one copied from a letter of a London paper’s Warsaw correspondent, and the other

from an article in the *London Athenæum*—will be perused with interest at the present time, when such a lively concern is felt in whatever is connected with Poland, or throws any light on the prospects or resources of her brave people.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SKETCH OF SKRZYNECKI.

General John Skrzynecki was born in Gallicia in 1787, and studied at Leopold. When the French army entered Poland in 1806, Skrzynecki, then 19 years of age, left his father’s house and enlisted in the 1st regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Kasimir Malachowski, now general of division, who lately covered himself with so much glory.—At the opening of the memorable campaign of 1809, in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Skrzynecki was raised to the rank of captain in the 16th regiment, then formed by Prince Constantine Czartoryski. In the campaign of Moscow, in 1812, he was appointed chief of battalion; and in 1813 and 1814 he gave repeated proofs of his talent and intrepidity. It was in the hollow square of his battalion that Napoleon took shelter at Aroissur-Aube, when the regiments of the young guard gave way. The Polish soldiers transferred the precious deposit to the French corps which arrived soon after, and Skrzynecki charging the enemy, under the eyes of the Emperor, beat them back with considerable loss. Appointed Knight of the Legion of Honor, and of the Military order of Poland, Skrzynecki returned to his country with the remnants of the Polish troops, and obtained the command of the 8th regiment of infantry, in the 2d brigade of general Ignacio Blumer, the same who received eighteen balls through his body on the night of the 29th November.—Skrzynecki has distinguished himself on several occasions since the commencement of the present campaign, and his brilliant conduct in the great battles of February have raised him to the highest distinction a soldier could pretend to.

[General Chlopicki, after the battles alluded to, deemed Skrzynecki best qualified to conduct the war, resigned the command in his favor; and his conduct since has sufficiently shown the correctness of Chlopicki’s estimate.]

Skrzynecki.—The messenger des Chambers, Paris paper, instructs us that the proper way of pronouncing the name of the Polish hero is as if it was spelled—*Skrejinetski*.

SKETCH OF DIEBITSCH.

Field-marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat plethoric looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of *Kabalcongky*, or the Trans-Balkanian, the additional one of the *Semavar*, or the tea-kettle. I have said that Count Diebitsch owes his fortune to his face;

the sequel will show how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer who was on the staff of Frederick. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the Imperial Guard. It was at this time that the King of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian Autocrat, and it so happened that it was Capt. Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visiter.—The emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little Captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend delicately to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial master if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little Captain, and bluntly tells him that the emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company, for, added he, *l'Empercur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'exterieur terrible.* This 'delicate hint,' that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balkan, that, with his natural warmth of temper, he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country.—The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimation of his talents, easily found means to pacify him, by giving him promotion in the line.—He subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service where beauty was not indispensable, that the late Emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning Emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittgenstein in the chief command.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PUZZLING A PAINTER.

Garrick once sat for his picture to Gainsborough, whose talents he did not admire, and puzzled him by altering the expression of his face. Every time the artist turned his back the actor put on a change of countenance, till the former in a passion dashed his pencils on the floor and cried, 'I believe I am painting from the devil rather than from a man.'

A virtuous man who has passed through the temptations of the world, may be compared to the fish who lives all the time in salt water, yet is still fresh.

An Englishman was telling an Irishman about the hour for dining being so late in his country. 'Pooh!' says Pat, 'we bate that in Ireland, for we always wait till the next morning.'

'How do you do, Cuff?' said a coloured gentleman to one of his *crow-nies* the other day: 'Why you no come to see a feller? If I lib as near you, as you do to me, I'd come to

see you ebery day.' 'O caus,' replied smut, 'my wife patch my trowserlooon so al to picces, I shamed to go no wheres.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1831.

Whaling.—The whale ship, Alexander Mansfield, Capt. Francis Neils, who was first mate before, sailed on Monday the 20th ult. for the South Atlantic Ocean, on another whaling voyage. She has four boats and a crew of thirty active young men. The Meteor, commanded by Capt. Bennett, the former master of the Mansfield, is also ready for sea. She is a few tons larger than the Mansfield, has the same number of boats and men and is bound on the same voyage. These two ships have been nobly fitted out and are well manned. We hope their success will be in proportion.

Postage.—Persons addressing us through the Post-Office, are reminded that their communications must be post-paid in future to receive attention. It is an 'evil under the sun' of which we must complain, that on letters containing remittances, though enclosing but One Dollar, the postage is often but half paid, and frequently not paid at all, thereby unnecessarily, and we think unjustly, subjecting us to a heavy tax.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending June 28th.

W. Bement, M. Howell, F. W. Priest, J. L. Lake, W. M. Robert, H. Cobb, E. Spencer, Mrs. Groat, Shad & Barker, J. Byrne, B. Case, Albany, each \$1; C. Gregory, O. C. Hall, R. M. Chesney, A. Rowland, T. H. Brower, J. P. Norton, S. Homrick, J. E. Koster, C. Gardner, W. C. Halsey, J. & G. Giesbert, D. C. Rodgers, H. B. Larkin, A. Bidwell, A. H. Fry, M. V. Baldwin, M. Kelly, Troy, each \$2; S. D. Ward, P. M. Hurdley, Ms. \$1; S. Gascon, Boston, Ms. \$1; R. Case, P. M. Gullerland, N. Y. \$1; J. S. Bollows, Walpole, N. H. \$1; S. Barrett, Saugnet, N. Y. \$1; J. W. Cory, East Richfield, N. Y. \$1; A. Peck, Jun. Halfmoon, N. Y. \$3; J. G. Williams, Dorchester, Ms. \$10; D. C. Parmode, Havana, N. Y. \$1; F. Brodhead, Oswego, N. Y. \$1; J. Wilson Jun. P. M. Waterford, Ms. \$1; S. R. Wells, Middleburgh, N. Y. \$1; G. Powers New-York, \$1; A. Thompson, P. M. Anasquecook, N. Y. \$2; J. Wadsworth, P. M. Pittstown, N. Y. \$1; S. Randall, P. M. Antwerp, N. Y. \$5; T. Groves, Danaus, N. Y. \$1; I. Maxon, Adams, Ohio \$2; J. Norton, Bennington, Vt. \$1; O. S. Wadsworth, West Berket, Ms. \$1; C. S. Woodward, Mount Hope, N. Y. \$2; C. Brodhead, Clermont, N. Y. \$1; T. Whitney, P. M. Magnolia, N. Y. \$1; A. Skinner, P. M. Brookfield, Ms. \$2; W. Walker, Jamestown, N. Y. \$5; E. Conall, P. M. Coventryville, N. Y. \$1; G. Hastings, Suffield, Ct. \$1; E. Elmendorph, Lower Red Hook, \$2; G. C. Willow, New London, Ct. \$2; W. T. Smith, Gallupville, N. Y. \$1; S. Smith, Shrewsbury, Ms. \$2; H. Brawley, Ames, Ohio, \$1; J. H. Barnard, Ticonderoga, N. Y. \$1; F. D. Sworis, P. M. New Hamburg, N. Y. \$2; M. Rathbon, New-Hartford, N. Y. \$1; A. H. Bow, New-Hartford, N. Y. \$1; A. Jones, Rush, Monroe Co. N. Y. \$1; N. B. Hinsdel, Bennington, Vt. \$1; H. R. Bowers, P. M. Tuscarora, N. Y. \$3; S. Cummings, Farmerville, N. Y. \$1; E. Northrop, Greenbush, N. Y. \$1; J. J. Tillingham, Wrentham, Ms. \$1; J. Ostwater, P. M. P. W. Miller, J. E. Childs, Red Hook Landing, each \$1; W. Hutton, E. Woodruff, A. Kerney, A. H. Smith, W. H. Trumbao, J. M. Horton, M. Rider, L. Fosmire, Saugerties, each \$1; W. Vassal, J. Van Keuren, W. Hadden, A. D. Griffin, A. M. Cornell, J. Wang, H. Veltman, W. M. Hunt, O. T. Leighty, R. A. Hatfield, M. C. Coleman, W. C. Southwick, G. Mead, R. Weeks, E. W. Free, Poughkeepsie, each 1; J. Paulding & Co. S. E. Cantino, A. E. Van Keuren, E. R. Bevier, D. L. Wells, W. H. Dederick, Kingston, each \$1; W. W. Jones, P. M. Canaan Centre, N. Y. \$5; J. Lathurt, Constantia, N. Y. \$1; J. Barnard, Peru, Vt. \$1; J. Post, Volney, N. Y. \$1; M. B. Wood, Etam, N. Y. \$1; L. Mabbitt, Granville, N. Y. \$1; E. Hall, Hall's Corners, N. Y. \$1; J. Wilson, Halltown, U. C. \$5;

SUMMARY.

Emigration to Canada.—Up to Saturday last, the number of Emigrants arrived at Quebec was twenty eight thousand one hundred and thirty-four.

A second edition of Mrs. Lincoln's popular Lectures upon Botany—an elementary book designed for schools—has just been published by the Messrs. Huntington's, of Hartford.

A field of corn which obtained a premium in Essex county, was hoed three times, but not hilled. It is stated that corn not hilled stands drought better.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Wednesday the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Henry Murray to Miss Maria Carpenter. In New York, on Tuesday, by the Rev. Dr. Spring, Mr. Edward C. Cray, of Liverpool, England, to Miss Cornelia L. Fulton daughter of the late Robert Fulton.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

DESPONDENCY.

My soul is dark with gathering fears,
The sorrows of the past unite,
With boding views of future years,
To whelm my soul in starless night.
O, vain and empty is the world!
How false is its delusive show;
The gaudy triumph of an hour
Purchased by years of toil and wo!
Ye stars that light ambition's way!
Ye beacon's of aspiring youth!
What are ye all to virtue's ray?
What are ye to the sun of truth?
A thorn is in the sweetest rose,
A serpent writhes in every cup,
But Wisdom's joys are free from woes
And Heaven rewards the good man's hope.
Throw then these worthless toys away,
Badges of mental dotage all;
Walk in Religion's peaceful way
And crowd the path to Wisdom's hall.
So shall, a self approving mind
The sustenance of God be given,
Then earthly quiet shalt thou find
And an immortal crown in Heaven.

MORINEL.

For the Rural Repository.

TO POLAND.

The red blaze of war o'er thy plains now is streaming,
And Muscovy's power would thy bold sons enslave,
But Liberty's star is again o'er thee beaming,
There's hope for thee yet, for the injured and brave.
Fair Freedom looks out from her cave in the mountains,
And Victory sits, throned on the brow of the fight,
Thy glories gush forth from their long hidden fountains,
And day-beams are cheering oppression's dark night.
Strike, strike then the blow that from thralldom shall free
thee,
And own a proud foe for thy master no more,
But let the wide world with her sympathies see thee,
Fast anchored along by fair Liberty's shore.
The war-god along thy fair fields now is flying,
The Kalmuck and Tartar are spread o'er the plain,
The shrieks of thy maidens, the groans of the dying,
Call on thee to battle, to battle—again.
Arouse thee, arouse thee, thy bonds now dis sever,
If blood be the price, yet thy liberties save,
Or freedom will leave thee, and leave thee forever,
Again wilt thou sink in oppression's dark grave.

OSMAR.

The following lines possess much merit—taste and feeling pervade each stanza. They were addressed to a Boy, three years of age.—
Eds. N. Y. Mercantile Adv.

Come hither to my side my boy,
And look up in my face,
That I may on thy youthful brow
Thy future fortunes trace.
Nay, smile not, or that dimpled cheek
Will rob my spell of power—
As dew drops hide the secret worm
That feeds upon the flower.

Those laughing eyes would cheat me, too,
To think thy happy lot
Was cast in some bright fairy land
Where clouds and storms come not.
And hush that little heart of thine,
That throbs with mirth and joy—
Dost think 'twill never feel a pain,
My fair and happy boy?

But smile again—I'd rather see
That bright and sunny brow,
Without a cloud to hide the joy
That sparkled there just now.

I would not rob that little breast
Of one glad hour of mirth,
To tell thee of the cares and pains
That visit all of earth.

'Tis past—and all is bright again
Upon that happy brow;
'Twas but a shadow of the gloom
That dwelt on mine but now.

Go forth—and let thy merry laugh
Ring loud upon my ear—
Keep but thy heart its purity,
Thy sky will still be clear.

Go forth—but trust not to the world?
'Tis ever false, though fair;
But lift thine eyes above, my boy,
And look for guidance there.

JUNE.

Now have young April and the blue-ey'd May
Vanish'd awhile, and lo! the glorious June
(While nature ripens in his burning noon)
Comes like a young inheritor; and gay,
Although his parent months have pass'd away:
But his green crown shall wither, and the tune
That usher'd in his birth be silent soon,
And in the strength of youth shall he decay.
What matters this—so long as in the past
And in the days to come we live, and feel
The present nothing worth, until it steal
Away, and like a disappointment die?
For joy, dim child of Hope and Memory
Flies ever on before or follows fast.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Stone.

PUZZLE II.—To-Day.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I am a word of seven letters; I am to be met in every county and state; my 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th is a truth; my 6th 2d and 4th is the name of a despised animal; my 3d, 2d and 4th is the name of a useful animal; my 1st, 5th, 6th and 4th is a place of safety in war; my 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th is a name of a party in the revolutionary war.

II.

Why is a man disappointed in obtaining a kiss, like a shipwrecked fisherman?

WANTED,

A smart, active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business. One that has a good education, and can come well recommended will meet with good encouragement by inquiring at this office.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS shall receive *Six Copies*. The volume will contain 4 Engravings, and a Title page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year.
All Orders and Communications must be *post paid* to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. JULY 16, 1831.

NO. 1.

POPULAR TALES.

FORT BRADDOCK LETTERS.

(Continued.)

NO. VII.

'My name was Robert Kidd,
And God's laws I did forbid,
And thus wickedly I did—as I said.'

The appearance of the sky indicated one of those autumnal storms which render navigation dangerous on the coasts of New-England, when a ship of a size and appearance more large and imposing than was usually seen in those waters, was crossing Long-Island Sound, and making for Gardiner's Bay. She came round the point, and anchored under the land, as near the shore as was safe, in a place so sheltered by the woods and the projection of land towards the sand-bar, as not to be readily seen from the Sound. Two boats put off from the vessel, one of which steered towards the southern part of the bay, and the other directly for the shore. This last was filled with men who repaired to a rude cabin, which stood in the edge of the wood, not far from the water. Here they made preparations for spending the night, by kindling a fire, and bringing into the hut refreshments, and several other articles from the boat.

The night which had now set in, soon became pitchy dark, and the storm, which had been foreseen began with violence. The hut was dry, and derived an air of comfort from the tempest that raged without, and the fire that blazed within. A light was kept burning at a small window, to direct the return of the other boat through the darkness, and a guard placed at the door; while the rest of the men reposed themselves around the sides of the room, except one—who appeared to exercise unlimited authority. He sometimes seated himself—sometimes stood alone by the fire, and sometimes walked back and forth in the room. He was a muscular and strong built man, of a morose look and foreign air.

His dress was rich with lace, and somewhat resembled a British naval uniform. He had a

pair of large silver mounted pistols, and a heavy eastern sabre at his side. He listened now and then till he could distinguish the dash of oars in the pauses of the storm.

'Douse the glim there, Dardy Mullins! Off with these cutter's men to the ship, and back by daylight. Tell Watson to keep his eye on the prisoner, for we are close on shore; look out, for if any body deserts, you shall walk the plank.'

At this moment the door opened, and a man entered, armed like the other, except that instead of pistols, he wore a carbine or arquebuss, with a spring bayonet. The water was pouring from the spout of his three cornered hat, and his black beard grew so high on his face, and so near the fell of uncombed hair above, that his eyes looked like those of a Newfoundland dog, though far less prepossessing. He was followed by six or seven men of a very motley, or weather-beaten appearance.

'Bolton,' continued the first speaker, 'what does he say? Can I have provision enough for another cruise?'

'Wait till I get the water out of my eyes, and I'll tell you.'

So saying, he poured a liberal allowance of brandy into a tumbler, and drank it undiluted. The commander seconded the motion, as he called it; and then handed it to the sailors, who drank *extempore* from the neck of the bottle. Their conversation, though it throws some light on after circumstances, was not such as should be published in the Fort Braddock MS. We learn from it, however, that Lord Bellamont was about entering on the duties of governor, both of Massachusetts and New-York—that Gardiner's Bay was the commander's only place of safety—that he had a commission from the board of admiralty, and sailing orders from Lord Bellamont himself.

'Strain every nerve to get to sea again,' said Kidd, 'and immediately, with provision for a long voyage. Kill Gardiner's cattle and pay him—one day, rain or shine, is all I ask—the Earl of Bellamont is himself suspected of assisting us, and his enemies have urged the colonies

to prove their suspected loyalty by bringing my head.—There is a provincial sloop of war under one Dudley, that may suspect our haunt, and seek, in this very storm, this infernal tempting harbour.’

‘Why, then,’ said Bolton, ‘did you come here?’

‘Did you never know why I often come here? This island belongs to no state or province, and is embraced in no patent, but is holden directly from king William, like the Isle of Wight; and it belongs to the family of the Gardiners, in which it is entailed, with no law or responsibility but to the king, who doesn’t know whether it is in the East Indies or West. There is on it but a single family and its laborers, and we have them always under our control. They can send for no militia, and claim no assistance; the dead peace of the spot is disturbed only by us. Here are wood, water and provisions, at our own price, and more security in these regions than is to be found elsewhere.’

‘Then why not stay,’ said Bolton, ‘the very expense of pursuit, will sicken the plantations; and they have Indians enough to look out for on shore, without chasing pirates at sea.’

‘Do you not notice, (said the captain) among the prisoners we took in the *Quedah*, a Frenchman that seemed a passenger from the East Indies? I seldom see a man but I remember him again. ’Tis more than twenty years ago that I knew that man in New-York, as they call it now. He was an officer in the French service, when I traded from that port with the Buccaneers. He had a wife with him, I think; any how, he was much respected; his connexions are every where, and if he should escape, then Robert Kidd sails no more. Depend on’t there’s danger. Fifty of my men deserted at St. Mary’s when we burnt the *Adventurer*, and went on board the *Mocha Pirate*. Do you see, Bolton?’

Bolton looked him full in the face, and laying his hand on the steel hilt of his Turkish scimitar, said, ‘Moore lies quietly on Black Point, and though his money is within reach of his arm he can’t mutter where it is.’

‘I know, (was the reply;) but this man can pay a ransom; he shall neither die here, nor escape.’

‘Then (said Bolton) I agree that we must put to sea. Hark! how the wind blows! how the arms of these old oak trees swing and creak; Blow high or low, we’ll be ready to-morrow night. Its now W. N. W.; it will clear off in the S. W. in a day or two; let’s see, the moon changes to-morrow. What’s become of that bottle? The eastern nations understand weather better than we do; no wonder with their monsoons and tornadoes. Thunder and lightning! here an’t half a drink! *Molucca*, (said he to a short brown coloured fellow,) *Arrack*! (The boy looked for another bottle.) And put some straw near the fire—there, that will do—not so close; if I burn up, I’ll torment you forever.’

So saying he took his laudanum, as he called it—unbelted his sword which he drew and placed at his head—and threw himself on the straw.

‘Thank heaven, I am tir’d, (said he, looking at Captain Kidd, more in earnest than in jest how much hard labor it takes to supply the little place of a quiet conscience. I shall sleep though, *whatever I may dream*.’

There is not in the whole compass of nature music, a sound more soothing than the rushing of a heavy rain upon a tight roof just over one drowsy head.

It seems to force upon the mind a strong conviction of comfort, and to excite feelings of gratitude for the shelter we enjoy, mixed with a slight and painful touch of anxiety, for the unknown but possible exposure of others. When this lullaby is joined by the chorus of waters lashed by the wind and dashed at intervals on the shore, the sense of personal safety and the contrasted images of peril by sea, serve only to heighten this pensive pleasure. But to enjoy the beauties or the music of nature, innocence is necessary. Eden faded from the eyes of our first parents, and though the spot be left, it will never be found again by their short-sighted and sinful posterity.

The next morning the storm continued, as was expected; the boats put off from the ship to the shore, and the captain set out in his barge for the south part of the island, where the mansion house has always stood. He landed, notwithstanding the rain, in a sort of naval style; left a trusty man with the boat, and sent another forward to announce his approach. The rest followed him towards the house at a respectful distance, fully armed and with military precision. They paraded before the door, till they had leave to retire to the kitchen, and Kidd himself entered the house.

This was by no means his first visit. Mr. Gardiner, commonly called Lord Gardiner, from his being an immediate tenant of the crown, and having a separate charter or patent, which granted him certain royal privileges on his own territory, received him with civility, though with embarrassment. He knew that he sailed at first with a commission from the British Admiralty, and more than suspected the use he made of it. Kidd knew all this, but acted as if he were king William’s commission—and would resent any suspicion to the contrary. He mentioned the urgency of the service on which he was sent;—and spoke of recent orders from the admiralty. He brought some presents for Mrs. Gardiner and children, and politely requested her to retire, that he might have a moment’s conversation with her husband.

In this interview he made a memorandum of the provisions he wanted, which he carried out at his own prices; and after footing it up, paid the money down and added, that it must be delivered by sunrise the next morning at the fisher’s hut, for he dared not trust his men on the island, for fear of desertion. He regret-

ed that the weather was such that he could not entertain his friends on board—dropped a word or two about his men and guns, and politely took his leave. No military contribution was overlooked with more particularity. The *Quedah* was watered and supplied with provisions and vegetables for a cruise; the plan of which Kidd had contrived, but the success of which he could not foresee.

NO. VIII.

The weather on the third day was fair, and the wind favorable. The ship was under weigh, and the spars whitened with canvass at a single order. The proprietor of the Island saw her with pleasure, when she doubled the point to get out of the bay, and put before the wind in the direction of Montaug.

The infant trade of the colonies, and indeed all the navigation of the coast, had been endangered by other pirates besides this noted freebooter. Barbarous cruelties, and some *shocking and unprovoked* murders upon the neighboring seas, had been committed, and the colonies, particularly Massachusetts, had fitted out a few vessels to protect their trade, and, if possible, capture the pirates. Dudley, who was considered an officer of much promise, had been lately promoted to the command of the *Martyr* sloop of war, and sent on this service. He had obtained an accurate description of the *Quedah*, and overhauled every sail he saw, in hopes of falling in with this noted pirate. Kidd was still in sight of land, when he made out the *Martyr*, and bore down for her, in expectation of finding a merchant vessel. He was soon undeceived by her size and appearance, and most of all, by her standing directly for him, though the wind was in the wrong quarter. He called to Bolton—'What say—shall we fight for the fun of it, when there's nothing to get? There's nothing but Spartan coin, by the looks—there's no glory to be got. That fellow,' pointing to the vessel, 'would be afraid to run. Damn it, Bolton, I dare do any thing, fight or run;—what say?'

'Just as your stomach is,' said Bolton, shipping a large quid of pigtail aboard his mouth, 'but in three hours sailing, you'll be overhauled.'

'Quarters, then,—beat to quarters; but pack all sail, put her before the wind. Helm a-port—steady there, hold her at that.' A few gratuitous curses, by way of emphasis, garnished the order.

Discipline was Kidd's creed, and he supposed it was brought about only in one method. The cat o'nine tails had been freely used that very morning; the yard arm was handy, and the plank lay in the gangway, ready at a word to be run out from the vessel's side. At every springing of this dreadful trap, a living corpse was heard to plunge, and cries for help, come with the wind, till the speed of the ship left them behind.

Kidd now put his crew to every various and rapid service, which is suddenly required in preparing for flight and battle at the same time.

Different orders were given in the same breath, which were sometimes misunderstood, and sometimes, to his critical eye, too slightly and negligently executed. His orders had at first some few words of intelligible English, mixed here and there among his oaths; but he soon confined himself to his vocabulary of profanity, which he fairly exhausted more than once in French, Dutch and English. He soon saw that a battle was inevitable; for the *Quedah* from a long voyage, was not in so good sailing order as the vessel in pursuit, which was fast coming up.

'I did not care enough whether I fought or run, to make up my mind about it,' said he to Bolton, as he suddenly assumed an air of perfect composure, 'but I think we shall be saved the trouble of a council of war on that point. We must take in sail and clear for action, after the men have had their fighting rations. Let the Quarter Master bring some this way, that I may have a word over a social glass with you Mr. Bolton. I like this chance of a battle, if it was only as an apology for drinking; though you may say I'm not difficult about excuses. But, Bolton, to be serious, we must be prepared, you know, for the worst; and be the chance of our being taken what it may, there shall be none of our being betrayed.'

A conversation succeeded in a tone low, but earnest in which nothing could be distinguished, except at intervals, such words—the prisoner—the plank—he knows all and it can't be helped—dead men tell no tales, &c.

The result was soon known. Without ceremony, or even a public declaration of the design, a few men were despatched for the unhappy object of Kidd's suspicions, who brought the victim upon deck, struggling and reluctant, with his eyes bound, though his hands were free. He was led along the plank, which projected over the side at the gangway, and which was cut from its slight lashing, so that he dropped in the water, and was left in the wake of the vessel.

There was carelessly seated on the deck of the *Martyr*, a young, and what ladies would call a handsome looking man, with a spy glass in his hand, which he happened at this moment to apply to his eye. I cannot stop, as the manner of some is, to tell how he looked, how his hat had fallen from his head, and left it with no other covering than thick dark curls of chesnut hair, which the wind stirred from his high fair forehead, nor of the form that graced the rude ground-work of the quarter deck. I must be, if possible, as rapid in my narration, as he was in his action, when his accidental glance, assisted by the spy glass, rested on that sight of horror which I have just described. The fair readers of this time-worn manuscript must pardon me, if I leave them to conjecture how he looked, when he sprang on his feet and with a freedom of language which in those pure days, even the profession of a seaman did not allow, exclaimed, 'Good God! they've murdered a man—away, there, to his help!'

The hoarse voice of the boatswain was heard above the busy hum of the ship's crew '*away, there—you first cutters, away!*' and the hint was taken by the boat's crew, who, headed by an officer, were over the vessel's side, and seated at their own oars with the activity of a flock of Mother Cary's chickens.

The speed of manual exertion is no where shown to more advantage, than on board a vessel of war.

'Pull, pull,' said the officer, as he stood in the stern with the tiller in his hand. A shot from the Quedah went so near his head, that he could tell from the scream that there was a flaw in the bullet. 'Ah we shall engage in a minute—pull, pull away.'

The men sprang to their oars for the floating victim. The long ridges of the ocean wave were dashing over him, and in his drowning ears, 'deep answered unto deep.' He had pulled the bandage from his eyes, and it now hung loose about his neck, so that he saw the effort for his relief, and was struggling with the exertion of a spent swimmer to whom hope had given preternatural power, when the barge was sweeping by him, and the man in the bow caught the handkerchief round his neck with a boat hook. The oars stopped, and the boat, with the body along side, drove through the water with the headway already acquired. The man was exhausted and lifeless to all appearance, when they took him on board and put about for the ship. By this time, the vessels were so near, that some shots had already been exchanged, and an engagement was certain.

It is said that the silent moment, before the 'grim ridges of war' join in the conflict, is dreadful; and occasion has been taken, by the great captains of antiquity, to address their armies in speeches

'On the rough edge of battle ere it joined;' and this practice, as to the length of the speeches, has been improved upon in modern times, as indeed all sorts of speech-making has been.

Upon this occasion the prefatory words were few and unpremeditated.

'Bolton,' said Kidd, 'we must fight, but he'll be sorry, for damn him, if he had been worth taking, I'd have done it an hour ago. Haul up the courses and bring her to. My boys, we must sink her directly. We can't be taken—that's out of the question. Those of you, who'd rather die like heroes than be hung for pirates at Execution Dock, let's know by three cheers.' Three cheers were given, and the ship was ready for action.

The Martyr, now certain of bringing her adversary to action, was holding on under full sail. The commander had directed a shot or two to ascertain the distance, till he saw the move of the Quedah for action, when he gave the order, to call all hands. At the shrill whistle of the boatswain, the deck was filled with men, who came, some from aloft, and some from below. The officer stepped forward and inclined

his head,—every hat was off, and every eye on him.

'My lads,' said he, 'I shall keep you but a moment from your duty. See that inhuman wretch—'tis Robert Kidd, the devil has deserted him at last, and Providence has delivered him into our hands—the victory is our's. Now to your quarters and wait the word.'

'Where shall I lay her,' said the sailing-master.

'Oh! Mr. Cochlin,' said Dudley, 'I forgot that; lay her along side, at a pistol shot. Mr. Endicott, be ready to lead away the boarders.'

The sides of the Quedah had smoked and blazed with repeated discharges of her guns, which did some damage before Dudley neared his distance, and gave the word to fire. Both ships were instantly involved in smoke. The distance was so small, that musketry was used from the tops and the decks of both vessels. Few battles have been more desperately fought. Dudley was resolved to capture, and Kidd, not to be taken. The Martyr was constantly nearing the Quedah; till the fluke of her anchor caught in one of the Quedah's port-holes, and Dudley sprang forward, calling on the boarders, and heading them himself. To gain the Quedah's deck would have been no easy matter; but it happened that Kidd had been stunned by a splinter, and Bolton was killed outright.

The boarders cleared the decks of the pirate. They were found slippery with blood, and strewn with the dead and the dying. The men ceased to fight when Kidd fell, for they apprehended little danger from capture, as many of them had been compelled into the pirate's service, and wished an opportunity to leave it. This was understood, and they experienced as kind treatment as they hoped for. The Martyr was dreadfully injured, and lost many of her men; but the Quedah was sinking.

The prisoners, with every thing valuable which could be removed, were immediately conveyed to the other ship, which lay along side. Dudley gave orders to fall off, leaving a boat's crew to set fire to the prize, and leave her. Kidd, who had been brought to, was conveyed, with the survivors of his crew, on board the Martyr; strict attention was paid to the wounded of both parties; the sloop of war repaired as well as possible for immediate sailing; and the sad service of burying the dead, at which the captain is always present, Dudley deferred to the next day, in hope that he might possibly arrive in port before that uncourial office would be necessary.

NO. IX.

'By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world.'

We resume that part of the tale which relates to Dudley and Kidd.

The last boat had now left the Quedah in haste, after setting her on fire and leaving none on board but the dead. They had scarcely joined the Martyr, when a fresh breeze sprung up

from the southward, and drove the Quedah before the wind, wrapped in deep red flames, in the same direction with the victor ship, and apparently in pursuit. A current of air was raised by the heat which made her gain in this singular chase. Her sails and rigging which had not been shot away, were all set and standing, and the quick flames all fed by tar and pitch, ran along her cordage and leaped to the very top-gallant head, while the ship was yet above water and under full headway; as though the dead men which were on board of her had awakened with new life, and sprung to their duty.

This appearance, as she held onward wrapped in smoke and blaze, added to her character as a pirate, was a spectacle to the crowded deck of the Martyr, where some viewed it as sublime, and some as portentous and supernatural.

The spectacle was long after recorded among the marvels, and gave rise to the tale of the Ghost Ship or Flying Dutchman, which was manned with spectres, and with all her canvass spread, sailed rapidly in a gale against the wind. It was necessary for the Martyr to bear away for fear of being run down by this dreadful fire-ship.

The prisoner of Kidd who had been so providentially saved from drowning, excited very strongly the sympathy of Captain Dudley.

‘Were it not for the war with France, (said he, addressing the stranger) you should on our arrival at Boston be set immediately at liberty; but under existing circumstances, though the rescued prisoner of a pirate, you are still in my hands a prisoner of war, and your parole of honour is the only indulgence I can give you.’

Dubourg, for that was his name, thanked his deliverer with a deep feeling of gratitude and expressed a desire to continue under his protection.

‘I fear (said Dudley) we shall find it impossible. My services on the water after the capture of Kidd, will no longer be required. My character in this new settlement (said he with a smile) is rather amphibious; and I shall, soon after my arrival, be despatched on a long and fatiguing land service to the borders of Lake Champlain, where the French and Indians on the frontier, threaten to disturb and destroy the New-England settlements.’

‘If that be your destination, (said the stranger) I will gladly follow you; strange as it may seem, my business is to visit that very spot. There, in younger life, on the western shore of that lake, was I stationed as an officer in Le Gendre’s regiment, before I was ordered on other service. There I lost my wife, and left my only daughter. She was then an infant, and now, if living, a woman. I know where and with whom I left her. I have regularly heard from her, and I can find the very spot of her abode, after an absence of twenty years. I am (added he) a man of property, and if I find my daughter, shall be-

come a citizen of that country where I spent my happiest days.’

Dudley made the proposal that Dubourg should be his company across the country, and march with the troops which were to be in readiness at Tantiusque, near the northern line of the colony, to which place Dudley would repair with him, after representing his case to the Governor of the Massachusetts colony, discharging his crew, and settling his concerns as commander of the Martyr.

On their arrival at Boston, the news of the capture of the pirate was soon spread; witnesses were summoned, Dudley among the rest—and even the peaceful inhabitants of Gardiner’s Island, to attend the public examination of Kidd, who was on this preliminary proof, sent home to England for trial; where, after an examination by the House of Commons he terminated his voyages as recorded in the Newgate calendar, and in the ballad of which he was the hero,

‘At Execution Dock, as he said.’

Meanwhile the provincial troops, in this instance principally from Massachusetts, though aided by Connecticut and Rhode-Island, had taken up their line of march, and with their military ‘furnishments,’ accomplished a journey of difficulty, thro’ a country unsettled and but little known, and encamped in safety on the eastern shore of Champlain. They were strongly posted to defend the country against an expected inroad from the French and hostile Indians.

Dubourg was anxious for the safety of his daughter, and obtained from Dudley permission to cross the lake with a party of men, to convey her and the family in which she lived, out of the immediate neighbourhood of Indian hostilities, which were at this time more rife on the New-York side. As soon as he discovered their residence, he spent little time even in expressing his joy, but hurried their departure from a place of peril. He had reason to be thankful for his expeditious course; for on the night following, a detachment from the Iroquois came upon the plantation and finding it deserted, laid the whole in ashes.

The New-England troops were disposed in barracks and huts of their own construction, and as they had chosen a commanding place, which they meant to fortify strongly, they erected some small log houses, in one of which Dudley lived with Dubourg and the inmates of the removed family. The troops were well disciplined, and inured to this sort of peril and warfare. They kept by night and day the strictest watch against their northern enemies of every character, by land or water.

It was after the regular arrangement of military duty, that a sentinel at his post near the shore of the lake, where it indented the land with a little shady bay, indistinctly discerned the figures of two men. He stood waiting their approach to a short distance before he should hail. One he saw was an Indian—the

other was dressed in tattered clothes, and doubtless was a spy—and how many more might be in the woods behind them he could only imagine. He edged towards the side of a large tree, and cocked his gun as he cried, 'Who goes there?'

'Friends.'

'Friends, stand, don't advance,' said the sentinel in alarm; then straining his voice to the utmost, he called Du—tha—n, dwelling on the last syllable like a village matron calling her suckling children, or a militia colonel on a regimental day calls 'atten—tion the whole.'

Corporal Jeduthan Banks, of Marblehead had just incurred the severities of the martial law, by stretching his martial length and 'reposing his weary virtue' at the foot of an oak tree, and had just mentally joined in Sancho's benison upon the 'man who first invented this selfsame thing called sleep,' when he was roused by the unwelcome cry of his companion in arms.

— 'As when men went to watch
On duty, sound sleeping by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.'

He was instantly on the ground, where his platoon men were directly paraded, and received the new comers at the point of the bayonet.

Du Quesne, (for he and Weshop were the intruders,) requested that they might be shown to the quarters of the chief in command.

They found him alone in a small log hut, without a fire, and with no appearance of comfort or convenience about it. A light was burning upon a large log of wood, sawed at one end, so as to resemble a horse block more than a table, though it was meant for the latter. The person who was seated at it, requires a more particular description.

Miles Standish had the only pride of birth which is pardonable in this country. He was directly descended from one of those men who ate their meal of claims near Plymouth Rock, and listened to the grace which Parson Robinson said over them. Even the puritans, who fled from the stake, called him obstinate, and considered him in matters of faith, as rather intolerant. He hated all separates, as he called them; but his greatest dislike was towards the Church of Rome, and for reasons which he pretended to be able to explain, he was not very cordial to the Church of England. The men who stoned the first Martyrs, he would say, were no worse than they who stood and held their garments. Nay, in the zeal of some of his controversial conversations, he ventured to call them worse—they were more cowardly and less sincere.

Godfrey of Bologne, never put on his harness against the enemies of the Cross in the Holy Land, with more zeal than Miles Standish buckled on his sword against the French and Indians in this Land of Promise. He referred to the scriptural account of the march of the Israelites from the land of Egypt, and the house of bondage, and applied it literally, as

did many others, to the emigration of the Puritans; and he derived his authority for much of his own conduct, from the fighting part of the character of Joshua. The Onondagas, the Tuscaroras, the Wampagoes, and the Potawatamies, were with him; but the other names for the Hittites, Perezites, Jebuzites, and Gergushites, all of whom were to be exterminated. Indeed, if Father Raal, in his way from Penobscot to his Catholic friends, had fallen into the hands of Miles Standish, he would have considered the fate of Agag as his sufficient warrant. He possessed vigorous strength, was patient of fatigue, and fixed in his purpose. A man as Southey says,

'Firm to resolve, and stubborn to endure.'

He sat reading Pilgrim's Progress which he allegorized beyond the spirit of Bunyan himself.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS. *

MANNERS.

I make a point of morality never to find fault with another's manners. They may be awkward, or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of 'good society,' as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is one founded in reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same congeeing of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand—the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation—'How are you my old friend!'

During the Revolutionary war, when the frigate Providence, Com. Whipple was proceeding with dispatches to Dr. Franklin in France, from this port, she encountered off Warwick neck, the Lark Frigate of superior force, and after expending all the shot on deck, an Irishman who had left the English service, had charge of one of the guns on the windward side; hearing some of the sailors cry out, that the shot had all gone, and feeling the rope round his neck, exclaimed in the height of his despair,—'Honey, hold your peace, or they will be for hearing you—I have got my crow bar into my gun!' The hint was immediately taken, and every gun was loaded with crow bars, and poured such a tremendous broad side into the Lark, that she was with difficulty kept from sinking—Pat in ecstasy cried out—'how relish you these Irish compliments—long life to the Frigate Providence and our gallant commander.'

JOURNEYMEN PRINTERS.

From high to low they are the same careless, well-informed, good hearted men, knowing how to act better than they do; nothing at times, yet every thing if occasion requires it; we have seen one and the same individual of the craft, a methodist minister at Carolina, a boatman on the western canal, a sheriff in Ohio, a sailing master on board a privateer, a fiddler in New Orleans, a dandy in Broadway, New York, a pressman in a garret printing office! * * * * * Having nothing to lose, no calamity can overwhelm them, and caring to gain nothing no tide of fortune carries them upwards from the level where they choose to stand; the least to be envied yet the happiest dogs in Christendom. Philosophers by practice, and spendthrifts by inclination, they complain not when the stomach cries for bread and they have no bread to give; and in the next hour, if fortune favors them with the means, expend more for unnecessary delicacies than would serve to keep them on wholesome food for a whole week.

Sheridan and the Boots.—Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots: this attracted the notice of some of his friends, 'Now guess,' said he, 'how I came by these boots?' Many probable guesses then took place. 'No,' said Sheridan, 'no, you've not hit it, nor ever will.—I bought them and paid for them.'

A certain preacher having changed his religion for a good benefice, was much blamed by some of his friends for deserting them, 'To excuse himself, he assured them, he should not have done it, but for seven reasons. Being asked what they were, he answered, 'A wife and six children.'

Dr. Parr once said to the late Lord Tine-mouth, come my Lord button my gaiters for me. 'With the greatest pleasure,' said his lordship, and stooping down to do so, upon which the Doctor waved his hand over him with mock solemnity, and said 'there, nobility is where it ought to be, at the foot of learning.'

Policy and wealth.—Baker in his Chronicle, speaks of Henry Beaufort, cardinal of Winchester, who was extremely rich, crying out, upon his death bed, in such speeches as these. 'Fie, will not death be hired? Will money do nothing? Must I die, that have such great riches? If the whole realm of England would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it?'

'How old are you, Pat?' said a clerk of indignant at a late assizes in Ireland; 'Faith, sir,' replied Pat, 'I believe I am pretty near as old as ever I'll be;' and in good truth he was—for he stretched the hemp the day after.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1831.

Mr. Monroe.—The venerable Ex-President, JAMES MONROE, a man loved for his virtues, respected for his abilities, and honoured for his services, breathed his last, in the city of New-York, at the house of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur, at the advanced age of 72, on the fifty fifth anniversary of that independence which his services contributed so largely to gain. The occurrence of this event on the national anniversary, considering the fact of his illustrious confederates, Jefferson and Adams, closing their earthly labors on the same day of the year, is certainly a singular coincidence and contributes to stamp the Fourth of July as one of the most memorable days in the annals of the world.

The Three Histories.—This work has been recently published in Boston, and is said to be excellent of its kind, being similar in character to the best productions of Miss Edgeworth. The author, Miss Jewsbury has heretofore been known to the American public only through a few small pieces taken from the English Magazines into our papers. In point of talents she may well be ranked with Miss Edgeworth, Miss Moore, the Masses Porter, Miss Mitford, Miss Landon and others, that shine as stars of the first magnitude in the English literary world.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and Others, for the Eighth Volume, ending July 12th.

Otis Bigelow, P. M. Baldwinville N. Y. \$1; J. B. Lent, West Rush, N. Y. \$2; S. Crandell, Chatham, N. Y. \$1; J. F. West, Little Falls, N. Y. \$4; J. Hoffman, Claverack, \$1; M. Munson, Greenfield, Ms. \$5; W. Corey, Gardner, Ms. \$5; J. H. Tuttle, East Goshen, Ct. \$1; C. A. Stewart, Fishkill, N. Y. \$1; J. Hitchcock, New York, \$1; E. Bonnett, Westboro' N. Y. \$1; G. N. Lindsay, Ellenville, N. Y. \$1; C. Heinstreet, Lausburgh, N. Y. \$5; S. Farrar, Jun. South Brookfield, N. Y. \$1; C. H. Wing, Greenfield Centre, N. Y. \$3; R. A. Hall, New Lebanon, N. Y. \$1; E. B. Rockwood, Troy, N. Y. \$1; B. Hine, Cairo, N. Y. \$1; S. Bushnell, Clarkson, N. Y. \$2; S. G. Lounsbury, Clay, N. Y. \$1; W. Gould, Canbair, N. Y. \$1; J. Davis, P. M. Marlborough, N. H. \$1; R. Gerrald, Marango, N. Y. \$1; J. S. R. Nye, Swanton, Vt. \$1; J. Conklin, Fort Jervis, N. Y. \$1; T. W. Searl, North Lanesing, N. Y. \$1; E. M. Stuckey, South Pennock, N. Y. \$1; R. Tibb, P. M. West Stephentown, N. Y. \$1; J. Bard, Pleasant Plains, N. Y. \$5; S. Stillwell, P. M. Sparta, N. Y. \$1; E. F. Demming, East Sheffield, Mass. \$1; W. Depew, Kingston, N. Y. \$1; N. Hardell, & S. W. Swezy, Fort Jervis, N. Y. \$2; H. T. Sumner, P. M. Stockbridge, N. Y. \$1; A. H. Peutz, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$1; M. McDowell, P. M. Wayne Hotel, N. Y. \$1; J. Holdridge, Catskill, N. Y. \$1; E. R. Cook, Sudus Pond, N. Y. \$1; J. Reuve, Berlin, N. Y. \$1; A. Farr, Mauleana, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

A labor saving machine, to be applied to a Churn, has been invented by Samuel O'Brien of Albany, N. Y. It has a self-moving power, produced by a weight—is wound up like a clock, and will go for two hours.

The National debt of the United States is now reduced to about thirty seven millions, and in three years more, with proper economy, the whole debt will be liquidated.

It is supposed that 20,000 persons are employed in mining in the Southern states, and the produce of the mines is equal to five millions annually.

The Temperance societies seem to be growing and spreading vigorously. Our exchange papers abound in notices of meetings and addresses.

American Silk Hats.—Mr. T. Simms, of New-York, has manufactured a hat, entirely from silk prepared from the American silk worm.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Henry Porter, to Miss Jane Stuppelbeem.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Stephen Oranch, to Miss Elizabeth Carter.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. Stephen Barber of Auburn, N. Y. to Miss Rhoda Ann Burns of Columbiaville.

At Claverack, on Sunday the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. Jacob Bandeli, to Miss Angeline Kansom.

At Troy, on Tuesday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, William Darling, Esq. to Miss Ann, daughter of Thomas Russell, Esq.

At Claverack, on the 10th inst. by John Poucher, Esq. Mr. Daniel Poucher, to Miss Hannah Anderson.

DIED.

At Albany, on Wednesday morning, Philip S. Parker, Esq. in the 50th year of his age.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
EVENING.

When evening gilds the western sky,
With its long blaze of fading light,
And every bird that sings on high,
Is softly heralding the night;
There is no sweeter joy we feel,
Than those fond dreams of youth and home,
Which o'er the fancy gently steal,
And whisper imaged joys to come.
I know not aught that rapture brings
Which has more feeling in its glow,
Than that receding ray, which flings
Enchantments to this orb below;
When, with the balm that fills the eye,
Grey melancholy warps the brain,
And fancy's softest colouring leave
The one conviction of—bow vain! **ALPHA.**

For the Rural Repository.
SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

'A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, when
we came here, and when we went away; but even that will soon re-
fuse to bear us record.'

Tho' joy may light her angel smile, and pleasure lead
us now,
Tho' care may ne'er have placed his print upon the
youthful brow,
Tho' grief may ne'er have seized the heart or filled the
soul with gloom,
Yet all that's bright and lovely now is ripening for the
tomb.

The simple annals of our life, a passing word may tell,
A tear may fall upon our grave—a gen'rous bosom
swell,

Our name may live in kind regard for one brief, fleeting
day,
When we beneath the valley's clod are mouldering
away.

But soon the tear that falls for us will fall for us no more,
The tender heart in sorrow now that swells with an-
guish sore,

Its sympathies will all be hushed, and checked its flow
of love,
When death shall set his signet there and bid it cease to
move.

The fading tablet friendship rears, itself will soon decay,
And with it our forgotten name will flee for aye away;
And there our withered memories will wake no more a
sigh,

And none can tell that e'er we were, or where our ashes
lie. **OSMAR.**

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

BY MOORE.

They told her, that he to whose sweet voice she listen'd,
Through night's fleeting hours was a spirit unblest;
Unholy the eyes that beside her had glisten'd
And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

'When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,
Bring near him thy lamp when in slumber he lies;
And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth,
Thou'lt see what a demon hath won all thy sighs!'

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light;

And saw such a vision! no image appearing
To bards in their day-dreams was ever so bright.

A youth but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,
Whose innocent bloom had not yet fled away;
While gleams from beneath his shut eye-lids gave warning,
Of summer noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
While, glossy as gold from a fairy land mine,
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it
Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.

Entranced stood the bride on that miracle gazing—
What late was but love, is idolatry now;
But, ah—in her tremour that fatal lamp raising
A sparkle flew from it, and dropped on his brow.

All's lost—with a start from his rosy sleep waking,
The spirit flash'd o'er her his glances of fire;
Then slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,
Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire:

'Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion hath broken!
Thus ever affection's fond vision is cross't:
Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,
And love, once distrusted, forever is lost!'

THE DELUGE.

All the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the
windows of Heaven were opened.—*Genesis.*

A doom to the fallen! The earth where they trod
Shall be laden no more with the scoffers of God;
He speaks! and his banner of wrath is unfurled,
And the avalanche-deluge comes down on the world.

A doom to the fallen! It rides on the wind—
They look back in terror—the wave is behind;
While onward, and onward, in anguish they flee,
Still darkly sweeps onward the flash of the sea.

They trust not the valleys—hope perishes there—
But they rush to the hills with the strength of despair;
The palm trees are bended with myriads of forms,
And forests are bowed by the spirit of storms.

There's a hush of the weak, and a cry from the stronger,
And the rock and the tree are a refuge no longer;
The waters have closed in a midnight of gloom,
And sullenly roll'd o'er a world peopled tomb.

'Tis morn on the wave—like a bird on its breast,
Floats the ark of the godly—a haven of rest—
A sign and a pledge to the wanderers are given,
And the promise-bow arches the blue vault of Heaven.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Factory.

PUZZLE II.—Because he has lost his smack.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Take three fourths of a cross and a circle complete—
Let two semicircles a perpendicular meet;
And then a triangle you needs must erect,
And all must be placed in a line that's correct;
Then put two semicircles and a circle complete,
And tell me a bitter that some men call sweet?

II.

Why is a nod of the head like a Balloon going up?

WANTED.

A smart, active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an
apprentice to the Printing Business. One that has a good education,
and can come well recommended will meet with good encouragement
by inquiring at this office.

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attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. JULY 30, 1831.

NO. 5.

POPULAR TALES.

FORT BRADDOCK LETTERS.

(Concluded.)

NO. X.

After hearing Du Quesne without interruption, 'Are you (said he) true men and no spies?—Is it not to spy out the nakedness of the land ye are come? You, sir, must be a Frenchman, and surely, if ever I saw one, this is an Indian. Know you not that it is against such that I have come to fight? I have the authority of scripture history. It is in vain for the Keenites to attempt deceiving me, with their old shoes, and clouted, tattered garments, and mouldy bread, and broken bottles.'

The dialogue between them lasted some time. The engaging manners and conversation of Du Quesne interested the chieftain, though it was apparent he doubted the truth of the story, and looked on the disinterested heroism of Weshop particularly as *apocryphal*.

But aside from his incredulity, and some strong suspicions of design, he resolved not to cross the lake, but to keep his provincials within the boundary of New-England. He cared as little for the Dutch as for the French.

'Let them, (said he to himself,) fight it out between themselves, and if the Indians take sides, so much the better.'

Great was the joy of Du Quesne when he heard that Dudley, his long lost, and as he supposed, far distant friend, was on the spot, and the second in command. He hastened to his quarters, where he found Dubourg and his daughter. Standish was present at this cordial interview, and listened once more, but with greater confidence and interest, to the story and request. The anxiety of Dudley was extreme. He saw the emaciated form of Du Quesne, worn down by famine, fatigue and suffering—represented to himself the exposure of Van Tromp to a fate from which it might even now be too late to save him, and made up his mind.

'I will go, and that immediately, if I go alone. Major Standish, (said he) this is no

matter of political or provincial interest—it is my private business, and of great emergency. Providence gives me this opportunity—perhaps the only one, of redeeming a sacred pledge; my sworn, my bosom friend is in peril. See (said he pointing to Weshop) what an example even this man has set me.'

'Ah, he's a Keenite, (said Standish, wringing Weshop's hand,) worthy to be ranked with Squantum himself. In a case like this, I will not be outdone by the best heathen that ever lived. Weshop!—but come, there's no time to lose—beat to arms. I wish (added he in a lower tone to Dudley) that Weshop was a christian—he would make a better one than some white men I know of—but now have the boats ready—I'll show you how to deal with Indians, when you catch them on fair ground, in a body. Weshop, you must lead us. Captain Dudley, we march Indian file, without music. Three ferriages will carry over as many as we want. Let the ladies stay with those who keep guard at the camp. If I don't return, I'll send for them.'

During the bustle of a slight and rapid preparation, the young lady found means to set her large dark eyes on Du Quesne, and beckon him towards her.

'This, sir, (said she) is no time for ceremony, or affected delicacy. I feel interested for the safety of your friend. I shall wait here—oh! with how much anxiety!—to hear of your arrival in time to save him, and beg that as soon as it is safe, I may be immediately sent for, to join you and Mr. Dudley at the Blasted Tree. I know from your zeal you will save him—I know you will. But you have eaten nothing: these hasty men have forgotten to ask you, and you have forgotten to call. Here—I will set a table for you, and wait upon you myself.'

'I must not eat without my friend.'

'Who?'

'The Indian warrior that brought me here.'

'Oh! Weshop. I know him, let me call him myself.'

Weshop came back; but the honest fellow could not stay for a regular meal; he took a

quantity of provision in his hand to eat as he went onward to the place of embarkation, saying as he left the shore, 'Make haste!—make haste!'

The party, in fine order, and under strict discipline, were seen paraded, marched and wheeled to the landing.

The lake, at a narrow place, was ferried over again and again, till all but a guard for the defence of the women and the few effects that were left behind, had quit the shore. Miles Standish directed the embarkation himself, and brought up the rear in the last boat, with his drummer, trumpeter and bugleman; and as he had an ear for music, and a strong taste for sublime scenery, he directed them to play *Old Hundred* and accompanied them with his voice, in these noble words—

'When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land—
The tribes with joyful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.'

This psalm he sung to the end, as he sat in the stern of the boat, and the bugleman swelled his cheeks in vain to overpower the loud bold tones of this vocal accompaniment.

'Who is there to mourn for Logan?'

Van Tromp and his small garrison had evidence of the misfortune that had befallen his friends, when they saw, the second day after their departure, the straggling remnants of the hunters, returned in haste and disorder. His anxiety for Du Quesne and Weshop was succeeded by a horrid conviction, when he saw his savage enemies assembling in formidable numbers near the edge of the wood on the south side, at a little more than gunshot distance. There they seemed deliberating whether to commence an immediate attack, or wait for some less hazardous mode of gaining their purpose. The latter course was adopted principally because they expected the next night to be joined by another body. In the mean time the best preparations were made in the garrison against an Indian massacre.

The night and the next day were spent in watching and the ensuing evening witnessed the expected addition to the Indian force. An assault was now certain, and indiscriminate murder would be the probable consequence of their success. Twenty times a day had Jonathan's head, as he raised it above the breastwork, been a mark for musketballs and Indian arrows, and twice as often, through the loopholes and crevices, had he returned this mark of attention with his rifle.

'What think's become of Weshop? (said Shadrach,) I never missed him so much afore in my life.'

'Poor fellow, (said Jonathan Hodges,) I guess that bag of hair is off his head by this time—'twas a mighty handy thing to catch him by.'

'It makes me crawl to the heart, Jonathan—but I expect we shall be killed to-night. They may kill my master—I most hope it'll be my turn first. There's him, poor soul, hobbling about when he ought to be abed.'

'Ah, Shadrach, we shall have a field bed to-night, and a bloody one too, I'm thinking.'

Shadrach, in obedience to an order from Van Tromp, posted himself on the top of the house to look out. It was now night, and the full moon had been some time risen. The Indians from without commenced storming the place, and rushed towards the abattis with yells and war whoops. They attempted to cut them down and to set them on fire; but as they had been newly made of green trees drawn close together with their roots inwards, they found themselves stopped and exposed to the sure aim of the marksmen who shot from the bastions.

Then they attacked the gate, hand to hand, and the fight became furious—but the besiegers had the advantage of numbers, and it was pretty certain that they would soon make good their entrance. The assailants were animated with the hope of success, and the defenders made desperate at the fate which impended over them and theirs.

NO. XI.

Most of the fighting men in the garrison had now drawn round this place of combat. The besiegers had foreseen this, and had placed a body of men in ambush, who were to attempt gaining the place, by scaling the steep ledge of rocks which formed the northern angle of the enclosure. This party had already risen from the bushes, and was running to that part which was defended only by the natural steepness of the ascent, when Shadrach, who was the only one that saw this manœuvre, gave the alarm; but in the confusion and horror of the moment, he had no chance of being understood. In the agony of despair, he ran to the spot alone. They were already climbing the face of the rock, and pulling themselves up by the bushes that grew out of its clefts. The large trunk of an oak tree had been placed along the top of the ledge, where it served as a sort of breastwork for about twenty feet. The thoughts that it might instantly be despatched, gave him new strength and quickened his ingenuity. He seized a stake, which he applied as a lever to the middle of the log. It moved—tottered a moment on the edge of the precipice—he plied all his strength—it fell—and Shadrach darted back with all his speed. Never, even in ancient days, was a more dreadful missile put in motion. The face of the rock was covered with assailants, and the base was crowded with others waiting to ascend. The ruin swept and crushed all before it. Those who escaped, retired and paused for a moment, but observing no one above, ventured the attempt, and a few gained the top.

Meanwhile those who defended the gate were on the point of being overpowered, when the troops under Standish and Dudley emerged from the woods. They saw how critical the moment was, and rushed to their aid. A full fire of musketry and arrows was poured in upon the savages, and bayonets, swords, and tomahawks, were immediately in contact.

Weshop and Du Quesne alarmed at the dangerous situation of their friends, and personally exasperated at the enemy, were directly merged in the middle of the combat.

A conflict like this could not last long. The savages were amazed at an attack so unexpected; they fled hastily in every direction, and were followed by Standish to the woods, where he ordered the grass and bushes to be set on fire. It was instantly done, in a hundred different places. He then blew his horn to call in the men, (who might be in danger of an ambush) and entered the garrison.

The women and children had been shut up in a sort of block house, and escaped unhurt. Few who belonged to the garrison, but were wounded or killed. Van Tromp was much hurt, and Jonathan would never have found his way from the gate, had not Shadrach lifted him in his arms.

Du Quesne, in almost breathless eagerness, met him as he was staggering under his burden. 'Where is Weshop?' said he.

The African's heart was undergoing such mixed emotions of joy and sorrow, as almost choked his utterance. He could only say—'Dead.'

Du Quesne stopped, and for a moment, friends, country, all were forgot, but poor Weshop.

Almost all the garrison were by this time assembled at the gate. Weshop lay covered with his wounds, in the midst of his foes; his bow was near him, and his bloody tomahawk was clenched in his hand. He was bitterly lamented by more than one. Du Quesne's grief could not be silent. 'He lifted up his voice and wept.'

Weshop was buried with military honors; his grave is still marked by a pile of large stones, on one of which there seems to have been an inscription, but it cannot now be read.

The newly arrived troops took up their quarters for the present in the garrison, for several of them were unable to march, and the new settlers had been so reduced in number, and were so many of them wounded, that they could not well be left in their present condition.

One chilly evening in November, most of the personages mentioned in the MS. were sitting in the best room of the garrison round a cheerful fire, ruminating, some on the past and some on the future, but saying little to disturb one another's thoughts. Van Tromp was still an invalid, Dubourg now and then smiled to see the attentions of his new found daughter to one whose first wounds were received in her service, and whose modest eye, when he felt an occasional twinge of pain from wounds more recent, seemed to look to her for relief. Standish was saying to Dudley, (who was thinking of something else) that the Winnebagoes and the Potawatamies would never join on the other side of the river after this, and that the French would soon be obliged to confine themselves to the Canada line; and Du Quesne

was thinking, almost to tears, of the virtues, the services, and the end of Weshop, when Shadrach entered the room with Du Quesne's watch in his hand.

'Massa Du Quesne, (said he) here's your watch—you left it when you went a hunting—I buried it the night of the battle, so it don't go. I have been trying to put it to rights, but I can't make out.'

'Thank, ye, Weshop, I mean Shadrach,' said Du Quesne.

Du Bourg's eye was on the watch.

'Let me see it, (said he to Du Quesne) it's a very elegant one.'

He took it, opened and examined it with surprise.

'Where did you get it?—pardon my inquiry.'

Du Quesne told him all he knew about it or about himself.

'You see, sir, (said he) our stories are intimately connected.'

'My young friend, (said Du Bourg) tell me when and where you was born.'

Du Quesne told him.

'But you are unwell, sir,' said he, as he took back the watch.

'Slightly, (said he)—Captain Dudley, I wish to speak with you.'

'Me, sir?' said Dudley, who had been twirling his sword with the *becket*, as sailors call it, that was fastened to the hilt, and whose mind had been so absent that he had heard only the last request, as it was particularly addressed to him. 'Me, sir? I'll wait on you, sir.'

'There's a good fire in t' other room,' said Shadrach, as he showed the way.

'Captain Dudley, (said Du Bourg) that young man is my lost son!—he is!—he is! Captain Dudley.'

'A worthier or a nobler one (said Dudley) you could not claim. The probability of such a thing occurred to me when you told me, on board the Martyr, why you wanted to visit the banks of this lake, that you had two children in this country, though you expected to find but one left. This gentleman was my class-mate—and more, he was my bosom friend. I know all his story.'

'Sit down then, sir, I will tell you mine without being tedious. I came to this country as a captain in the 33d regiment of Royal Infantry. The regiment was never assembled that I know of. I was employed as an inspecting officer—went from port to port—was occasionally at New-York, and often at different places on the lake, and on the Hudson.

'I was married at Sandy-Hill, to a lady of the most respectable connections, but whose friends were averse to the match, owing to my commission in a marching regiment, and my liability to be ordered away. I lived in New-York with my wife until my eldest child was two years old, when I was required to join a battalion of our regiment assembled near lake Champlain, from which it was soon to remove to Detroit, or the upper lakes,

'The little boy could not be at once removed to so great a distance, considering the hazards and difficulties of such a journey; and I provided for his immediate support at New-York, in the family where I had lived, intending to send for him when I should find my family permanently settled. This time never arrived, and I was afterwards assured of his death. I lost my wife after the birth of a daughter. I was soon obliged to go to Montreal—thence to Quebec: and instead of being ordered to Detroit, as was expected, I was embarked with a part of the regiment, and sent to the French settlements in the East Indies, where a war had unexpectedly broken out, and where troops were immediately wanted. I had only time to make provision for my infant daughter, by entrusting her to the care of the lady with whom she had always lived, the widow of an officer of my acquaintance, with whom, as you know, I found her.

'Upon the birth of my first child, I had written to my brother younger than myself, whom I left in France to manage my paternal estate, that I intended to call him Du Quesne, after a distinguished soldier of that country. His own name is Carlos Du Bourg. The ship in which I sailed was wrecked on the coast of Mysore; a few of us gained the shore in the boat; but the news in Europe (as I afterwards learned) was, that she was lost with all her crew. My brother succeeded to my property in France, which this son should have inherited on my death. The *salique law* of France, you know, would exclude the daughter. But in the management of this boy, I fear I see the hand of my brother. That watch is mine; I left it with Voorhies, my host in New-York, with an earnest request that the child might be enjoined to keep it till I should see him again.'

Dudley felt assured that Du Bourg had found his son, and took upon himself to break the tidings to his friend. 'Nothing more (added he) can be wanting, than the letters from France, which can be procured through New-York.'

The hour was now late, and the garrison was silent. Shadrach, who had remained a wondering listener to this strange recital declared his resolution to awake his master, and tell him all about it.

The first light of the morning discovered the garrison in different groups. Dudley and Du Quesne—Du Bourg and his daughter—Shadrach and his master, with Miles Standish, who said it fairly put him in mind of the story of Joseph.

When these groups collected, Du Quesne presented himself to his father and sister. His feelings had been of late too much agitated to admit of any stronger sensations than calm satisfaction, at the discovery of a family connection of so respectable a character.

The answer to Dudley's inquiries brought the letters, which Du Bourg knew to be in the

hand writing of his brother; and they were accompanied with the intelligence that the gentleman who was engaged in the duel, and who had been absent from New-York ever since, had sent from the southern plantations an account of that affair, which completely exculpated Du Quesne.

NO. XII.

'The last boat lingers on the shore.'

The mystery which had hitherto involved the life of Du Quesne was now satisfactory cleared up. It appeared that on the reported death of Du Bourg, his brother in France, to whom the inheritance descended on failure of male heirs in the elder branch of the family, had taken effectual means to keep Du Quesne from any knowledge of his right, or even of his parentage. Though his temptation proved too strong for his resistance, yet a remaining sense of duty urged him to supply the means of education, and to present the chance of future support.

Du Quesne never changed his name. He adopted the profession of arms, and served in several campaigns with Dudley, till peaceful times restored him to his friends.

The success of Van Tromp's courtship had been promoted by every recent occurrence. He served to unite the members of a long separated family, with one between whom and themselves there had been an interchange of kind offices and mutual obligations.

A general meeting of the settlers was called, at which they took into consideration the losses they had met with, the unsettled state of the country, which was growing daily more dangerous, and their increased exposure after the New-England troops should be withdrawn; and resolved to retire in a body to the southern part of Lake George. Miles Standish crossed the lake to the remnant of his former camp, with a view of marching down the eastern side, and joining the main body near Ticonderoga Point. The vow of friendship was solemnly renewed, and on a day appointed, Dudley, at the head of his troops, took up his line of march, and escorted the whole of the wandering settlement, as in patriarchal times, with their wives and their little ones, their flocks and their herds—leaving Fort Braddock to its original solitude, which from that time to this has met with few interruptions.

Fl. Braddock, ———.

DEAR JIM,

I have taxed your purse with some postage, and your patience with a long story. If you have discovered many imperfections in it, you must, at the same time, have considered the nature of my duties—that I have to look over the serjeant's muster roll—write despatches—enlist recruits—and keep a regular account of every thing going on in the garrison.

By great good luck the tale happens to have a moral, and such an one as from your uniform friendship for me, you will not be slow to perceive. I hereby own its application, and feel sure of that sort of regard from you, which from different characters in this story, seems to have been so truly expressed in so many ways. I insist the more on this, as I am on the eve of departing a

still greater distance from you. I hardly thought that I should feel so dull at the moment when the wild wishes of my first letter are so unexpectedly gratified. My baggage is now on board the boat, and my destination is for the country west of the Mississippi. Where I may go is uncertain. Perhaps to the Columbia, or Nootka Sound—or I may cross Bhering's Straits, where men and animals once crossed to this great continent. It may be long ere we meet again—for I go perhaps 'like Ajut, never to return.' The whole garrison moves with me. On my way to New-York I shall recruit my waning enthusiasm at the places where Burgoyne surrendered, and where Lake Champlain was immortalized by the victory of M'Donough. I have fired my parting salute, and the guns were answered by the echoes around me. They seemed in reply to one who had long admired the solitary beauties of the place, to listen for a moment to the roar which disturbed their repose, and then feelingly to say, as I now say to you—*Farewell.*

From the Casket.

Prize Tale.

THE RECLAIMED.

BY HENRY C. MURPHY, BROOKLYN, L. I.

Prythee, say on ;

The settling of thine eye and cheek proclaims
A matter from thee.—*Tempest.*

It was yet in the twilight of an April day that a youth of interesting appearance sat contemplating from a window that looked into one of the thoroughfares of our great metropolis, the indistinct forms that flitted by, or watching the 'silvery queen of night,' as she peered above the opposite roofs. Could the gathering shades of evening been dispelled, there might have been detected, even by the superficial observer, a highly florid flush upon his cheek, and in his eye the warning herald that ever courses before the conquest of intemperance. It was a moment of acute sensibility and self scrutiny. The awful consequences of his course of life rushed in vivid prospect before his awakened imagination, till cold and fearful tremors began to agitate his frame. He cast his guilty eye to the virgin symbol beyond him, and it reminded him of a faithless love: he would have buried the reminiscence in other thoughts, but they defied him, and refused relief: he watched the hurried step of the passenger, and it was eloquent of his abandonment of duty.

James de Courcy was of a social disposition; warm in his attachments, and readily accessible in his feelings. Reared an orphan, the strong barriers of parental admonition were not present to him who so much needed them. He could judge no one with severity; and this very pliancy of disposition betrayed him into the snare that oftentimes demands the care of the most wary to avoid. He wot not that the convivial cup of the friend, is the poisoned chalice of destruction; for how could a character in other respects so amiable, so far forget itself, as to covet the selfishness of the wassailer? Alas! with him, so has it been with millions—he confided in his own strength; he knew not himself. Oh! may the startling truth now rouse his soul, and force away the fiend already scowling over its malicious work.

Let these moments of self-observation determine a virtuous resolution. Nature herself invites it. It is the time when she is clad with most alluring vestments:

'When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads.'

He stands—he is resolved; no! it is an approaching footsteps.

'De Courcy!' said the intruder, 'what, alone? and watching the moonbeams? Now, I will stake my life, you are in 'holy mood,' breathing pious exhalations, swearing firm resolves—aye, and execrating your instructive friend.'

'In one thing, at least, you do me injustice; the rest, God speed!'

'Then I'll be your confessor, and shrive you. Come confess!'

'Well, it is a moral lecture. I have been contemplating the beauty of this hour, and have been led to reflect upon the littleness of the feeble attempts of man to produce a pleasurable moment, when nature herself can and does so bountifully offer us the means of happiness. How can we, without a blush of shame suffusing our cheeks, persist in seeking in ruinous excitement what an observance of the precept of the stoic sage would so largely and surely yield?'

'A truce to these freaks of the imagination—the province of the lunatic, the lover and the poet. Let us attend to *sublunary* concerns.—Mark and remember, I tell you these rhapsodies and sympathies with things inanimate, are the very mothers of quietism, and, indeed, if you persist, we may perhaps have in you as devout a worshipper at its shrine as Molinos himself, or the bishop of Cambray.'

'Indeed!' said De Courcy; 'would that I could lay claim to the purity of a Fenelon. He always seemed to me to be the most contented and pure, and yet liberal character, that ever lived.'

'With cowl and surplice, I suppose, and bishop's state.'

'Though I am a willing novice, you are a reluctant confessor,' returned James de Courcy, somewhat chagrined at his friend's levity. For a moment there was a silence.

'Let us go,' said Maitlan, breaking it.

They did go. Maitlan too well knew the disposition of his friend to apprehend any refusal, however unwilling he might be. So transient was this returning sense of duty; it illumined but for a moment, like the straggling solar beam, when thick and heavy clouds are rushing by, swept away by the ever rolling mass.

The friendship of these young men arose from contrast of character; and in saying this, we war against the fictions of poets and the pretty hypothesis of metaphysicians.—Mande Maitlan was cold and slow to wim; education and circumstance had almost deadened the lofty and high-souled virtues of the heart; but, as if to compensate for these defects, nature had lavished on him talents the most splendid,

and grasp of intellect the most comprehensive. De Courcy was ardent and superstitious; and his heart overflowed with generous feeling.—With the one religion was a mockery, and its votaries a scoll; with the other, differently circumstanced, the pious virtues would have been a passion. Dispositions so different, so seldom in collision, could not produce mistrust. Their very extremes were the seal of their friendship. It was equally unfortunate for both, that while the one was disposed to direct, the other was inclined to yield. The one was vicious by determination, the other through the infirmity of temperament.

* * * * *

Let the reader of this rapid sketch recall to mind, if mayhap curiosity ever prompted him to visit a modern *hell*, the picture that presented itself before him. The motley group, we venture to say, was not unlike that of Pandemonium and its damned host. There was a portion, gay, and false as gay, victims preparing for their slayers to fatten upon; we mean not them. We would point out that devoted set out of whose mouth came the jargon of Babel; in whose eyes flashed the unholy fire; whose joints trembled with excited feeling—the enervated debauchee, the prodigal and decrepid pander, who ministered with villany to the hellish passion.—Before such a sight stood James de Courcy at a late hour of that evening, attentively observing their play. And what should have riveted the attention of one not unfamiliar with such scenes? He had before seen, nay, felt for the miserable ruined by deep play. Now, for the first time, could he participate its horrors, as he sympathised in the wretchedness of a youth, robbed in one swoop of all he possessed. De Courcy had observed the process and the result, and he now addressed himself to his friend, and informed him of the incident. Maitlan laughed at his squeamishness. ‘How fixedly he looks at us,’ said De Courcy. The eye of the youth fell at this observation as if he had heard it, and soon he removed to a remote part of the room. The chords that had been strung in De Courcy’s bosom in the early part of the evening, began again to vibrate. He wished to search out the unfortunate, and learn his name and situation, about which none other there, seemed the least concerned, and for this purpose he separated himself from his friend: but he sought in vain.—The wretched young man had gone, stripped and fleeced by his unnatural shearers. De Courcy was not long in following his example. He wandered long and far, absorbed in his own deep thought; the train of reflection broken by the interruption of Maitlan was resumed; and ever and anon the fate of the broken gambler wrung a sigh from his bosom. Shall we attempt to analyze the springs of that inexplicable machine, the human heart? We will not essay to account for what every one can explain to his own satisfaction—the conduct of De Courcy.

Agitated, depressed, and self convicted, he threaded the mazy windings of the city, reckless whither his steps might tend. It was gangrene of the heart that now corroded his soul; and long, deep, and sad was the conflict before his mind became tranquil. Nature, however, at last resumed her functions, and he awoke to discover that he had wandered far from home. The moon had passed the meridian, and the silence of the night betokened the lateness of the hour. With returning consciousness of external things, his tumultuous bosom ceased its throbs, and in it was mirrored the serenity of the starry rubic above him.

And could it be?—The very person in search of whom he had left his friend, was before him. It was the insane, chuckled laugh of the maniac that first saluted his ear.

‘My God!’ said De Courcy, ‘has it deposed his reason? poor unfortunate man!’

‘Unfortunate! ha! no—no, it is the very pink of fortune. I lost and I have won. I am rich and powerful. Five, ten—yes, ten; his to mine I saw him get it. Ha! ha! I lost and I have won.’

A shudder crept over De Courcy, as he contemplated the wreck before him, and listened to his incoherent expressions. He had seen the fell work accomplished: it was not a vision of imagined romance.

‘My friend, shall we go home—home?’ repeating the word, in order that he might catch the sound.

‘Home! aye I have a home. His—it is a long home. Ha! ha! ha! he has gone, and I have won.’

‘Who—what do you speak of?’ asked De Courcy in alarm.

‘Who?’ repeated the madman; and the street wrung with the vacant shout that followed.—

‘Here,’ he continued, drawing De Courcy to the shade of the wall, ‘he wont rob you.’

He recoiled, horror-struck at the spectacle before him—the corpse of a man. He asked, he needed no explanation. It was the victim of revenge, retributively sought.

‘I watched him, he could not escape me; villain, cheat, murderer! I am not a murderer; no—no—I am no murderer!’

De Courcy bent for the purpose of ascertaining whether life still lingered in the body. He felt not a pulsation: it was motionless, inert, dead. He would have moved the body in the moon’s light, but the maniac anticipated him, and cruelly insulted, it rolled, displaying in full view the truculent and distorted features of the murderer.

‘Oh God!’ was the exclamation of De Courcy, as he fell senseless—‘Maitlan!’

‘Not he—have I lost—lost?’ ha! ha! no, it is him!’

* * * * *

Powerful and sweet is the bond of pure, and disinterested friendship, then the soul pours

forth its sympathies, and is requited with the love of a kindred spirit; the cold calculations of the world sink into insignificance before the generous confidence of the heart; and the immortal spirit of man, loosed for a time from its sordid chains, wings its flight to a purer sphere. When such an affection is blasted, and the heart is robbed of the treasures it had stored with exclusive care, there is an awful and instructive warning, and withal, the agony and anguish of soul is withering and destructive. Friendship is no common tie. It is not the cold courtesy of worldly men, nor the love or reverence of parental or filial relationship. The bond of wedded love is hardly more close, more sacred. My friend! he is the depository of my hopes; the companion of my delights; the soother of my troubles; the cherisher of my memory. He comforts me living, he will remember me, dead, mouldered, forgotten.

Reader, thou shalt unravel the web, if any peachment there be, that envelops the fate of Mande Maitlan. Our business is with the living—with his friend. You have seen him when he has been lost; he would have been ruined and ruined unwittingly.

'The breach though small at first, soon opening wide,
In rushes folly with a full-moon tide.'

The lesson taught him that night was not forgotten or unheeded; he did not

—'think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexations of a dream.'

He was reclaimed. To himself he insured peace and happiness; to his friends he was an honor and a pride; to society he became an ornament, and to mankind a blessing.

Ye that boast of freedom, remember that the ways of vice are the most degrading and servile slavery. May we presume upon one admonition to you?

'Love virtue, she alone is free:
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spheric chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

An ingenuous attorney, who always made it a point to *get his case*, was applied to by a fellow who had stolen some pork to defend him. Accordingly, in his usual inventive way he ruined the evidence on which the plaintiff relied and the jury brought in a verdict of *not guilty*. After the verdict was declared, as the fellow was leaving the Court-House, he whispered to his attorney thus—Squire, what shall I do with the *pork*, for I have got it yet? Eat it, replied the lawyer, for the jury says you did not steal it.—*N. Bedford Mercury*.

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment.—'You are mistaken, my dear sir,' was the reply—'tis not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed.'

A gentleman meeting a negro who had lately left his service, inquired,—'Well, Sambo, where do you live now?' 'Lib,' says Sambo, 'de debil, me lib no where, me married and move home.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1831.

Prize Pieces.—The prizes, offered some time since for original communications to enrich the columns of the Repository, have been highly successful in drawing forth a variety of pieces both in prose and verse. They are now in the hands of the committee, who we are hopeful will finish examining them in time to allow of our publishing the story and poem which shall in their estimation be entitled to the highest premium offered for original articles of either kind.

Life of Mary Queen of Scots.—This work by H. G. Bell Esq. forms the 21st and 22d numbers of Harpers' Family Library, and is replete with the most thrilling interest. Here we behold the character of the lovely and unfortunate Mary shining forth in its own unclouded splendour, stripped of the dark mantle of crime in which, through the malice and misrepresentations of her enemies, and a train of circumstances clothed in mystery and devoid of explanation, it has for ages been enveloped. Our thanks are due to Mr. Bell for the patient investigation which has led to the pleasing conviction that Mary, Queen of Scots, whom we could not cease to love, pity and admire, even while we deplored and condemn, was innocent of that load of crime which has so long been suffered to eclipse her virtues and tarnish her memory.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending July 25th.

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SUMMARY.

Post Office.—The post office at Cott Hill, in Arizle, Washington county, has been removed to North Arizle, and Daniel Stevenson appointed postmaster.

Wooden Clocks.—An Indiana paper says 30,000 dollars have been paid in that state to Peddlers of this article, and says the Legislature ought to interfere. The editor of the New-York Sentinel thinks of the Legislature interferes at all, it ought to be to teach the people the value of wooden clocks.

New class of brokers.—Among the new establishments in Paris, a city so fertile in novelties, is one 'for the mutual exchange of goods of all descriptions.'

MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Alexander C. Mitchell, of Boston, to Miss Cornelia H. Macy, daughter of Capt. Seth G. Macy, of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Charles H. Van Schaick, of Albany, to Miss Aurelia Peck, of this city.

On Thursday the 21st inst. by the Rev. Cornelius Van Giesse, Mr. Hugh Blackwood, of Arizle, Green, Alabama, to Miss Margaret France, daughter of Mr. John Campbell, of this city.

In Kinderhook, on the 11th inst. Lawrence Van Dyck, Jr. Esq. former editor of the Green County Advertiser, Coxsack, to Miss Clarissa Van Schaack, of the former place.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
RETROSPECTS.

'Tis sad, the checker'd past,
With its long line of pleasures withered, fled,
Its hopes all buried and its friendships dead
Its sky with clouds o'ercast,
And no bright star to penetrate its fold,
To cheer our pathway as in times of old.

The past!—a darken'd way
O'er which we've journeyed—and have tasted grief,
And joy, and anguish, and happiness brief
As the orient ray,
That trembles on the morning's ruddy brow,
And scatters beauty on the scenes below.

'Tis sorrowful, alone
To tread (for thus do earthly pleasures end,)
Upon the grave of a remembered friend,
And heave the unheard moan.
And view thro' mem'ry's darkened, distant haze,
The ended transports of far better days.

The past!—'twas pleasant then,
When gay and airy youth hung fresh and warm,
Like a rich vestment, o'er the alter'd form
That now with plodding men
Holds its cold way—when chilling, cautious art,
Turned not aside the gushes of the heart.

'Twas pleasant then, when care
Had not awoke, and strife lay dormant yet,
And the pure heart had felt no keen regret
To stir the calmness there—
And pride had not thrown out its strong desires,
Nor e'er ambition lighted up its fires.

O, who cannot a tear
Let fall, when mem'ry lifts her magic glass,
And forth to view in fresh perspective pass,
Things gone, but once held dear;
And who does not, when youthful days have ran,
In manhood sigh, to find himself a man.

The past!—it may not come
To cheer us more—its parting knell hath knoll'd,
Its sympathies are hushed—its pleasures told,
And naught remains but gloom,
To shroud its tender memories—to tell,
How former joys arose, declined and fell.

The past hath vanish'd, and
Fatigued, the aching retrospective eye,
Turns its lone gaze from these dark scenes, on high
To that far distant land,
Where the lorn spirit, freed from earthly woes,
Hopes for a lasting, endless, calm repose. OSMAR.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I looked on the field where the battle was spread,
When thousands stood forth in their glancing array,
And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed
Through the dun-rolling clouds, that o'ershadowed the
fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear,—
As the ears of the harvest unnumbered they stood;
I heard the stern shout as the foeman drew near,
Like the storm that lays low the proud pines of the wood.

As, far, the harsh notes of the war-drum were rolled,
Uprousing the wolf from the depths of his lair;

On high to the gust streamed the banner's red fold,
O'er the death-close of Hate, and the scowl of De-
spair.—

I looked on the field of contention again,
When the sabre was sheathed, and the tempest had
past;

The wild weed and thistle grew rank on the plain,
And the fern softly sighed in the low wailing blast.

Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of repose,
And bright shone the stars through the sky's deepened
blue;

And sweetly the song of the night-bird arose,
Where the fox-glove lay gemmed with its pearl—drops
of dew.

But where swept the ranks of that dark frowning host,
As the ocean in might—as the storm-cloud in speed!

Where now were the thunders of victory's boast,—
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of the steed!

Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering stone,
To mark the lone scene of their shame or their pride;—

One grass-covered mound told the traveller alone,
Where thousands lay down in their anguish and died!

Oh! glory!—behold thy famed guerdon's extent,
For this toil thy slaves through their earth-wasting lot:
A name like the mist, when night's beacous are spent,
A grave, with its tenants unwept and forgot!

STANZAS.

Oh! ask me not to sing to-night,
Dejection chills my feeble powers,
I own that halls of glittering light
Are festive as in former hours,
But when I last amid them moved,
I sung for friends beloved and dear,
Their smiles inspired, their lips approved,
Now all is changed—they are not here.

I gaze around—I view a throng,
The radiant slaves of pride and art,
Oh! can they prize my simple song,
The soft low breathings of the heart?
Take back the lute, its tuneful string
Is moisten'd by a sorrowing tear,
To-night, I may not, cannot sing,
The friends that love me are not here?

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

T three fourths of a cross,
O a circle complete,
B a perpendicular two semicircles meet,
A a triangle,
C } two semicircles,
C }
O a circle complete.

PUZZLE II.—Because its an assent (ascent.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What three letters are equivalent to a foe?

II.

Why is a doctor like Job?

WANTED.

A smart, active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business. One that has a good education, and can come well recommended will meet with good encouragement by inquiring at this office.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS shall receive Six Copies. The volume will contain 4 Engravings, and a Title page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year. All Orders and Communications must be sent paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. AUGUST 13, 1831.

NO. 6.

POPULAR TALES.

A SKETCH.

A perusal of the 'sketches from the diary of a musician,' so widely circulated in this country, reminded me of one something similar, which a friend of mine lately read to me from his own common-place book. I have obtained permission to copy it for the Mirror. It is as follows:

One of the most extraordinary instances of delusion which ever came under my observation, was presented in the person of young Edward N—. The name of insanity, in the minds of most people, is connected with ideas of delirium and danger, of the barred cell, or shaded apartment, nearly as awful to the chilled soul of the spectator as the chamber of death itself. Those, however, whose mental aberrations are glaring to all, form but a small part of the many who, although mingling in society, and conforming to its ceremonies, are nevertheless haunted by some dreadful thought, some apparition in the shape of a fancy, which they are unable to banish, and which, in reality, constitutes a lunacy as distinct, and perhaps as dangerous, as that of the raving wretch, whose peals of hysterick laughter are heard mingling with the clank of his chains. Edward was not my intimate friend, but I had known and admired him. His health was apparently impaired, and he had never dreamed of requiring my professional aid, although I perceived that he was naturally of that nervous and irritable state of body and mind which most easily falls a prey to hypochondriacal imaginations. His talents were dazzling—indeed brilliantly so; and after having completed a very finished course of classical education, he had entered upon the study of the legal profession, with the ardor of youth and conscious genius. In person I never knew any more perfectly noble; and his manners exercised a fascinating influence over every circle. He was the ornament, the charm, the life of every company. I never saw in any one perceptions of the beautiful more continually awake. I had gained some

insight into his character, however, which surprised me, by some stanzas shown me, and ascribed to him. They were totally irreconcilable with his general liveliness of demeanor, and seemed poured forth in an agonizing spirit of wretchedness, which I could scarcely contemplate with unmoistened eyes.

One evening I accompanied him to a rather brilliant fete at B—'s. Habituated as I was to his animated manner in society, even I was astonished at the perpetual sparkles of wit and merriment, which drew upon him the eyes of all present. As he stood by the piano, in the act of singing, I was struck with his lofty and elegant form, the expression which flashed from his large black eyes, and the mellow richness and perfect sweetness of his voice. A fair young girl, who had been gazing with a dangerous earnestness, blushed as she perceived I noticed her; and yet, with a look of glowing admiration, whispered me, while the lids of her glistening eyes drooped, as if she were saying, something which she felt to the innermost core of her heart.

'Edward N— ought to be the happiest man in the world.'

The next morning I was called in to see him. I absolutely started on beholding his fine countenance, now unlighted by any expression but that of a dim weariness, an apathy, as of one sick of life. I had never yet thus accompanied him behind the scenes, and as I took his dry, feverish hand, and felt his pulse, he read my astonishment in my looks, and said,

'Well, doctor, you think I am sick?'

'You have certainly exposed yourself since last night,' said I.

'Oh, a slight shower,' he answered.

'But that was not till late; besides, you returned in a carriage.'

'Ay, doctor, but I walked out again.'

'Walked out again!' exclaimed I. 'What! after two o'clock, and those heated rooms! Walk out again in a shower? You deserve some pain for such carelessness. What was the matter? Any accident?'

He raised his languid eyes.

'Doctor, I have often had a mind to confess to you, but, some how or other, a fear, a silly fear, has prevented me.'

'Confess! What?'

His face assumed an expression of horror, and a momentary paleness overspread it.

'Doctor, I am a *wretch*! a blighted, scathed outcast; life is a curse. Since Providence first created man, this puny creature, this reptile, the basest and meanest of all his productions; he never formed one so low, so unfortunate, so—'

'Why, Edward,' I said, chilled through with the singular earnestness, and the apparent agony with which he spoke, 'what nonsense has mastered you this morning? You are slightly indisposed—with cold, and a touch of the blues; to-morrow you will be as merry as ever.'

'To-morrow! he echoed bitterly and sarcastically; 'merry—oh, yes. This is a momentary feeling I suppose. This withering *agony*, which rankled in my bosom for years. Oh no, doctor; the flasher of brief cheerfulness, which you have noted in society, are a species of intoxication; wine, women, the upspringing of the mind from protracted and gloomy depression—the natural brightness of my nature gleaming out fitfully; but, when the excitement has passed away, heavens! the slimy toad in the dungeon, the hideous light-hating owl, are not more lonely, dark, and miserable than I.'

'And for what, pray, Edward?' said I, smiling. My incredulity appeared to vex him, and to urge him on to be more communicative than he had at first purposed.

'Doctor, I am laboring under a curse—a hideous, blasting, unshunnable ban from some demon. It follows me like a shadow, everywhere, everywhere. It crosses me in all my plans. It falls like a thunderbolt on all my budding hopes. Every thing I undertake fails; every one I love dies or turns traitor. I have knelt down and prayed that the lightning might strike me, that disease might touch me, or that some sudden accident might break this *nightmare* dream of existence.'

I at once perceived my friend was afflicted with hypochondriacism.

'And how long have you supposed yourself so unfortunate?'

'Since my boyhood—it has ever been thus. I am permitted to hope, to believe myself happy. The delicious and tempting prospects are spread out before my eyes, but when I would approach, just as I have, or as I think I have reached the summit of my desires, the demon strikes—wrenches my heart—stabs, stabs with a dagger, which agonizes forever, but cannot kill.'

I endeavored to persuade him of the impossibility of his suspicion. I urged that all human beings were subject to disappointments, and that while he felt his own, those of others were concealed from his examination.

'Go abroad,' continued I; 'walk forth through the churchyard. It is crowded with mossy stones and stately monuments. The

names of sweet women and children, of fathers, mothers; all are written there in melancholy silence. Each one of those has wrenched and hearts, has left wrecked hopes and affections. Thousands throng the streets of this great city, whose souls yearn for that unbroken repose; besides, in dwelling too intensely upon your miseries you overlook innumerable blessings. Everybody believes you to be happy. You have health, education, personal advantages, accomplishments, youth, and wealth.'

He smiled mournfully.

'Alas, alas! What are these when the heart is a void. All these I could despise, if in their stead I possessed affections, occupied and successful. But the curse of my life has been that these should be always disappointed. I am forever rolling the rock to the summit to behold it again cast down.'

I hinted to him, with an attempt to rouse him into some mirth, that *bachelorism* was his disease.

'You are surrounded,' said I, 'by young and beautiful women.'

'Ay,' said he, 'but who loves *me*? I know that if I should dare to fix my outpouring passion upon any one, it would be singling her out for heaven's wrath, from all the crowd about her. Either she would hate me, or I should be the means of leading her into some misery, now unforeseen and inconceivable. Disease would strike her, or some wintry grief would freeze the current of her sparkling joy.'

'Ridiculous,' said I, for I noticed that he seemed to waver in his anguish, that the turn which the conversation had taken had touched some string in his bosom, whose vibrations stirred within him more agreeable emotions. With difficulty I persuaded him to unbosom himself to me, and I learned, with the most pleasing surprise that he had conceived a determined passion for the lady who, on the previous evening, had betrayed such a decided interest in him. I mentioned the circumstance; it thrilled him with pleasure. 'We parted—weeks passed away; and, after the customary preliminaries, their mutual partiality was mutually understood, and they were married. I attended the joyful ceremony, on the completion of which the party set out on a little tour, usual on such occasions, and I required no powerful persuasions to accompany them. Edward's spirits were high. He never appeared to so much advantage. I could perceive how the influence of such circumstances would at length have re-established his mind, and restored the elasticity of his broken spirits. I am rather too far advanced in life to fall into raptures about a face, or a form, be it male or female; for the years which sprinkle snow on a man's forehead also chill the heart, and sober down the restless fancy. But the unusual loveliness of the happy bride, the grace and propriety of her deportment, and the evidently favorable sway with which she controlled the wayward gloom of my friend, elicited both pleasure and hope.'

'She beams upon him,' I thought, 'as the spring sun upon the late frozen earth, and his bosom will change from a desert to a garden clothed with luxuriant verdure. Accustomed, as I am to the dark accidents of life, the dream that this latest and most specious plan of happiness which my friend had ever formed, might also be broken, never entered my mind. Gloomy, indeed, are the ways of the world. I tremble and shudder to look abroad.'

It was proposed by Edward that the party should deviate a day's journey from their route, for the purpose of visiting a romantic cataract, embosomed among towering cliffs, and presenting a scene of uncommon grandeur and beauty.

Mary objected. It was strange. She stated no reason, but that she had a fear of that precipitous style of scenery.

'You little coward,' said Edward. 'She wants your assistance, doctor. You have cured me, you know, and now you shall her.'

We accordingly started for the — falls.

It was one of those glowing, tranquil summer afternoons, when we reached the scene, which casts a subdued splendor over all nature. The red beams of the declining sun streamed through the green forest, as we wandered down the broken rocks to the spot whence the roar of the cataract proceeded.

Mary had forgotten her fears, and was the liveliest of the company. The sound of her sweet laugh yet rings in my ears; her eyes sparkling with the excitement and exercise, her cheeks glowing, and all her looks and words compelled me to murmur a prayer of gratitude, that two whom I so loved were so completely blessed.

'Come, Mary,' said Edward, 'let us walk to yonder rock. Come, doctor.'

'We shall get wet with the spray,' said Mary.

'Who cares,' replied Edward; 'no one with a soul can take cold with such a scene before his eyes. Come along, you coward! What are you afraid of?'

Our voices were lost in the deafening roar of the heavy body of water which swept beautifully over the precipice, and poured splendidly flashing, in one unbroken sheet of green, white, and gold. Our path was narrow, and led along the very bank of the river, which, after the leap, lapsed by with a silent swiftness, presenting a broad black current of extraordinary depth and power. We picked our road over the broken ledges. I was foremost, Edward next, and lastly the dear, the beautiful, and beloved companion of our journey; the path being too narrow to admit of any other method of reaching the point proposed. The rest of the company had pursued a different direction.

I looked back once. Edward was stooping to pick up a shell. Mary flung a little pebble at me, and shook her head laughingly. I turned away, and in a moment looked back. Never shall I forget the shock—the horror that thrilled through every nerve of my body, at the sight which then blasted my view. Edward was

standing in an attitude of frenzy, his eyes starting from their sockets, his hands clasped convulsively together, his lips quivering, and his face terribly pale. Mary was no where to be seen. Her bonnet and plume floated on the water. It would be agonizing to pursue the narration further. Months have elapsed, Edward is in Europe. He writes to me sometimes, and reasons with me on my disbelief in his awful doom!

SEDLBY.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

'Emma, do you hear the hour striking, and yet you are loitering here—who could fancy this to be your wedding-day?'

Emma raised her blue eyes, with a look of gentle reproach, as she replied—

'And is it Caroline Ormsby who can jest with me to-day?'

Caroline placed her white hand on the lips of the pale bride, and shook her head with a half-serious, half-playful smile.

'I see, I see, of what you are thinking,' cried Emma, 'and I know it is too late. I know well, that, long ere now, Harry has learnt to hate me.'

'It is not of Harry we ought now to speak,' said Caroline; 'the bride of Lord Montessor should have other thoughts.'

Emma's fair brow became flushed as she listened to this reproof from the gentle Caroline. Never before had her friend spoken to her in anger; and she felt how wrong she must have been ere Caroline *could* thus have spoken.

These two young and lovely women were cousins. In their infancy they had been left orphans, and were, by their dying parents, committed to the care of the same guardian. Caroline Ormsby was some years Emma's senior, and was of a serious, reflecting disposition. Her beauty partook of her character. She was very pale; but the transparent fairness of her skin rendered the want of bloom scarcely a defect. Her dark hair was braided in shining folds over her high and unruddled forehead; and her eyes were generally cast downwards; thus allowing their long lashes to contrast their ebony tints with the pure snow on which they rested. Her cousin Emma was now in her twentieth year, and was the gayest and most bewitching of earth's creatures. To resist her fascinations was impossible. Her very laughter was enchantment, it was so full of the heart's mirth—and her blue eyes—who could withstand their brightness? No one could say, whether her cheek were blooming, so varying were the tints that coloured it; and often the pearly whiteness of her neck was hidden by the redundancy of her rich, fair curls. Her temper was the sweetest—her heart the warmest that ever beat. Yet she had been her guardian's pet, and even in infancy, every little whim had been indulged, and every fancy yielded to; and had not Caroline Ormsby's influence been powerful with her volatile cousin, the young beauty's caprices would have been endless.

At the commencement of this little narrative we found the two cousins seated together, on Emma's bridal morning; and never was there a more miserable bride. The cause of this the following conversation will develop.

Emma had, for some time after Caroline had spoken, rested her beautiful head upon her folded hands, with a silence very unusual to her; then, tossing back the abundance of her fair curls, she said—

'Cary, dear, you may dress me if you will; and she held up her red lip for her friend's kiss.

'One moment,' answered Caroline, 'one moment you must listen to me.'

There was something singular in Miss Ormsby's manner—a struggle, as though she laboured under the weight of some untold feeling. Her hand was pressed upon her brow—her cheek was flushed—and Emma gazed upon her, fearing to be told she knew not what. At last, Caroline said—

'But a moment since, Emma, I reproached you for talking of Mr. Tresham, and yet it is of him I am now about to speak. You remember that night—nay, start not up so, for you must hear me, Emma. I must, for once, remind you of that night, when, in your groundless jealousy, you banished Harry from your sight. On that night, his friend Montressor, was sitting with me, when Harry rushed into the drawing-room with the frenzy of a madman. Lord Montressor heard the whole history of your quarrel, for Harry was in a state bordering on delirium, and was heedless by whom he might be heard.'

Emma shuddered.

'I need not tell you,' continued Caroline, 'of my surprise, when, in a few days after this, you wrote to me, that, convinced of Harry's unworthiness, you had consented to become Lord Montressor's wife. Of that I need not speak; for, as you have said, it is indeed too late. I felt even then it was so, and I was silent; but I obeyed your wishes, and hastened to town. I found you still buoyed up by your resentment; but I saw, under the mask of gaiety, that you were wretched, most wretched, and I entreated you then, ere I knew that Tresham had never been unfaithful—even then, Emma, I entreated you to pause. Again, you said, it was too late. Then Harry's letter came, and he was justified. Once more I entreated—I begged of you never to become Lord Montressor's wife. You would not hear me, Emma; you were wretched, yet you would not hear me; and now, Emma, upon my knees—even at this last hour, do I pray of you to stop!'

Emma raised the kneeling Caroline, while she uttered, in a deeply agitated tone—

'No! no! I must go on—stop at the very altar! No, Caroline, I dare not!'

Miss Ormsby looked compassionately at the erring girl, and ejaculated—

'Oh, if I might but tell her!'

Then, checking herself, she said—

'About an hour ago, Lord Montressor came

to me, and told me that he never had believed you had forgotten your love for Harry Tresham; and that, to be convinced there was ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} ing yet between you, he had requested Harry to be present at the ceremony. Ah, Emma! your cheek is blanched—you will listen to me now?'

And Caroline's tall figure became loftier in its grandeur, as she added—

'And hear me, Emma; hear me, as though my words were those of prophecy. Open your whole soul to Lord Montressor—confess to him your feelings, while they may yet be felt without crime; tell him, even now tell him, that you dare not become his wife!'

While Caroline continued to speak, Emma's face was hidden in her folded hands. When she looked up, she was very pale, but calm.

'I know,' she said, 'I have done wrong to Harry Tresham; would you also have me do injury to Lord Montressor? No, Caroline, I will become Lord Montressor's wife; even in presence of Harry will I do this; and, when I forget the vows I shall then plight, may heaven forget me!'

Caroline looked with wonder on her friend; her Hebe beauty—her sweet smile remained; and yet it seemed as though, in one brief moment, the thoughts of years had been present to her, so quietly did she speak, and yet so firm was she to her purpose.

In silence were performed the duties of the toilette—in silence were adjusted the white garments—the wreath of orange-flower—the bridal veil, scarcely whiter than the pale cheek it shaded.

Then Emma knelt down, and prayed long and fervently. When she arose there was not a trace of emotion to be discovered in her colourless face. She looked like some beautiful but lifeless thing. Her guardian's step was heard—then his voice, requesting admittance. With a calm smile Emma placed her arm within his, and they descended to the drawing-room. Already the wedding guests were there—and Lord Montressor moved forward to meet his bride. His form was noble, though it no longer owned the pride of youth. There was not a furrow on his serene brow; and his eyes shone with all the placid light which had beamed in them in his young days; but gray was slightly mingling with the dark hair that fell in rich waves upon his forehead, and seemed to say he was scarcely a fitting husband for the girlish Emma. He smiled gently upon her, but that smile spoke not of love: it had more in it of compassion.

At a distant window of the apartment, almost concealed from sight, stood Harry Tresham. He wears not the look of one about to lose 'the lady of his love'; his eyes are sparkling; and there is an arch happy smile upon his proud lip: the gallant soldier looks as though he were going to win, and not to lose a bride.

And Lord Montressor—where is he? He is at Tresham's side—he is leading the youth into the midst of the wondering circle—he

places Emma in the young man's arms—he crosses the apartment; and, with a glad smile, clasps Caroline Ormsby's fair hand, and she raises her dark eyes with a glowing yet tearful glance. The ceremony proceeds—the two weddings are over—and the guests are gone.

* * * * *

Some weeks after, the two fair brides were sitting in Lady Montessor's drawing-room.

'Well,' said the young countess, 'I almost wonder how I could have teased you so, my poor Emma. It was indeed a sad task that they imposed on me; and once when I looked upon your poor pale face, I had nearly told you all; but then I hoped my entreaties would prevail, and that you would even then draw back; for I feared so much the effects of the surprise upon you—but Montessor said, a happy surprise could never harm you; and he taught me to think, too, that you needed some little schooling. Harry, too, said it was the only chance he had to win you! and that you were a little shrew that needed taming.'

'And, indeed,' answered the smiling Emma, 'had you not schooled me as you did, I verily believe I never should have been Harry Tresham's wife—I was so full of fancies—so, I forgive you all—all but Harry; it was too bad of him to enter into such a league against me. But how silly you carried on your courtship, Cary! There was I, pouring into your ear all my love and folly, doubts, and fears, and all; and you shaking your wise head so demurely. But—now don't put up your lip, Cary—my wonder is, how you ever came to fall in love with Lord Montessor; handsome though he be, he is so!—'

'Old,' interrupted Caroline, smiling; and as she spoke, she turned her eye upon her husband, with a glance of happy love, which showed that to her no charin was wanting.

The two husbands approached the sofa on which the cousins sat; and as Captain Tresham threw himself on a low ottoman at the feet of his young bride, Lord Montessor said, with an arch smile—

'Well Emma, are we yet pardoned for the lesson we taught you on your wedding-day?'

AMERICAN CHARACTER.

JAMES MONROE.

The following is taken from 'Letters of the British Spy,' by William Wirt, first published about twenty-five years since:

'In his stature he is of the middle height of men, rather firmly set, with nothing further remarkable in his person, except his muscular compactness, and apparent ability to endure labor. His countenance when grave, has rather the expression of sternness and irascibility; a smile, however, (and a smile is not unusual with him in a social circle,) lights it up to very high advantage, and gives it a most impressive and engaging air of suavity and benevolence. Judging merely from his countenance, he is

between the ages of forty-five and fifty years. His dress and personal appearance are those of a plain and modest gentleman. He is a man of soft, polite, and even assiduous attentions; but these, although they are always well-timed, judicious, and evidently the offspring of an obliging and philanthropic temper, are never performed with the striking and captivating graces of a Marlborough or a Bolingbroke. To be plain, there is often in his manner an inartificial and even an awkward simplicity, which, while it provokes the smile of a more polished person, forces him to the opinion, that Mr. Monroe is a man of a most sincere and artless soul.

'Nature has given him a mind neither rapid nor rich, and therefore he cannot shine on a subject which is entirely new to him. But, to compensate him for this, he is endowed with a spirit of restless and generous emulation, a judgment solid, strong, and clear; and a habit of application which no difficulties can shake, no labors tire. With these aids, simply, he has qualified himself for the first honors of this country; and presents a most happy illustration of the truth of the maxim, *Quisque, suæ fortunæ faber*. For his emulation has urged him to perpetual and unremitting inquiry; his patient and unwearied industry has concentrated before him all the lights which others have thrown on the subjects of his consideration, together with all those which his own mind, by repeated efforts, is enabled to strike; while his sober, steady, and faithful judgment has saved him from the common error of more quick and brilliant geniuses—the too hasty adoption of specious, but false conclusions.

'These qualities render him a safe and an able counsellor; and by their constant exertion he has amassed a store of knowledge which, having passed seven times through the crucible, is almost as highly corrected as human knowledge can be, and which certainly may be much more safely relied on than the spontaneous and luxuriant growth of a more fertile, but less chastened mind—a wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot.' Having engaged very early, first in the life of a soldier, then of a statesman, then of a laborious practitioner of the law, and finally again of a politician, his intellectual operations have been almost entirely confined to juridical and political topics. Indeed it is easy to perceive, that the mind of a man engaged in so active a life, must possess more native suppleness, versatility, and vigor, than that of Mr. Monroe, to be able to make an advantageous tour of the sciences in the rare interval of importunate duties. It is possible that the early habit of contemplating subjects as expanded as the earth itself, with all the relative interests of the great nations thereof, may have inspired him with an indifference, perhaps an inaptitude, for mere points of literature. Algernon Sidney has said, that he deems all studies unworthy the serious regard of a man, except the study of the principles of just gov-

ernment; and Mr. Monroe, perhaps, concurs with our countryman in this as well as in his other principles. Whatever may have been the occasion, his acquaintance with the fine arts is certainly very limited and superficial; but making allowances for his bias towards republicanism, he is a profound and even an eloquent statesman.

‘Knowing him to be attached to that political party who, by their opponents, are sometimes called democrats, sometimes jacobins; and aware also that he was a man of warm and ardent temper, I dreaded much, when I first entered his company, that I should have been shocked and disgusted with the narrow, virulent, and rancorous invectives of party animosity. How agreeably, how delightfully, was I disappointed! Not one sentiment of intolerance polluted his lips. On the contrary, whether they be the offspring of rational induction, or the habit of surveying men and things on a great scale of native magnanimity, or of a combination of all those causes, his principles, as far as they were exhibited to me, were forbearing, liberal, widely extended, and great. As the elevated ground which he already holds has been gained merely by the dint of application; as every new step which he mounts becomes a mean of increasing his powers still further, by opening a wider horizon to his view, and thus stimulating his enterprise afresh, re-invigorating his habits, multiplying the materials, and extending the range of his knowledge, it would be no matter of surprise to me, if before his death the world should see him at the head of the American administration. So much for the governor of the commonwealth of Virginia—a living, an honourable an illustrious monument of self-created eminence, worth, and greatness!’

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COAT OF MAIL.

Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium, he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail, to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet proof; and that if so, he might name his price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed the proper time, and he named 18,000 francs as the price of it. The bargain was concluded and in due time the work was produced, and its maker honoured with a second audience of the Emperor. ‘Now,’ said his Imperial majesty, ‘put it on.’—The man did so, ‘As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will I suppose have no objection to do the same.’—And he took a brace of pistols and prepared to discharge one of them at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreating, however and, half dead with fear, he stood the fire, and to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the Emperor was not content

with one trial; he fired the second pistol at the back of the trembling artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling piece at another part of him with similar effect.—‘Well,’ said the Emperor, ‘you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly—what is to be the price of it?’ Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum. ‘There is an order for them,’ said the Emperor, ‘and here is another, for an equal sum, for the fright I have given you.’

HISTORY OF A DIAMOND.

There is a diamond, at present, we believe, forming part of the Crown Jewels of England, which has a singular history appertaining to it. It formerly belonged to Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his cap at the battle of Nancy, where his army was routed and he, himself, killed. This was in the year 1477. The diamond was found among the spoils of battle by a Swiss Soldier, and by him sold to a French gentleman named Sancy. The family of this gentleman preserved it for nearly a century, and till the period when Henry III. of France, after having lost his throne, employed a descendant of this family, who was commander of the Swiss troops in his service, to proceed to Switzerland for the purpose of recruiting his forces from that country; and having no pecuniary service to command, he persuaded the same gentleman to borrow of his family the Sancy diamond, in order to deposit with the Swiss government as security for the payment of the troops. Accordingly the diamond was despatched for this purpose by a confidential domestic, who disappeared and could no where be heard of for a great length of time. At last, however, it was ascertained that he had been stopped by robbers and assassinated, and his body buried in a forest. And such confidence had his master in the prudence and probity of his servant, that he searched and, at last, discovered the place of his burial, and had the corpse disinterred, when the diamond was found in his stomach; he having swallowed it when attacked by the robbers.

DUTCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

A very romantic trait presents itself in the early acquaintance of the Hon. Miss Pakenham and Colonel Wellesley, the future hero of Waterloo. They were both young; the lady petite in figure, but elegantly formed, and possessed of beautiful features. The gallant colonel was ordered to India, previously pledging vows of unalterable attachment. His glorious career there is recorded on the page of history. On his return he found that the small pox had almost totally destroyed the loveliness of the lady’s face. She told the soldier that she released him from his vows; but he was true to his attachment, and almost immediately married the object of his juvenile affections. Her grace died with her hand in that of her husband, and her body lay at Apsley House at the very mo-

ment the mansion was attacked by the mob. The fact was not known to the stone throwers.

Old Acquaintance.—Lord Chief Justice Holt, when a young man, was very dissipated, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his Lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was convicted of highway robbery, whom the Judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt, thinking the fellow did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates? The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, replied, 'Ah, my Lord, they are all hanged but your Lordship and I.'

Autumn.—There is no season of the year so deeply fraught with instruction as autumn.—The yellow leaf, the falling foliage, and the dark brown shades of deep gloom that hang like the mantle of death on the face of nature, speak to reflecting man, in a language not to be misunderstood. 'Be ye also ready,' for death is pictured upon the smallest leaf of living herbage.

Rhyming Thieves.—Some short time since, a gentleman in Somersetshire named Hex, had, amongst other fowls, six geese and a gander. One night the geese were stolen, and the gander was found the following morning alone, bearing a letter tied round its neck, with a sixpence enclosed, and in the letter the following lines:

Pray Mr. Hex
Do not vex
Nor think yourself in danger.
For we have bought six geese
At a penny a piece,
And left the money with the gander.

An old soaker in Boston, being found in the gutter of a rainy night, the water making a clear breach over him from head to heels, was asked by a passenger what he was doing there.—'Oh,' said he, 'I agreed to meet a man here.'

'Why don't you wheel the barrow of coals Ned?' quoth a learned vender of black diamonds to his man; 'it is not a very hard job, there is an inclined plane to relieve you.' 'Ay, master,' replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, 'the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am!'

Dry Humour.—An Irish post boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrent of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, 'Paddy are you not very wet?' 'Arrah I don't care about being very wet, but, please your honor, I'm very dry.'

Bass.—This facetious veteran appeared last week in a coat something the worse for wear, and was asked by a friend in the street how he could possibly think of putting on a coat so

completely threadbare. 'Why, it looks,' said he, as if it hadn't had a nap these dozen years.'—'I beg your pardon,' replied Bass; 'this coat has been lying in my ward robe two and twenty years till to day. The devil's in it if that isn't long time enough to have had a good long nap.'—*Boston Galaxy.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1831.

Persons wishing to subscribe for the eighth volume of this paper, can be supplied with the previous numbers.—We would inform those who have been anxious to obtain complete sets of the Repository, that we have succeeded in our endeavors to procure second volumes, and have now a few sets on hand.

Badger's Weekly Messenger.—The specimen number of this paper was issued at New-York on the 4th of July. It is a large and handsomely printed sheet, devoted to 'Religion, Literature, Science, Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Occurrences,' edited by B. Badger, former editor of 'Zion's Herald, Boston, and assistant editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, New-York.' The 1st and 2d numbers of the Messenger may be seen at this office, where subscriptions will be received.

The Bouquet.—This is the title of a new periodical in the quarto form, published semi-monthly by M. Gardner and Co. Hartford, Ct. It is greatly printed on good paper and will probably merit and we hope obtain a full share of public patronage. Subscriptions received at this office.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending August 8th.

B. Hine, Cairo, N. Y. \$2; L. G. Parker, Belleville, N. Y. \$1; T. Gentry, Troy, N. Y. \$1; F. H. Hamilton, Schenectady, N. Y. \$2; B. Nisbet, P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$3; G. Turner, Haledale, N. H. \$1; H. Blackwood, Hazlet, N. Y. \$1; R. Whitcomb, Napes, N. Y. \$1; G. Morgan, South Oxford, N. Y. \$1; W. H. Slater, Lee, N. Y. \$1; Hills, N. Y. \$1; J. W. Taylor, Eaton, N. Y. \$1; A. Arms, P. M. Bloody Brook, N. Y. \$1; A. Wygant, Newtown, Ct. \$1; J. Ecker, Lower Rodhook, N. Y. \$1; E. L. Freeman, Schenectady, N. Y. \$1; S. E. Warren, Gunderland, N. Y. \$1; R. Forbester, Chateaufort, N. Y. \$1; G. Coleman, New York, \$1; J. Harrison, New Haven, Ct. \$1; S. W. Gieswold, Canton, Ct. \$1; J. Safford, Greenwich, N. Y. \$1; J. H. Brown, Centre Berlin, N. Y. \$1; J. Gibbs, Livonia, N. Y. \$1; A. H. Huggins, Schoelack Centre, N. Y. \$1; W. Murphy, Salisbury, N. C. \$1; L. Higley, Jun. P. M. Willbore, N. Y. \$1; J. Simmons, Ticonderoga, N. Y. \$1; P. C. Buckley, Whitestown, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

A memoir of Daniel Webster from the pen of Col. Knapp, is shortly to be published in Boston.

There is to be a great public sale of water power, village lots, &c. at Little Falls, on the 20th Sept.

Marker of Washington.—The treasurer of the Frederickburgh Monumental Committee acknowledges, in the Frederickburgh papers, the receipt of \$775, towards erecting a monument to Mrs. Washington, on or near the spot where her ashes repose. Of this sum \$550 was collected in New Orleans.

The Cincinnati Daily Advertiser mentions, that the Real Estate fever has recently broken out in that city; property is now thirty per cent higher than it was a short time since.

Death caused by Locusts.—The Rochester Daily Advertiser states, that on the 11th ult. a lad living at the head of Conesus Lake, Livingston county, went into the woods and caught his hat crown full of these insects, put them on his head, and started for the lake, intending to use them for bait for fish. On his way, they stung him so severely, that, although medical aid was called, he died from his wounds in three or four days.

MARRIED.

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Abraham Hough, to Miss Margaret Halloway, both of this city.

DIED.

In this city, on the 1st inst. very suddenly, Mr. John Hoosmer, aged about 42 years.

At Troy, on Tuesday last after a long and protracted illness, Mrs. Ann Kemble, wife of John C. Kemble, the editor of the Troy Budget, and daughter of Edward Whipple, Esq. of Hamilton, Mass.

On the 27th inst. at Black Rock, Mrs. Letitia P. Porter, consort of Gen. P. B. Porter.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
EVENING MUSINGS.

I am alone but solitude
Hath now a charm for me;
The crowded mart, the busy throng,
I care not more to see.
The night is stealing over me,
She spreads her sable stole—
And burning thoughts are creeping in,
Upon my weary soul.
But I would not be mirthful now,
There's something sweet in gloom;
It so reminds one of his fate,
And points him to the tomb.
There's vanity in all below,
There's purity above;
And here is woe and treachery,
But there is peace and love.
Then let my thirsting spirit drink,
From hope's perennial fount,
And on the wings of perfect love,
To fields elysian mount.
O, all is cold and heartless here
I hear no cheering tone—
Then leave me to my solitude,
I crave to be alone.

OSMAR.

From the Portland Daily Courier.

The last words of the gallant Montgomery, who commanded the 'Fortune Hope,' at the unsuccessful attack of Quebec, in 1775, as he gave his wife the parting embrace, were—'You shall never blush for Montgomery.'

'My steed stands trampling at the gates,
And gaily out the banner floats,
My gallant troops their leader wait,
List, list, their spirit-stirring notes.
Why blanches thus my Mary's cheek?
Why trembles thus her small white hand—
A soldier's bride so fondly weak,
And shudder thus to raise the brand?
Throw back the ringlets from thy brow,
And raise thy deep blue eye to mine;
I would thy looks were prouder now,
I cannot brook that tear of thine.
Dost fear when grows the battle strife
Thy love will turn to flee the foe?
Will choose a vile inglorious life,
And cause with shame thy tears to flow?
No, on that pallid brow of thine
Shall rise no blush of shame for me;
My sword, my life, all, all that's mine,
My country; I devote to thee.'

'Nay wrong not thus thy Mary's fears,
My country's claims I proudly own:
Yet think of her, whose bitter tears
May flow o'er slaughtered love alone.'

Their arms reflect the twilight ray,
Their banner proudly floats on high,
They move along the dusky way,
To gain the pass or bravely die.
One long bright flash—one thundering roar—
Where is the youthful leader now?
That gallant band returns no more—
Long, long shall the tears of beauty flow.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

THE THREE HOMES.

'Where is thy home,' I asked a child,
Who in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair.
'My home,' the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
'Is on the sunny mountain side
Where soft winds wander free.'
O! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!
'Where is thy home?' I asked of one
Who bent with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place,
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.
Ah! souls that well might roar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing.
'Where is thy home, thou lonely man?'
I asked a pilgrim grey,
Who came, with furrowed brow, and wan
Slow musing on his way.
He paused and with a solemn mien
Upturned his holy eyes,
'The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies!'
O! blest—thrice blest the heart must be,
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free;
Its only home in heaven!

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—N. M. E.

PUZZLE II.—Because he is nothing without patients.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
I'm always in a fright,
Yet always in a fray,
I'm ne'er beheld in night,
Nor even seen in day.
In fire I love to dwell,
But hate the raging tide,
Though ne'er in cloistered cell,
With fiars I reside.
In coals I never thrive,
Nor wood, though fire I love;
And though with fish I live
In streams I never rove.

II.

Take that which may always be found in a fool,
The third of an instrument used in a school,
The half of a river in Italy's fair clime,
And that which may always be found out in time,
Then join them together, and transpose the same,
'Twill certainly show you a poet of fame.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. AUGUST 27, 1831.

NO. 7.

ORIGINAL TALES.

First Prize Tale.

Written for the Rural Repository.

THE MANIAC CRIMINAL.

'She was in love, and he she lov'd, prov'd true,
And did forsake her'—SHAKESPEARE.

Amid all the influences, which give a direction to human conduct, or a color to human character, perhaps there is not one, which yields a deeper, steadier, more unwavering control, than pride. Other passions may for a season be more overwhelming and resistless; anger may sweep along with the wild fury of a tornado; love may melt the stern spirit of man to a child-like softness—they are exhausted by their own transports—consumed by their own intensity. But pride with its lofty empire—with its thousand springs of secret power—pride never fluctuates. Midst the tempestuous uproar of other passions, its voice is never drowned. Though reason may be disregarded—though law and religion may afford no restraint, its spell-binding veto is never exerted in vain; but it retains its dominion alike in the grandeur of a court, and in the lowest sinks of self-abandonment.

Bride may be a laudable, it may be a deleterious passion. It may incite to the exercise of virtue, it may feed the depravity of vice; it may fan the fires of love, or point the arrows of revenge; it may beckon man to the goal of honor, or guide his footsteps in the paths of infamy. 'Tis a noble impulse, where its mandates tend to exalt the soul above the meanness of vicious abasement, and add firmness to the high resolves of integrity. But to those who cherish it to excess, in whom it is a principle—a guide of action, let this unvarnished tale whisper—beware!

All those whose fortunes may have led them through the tedious walks of a college life, can no doubt well appreciate the feelings with which one leaves the happy scenes of vacation, to immure himself in the cloisters of mental drudgery. Suffice it to say, that it is a time, when with the recollections of the past, and

the anticipations of the future, a man of a melancholy disposition, notwithstanding the warm greetings of classmates and friends, may contrive to render himself tolerably unhappy. And such were my feelings, when Henry Mordaunt and myself met to spend together the last term of our collegiate course. 'Twas a beautiful evening, and we were sitting in his apartment, conversing upon the various occurrences of our absence, with the listless air of those whose thoughts are far away. Yet I could perceive that my friend was in an unusually gloomy and unsocial mood, which formed a strange contrast to his ordinary gaiety of character. 'Twas in vain that I attempted to arouse him. I rallied him—'Now in faith Mordaunt,' said I, 'if you are not the very picture of some disconsolate lover—so absent—so *distract*. Confess to me with what fair *démouelle* you have left the loan of your heart?' 'Yes, yes,' replied Mordaunt 'you have conjectured rightly—Why should I conceal it from you? Know then that I, who have ever scoffed at the idea of love, have become its victim—I have embarked all my affections upon one fair object, and if they are wrecked I am lost. Judge if she be unworthy.' And he drew a miniature from his bosom. 'Twas indeed the likeness of a beautiful being—so fairy-like—so enchanting—the very picture of pensive loveliness. There was a mellowness in her eye, which bespoke a fond, confiding soul. There was an expression of intelligence mingled with her beauty—there was gentleness without pride. She had all the fascination, without the coldness, of a Grecian statue. 'Truly beautiful,' I almost unconsciously exclaimed. 'She may seem beautiful to you,' said Mordaunt 'but to me to whom her smile is enchantment, to whom that likeness recalls the music of her voice, and the magic of her mind, she seems even more than beautiful. But these to you are vain rhapsodies.

'Twas about six weeks ago, that I first met Inez at one of our *sourees*, where in the full glow of all her charms, she shone the admiration and rapture of all. And from that time her image has

shared my every thought, and mingled in my every dream. I gazed upon her, as upon the airy phantom of a vision, and scarcely dared to stir, for fear it might vanish from my sight. Yet 'twas not till I learned that she was soon to be married, that I was aware of the depth of that impression, which she had made upon my heart—the strength of that witchery that her loveliness had cast o'er my feelings. And then I heroically resolved to deny myself her acquaintance—to tear myself from the attraction of those charms, which might prove so detrimental to my peace. I was aroused from my reverie by the voice of a friend. "How now Mordaunt, dreaming and abstracted in a scene like this?"—and then casting a glance at Inez, "is it not a pity that our lovely little Spaniard, should be thrown away on that sordid, little-souled old M.?" I started—"M. her intended husband!" "Nothing more true, my dreamer—and had I your wealth, accomplishments, and disengaged heart, depend upon it, I would soon spring a countermine around the old man's ears." "But he is almost twice her age and so ugly withal that."—"Oh! pshaw!—The truth is, that with Don De Zelos her father, a true old Spaniard who boasts of his pedigree and coffers, marriage is not an union of heart with heart but of money-bag with money-bag. Oh that old M. is too cold, and calculating—too much of a villain for a heart so warm and true." My former resolution vanished like the wind. Besides the beauty of Inez, there was another consideration which had its due weight in my mind. M. who well deserved the character which my friend had given him, was for some cause or other my bitter enemy, and he made no secret of his antipathy to me. He had injured me; and should I succeed I should gratify both my resentment and my pride.

'Judge then, with what eagerness I accepted of my friend's offer of introduction. We moved through the crowded hall to the place where she sat—and I was introduced to her. I thought I perceived a faint blush upon her cheek, as her eye met mine, and that the embarrassment with which I went through the ordinary salutations, was in some degree mutual. It might have been fancy; but I hailed it as a cheering omen of success. I bowed disdainfully to M. who sat on one side of her, and assumed a seat on the other, which one of my friends relinquished to me. "Now for the countermine" thought I to myself as I attempted to collect my thoughts. I was not long in ascertaining those topics which were especially agreeable to her. Though she had removed from Spain in her infancy, she still turned to it as her native land, with love and admiration. And I perceived that when I praised the nobleness of Spanish character, and dwelt on the high and romantic associations of Spanish history, by the blush on her cheek and the sparkling of her eye, that she thanked me, and that she esteemed it as the most delicate compliment

to herself. Spain you know has ever been a country of my particular study and delight, and I used it now as a talisman of love. Besides I felt a gratification, because, it was a subject upon which my rival, whose knowledge was in a great degree confined to the lumber of the law, was obliged by his silence to confess his ignorance. Hence the conversation was almost wholly engrossed by myself. You may imagine then with what rapture I read upon her beautiful countenance, the pleasure which she experienced through that evening, and her evident regret at our parting. And this rapture was not a little enhanced by viewing the mortified and rueful visage of M. I was thus established with the lovely Inez on the footing of an acquaintance, and you may well conclude that I did not neglect my advantage.

'Day after day saw us together, and day after day disclosed more and more the similarity of our minds; till I could perceive that her face brightened at my approach, and that her bosom quivered when I whispered in her ear. But I will not dwell on those rapturous moments—as fleeting and as full of ecstasy, as the wild imagery of a dream—when I felt as if transported into a new creation, where every thing seemed to possess a brighter lustre—every object which met my gaze seemed formed for my enjoyment, and where hope itself almost ceased to wander, dazzled by the enchantment with which it was surrounded. But away with these reflections.

'Twas the evening before I came hither, that I went to bid adieu to Inez. I found her sitting in an arbour in her father's garden. She was in unusually good spirits, and appeared to me far more beautiful than ever I saw her before. There was a smile upon her lips—a dimple on her cheek—her dark eye was flashing with merriment. When I told her, in as cold and careless a tone as I could assume, of my intended departure, her laughter ceased—a shade, like that which passes o'er the landscape in a summer day, came on her glowing countenance—a tear glistened in her eye.—'Twas enough to satisfy even a lover. I sprang to her side. "Dear Inez, forgive my abruptness. That tear tells me that you will not forbid me to hope, when I confess that I love you—that I love you to adoration, and that upon this hand," and I pressed her snowy fingers between my own, "depends the future happiness or misery of my life." A crimson flush suffused her fine features, her frame trembled violently, and she sank exhausted on the grassy bank. What greater proof needed the most jealous lover that his affections were returned? Suffice it to say, with this miniature, and a kiss stolen from her melting lips we separated. I went immediately to her father, and requested his daughter's hand. He seemed pleased with my confession of preference, but requested time to examine into my character and pretensions. I am well aware that his decision will turn on the interesting object of

fortune, and I fear not a comparison in this respect with my aged rival.

'Such is the footing on which I stand with my life-love. And can you wonder why I appear so gloomy? I find now for the first time that the warmth of friendship, is to the intensity of love, as a rush light to the sun. For love absorbs the whole being—wraps up every wandering thought in itself, bends and subjects every passion to its will.'

'Those who know how much I was attached to Mordaunt, can only appreciate with what joy I congratulated him on his prospects of happiness. But what of the old lawyer? you have forgotten him.' 'O, he persevered awhile, and at length gave up in despair. I believe however that he detests me as cordially as man can, and would revenge himself for his disappointment by any means however base.'

You will no doubt willingly believe me, dear reader, if I tell you that this term passed away but tardily, and gloomily to Mordaunt—that he talked and dreamed of Inez—that he was as sad and disconsolate, as any poor lover could well be, and that a letter from her, was the *summum bonum* of his enjoyment. Alternately gloomy and gay, filled with dark presentiments, or bright anticipations, he mused with all the wild romance of his character, o'er the devotedness of his affection. I frequently assumed the privileges of a confidant and a friend to console him, to quiet his apprehensions, and animate his hopes. Indeed I was well fitted to be his comforter. Four years of intimacy in which our every thought had been shared, and our most visionary schemes confided to one another, had given me a perfect knowledge of every shade in his character. High minded, generous and impetuous, his aim was lofty, and his energies untiring. He was possessed of one of those rare intellects, whose grasp seems almost universal, and whose perception almost intuitive; and his progress in knowledge was fully commensurate with the high promise of his natural endowments. It is not wonderful therefore that he outstripped all competitors, and carried away the highest college honors—that all prophesied the most brilliant success to his future exertions. But yet he was not generally beloved by his associates. He was accused of pride. And averse as he was to promiscuous familiarity, his conduct frequently gave this accusation an appearance of justice. I knew that he was proud, and strange as it may seem, that he prided himself more upon his birth and fortune, than upon the triumph of his mind. But if ever the most splendid acquisitions in knowledge, a noble family, a princely fortune, and a great share of personal beauty, was an apology for pride, Mordaunt was excusable.

We parted from college, with vows of eternal friendship, and promises of mutual correspondence. My friend fled on the wings of love to the arms of Inez, and I departed to my home. For awhile our communications,

were uninterrupted.—Mordaunt spoke of Inez, of his hopes and happiness with raptures, ridiculed the financial inspections of her father, and laughed at the malice of old M. At length he announced his intention of going to the W. Indies on a voyage of business and pleasure. I heard no more from him until I received the news that the ship in which he sailed was wrecked, and all the crew lost.

I could scarcely realize that my friend was gone; but the news was too well authenticated to be false. O! 'twas a mournful thought, that so much excellence should die—that the form of manly beauty should perish—that the vigor of youthful strength, and the fire of a lofty mind, should be consigned to a watery grave. Many a tear of regret, did I shed on the withered ties of buried affection. But I will not dwell upon my feelings; suffice it to say they were not soon forgotten. As for Inez, having removed to a distant part of the country, I at that time heard no more of her.

Several years after this, business called me to New-York. It was a warm summer evening; the cool refreshing breeze had expelled the sultry heat of noonday, which had lain like an incubus upon the crowded streets of the metropolis, when I sallied out without any fixed purpose, to join the crowd of strollers which swarmed in Broadway. The moon was shining bright—and I was viewing with those peculiar feelings, which such a scene is calculated to excite, the fluttering dresses of the vain, gay and beautiful, as they floated gracefully along, and listening to the hum of the various sounds which rose on the ear—when I was suddenly intercepted, and seized by the collar by one who stood before me.—'Did you ever perjure yourself?' he asked in a hoarse, low voice, and then gradually releasing his hold from me, he exclaimed—'I have! I have!' I started; it was not at the strangeness of the salutation, which might well have excited my surprise, but those tones,—had I heard them before? They seemed like an echo of the familiar sounds, and beautiful visions of days gone by, awaking a thousand sweet and bitter associations. 'Is it possible,' I thought, and seizing his arm 'will you come with me?' I asked. He suffered himself passively to be led to my lodgings. Trembling with emotion, I seized the lamp—I scarcely dared to look him in the face. His glance met mine. Why should I say more? Henry Mordaunt the gay, the wealthy, the accomplished, stood before me—and he was a *maniac*. His frame was emaciated—his still dark, piercing, and intelligent eye, was beaming with a wilder fire, and the deep lines of premature age were settled on his forehead.

I pronounced his name. 'Yes—yes' he exclaimed, with a tone and expression which went to my heart, 'I once had a dream—and thou wert one of the images of that dream—I dreamt that I was happy—and fool that I was, I thought it true. But—ha! ha! ha!' he

laughed most fearfully as he spoke—'I'm awake now—I'm awake now!—There's a hell in my bosom—a laughing, sneering devil—avaunt! avaunt you fiend,' and he pitched me aside and strode across the room—'See! see!' said he, stretching out his hands—'he springs upwards like a pyramid of fire!' Suddenly he was calm, and turning to the window he gazed upon the heavens. A star was just shooting from the sky—'There! there!' said he—'a world like ours—it hath gone back to chaos—its inhabitants have been judged—terribly—awfully judged!' and turning round he exclaimed in a voice of agony—'and what was the doom of the perjurer there? Oh! what was the doom of the perjurer there?' He was silent. At length I gently took his hand—'Oh my friend,' I exclaimed, but my voice was choaked with emotion—I could not proceed. The maniac seemed touched by my sympathy. He gazed fixedly at me for a moment—'Are you a perjurer too?' he asked—'God aid you—I cannot.' He hastily paced the room, hummed a tune, the favorite of his better days, then threw himself into a chair and burst into tears. For awhile he was violently agitated but at length recovering his calmness, and fixing on me a vacant stare—he muttered 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—Ha! ha! ha! well done! well done!'

'Ah! that was mournful! oh! yes, mournful!'—a tear started in his eye, and he began to sing with a trembling voice a song, which I well recollected, and which he himself had composed upon a heart-broken minstrel

'A song of woe—wild woe—wild woe!
O'er the sunny plains—where rivers flow—
He echoed the strains of woe—wild woe—
At the crowded ball of festive mirth,
The joyous ball, the domestic hearth,
Sull' twas of woe—wild woe—wild woe.'

There was something irresistibly touching in those strains. There was something touching too, in the reflection, that those lines which he had composed upon an imaginary subject, should be so appropriately sung by himself.—But I will not dwell upon this scene.

Day after day passed along and the unfortunate maniac seemed to love me not less than did Henry Mordaunt. I indeed derived a sort of mournful pleasure in his company—in studying his caprices—in listening to his ravings—and in recalling by his faded form, as if by a memento—the remembrance of our former friendship. There is a solemn grandeur in the ruins of a noble mind. We may gaze with gloomy admiration upon the wreck of material beauty, but 'tis with more thrilling, more interested feelings, that we view the prostration of intellectual excellence. There is a spirit of sympathy amid those sensations, with which we contemplate such a spectacle; when a being of exalted sentiments and high expectations is thus struck down by some inscrutable decree of destiny, while the fragments of the mental fabric, like those of the oak which has

been scathed and shivered by the lightning, declare its former nobleness.

Mordaunt was no common maniac. The vestiges of refinement were apparent in the moments of his wildest phrensy, and rays of genius shone thro' the darkest gloom of his derangement. At times he was as calm and gay as in his happiest hours—but then some dark thought seemed rankling in his mind—a gloom would settle on his visage, and he would burst forth into incoherent ravings. I never could gaze upon his haggard countenance, so strongly did it tell of blighted hopes and burning miseries, without a tear of commiseration. Every line on his forehead seemed to record a thro' of agony, every glance of his wild eye, beaming with unnatural fire, to tell of a heart long tried in the furnace of affliction. Then too would spring up the train of former aspirations—his great promise—his high aspiration—his lofty genius—and I became in the highest degree solicitous to learn the causes of so melancholy a fall. But every reference to the past seemed to agonize his feelings, and excited wilder fits of derangement; while my questions were answered by a scalding tear, or a fearful laugh.

About two weeks after I first met the Maniac, one morning rushed into my apartment in an unusual state of agitation, and after a long and violent paroxysm he sunk into a state of utter exhaustion. From thence I recalled him after some moments to a greater calmness than I had yet before witnessed. It was then that I requested him to give me his history since we separated.

'Yes—yes'—he exclaimed with a sigh, 'I owe it to your friendship—I owe it to your kindness, I will tell it, though it wring my heart with agony'—then pressing his hand to his forehead, as if to aid his recollection and strengthen his resolution—he proceeded! 'You thought I had perished by shipwreck; but I escaped, and I alone. Oh God! why was I reserved? Oh! I cannot! no—I cannot!—take this—read all—(and he gave me a letter)—yes—read all—the damning crime—the guilt—ah! I'm going—I'm going!—here—here'—laying his hand upon his breast—'Tis all over—'tis all over'—and he sunk exhausted upon the couch where he sat, singing in a weak, low voice—

'The grave—to the dark, cold grave—I go,
The refuge for woe—wild woe—wild woe.'

He was evidently failing fast, and it seemed impossible that his strength could support him many days longer. He himself appeared to be aware that his end was approaching, and contemplated it with feelings rather akin to joy. He seemed to rejoice at the prospect of escaping the horrors of memory—even in the grave.

In the meantime I eagerly opened the letter. It was addressed to me, but it appeared that he did not intend that I should read it till after his final departure. He related his escape from shipwreck and his return to his friends—and continued—'I returned to my

friends as one arisen from the dead—Inez fainted in my arms—my parents shed tears of joy—my friends thronged around me with congratulations, and I deemed myself restored to the joys of a paradise. Oh! how dearly did I purchase those sweet moments of bliss.

“One day my father called me into his counting-room, and having carefully closed the door, he gave me a paper and pointing to a paragraph therein bade me read it.—He watched me narrowly as I read. It was a notice of the loss of one of my father’s ships with a rich cargo, valued at —. “Two ships in six months!” I exclaimed, throwing down the paper in agitation. “But,” said my father “this is not all,” and he gave me an account of his having signed bonds to a large amount, for a merchant who had lately failed; “these bonds,” continued he “are now in the hands of your old enemy M. for collection.—In one word, I fear that we shall be reduced to beggary.” As I had taken but little share in my father’s business, being intended for another profession, this disclosure was entirely new and unexpected. And situated as I was—deeming that there remained but one remove betwixt me and happiness, this declaration came upon me like a thunderbolt. I beheld all my dreams of happiness swept away—I beheld the cup of promised pleasure dashed to the earth—It was too much. I sunk back in my chair and covered my face with my hands.—“But” said my father “there is an alternative—and there is but one.”—“Name it” I replied “and if it depends upon me”—“Stop,” said my father, and he approached and whispered in my ear.—“That word—that damning word!”—Night and day—sleeping and waking—it has haunted me ever since—it has made earth a hell—it will confront me for damnation at the bar of judgment.” Here the manuscript was defaced and blotted.

“I was always unprincipled. I have always submitted to the impulse and followed the direction of passion. You know that in college, I was not depraved. But the absence of vicious principles can never supply the want of good ones. And although I shrunk back with a natural aversion from the idea of *perjury*—yet amid the darkness and gloom around me, I did sometimes turn to this avenue, and perhaps by frequent recurrence to its thought, some of its repulsiveness was worn away. I saw that the father of Inez would never in the present circumstances consent to our union. And estimating Inez by my own proud heart, I thought that she too would spurn the beggared Mordaunt from her arms. I pictured the triumph of my foes, the desertion of my friends, and summing upon one by one all the mortifications of our downfall—it almost drove me to distraction.

“One day occupied with such thoughts, I was walking along the streets, when I met my old enemy M.—He stopped and saluted me; and in an ironical tone began to sympathize with

me concerning our approaching calamity for the sake of insult offered me the s under-clerk in his office.—I was exulting in the highest degree. My first impulse came him; but I restrained myself, answered with mock politeness, and a contemptuously as I could.—“I have a universal genius, sir; and strange to say I fear that I should not succeed in turning from Love to Law I did, M. in turning from Law to Love was stung to the quick. “You may scoff sir, but to-morrow I triumph!” said he, to me. From that moment I resolved, and all the energies of my mind to support resolution, that I would defeat that man at the expense of my honor—at the hazard of my soul.

“To-morrow—to-morrow”—though deriding upon his words—and I recollected for the first time that to-morrow was the day fixed for the adjustment of his The near approach of the juncture almost ed me from my purpose. My better judgment almost resumed its sway. But by one effort my resolution was again established and to the monitory words of conscience

“My heart was swoll’n and turn’d aside
By deep interminable pride.”

“What! shall I who have so long revelled in wealth and luxury—I, of a proud family a prouder name—sink in poverty, disgraced by poverty? Shall I be crushed to the dust, reduced to a level with the scum and off-scum of community, amid the exultation of the neglect of friends? No! I will choose the dreadful alternative.” There was when I should have shuddered at the thought. There was a time, when I should have shuddered at the thought, as the loathsome reptile which crawled beneath my feet. But now I was pushed forward by what I imagined the stern behests of duty, and fortified by the suggestions of pride.

“Was it morning? Had the dreadful moment come? “Now” said I to myself as I approached the court of justice—“one act—one deed—wealth and love will be mine again—and will be sweetened by revenge”—wretch that I was—I thought not that that wealth was my curse—that I should render myself unworthy that love—that my revenge would be turned back upon myself. No! my purpose was again fixed—and as I made that desperate resolve—my hands were clenched, my teeth firmly shut, and I turned from the light to hide the dark workings of my soul. I stepped into a tavern—in a hurried voice called for brandy—I drank deeply of the stimulating stimulus, and would you believe I went as coolly to the execution of the deed, as if it had been the most ordinary occurrence of my life. Once indeed the doubt thought came over me—“’tis *perjury*!”—I hushed it, whispering to myself—“it will never be known.”

‘I entered the court. I stood at its bar. I held up my hand and swore before God and man, to reveal the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I will not dwell upon the scene. I went away—a *perjured man*.’

‘I departed a richer, but not a happier man. For awhile indeed I enjoyed the evanescent exultation of my triumph. But the fumes of the liquor which I had drank with its partial intoxication passed away and my crime burst upon me in its horrid reality. Conscience reproached me, “Thou hast mocked thy God—thou hast brought a deep stain of guilt upon thy soul.” “Yes, yes, I have become a traveller upon the arid waste of crime—and, the dungeon’s guilty inmate—the murderer—the robber—the thief, can call me brother!” The thought was distraction. With hasty steps I passed along the streets. Every glance was by fancy converted into a glance of scorn—every voice into a voice of reproach—every thing around me seemed to cry out, “thou art a *perjured man*.” I walked into the fields. Nature smiled, but I was in agony. I looked upon the heavens, and there from the light fantastic cloud a finger seemed pointing at me—at me—

‘Oh! ’twas too much—’twas too much! I was oppressed with a sickening smothering sensation—my voice was husky—my heart seemed bursting—I gasped for breath—I again entered the tavern—and in another deeper, more intoxicating draught than before sought and found a temporary relief.

‘And was it thus that I met Inez? I found her in that arbour, which had so often witnessed our happier meetings. She marked my pallid features—my wild and wandering eyes. “Oh! Henry, are you ill?” she asked in a voice hurried by anxiety. Oh, it was distracting, it was heart-rending to receive such marks of affection, from that pure and lovely being when my soul was darkened by guilt—not the guilt of a reparable aberration—but of an infamous, irrevocable crime. And she! did she know the dreadful truth—would she not start with horror—would she not scorn me? And ’twas then, when I thought from what I had fallen—when I thought of the innocent, loved one, before me—that the enormity of my crime again came over me—in fancy the scene of my guilt was again re-acted—and the burning—blighting remembrance was like the blast of the simoon—it was too much for human endurance. Reason forsook her throne. I knew not what I did. When I recovered, Inez was in a swoon—She knew all—yes all! I never saw her more, but they told me that she died of a broken heart.

‘Oh deep was my crime, and deep was its atonement. I do not seek to extenuate it. It cannot be cloaked even beneath the broad mantle of human imperfection. I have drained the chalice of misery to the dregs; and now that, the prey of remorse and maddening recollections, I have sunk into the grave, drop a

tear to the memory of Mordaunt—the victim of mistaken pride.’

Several days passed away each bringing Mordaunt nearer to the tomb. His wanderings became wilder and more continual, as the lamp of life waxed more dim, but did not retain their former agonizing character. ‘My friend,’ said he, one night, as I stood by his bedside, ‘are you here?’ He clasped my hand—‘Farewell—God bless you kindest and dearest—God bless you—

‘The grave—to the dark, cold grave—I go—
The refuge for woe—wild woe—wild woe!’

His hand gradually relaxed from its grasp—his eye closed—he sunk to his final rest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE.

The true key of the universe is love. That levels all inequalities, ‘makes low the mountain and exalts the valley,’ and brings human beings of every age and every station in a state of brotherhood. ‘The lion and the lamb lie down together, the leopard dwells with the kid, and a little child shall lead them.’ What unprejudiced mind can look abroad in the world and not see this? The splendid sun, the cerulean sky, the majestic trees, the green earth, the thousand colors that enamel the mead, the silver stream, in beauty composed and serene, living in the endless flow of its waters, all talk of what softens the heart, and inspires kindness and affection to our dispositions and feelings.—Has not God made man the crown of his works, and stamped all his limbs with majesty and grace, and shall we treat with harshness and indignity what God has chosen for his living temple? No: the man that is austere to his brother mortal, is the true, the practical atheist. The true system for governing the world, for fashioning the tender spirits of youth, for smoothing the pillow of age, is love. The one thing which most exalts and illustrates man is disinterested affection. We are never so truly what we are capable of being as when we are ready to sacrifice ourselves for others and immolate ourselves at the altar of beneficence. There is no joy like the joy of a generous sentiment, to go about doing good, to make it our meat and our drink to promote the happiness of others, and diffuse confidence and love to every one within the reach of our influence.

A Retort Courteous.—When Mr. Orme the historian of India, presided in the export warehouse of Madras, one Davidson, who acted under him, being asked by Dr. Orme of what *profession his father was*, Davidson replied that he was a saddler. ‘And pray,’ said he, ‘why did he not make you a saddler?’ ‘I was always whimsical,’ said Davidson, and rather chose to try my fortune, as you have done, in the East-India Company’s service. ‘But, pray sir,’ continued he, ‘what *profession was your father?*’ ‘My father,’ answered he

historian, rather sharply, was a gentleman.' 'And why,' retorted Davidson, with great simplicity, 'did he not breed you up a gentleman?'

The other day a man not very learned in the law, was committed to jail, as he said 'on suspicion of debt.' He didn't like the 'construction' very well and gave his opinion on imprisonment for debt in the following clear and logical style: 'There's neighbour Hardscrabble and I; we were boys together. We used to go to the same 'school ma'am,' when we want bigger than a mug o' cider. By some twistification of luck, he's got rich and I poor. He keeps a store where he buys and sells for profit—(I always got along, to be sure, by hard service—as Tom Tough said; till a while ago.) Says I, one day, neighbor Hardscrabble, I want a few dollars worth of your comfortables, and, if luck turns right, I'll pay you one of these days. So he let me have 'em. The long 'an short of it is—I couldn't pay him when he wanted it; and now I'm here. Now if I ought to be put in jail for gitting trusted, he ought to be put in jail for trusting me!'—*Boston Commentator.*

Liver and Lights.—Two gentlemen, walking along the streets, observed some workman taking the windows from a house which they were about pulling down, and which the tenant had left the day before. 'What tearing work,' said one, 'they are making with this house!' 'Yes,' said the other, 'yesterday the liver went out, and now they are taking out the lights.'

A French Priest of some humour, says—'When the celebrated Bourdaloue preached at Rotten, the tradesman forsook their shops, lawyers, their clients, and physicians their sick; but when I preached there the next year, I set all to rights again—every man minded his own business!'

How to be Loved.—The eldest daughter of Dr. Doddridge was a most lively and engaging girl. She was a great darling with her family and friends. Her father once asked her what made every body love her so well. She answered, 'indeed, papa, I cannot think, unless it be because I love every body.'

A Dirty Witness.—A German gentleman, in the course of a strict cross-examination on a trial during the last Oxford Circuit, was asked to state the exact age of the defendant. 'Dirty' (thirty) was the reply. 'And pray, Sir, are you his senior, and how many years?' 'Why, sir, I am dirty-two.'

A drunken north countryman, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the roadside, where a pig found him and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared out, 'Wha's kissin' me noo? Ye see what it is to be weel liket amang the lassies!'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1831.

THE PRIZES.

The premiums are awarded to the authors of the following pieces;

The Maniac Criminal, forwarded to us from Hartford, Conn. author's name not received.—The premium for the best Tale, Twenty Dollars.

Mary Warren, by Harriet A. Allen, Bridgewater, Mass.—The premium for the second best Tale the Tokens for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository handsomely bound.

Love's Interlude, by Augustus L. Bixby, Frauncestown, N. H.—The premium for the third best Tale, the Talisman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

Bunker's Hill, by Alfred B. Street, Monticello, Sullivan Co. N. Y.—The premium for the best Poem, Five Dollars.

Poland, from Hartford, Conn. author's name not received.—The premium for the second best Poem, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831 and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

The Village Grave Yard, by a gentleman of Williamstown Mass.—The premium for the third best Poem, the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

We have received, as candidates for the prizes, about thirty pieces of prose and nearly as many of poetry, from which we shall select for the columns of the Repository, such as we think most worthy of preservation and the most likely to afford amusement and instruction to our readers.

To the unsuccessful candidates, whose pieces are reserved for publication, we have no reward to offer but our warmest thanks and our best wishes for their future success.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending August 24.

A. Vail jun. Mount Hope, N. Y. \$1; D. Dryer jun. Clyde, N. Y. \$1; J. Smith, P. M. Tyro, N. Y. \$1; W. W. Hall, Hancock, Ma. \$1; J. Duly, Williamsburgh, O. \$1; Z. Newell, & F. P. Stone, Goshen, Ma. \$2; S. A. Butts, Cove, N. Y. \$1; J. M. Martin, Uca, N. Y. \$1; J. Brown, New Berlin, Centre, N. Y. \$1; N. Allen, Schodack Centre, N. Y. \$1; M. Whitecomb, P. M. Winchendon, Ma. \$5; S. G. Hadley, Hellenbeck, Ma. \$5; J. M. Matson, Eaton, N. Y. \$1; C. Odell, P. M. Mayfield, N. Y. \$1; W. I. Bayard, Bloody Brook, Ma. \$1; B. Hathaway, Timonah, Vt. \$1; T. C. Stewart, P. M. Hartland, N. Y. \$1; A. H. Gurney, Cummington, Ma. \$1; E. Harris, Fall River, Ma. \$1; H. C. Barnes, Canaan & Cornues, N. Y. \$1; L. C. Segur, Lyonsdale, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Population of Liverpool is ascertained by the census just taken to be 163,400. Including the suburbs, More than 200,000.

The English papers contain an account of a splendid *fece*, recently given by Lafayette, at which all the valor, talent, fashion, and beauty of Paris were present.

A model has been exhibited in Philadelphia of an important original invention for transporting the United States' Mail, with complete security, at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, and without exposure to the depredations of robbers.

A finished full-length engraving of the king of England, and also one of the fall of Nisovah, are to be seen at the store of Peabody and Co. Broadway, New-York.

The name *Dischick* signifies, in his native language, *theorick*. The Russian army is now commanded by another German, General Toll, which means *Ned*.

MARRIED,

In this city on the 16th inst. by Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Ralph Wheeler, of the firm of Bonac & Wheeler, to Miss Elizabeth Guel. In New-York, on the 10th of July, in John Street Church, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Jacob Hochstrasser of Albany, to Miss Louisa Brower of that city.

DIED,

In this city, on Thursday the 16th inst, very suddenly, from drinking ice water, Capt. Bailey Hathaway, aged 60 years.

At Columbiaville, on Friday the 19th inst. Seth Jenkins, Esq. aged 51 years.

At Kingston, on the 19th inst. Dr. Alexander H. Smith, aged 27 years.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Jacob Haviland, in the 51st year of his age, a respectable farmer of the town of Washington,



ORIGINAL POETRY.

First Prize Poem.

Written for the Rural Repository, by Alfred B. Street.

BUNKER'S HILL.

The eve of a deathless day
 Had gather'd o'er the land,
 And the clear moon cast her silvery ray
 On banner, plume and brand;
 Ranks of the bold and free
 Were rallying thickly round,
 With the stern watch-word Liberty
 'To drum and trumpet sound.
 The mountain hut—the forest cave
 Poured forth those legions of the brave.
 For their Country indignant had spoke
 In a call that was breath'd not in vain,
 As the fetters of Tyranny proudly she broke
 And scatter'd each link in disdain.
 Flashing eye, and haughty tread,
 Pointed spear, and banner spread,
 Clarion voice, and brow of light
 Proclaim'd the near approach of Freedom in her might.
 All hail'd her presence as she came,
 All caught her breath of kindling flame,
 The hunter left the forest dark,
 The hardy fisher moor'd his bark,
 The red-bird from the thicket sung
 Where late the settler's hatchet rung;
 All came to swell the patriot ranks
 Like a fierce torrent bursting from its banks,
 Link'd with one strong one thrilling tie
 To live for Freedom or for Freedom die.—
 Men, who to man ne'er bow'd the knee,
 Like their own tempests wild and free,
 Who struck the eagle from his path,
 And dar'd the panther's fiercest wrath,
 Disdain'd the season's stormiest shock,
 Their roof, the cloud—their couch the rock,
 And laugh'd to scorn each gaudy gem
 That stars a monarch's diadem.
 Morn dawns;—upon yon misty height
 What form stands towering in the air,
 Holding an ægis broad and bright
 O'er that small band collected there?
 And whose that banner o'er her streaming,
 Its spangled stars so brightly beaming?
 And whose that eagle waiting nigh
 With arching neck and fiery eye
 And half extended wing
 As if in act to spring?
 American! 'tis Freedom's form,
 Does not thy life-blood kindle warm?
 And thine that banner waving fair,
 And thine that eagle standing there;
 See! like a rising storm, below,
 In pouring masses, firm and slow,
 Nearer, and nearer comes thy foe,
 Remember, on thy daring lies
 A nation's threaten'd liberties.
 A shot—a cannon roar—a shout,
 Now bursts the fearful struggle out,
 Around him, as it grows more loud
 Red Battle wraps his sulphurous shroud,
 The conflict cry—the mercy call,
 Of those who strive—of those who fall,
 And weapons flashing bright and quick,
 And red shots blazing fierce and thick,

And smoke wreaths ting'd with lurid light
 Proclaim the progress of the fight—
 Sword by sword, and side by side,
 Heart to heart more close allied
 The patriot heroes firmly stand,
 The living bulwark of their native land.

Phalanx on phalanx marshalling
 Proud England urges on the fight,
 There crowd the hirelings of her king,
 The mightiest of her might;
 Twice had they hurl'd in close array
 On Freedom's ranks their giant sway,
 And twice upon their corpse strew'd track
 By Freedom's sons been beaten back.
 But see! they rally now—the air
 Gleams with the bayonets bristling there,
 They come, they come, brave hearts! who long
 Have stemm'd that current fierce and strong
 When wildest in its flow,
 By all the dearest ties of earth,
 By all the holiest rights of birth,
 Sink not beneath it now.
 Once more, once more, ye dauntless few
 Bear up, for Freedom strives with you!
 Your banner waves before your eye,
 And hark! is not your eagle nigh?
 He darts from his station with pointed beak,
 The air echoes wildly his battle shriek,
 He comes, his red eye in fierce fury is flashing,
 Through the ranks of the Tyrant his pinion is dashing.
 By every blow a right is freed,
 On every effort glory's meed,
 Ha! Warren falls! but waver not,
 Pour in your last your deadliest shot,
 Now shout, as on you slowly flee,
 And leave the shatter'd foe their useless victory.—

ATTITUDE.

A REVERIE.

Some days are filled with pleasure,
 And some are filled with pain,
 And though a different measure
 Each mortal may obtain.
 There's joy enough to speed us
 Through life's short journey home,
 And woe enough to lead us
 To long for worlds to come.
 Life bears such recollections,
 Such changes on its wings—
 Such beautiful affections,
 Such black and baneful things,
 That though fond hope would try it,
 For future joy and pain,
 Who that has hurried by it
 Would try the past again?

E.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The letter F.

PUZZLE II.—O, P-en, F-o, E—Opp-e—transposed
 Pope.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
 Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in
 the world?

II.
 Why are idle scholars like the three first vowels?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. SEPTEMBER 10, 1831.

NO. 8.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Second Prize Tale.

Written for the Rural Repository, by Harriet A. Allen.

MARY WARREN.

'A thing of feelings'—WERNER.

'A good match?'—There is no term in our language I dislike more than this—its obvious meaning is so foreign to the reality. It is mere prejudice and like most prejudices founded on association, that mysterious chain which connects scenes the most various and objects the most unlike. This term, so often used and so little understood, ever brings to my mind the sweet form and the sad fate of Mary Warren. We were friends—yes, truly friends—for it was before the period of life when friendships are formed from motives of interest, and before the period too when envy, rivalry and deception—those serpent-like intruders, steal in upon the Eden of social union and mar with their secret whispers the last—the only Paradise on earth. How deeply is her form impressed on my memory. I see her now as she looked the first day she joined our school, when a mere child. Her light brown hair parted so smoothly on her forehead, her blue eyes bent constantly on her book—more from timidity than love of study—the plain pink gingham frock and white sun-bonnet she wore, making her the very picture of neatness and innocence. She was a stranger in the school and I shall never forget her countenance, as, during recess, she timidly joined my side and placed her hand in mine. The expression of her eye was so full of innocent eloquence, there was something so confiding in this trifling act, that I loved her from that moment. Often, when my childish imagination has wandered to the realms of the blest, has it pictured a land where all would take me by the hand, like Mary, and where I should feel toward all, that immediate affection I then did to her. And oh! how often in later years have I wished that I could cast aside the warnings of suspicious Experience, and the cold-hearted reasonings of Philosophy, and once more look on any

being with the undistrusting confidence I did on her at that moment.

It is rare that friendships formed thus early continue beyond childhood. They are spring flowers, that bloom in our path, are supplanted by others, or wither beneath the summer's sun. But when they do, there is a confidence—a disinterestedness we seldom feel toward those we meet in after days. It was thus with ours. Though time brought changes to the person and prospects of each, it brought none to our hearts.

Mary Warren seemed formed of nature's porcelain; yet few would have called her beautiful. Hers was not the beauty to arrest the passing eye by its splendor, or attract admiration by its sprightliness. Like the lowly pink of her little garden, you might pass her by, among far more common, though gayer flowers; yet when you did perceive her, you wondered that her modest loveliness had escaped your eye. She was one of those beings we seldom meet and seldom forget—one of those, that by a melancholy association ever reminds me of consumption. In her heart, Love, Friendship and Religion dwelt with the purity of Heaven—like rainbow hues, blended yet distinct and seemingly unmingled with any darker shades of earthly passion. She looked on the earth—she saw that it was good and she loved every thing that belonged to it. Not a bird breathed his notes on her ear unheeded,—not a flower bloomed unnoticed in her path, for her spirit had communion with every sweet sound and every fair sight in creation. In the solitude of Nature there was a sympathy with her deep and quiet feelings, and how often when the hearts of our lighter companions were bounding beneath the exhilarating influence of spring, their merriment bursting forth in the light frolic and the reckless, merry laugh, till the woods and hills echoed back the sound, have I found her withdrawn from among them, in some lonely spot, gazing into the depths of the passing stream and listening to the gushing melody of spring, till her tears mingled with the waters and her very eyes spoke poetry. This was

ever her happiness, and she sought these scenes—not as the gloomy misanthrope flies from his hated kind, to nurse in solitude his wrath against human frailty; but as one gazes on the countenance of an infant—to behold how fair is nature in her innocence, ere the hand of cultivation has made, or marred a single beauty. The retirement of a home situated in one of the loveliest spots I ever knew, gave birth to a thousand enthusiastic dreams; books, selected more from a refined, romantic taste, than a cool judging reason, fostered the illusions, and her imagination dwelt on them till they became realities and she a pure, though fond enthusiast;—with as little true knowledge of this every day world of ours, as an inhabitant of the stars she adored, and as little fitted to live in it, as the exotic of the tropics to bear the cold storms of the North.

Time passed on, and it would have been strange indeed, if a heart like hers had not found an object more worthy its affection than inanimate creation. It did—and her love for Wentworth Eldridge was the same deep, chaste affection she had hitherto lavished on the world at large, now concentrated on one object. He was calculated to make an impression on a mind like hers. A student at the neighbouring Theological Seminary at Andover—pleasing, amiable and talented—and preparing to leave home, friends and kindred, and devote his education and talents to spreading glad tidings of Religion in the wilderness of the west. He proffered her his hand, his heart—but a home wherever a guiding Providence should direct—a resting place among the wild natives of the forest. Duty to her parents and the thousand ties that bound her to her childhood's home urged her to remain—and should she leave all these for a stranger and strange land?—'A wilderness and thee,' were the words she would have spoken, but friends, cool, considerate friends, interposed. With no treasure but his education, no ambition but to serve the good cause to which he had pledged himself, no hope of worldly reward or applause, he had few recommendations in their eyes. It was not 'a good match.' They counselled, they reasoned, they entreated—passiveness was the foible of her character—she saw him depart alone and forever! Forever! how much agony does that one word add to the parting hour of those who love. It is the knell of departed happiness—the word that brings to death its most poignant pang, and to young life its bitterest anguish. Let there but be a period to meet again—however distant it may be—that moment becomes a definite something to which to look forward—a guiding star to hope. This forever, is the 'gloomy midnight of despair,' which has wrecked many a fair bark, and much did I fear for Mary. Wentworth Eldridge had been to her quiet existence, what the rising sun is to the landscape of a calm summer morning—the light that was life and anima-

tion—And that moment of passionate parting came like the tempest, awakening all, and blasting the opening flowers of hope. Hers was disappointed love, but it had not that bitter repining—that humiliating sorrow, which corrodes the heart whose best affections have been sported with, made the amusement of a brief hour and then rejected as worthless. Their parting had been in a degree voluntary. She knew that his love had been sincere, and there was a pleasure in knowing this, that softened the anguish of separation. Still—still, they had loved—they had anticipated—they had parted, and though the tempest was past, despondency still hung like a lingering cloud over her. The scenes that had ever been as companions to her were now doubly dear—his presence had consecrated them—and in them, alone—but not lonely—was it a relief to indulge in the undisturbed luxury of tender recollections—to dwell upon each treasured word of love and kindness—to live for awhile in the dreams of memory and wake from them to weep over the fond illusion. But the sorrow which can find sympathy and relief in the beautiful things of creation, is not the sorrow which burns in the heart, a living fire, withering joy and consuming life. Hers was that which tears quench and time soothes, till by degrees it ceases to be ever present and numbered with the past. Memory blends it with the shades of previous happiness and it stands no longer alone in its vivid darkness—but becomes a mingled light and shadow, melting insensibility into each other, till both

—'Hopes and sorrows seem,

But as the moonlight pictures of a dream.'

This is not a change to be wrought by a moment. Seek quick forgetfulness in the splendid amusements of the world—in the accumulated treasures of knowledge—ask it of the beings of earth, or like Manired, of the spirits of air, and your search is fruitless as the visionary alchemist; but trust to time, and the changing elements of mind soon bestow what you so vainly sought. She sought it not—but ere a few months had passed I saw in her placid eye, that the very indulgence of grief had blunted its keenness, and that time had already begun its healing work.

At this period, circumstances forced me to leave her. A twelve month passed before I returned. My first inquiries were for her, and I learned that she was married to one of the wealthiest and most respectable young men in the county—'well and happily.' How strangely did those words strike my ear! The romance of her own character had doubtless influenced my opinion, for I always looked on her as a creature of finer clay and holier feelings than the rest of the world, and that she could have married Marcus Porter seemed impossible. She could not love him—and had she, the child of purity, entered the holy bonds of matrimony for his wealth! At that moment, I would have classed the whole world under one head and

exclaimed, 'there is not one among this mass of animated clay that is not ruled by the dross gathered from the same earth from which lie springs and to which he returns!'

I had known Marcus Porter from my childhood, as one of those every day persons exactly fitted by mind and education, to guide his bark peaceably through this tumultuous ocean of life. Honest to the very letter of the law, rigidly strict with regard to morals—when they interfered not with his more worldly interests—too prudent in conduct, to afford calumny even a fastening, whereby to weave her web of wiles; too cool and considerate to be blown about by the gales of passion, his course had been as direct and steady as the passage of a canal boat. He excited no man's envy by his superior talents or acquisitions; he called no man master; he flattered no man for popularity; he gained his wealth by means which the most scrupulous could not censure, and he preserved it by an economy equally removed from liberal extravagance and miserly niggardiness. Without one shining virtue, or one startling vice, he was, at thirty five, a man whom all as by universal consent agreed in commending. At this age, as his affairs began to assume a settled good appearance and his comforts to increase around him, he looked about for the first time in his life to obtain the crown of Solomon, 'a virtuous woman.' The fear of being governed, or in any way 'managed' by a wife, made him turn from many a lively form and sparkling eye, as too spirited, till at last Mary with her quiet, unassuming manners fixed his attention. After due consideration of the subject in all its various bearings he offered her his hand. Love or even esteem he did not excite; nor did he particularly ask it. He made her a proposal and if she accepted it, it was well, if not—it was well. Unimpassioned respect was the most she could feel for him, and her feelings revolted at the thought of uniting herself forever to one so different from the ideal perfection of her fancy. But again the passiveness of her disposition yielded to the urgent wishes of friends; she could object to nothing in his character and she consented, as too, too many have done, because friends and the world pronounced it 'a good match.' They see the gay uniting with the gloomy, the giddy with the grave, virtue with vice, and age with youth, and they pronounce it, at once, an unsuitable connection. But can the world look through these seeming discrepancies and trace the secret bonds of sympathy, which link one heart to another? No! it is an intelligence between *them*, and *them* only. We see its power, as we do that in Nature, every where evident, yet every where mysterious—acknowledged by all, yet by all undefinable. And where was there one connecting bond of sympathy between them? He valued the rain and the sunshine as it fostered his grain and ripened his fruits. The tempest rose in the west and if his crops remained uninjured it sank in the east, without

raising a single emotion in his bosom. The singing of the birds, that boded no change in the weather, was totally unheeded, and the beauty of any scene was in exact proportion to its utility. Such was what the world called 'a good match.' In their view she had married well, therefore happily. They knew her not; but to me it seemed Milton's *Il Penseroso* beside an Agricultural Address.

She had removed to his paternal dwelling, a few miles from our village, and I was soon on my way thither. I have ever thought, and why not with reason? that the appearance of a man's dwelling discovers the cardinal traits of his character, and never was I more firmly convinced of the truth of my theory than while approaching the plain, prim built house, with its sedate yellow front and red porch, its rail-fenced garden and its two barns standing out in bold relief, flanked by out-houses of every size and description, I contrasted it with her former home, hung like a bird-cage in the midst of trees and shrubbery, its garden displaying, even in its plainest part, the hand of taste. Abundant wealth and substantial comfort looked forth from every thing round the one—usefulness and the most scrupulous order was the evident and only object in its arrangement—while in the other, taste had so mingled use with ornament, that without the least pretension to opulence, it spoke at once refinement and elegance. I could not help comparing each to the different characters of the dwellers, and wondering which, in truth, had the greatest share of happiness, the beings of romance or reality—those of exquisite sensibilities, who enjoy the pleasures and feel the sorrows of life to the the most acute degree, or those whom joy cannot elevate, nor sorrow depress, beyond a certain degree of cool and placid equanimity. Ere I had decided, our chaise was at the door, and how quickly feeling puts reasoning to flight. I then thought that for the bliss of that warm-hearted meeting with Mary, would I willingly bear its corresponding portion of pain.

She showed me her household establishment and pointed out all the comforts with which it abounded. The orchard, the fields, and the garden, rich with the ripened fruit and grain, were all subjects of commendation. Of her husband she spoke with respect and kindness, and seemed to interest herself in the cares of her house, with a cheerful contentment, that might have made a passing observer believe her happy. But to the scrutinizing glance of friendship there was something, no effort could hide, an expression of weariness in her eye, that spoke too plainly of a sickening heart. Her efforts to conceal it from me forbade my speaking, and there was a kind of restraint, which was painful to both, but which neither could break through. Till, as she was one day explaining some intended alteration in the garden, her eye rested on a rose tree, she had transplanted from her own, now leafless and withered:

'My poor rose tree,' she exclaimed, 'when I took it from its shady nook, last spring, it was green and budding in all its beauty, and now it will never bloom again—a change of soil has ill suited either of us.' Her eyes, filled with tears, met mine, and casting herself on my bosom, she wept with the unrestrained sorrow of a breaking heart. The restraint she had, from a sense of her sacred duty as a wife, imposed on herself, was at an end, and with all the soul uniting confidence of our early intercourse did she give vent to the feelings she had hitherto endeavoured to smother and conceal. She had looked on the world, colored by her own imagination, as an admiring child views the scene in its air-blown bubble, reflected in a thousand lovely tints; the bubble burst and the objects stood around her in their own plain reality. The earth still was beautiful to her, but the few months since her marriage had shown her how great was the contrast it formed with those who inhabited it—the selfish, the cold hearted, the calculating—and she felt like one awakening from a dream of Arcadia in a Siberian climate. There are, to whom such a climate is congenial, but Mary was not one of them. Still could she have turned from the bleak coldness of all around, to the cheering ray of love, all had been well. But oh! Sympathy!—without thee what is Love?—a heavenly name for an earthly passion—and without thee, what is wedded life?—a scene of gloomy clouds and wearying cares, a bondage that degrades every higher feeling of the soul. Thou art the light and the consolation, the spark which kindles the purest flame in the human bosom. Of this there was nothing in their union and I soon saw that

* The vile daily drop on drop, which wears
The soul out, like the stone, with petty cares,

had began its work. The excitement of meeting passed away and with it the energy of feeling which had ever so strikingly characterized her. Listless and weary, she seemed to wait the coming of the destroyer, and her pale brow and the fitful hue of her cheek told that his hand had already marked her for his own. What was once pensiveness had deepened into melancholy, sad—silent—and settled; that twilight shade which I ever look on as the sure precursor of night. Though her health was so evidently declining she spoke not of it, and I sometimes thought she perceived it not.

It was one evening in late autumn. The harvest was gathered from the fields around us, the last leaves were trembling on the branches above us, or circling slowly and silently to the ground at the slightest breath of air. It was Mary's favorite season and she gazed on the scene with an earnestness and expression of intense feelings, that forcibly reminded me of her early days.

I have sometimes fancied that in such moments of excitement, the spirit can look into futurity and there in its dim-written, yet indelible characters, trace out the line of its destiny.

Was it this prophetic vision that dictated these few lines I found written, a few days after, bearing the date of that evening, or was it merely the consciousness of ebbing life?—I know not. The trembling of the hand that traced the lines was evident, and betrayed both the progress of disease and the agitation of mind.

Now autumn's faded mantle
Is cast o'er earth and tree,
And smiling summer's beauty
Is fading silently.

I would not weep— but there's a voice
In nature's sad decay,
That boding whispers to mine ear
'Thou too wilt pass away.'

It sighs through every leafless tree—
It comes in each wild blast—
It speaks from every dying flower,
'Thy spring—thy life is past.'

I see it in my wasting form
And read it on my brow—
I feel upon my sinking heart
Death's icy chill e'en now.

A shadowy form seems following me,
With silent, stealthy tread,
Pointing with pale and withered hand
To earth, my destined bed.

The pleasant earth!—I would not mourn
Nor murmur at my lot,
But oh! to pass so soon away—
And be so soon forgot!

The birds I've loved so well will sing,
The new sprung grass will wave,
And spring's sweet flowers will bloom again
O'er my forgotten grave.

How true was her prophecy, a new raised stone to her memory, in our village church-yard, can tell.

From the Diary of a late London Physician.

A SLIGHT COLD.

Consider 'a slight cold' to be in the nature of a chill, caught by a sudden contact with your grave: or as occasioned by the damp finger of Death laid upon you, as it were to mark you for HIS, in passing to the more immediate object of his commission. Let this be called croaking, and laughed at as such, by those who are 'awaried of the painful round of life,' and are on the look-out for their dismissal from it; but be learnt off by heart, and remembered as having the force and truth of Gospel, by all those who would 'measure out their span upon the earth,' and are conscious of any constitutional flaw or feebleness: who are distinguished by any such tendency deathward, as long necks, narrow, chicken chests—very fair complexions—requisite sympathy with atmospheric variations; or, in short, exhibit any symptoms of an asthmatic or consumptive character, if they CHOOSE TO NEGLECT A SLIGHT COLD.

Let not those complain of being bitten by a reptile, which they have cherished to maturity in their very bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg! Now, if we call 'a slight cold' the egg, and pleurisy—inflammation of the lungs—asthma—consumption, the venomous reptile—the matter will be no more than

correctly figured. There are many ways in which this 'egg' may be deposited and hatched. Going suddenly, slightly clad, from a heated into a cold atmosphere, especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration; sitting or standing in a draught, however slight: it is the breath of Death, reader, and laden with the vapours of the grave! Lying in damp beds—for there his cold arms shall embrace you; continuing in wet clothing, and neglecting wet feet—these and a hundred others, are some of the ways in which you may slowly, imperceptibly, but surely cherish the creature, that shall at last creep inextricably inwards, and lie coiled about your very lungs. Once more, again—again—again—I would say, attend to this, all ye who think it a small matter to—neglect a slight cold!

So many painful—I may say dreadful illustrations of the truth of the above remarks, are strewn over the pages of my Diary, that I scarce know which of them to select. The following melancholy 'instance' will, I hope, prove as impressive, as I think it is interesting.

Captain C— had served in the peninsular campaigns with distinguished merit; and on the return of the British army sold out, and determined to enjoy in private life an ample fortune bequeathed him by a distant relative. At the period I am speaking of, he was in his twenty-ninth year; and in person one of the very finest men I ever saw in my life. There was an air of ease and frankness about his demeanor, dashed with a little pensiveness, which captivated every body with whom he conversed—but the ladies especially. It seemed the natural effect produced on a bold but feeling heart by frequent scenes of sorrow. Is not such a one formed to win over the heart of woman? Indeed it seemed so—for at the period I am speaking of, our English Ladies were absolutely infatuated about the military; and a man who had otherwise but little chance had only to appear in regimentals to turn the scale in his favor. One would have thought the race of soldiery was about to become suddenly extinct, for in almost every third marriage that took place within two years of the magnificent event at Waterloo, whether rich or poor, high or low, a *redcoat* was sure to be the principal performer. Let the reader, then, being apprized of this influenza—for what else was it—set before his imagination the tall commanding figure of captain C—, his frank and noble bearing—his excellent family—his fortune, upwards of four thousand a year—and calculate the chances in his favour! I met him several times in private society during his stay in town, and have his image vividly in my eye, as he appeared in the last evening we met. He wore a blue coat, white waistcoat, and an ample black neck-kerchief. His hair was very light, and disposed with natural grace over a remarkably fine forehead, the left corner of which bore the mark of a slight sabre-cut.—His eye, bright and hazel—clear and full—which you would

in your own mind instantly compare to that of

'Mars—to threaten and command,' was capable of an expression of the most winning and soul-subduing tenderness. Much more might I say in his praise, and truly—but that I have a melancholy end in view. Suffice it to add, that wherever he moved, he seemed the sun of the social circle, gazed on by many a soft, starlike eye, with trembling rapture—the envied object of

'Nods, becks, and wreathed smiles' from all that was fair and beautiful!

He could not remain long disengaged. Intelligence soon found its way to town of his having formed an attachment to Miss Ellen—, a wealthy and beautiful northern heiress, whose heart soon surrendered to its skilful assailant. Every body was pleased with the match and pronounced it suitable in all respects, I had an opportunity of seeing Captain C— and Miss — together at an evening party in London; for the young lady's family spent the season in town, and were, of course, attended by the Captain, who took up his quarters in — street! A handsome couple they looked!

This was nearly twelve months after their engagement; and most of the preliminaries had been settled on both sides, and the event was fixed to take place within a fortnight of Miss — and family's return to — shire. The last day of their stay in town, they formed a large and gay water party, and proceeded up the river a little beyond Richmond, in a beautiful open boat, belonging to Lord —, a cousin of the Captain's. It was rather late before their return; and long ere their arrival at Westminster stairs, the wind and rain combined against the party, and assailed them with a fury against which their awning formed but an insufficient protection. Captain C— had taken an oar for the last few miles; and as they had to pull against a strong tide, his task was not a trifling one. When he resigned his oar, he was in a perfect bath of perspiration; but he drew on his coat and resumed the seat he formerly occupied beside Miss —, at the back of the boat. The awning unfortunately got rent immediately behind where they sat; and what with the splashing of the water on his back, and the squally gusts of wind incessantly burst upon them, Captain C— got thoroughly wet and chilled. Miss — grew uneasy about him, but he laughed off her apprehensions, assured her that they were groundless, and that he was 'too old a soldier' to suffer from such a trifling thing as a little 'wind and wet.' On their leaving the boat, he insisted on accompanying them home to — square, and stayed there upwards of an hour, busily conversing with them about their departure on the morrow. While there, he took a glass or two of wine, but did not change his clothes.

On returning to his lodgings, he was too busily and pleasantly occupied with thoughts

about his approaching nuptials, to advert to the necessity of using more precautions against cold, before retiring to bed. He sat down in his dressing-room, without ordering a fire to be lit, and wrote two or three letters; after which he got into bed. Now, how easy would it have been for Captain C—— to obviate any possible ill consequences, by simply ringing for warm water to put his feet in, and a basin of gruel, or posset? He did not do either of these, however; thinking it would be time enough to 'cry out when he was hurt.' In the morning he rose, and, though a little indisposed, immediately after breakfast drove to — Square, to see off his lady and the family; for it had been arranged that he should remain behind a day or two, in order to complete a few purchases of jewelry, &c. &c., and then follow the party to — shire. He rode on horseback beside their travelling carriage a few miles out of town; and then took his leave and returned. On his way home he called at my house, but finding me out, left his card, with a request that I would come and see him in the evening. About seven o'clock I was with him. I found him in his dressing-gown, in an easy-chair, drinking coffee. He looked rather dejected, and spoke in a desponding tone. He complained of the symptoms of catarrh; and detailed to me the account which I have just laid before the reader. I remonstrated with him on his last night's imprudence.

(Concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHY.

DE WITT CLINTON.

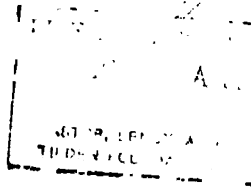
De Witt Clinton, the illustrious subject of this brief biography, who was the third son of General James Clinton, was born in the year 1769, at the family residence, in Orange County, in the state of New-York. After attending to the first rudiments of education, he entered a grammar school, taught by the Rev. John Moffat, a Presbyterian clergyman, from which he was transferred, in 1782, to a distinguished academy at Kingston, conducted by Mr. John Addison. He commenced the study of the law, in 1786, with Samuel Jones, Esq. a celebrated counsellor, second to none of his profession for profound and extensive knowledge. In the spring of 1797, Mr. C. was elected a member of assembly for the city of New-York, without opposition. During this session, Robert R. Livingston was proposed as governor, in opposition to John Jay, and Mr. Clinton wrote the address to the electors in favour of the former gentleman.—Mr. Jay, however, succeeded in his election. Mr. Clinton was at this period chosen a member of the senate for four years; and, in that body, had the pleasure to meet as members, his old preceptors, Addison and Jones. In the spring of 1800, the current of public opinion was turned in favour of the political party to which Mr. Clinton was attached, and they succeeded, at the election of that year by a large majority.

The opposite party had, at this time a majority in the senate, and, in Mr. Jay, as governor, they possessed a most respectable and decided executive officer. Mr. Clinton was chosen a member of the council of appointment, between whom and the governor, a violent dispute arose respecting the exclusive right of nomination, which, while it lasted, suspended all appointments. On the 26th of February, the governor represented the conduct of the council to the assembly, and on the 17th of March, this representation was followed by a long argumentative answer, written by Mr. Clinton. The subject being left to the state convention which regulated the number of legislators, that body pronounced, on this much controverted point, in favour of the council. On the 9th of February 1802, Mr. Clinton was appointed a senator of the United States, in the place of general Armstrong, who had resigned, and, on the 23d of the same month, he took his seat in the senate, of which he continued an active member until October 1803, when he retired, having been chosen mayor of the city of New-York. The journals of the senate bear evidence of his attention to his official duties. The part he took in the debate on the proposition of Mr. Ross to seize New Orleans, served greatly to distinguish him. In April 1805, having been sent again to the Senate of New-York, he brought forward in that body a plan for the defence of that city, which was adopted, and appropriations voted to carry it into execution. He continued to preside over the police of New-York until the 9th of March 1807, when he was succeeded as mayor by colonel Willet. In 1808, Mr. Clinton was again appointed mayor of New-York. On the 13th of March 1810, he was appointed together with Gouverneur Morris, Stephen Van Rensselaer, William North, Thomas Eddy, Simeon De Witt, and Peter B. Porter, a commissioner, to report on the improvement of the internal navigation of the state. At the next session, the board of commissioners made their first report, and a law was passed, 'To provide for the internal navigation of the state.' In 1811, Mr. Clinton was chosen mayor of New-York, having been superceded the preceding year, in consequence of a change of party in the city. This office he continued to hold, by annual appointment, until 1815. In 1811, he was also chosen lieutenant governor of the State of New-York: and in the following year, was recommended as a candidate for the office of President of the United States, by the unanimous voice of the republican members of the state of New-York. On the 25th of March 1817, he was nominated for the office of governor of the state of New-York by a vast majority of a convention of the state;—and that state, which had never been before without its divisions and party feuds, now exhibited the strange and gratifying spectacle of the election of a chief magistrate, without tumult and irritation, and it might be added, almost without opposition. To Mr.



DE WITT CLINTON :

about his approaching nuptials, to advert to the opposite party had at this time a majority
 the necessity of using more precautions



Clinton, more than to any other individual, does New-York owe her long line of canals, and the vast improvement of population and wealth which they have introduced. When he proposed the measure, thousands started from it with fear and distrust, as the rash proposition of one who had not weighed the consequences and cost of his schemes. 'I know the vast expense of the undertaking,' said Mr. Clinton to the Legislature, 'but I know also the practicability of the measure, and the benefit which it is certain to confer on the state: and I pledge my political hopes on the success of the measure. I am content to rise or fall with its progress.'—Notwithstanding the success of the canal scheme, and the floods of wealth and population which it poured along its whole chain, Mr. Clinton experienced the usual effects of party proscription, and after leaving the gubernatorial chair, he was even removed from the office of 'Canal Commissioner.'

At the general election in November, 1824, the same year that he was removed from the office of canal commissioner, he was again elected governor of the state, over Samuel Young, Esquire, by an overwhelming majority of sixteen thousand votes. This distinguished mark of approbation, evinced the high estimate of his character.

In October, 1825, the canal was completed when a great state jubilee took place. The consummation of the most magnificent and glorious enterprise of the age, had finally arrived. The peals of cannon was heard from Erie's shores to the Atlantic ocean.

On the 19th March, 1825, the merchants in Pearl-street, in the city of New-York, 'deeply impressed with a sense of the benefits he had conferred upon the state,' presented him with two superb SILVER VASES, as a testimony of their gratitude and respect. These vases were presented by Mr. Isaac S. Hone, with an address in behalf of the committee, to which Mr. Clinton made an appropriate reply.

In February, 1825, shortly after John Quincy Adams was elected president of the United States, Mr. Clinton was tendered the dignified and honourable appointment of American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. This flattering offer he declined.

At the next election in November, 1826, Mr. Clinton was again elected governor, over William B. Rochester, and continued in that office until his death.

Mr. Clinton's personal appearance was dignified and commanding. His form was large and well proportioned—his height above the middle size;—his countenance was highly expressive.

He died at Albany, in his dwelling-house, on the 11th February, 1828, aged 58 years and 11 months, in the full possession of all his faculties. He left his wife, and Charles, De Witt, George Washington, Franklin, Mary, and Julia Catharine Clinton, children of his first wife, surviving him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Good Recruiting.—A serjeant who was recruiting in Leicestershire, told his captain he had got him an extraordinary recruit.—'Aye!' said the captain, 'what is he?' 'A butcher, sir,' replies the serjeant, 'and you'll find him very useful for we have enlisted two sheep-stealers in the company, before him.'

Fishing for Compliments.—'I really cannot sing, believe me sir,' was the reply of a young lady to the repeated requests of an empty sop. 'I am rather inclined to believe, madam,' rejoined he, with a smirk, 'that you are fishing for compliments.'—'No, sir,' exclaimed the lady, 'I never fish in such a shallow stream.'

A Hard Heart.—I am afraid of the lightning, murmured a pretty woman during a thunder-storm, 'well you may,' sighed a despairing lover, 'when your heart is steel.'

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a new pair of boots, exclaimed, 'By St. Patrick, I believe I shall never get 'em on until I wear 'em a day or two!'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1831.

The Plate.—We have been disappointed in not receiving a sufficient number of plates, in time for this number, to supply all our subscribers; but shall endeavor to make up the deficiency in our next.

History of Poland.—The Messrs. Happers of New-York, have just published a new History of Poland, by Fletcher, containing an elegant frontispiece-plate of the brave Kosciuszko.

New Novel.—Another novel is daily expected from the pen of Bulwer. A letter from him to a gentleman in our country, says, 'the plot is taken from a very remarkable murder, committed by a very remarkable man.'

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending September 7th.

J. F. Whitney, Albany, \$10; E. C. Root, Dalton, Ms. \$1; S. Cummings, Bethel, Vt. \$1; N. Andrus, New-York, \$1; E. Wier, Newburgh, \$1; K. Young, Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1; T. Bills, Hartland, N. Y. \$1; N. Chapman, \$5; P. R. Livingston and D. Van Deugert, Livingston, each \$1; E. H. Barnard, New-York, \$1; R. Kapelys, Fishkill, N. Y. \$1; J. Chadwick, Egremont, Ms. \$1; J. E. Clark, Springville, N. Y. \$2; S. W. Talnage, Colliersville, N. Y. \$1; Jackson & Weller, Cadiz, N. Y. \$1; C. B. Griffin, Little Falls, N. Y. \$9; H. Strong, Alexander, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

At Springfield there is a large card Factory in part working by dog power. The dogs tread the wheel with pleasure. They are relieved every hour. The women employed earn 175 cents per week. 18 machines are in operation.

The Ohio canal is navigable for a distance of a hundred and ninety miles from Cleveland, which is situated at its outlet on Lake Erie. Isinglass dissolved in pure alcohol at boiling heat has been found in England to be a most excellent varnish for water-color paintings.

MARRIED.

In Canaan, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Christopher L. Whiting, to Miss Sophronia Hambleton, all of Canaan.

DIED.

On Saturday the 27th ult. at the residence of Major Popham, in Scarsdale, George Butler, Esq. son of the Rev. David Butler, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Troy.





ORIGINAL POETRY.

Second Prize Poem.
Written for the Rural Repository.

POLAND.

The world—the world arousing shakes
Its time-worn fetters off;
The spear-girt despot shrinks and quakes,
And bigots cease to scoff—
Regenerate man uplifts his brow,
Nor longer licks the dust—
His blood may flow for freedom now,
But not for kingly lust!

Poland, the brave! Thy patriot band
Did form the fearful rank
When echoed o'er thy pleasant land
Oppression's palsyng clank.
With daring heart and steady eye
They met the crimson strife,
Preferring death for liberty
To abjectness with life!—

Oh—onward—onward!—Shrink not yet,
Pause ye not, nor falter,
While patriot blood remains to wet
One social hearth or altar!
Strike—for the God of battles gives
Death to your nery blow!
Strike—while a single foeman lives—
Strike—till yourselves are low!

Fathers!—arouse and buckle on
The arms of old ye wore—
Mothers!—ye've heard war's startling tone,
Be dauntless as before!—
Sisters!—bind on your brother's swords
Or weave their funeral pall—
Maidens!—sing in heroic words
How patriot lovers fall!

Pulaski! breathe thy spirit out!
And Kosciusko come!
Speak in their victory's deafening shout,
Speak in the stirring drum!
Then o'er Sarmatia's hills the gale
No slave's deep curse shall bear,
But far o'er spire and mount and vale
Shall praises fill the air!

What! shall the land where Romance breathed—
Where valor burned and fought—
Where beauty's hand the garland wreathed
Which knightly honor sought—
Whose sons in freedom's strife had poured
Their heart's blood free and fast—
Must she beneath a tyrant sword
Be doomed to bleed at last?

How long shall Tyrants dare deface
The image of their God!—
And man's high spirit thus debase
And mate it with the clod?

Spirit of Freedom! wave thy wing
O'er every land and sea,
Till every clime hath learned to sing
Thy anthems, Liberty!

From the Monthly Magazine.
A MOORISH MELODY.

Oh! give me not unmeaning smiles,
Though worldly clouds may fly before them;
But let me see the sweet blue isles
Of radiant eyes when tears wash o'er them.

Though small the fount where they begin,
They form—'tis thought in many a sunset;
A flood to drown our sense of sin;
But oh! love's ark still floats upon it.

Then give me tears—oh! hide not one;
The best affections are but flowers,
That faint beneath the fervid sun.
And languish once a day for showers.

Yet peril lurks in every gem—
For tears are worse than swords in slaughter;
And man is still subdued by them,
As humming-birds are shot with water!

THE BELL AT SEA.

BY MRS. HERMAN.

The dangerous inlet called Bell Rock, on the coast of Fife, was formerly to be marked only by a Bell, which was so placed as to be rung by the motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A light-house has since been erected there.

When the tide's billowy swell
Had reached its height,
Then tolled the Rock's lone Bell,
Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funeral tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on,
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea.
Welcome each charming note,
Stern though it be!

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because he has more to do upon earth than any other person.

PUZZLE II.—Because they are in-attentive.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I am a word of five letters, my 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th form a military command; my 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th, an important article among food; my 2d, 3d, 5th and 1st are worn by men, women and children; my 2d, 3d, 4th and 4th, reversed belongs to an instrument of correction; my whole is much used in the Commandments.

II.

Why is a Hudson whaleman like a crying child?

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY

A. STODDARD,

A few sets of The Dutchman's Fireside, by Paulding; also a general assortment of Coloured Cards and Letter Paper, Writing Cards, Penknives, Pens, Pencils, Stationery, &c.

PRINTING INK.

A. Stoddard has just received a large supply of *Windsor New Ink*, which will be sold by the keg at 25 Cents per lb. This ink has been used for the Repository the three last years, and is warranted to be equal, if not superior, to any that can be purchased at the same price in Albany or New-York.

WANTED,

A smart, active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business. One that has a good education, and can come well recommended will meet with good encouragement by inquiring at this office.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS shall receive Six Copies. The volume will contain 4 Engravings, and a Title page and index will be furnished at the end of the year.

ALL Orders and Communications must be paid for in advance.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. SEPTEMBER 24, 1831.

NO. 9.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Third Prize Tale.

Written for the Rural Repository, by Augustus L. Dixby.

LOVE'S INTERLUDE.

Love.—Affection—fudness—a kind of silk stuff.—*Walker*.

Without any preface, preamble or apology, allow me, gentle reader, to introduce thee to Squire Lummex, justice of the peace and quorum, in and for one of the outlandish counties of Connecticut. You will find him a very fun-loving, jolly old soul; and so far as personal entity is concerned, very much after the ordinary run of justices.

Of his spouse, suffice it to say, she is as loving, dutiful and cheerful as could be expected, considering how horribly she is afflicted with the blues, fidgets, and in short, all that train of intellectual diseases, which old women are heirs to. Having read several treatises on the disorders of the head, liver and heart, there is not one on the list, of which she does not sometimes suppose herself the unfortunate victim; and I doubt not she would long ere this have given up the ghost from mere imaginary disease, had she not been a firm and undoubting believer in the infallible efficacy of certain magic herbs, cropped at particular ages of the moon; and in that sovereign remedy for all complaints, seeing the new moon over the right shoulder.

But we must forget the whims and oddities of the mother, in the rare excellencies and virtues of her only daughter. Oh! that Mr. and Mrs. Lummex had felt as much of poetic inspiration at her christening, as for thy sake, gentle reader, I now do most sincerely wish they had, and I might then have introduced thee to our heroine under the prepossession of as soft and bewitching a name, as thy fastidious ear could wish. And yet—

'What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet,' says the poet, and so would the Squire's daughter.

But murder they say will out;—so out with JEMIMA! Art chop-fallen reader? Then while

thine ear is quivering under the violence which that word has done it, let us just take a peep at the person of the lass. And see! yonder she comes, 'over the hills,' &c. tripping like a fairy? No;—flouncing like a buffalo. Observe that form! short, plump, and after the united similitudes of her worthy sire and an apple dumpling tied in the middle; those jet black eyes! where Cherubs and Cupids are holding their rogueish gambols beneath the shade of those dark o'er pendant eyebrows;—those ruby lips! where lovely innocence sits enthroned, apparently well pleased with her accommodations, dust and ashes to the contrary notwithstanding;—then that fair and roseate complexion! plenteously spread over the surface of those cheeks, like molasses over a loaf of election cake;—and in short if Cupid be not nestling in the dimple of that chin, pray where does he? O what a girl is this my countryman!

Proverbial for her industry, and the skill and neatness with which she used to manage the Squire's dairy, she seldom stooped from the fanciful regions of the imagination, alias butter and cheese, to the minor consideration of her own habiliments; and though her beautiful black tresses of hair, might have sometimes had the appearance of an 'Hurra's nest,' as madam Royal has it, yet was it all the result of that industry which the poet says *vincit omnia*, and why not that head of hair likewise?

But she had not so exclusively given her attention to domestic affairs, as to wholly neglect the cultivation of the fine arts. She could sing as robust a song, as the dullest ear could wish; and I doubt not could have wielded the drum stick as valiantly as half the Drum Majors in New England.

She could paint too; testify a pathetic mourning piece, which hung in a rock maple frame over the fire place, and was allowed on all hands to be her masterpiece. The family were always proud of the production; and took the greatest pleasure in discussing its merits, and pointing out its beauties to strangers.

Need I add that she could dance too? Is it not recorded in the squeaking timbers and consumptive beams of the village ball room?

Marvel not then, when I say, that the fair Jemima, the only daughter and heiress apparent of Squire Lummex, had her admirers; and was the *great* reigning belle in the circles where she moved. Naturally of a mild and affectionate temperament, she cordially requited, so far as she was able consistently with the duties of a dairy maid, the attentions and civilities of them all; and yet,—there was a certain something in Ichabod Goff, that somehow pleased her mightily; there seemed to be more wit and romance in all his shines and capers, than in those of the other aspirants; and when it fell to Ichabod's lot to redeem a forfeit with her, there was always, for some reason or other, a warmer and more cordial interchange of feelings.

But ah! gentle reader, my pen begins to flag; how can I do justice to lovers like these? I must therefore pass over all their billing and cooing—the melting eloquence of those silent stares, gazes, &c.—those inestimable tokens of love, such as beech nuts, rings, locks of hair, etc.—and in short, Cupid's whole paraphernalia, and leave it for thee to imagine, with the aid of all the experience which thou hast thyself had, our unsuspecting lovers in the full enjoyment of all those delightful sensations which arise from being in love; or as Walker has it, 'a kind of silk stuff.'

If there is ever a time in the journey of life from the cradle to the grave, when the feelings are permitted to flow out pure from the heart, unsullied by the tributary streams of selfishness and scheming calculation, it is when, for the first time, we feel those tender emotions, which now warmed the hearts of Ichabod Goff and Jemima Lummex.

Not so with Mr. and Mrs. Lummex. The sounding title of Squire, smacked a little too much of aristocracy, in their opinion, and their beloved Jemima was by far too rare a prize, to allow her marriage with one of the ignoble herd; and though they could find no fault in Ichabod's character, yet there was one insurmountable objection to him namely, his extreme poverty. They accordingly, as soon as the attachment was officially made known to them, peremptorily forbid all future intercourse between them; and the consequence of this was it was very soon rumoured, that Ichabod, to use the phraseology of that latitude, had gone to the South to seek his fortune, in the capacity of a pedlar; ay—a Connecticut pedlar.

It was a sore thing to Jemima; she loved her Ichabod. But when she beheld the stern resolution of her father, she knew the utter folly of all entreaty; she might as well attempt to reverse one of his legal decisions, yea the Squire himself. And then when she remembered the extreme petulency of her mother, how would her heart bounce within her! and sometimes even a tear or two would trickle down

her cheeks. There were some weighty objections to tears however; for her loving mother never failed to construe them as certain signs of an attack of the lumbago, or a polyypus upon the heart; and the inevitable consequence of this was, a quart bowl full of red hot heart-ease tea,—steeped three times seven minutes, and extracted from the leaves cut when the moon was just twice seven days old.

In this way Jemima was very soon cured of her malady; at least, so far as outward appearances were concerned; and continued to joke and flounce about with other admirers, and make butter and cheese, the same as if she had never seen Ichabod. Unlike many of her sex in higher walks of life, she had not spent her time reading novels and romances, to improve her taste, and warn her of the deceit and arts of men; she had never heard of the exquisite delights of sitting 'like patience on a monument,' to be pitied and looked at by an *ungreivful* and *unfeeling* world, and waste and pine away in 'green and yellow melancholy'; besides, it was horrible to think of the *catnip* consequences of such conduct.

The image of Ichabod however was never entirely effaced from her heart. Many a summer's eve would she steal away to the shores of her father's millpond, after having milked the cows and adjusted the dairy, and there all alone give vent to the romantic feelings of her heart. There was a calm serenity, a sort of witchery in the scene, that seemed to sooth her heart wonderfully. The very music of the frogs administered consolation; in the shrill peeps, of the youthful part of the congregation, she fancied she heard the familiar sounds of 'Ich! Ich!'—and in the manly tones of the more matured, the beloved name of 'Ichabod Goff! Ichabod Goff!'—while the venerable and aged croakers of the choir, as if aware of her feelings and willing to sympathize in them, seemed to mourn, *ab imo pectore* and with charming pathos and moderation 'Goff's gone! Goff's gone!'

Among other admirers of Jemima, subsequent to Ichabod's downfall and departure, was David Durkee. He was the youngest and favorite son of an old gentleman who sustained a character in the community not very unlike that of Scott's Old Mortality: and who at his death conveyed his special blessing upon David in fee simple forever, over and above the seventh part of an old pitch pipe, with which he used to edify the ears of the congregation, and which was the only patrimony of which he stood seized to the use of his numerous family of sons. It was not a little in David's favor also, that he was the seventh son; for in the opinion of the good people, there is a peculiar magic in the number seven; but like the consideration of a bond or specialty, is never to be inquired into.

Every body supposed David was in love with Jemima; else why those frequent patrols in front of the Squire's mansion house:

why those precise and measured steps, those graceful swings of the arms, those sidelong glances of love? And why those purple blushes? Not because he loved her? Aye, and if you had seen as often as I have, that sage and gracious David shaking the hoof in the merry lance, and as he was moving along the figure with all the regularity of a steam engine, counting to himself in audible whispers 'one, two, three, four and five' according to the directions of the dancing master, and all for Jemima's eye, you too would say he was in 'silk stuff.'

Although his extreme diffidence always prevented him from popping the all important question to his Dulcinea Del Jemima, yet did his actions bespeak the thoughts and intents of his heart louder than words. But he was a wondrous meek man withal; and never thought of pushing his claims as a lover, while here was any other one upon the carpet. He had seen lovers ebb and flow one after another, and had as often stepped tamely aside, till at length he was left alone upon the field, without a single rival to molest. Encouraged with the hopes of success, and in order to do away all objections to his being a tinker by trade, he immediately purchased two dozen knapt and wool hats, and actually mounted the flaming sign of 'DAVID DURKEE'S HAT STORE.'

His success he now considered certain; and so did every body else, till Isaac Bawler commenced his singing school, when the dark clouds of uncertainty began to gather again, Isaac was one of those roving Orpheuses, who travel about the more heathenish parts of New England during the winter seasons, teaching the good people, how they may most effectually force down the blessings of heaven by the violence of their song. He was a notorious musician; could play the fiddle, and was skilled in all the science of flats and sharps, rhythms and chords, &c.; that is to say, gentle reader, in his own opinion. But the only principle he ever acknowledged in practice, was, to use his own words, 'the more noise the better,' and he always tested the excellence of music by the quantity of sound. With him it was all one continued crash of Fortis and Fortissimos from beginning to end, without one single *Pia*, where a poor wearied spirit might take breath. It is said that he was once found holding both feet in cold water, just before an exhibition at which he was to perform a tremendous solo, in order to take a slight cold, as he said, by way of increasing the power of his lungs, and giving them extra thunder.

If we may believe him also, he had seen lots of pretty girls, and had made innumerable conquests all over the country, by the sly winks and native witchery of his eye; indeed, he could tell such marvellous and interesting stories about himself, as would sometimes even cause Mrs. Lunmex to suspend her catnip potations in admiration. In short, he hadaped so much of the gentleman in his peripatations, and had become the insolvent

debtor of so genteel a tailor, who could blame Jemima for looking upon him with some degree of complacency?

David to be sure thought otherwise; he could not see why the trade of a tinker under the cloak of two dozen assorted hats, was not quite as reputable as that of a singing master; and since it was the object of both to make as much noise as possible, he thought his quite as good as that of Isaac. Indeed I must say he was quite rational in this opinion; for I always thought that the tones of Isaac's voice would have been far more sweet and mellifluous, if the leaks and cracks of his gutturals had but been subjected to a few operations of David's soldering iron.

Imagine now all those personages, sans Ichabod, whose names are herein mentioned, collected together at church one fine Sunday morning;—the Squire seated at the head of his pew profoundly cogitating;—his consort in the stuffed arm chair with a smelling bottle in her hand, in case of any sudden ossification of the heart;—Jemima in one corner of the pew; in fair view of Isaac, and holding her hand very devoutly to her face, but with a space between the first and second fingers sufficiently large, for peeping;—Isaac in the gallery presiding in awful majesty at the head of his choir, and casting now and then a love glance at Jemima &c.;—and David, poor soul, in fair view of all parties, watching with an eagle eye every movement, and in full communion with all the horrors of the imagination.

When the parson rose to name the morning hymn, the assembly was as still as if he had been about to read their eternal destiny. As he was solemnly proceeding to recite it, every ear was listening, yea, and the tongues of women were hushed in silence, when suddenly 'martyrs,' cried a hoarse voice in the gallery; and 'martyrs' is echoed through the vaulted roof. All eyes were now turned on Isaac, who sat thrumming his fiddle, and sagely looking about upon the congregation, like Satan of yore from the tree of knowledge upon the fair garden of Eden.

When the minister had finished the hymn, one dash of the fiddle bow and a sonorous 'sol mi fa' by way of a pitch, and then were heard innumerable voices of various cadence uttering 'la' in the minor key as loud as they could bawl. By the time they were fully under way, and the thoughts and intents of the devout were fast sojourning to the skies, propelled by the force of Isaac's high pressure system of music, our hero of the fiddlestick, taking advantage of the charm with which he had bound them, signified a most irresistibly loving wink to his adorable Jemima; who made not the least objection on her heart to a warm and cordial reciprocation, and all in the sight of David. Poor soul! he had seen several sidelong glances pass between them, but nothing so cutting as this. And oh! the 'tremor cordis,' the fever and ague of the heart, the

quaking of the bones that ensued. Fully confirmed now in all his suspicions, and feigning an attack of the nose bleed, he very unceremoniously decamped from the church, not without a noble resolve however, to revenge himself on Isaac, the first opportunity that should offer. Well was it for David that he departed when he did, considering the many like scenes on that forenoon; and as to the afternoon, David tabernacled in his Hat Store.

The next morning, while he was sitting in his shop, soldering on the snout of an old teapot with a tremulous hand and a heavy heart, in came his hated rival, pulling out a long nine from his mouth and with a somewhat important air bidding him 'Good morning!' But David was speechless.

'Have you got any rings in your jewelry store, Mr. Durkee?'

'None for you;—this is a Hat Store,' was the gruff reply of our tinker.

'But don't be irascible,' quoth Isaac somewhat disconcerted.

'Where did you get that dictionary word Mr. Bawler?'

'None of your business, you booby tinker.'

The pride of our hat merchant could bear no more; up flew the soldering iron, 'Get out of my store, sir!' 'I won't,' says laconic Isaac, and so to loggerheads they went,—*mars et hurrida bella*—blow on blow—Pelion on Ossa and so contra, till David suddenly tweaking him by the nose, with a gentle application of the soldering iron, threw him from his balance smash! into the face and eyes of an old wooden clock; whereupon *Tempus fugit* in a fright, and has never been heard from to this day. In the mean time, those two dozen hats in one general sympathetic burst of indignation came tumbling from their resting places, where for months they had been gathering dust and supporting his dignity as a tinker; and even the spirit of the shop floor gave a far fetched groan of perturbation.

David having now the decided advantage over his rival, began to take the sweetest revenge he could find upon the head and ears of poor prostrate Isaac; who thereupon let fly such a pathetic appeal of '*sol mi fa's*,' as very soon brought in the neighbours to his aid. David now suspended his operations, and began to explain the affair to the bystanders, while yet astride of his victim, 'You—' lie Isaac would have said, but there was a tongue in that soldering iron whispered in feeling tones 'beware!'

However he was at length released from his uncomfortable duress, and lost no time to repair to his lodgings in order

'To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of every honorable bang.'

with which David in his wrath had somewhat unceremoniously belaboured him. Indeed I know not but that he would have come away from the conflict 'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,' and with scarce any other

proof of his existence but the consoling one of the philosopher '*Ego cogito ergo sum*,' had not the good citizens kindly interfered in his behalf. By the continued internal application of 'Dr. Ross's patent jaundice bitters, good for bruises,' &c. and which we are sorry to say was by far too agreeable a medicine, so far as alcohol was concerned, he was enabled in a very few days to dissipate the purple festoons and turbulences which had so gracefully settled along the lowering welkin of his countenance; and the bewitching Cupids began to resume their throne upon the pupils of his eyes.

David in the mean time by telling his own story had completely ingratiated himself into the smiles and favor of his beloved; yea, and the sun, in the course of a day or two, rose in full splendour upon the sign of 'David Durkee's — Store;' over the word 'Hat,' had been drawn the pasteboard curtain of oblivion, and was blotted out forever.

Every thing went on now harmoniously according to the aspirations of our quondam Hat Merchant, without any thing to harass or molest him, till one evening as he sat conversing with Jemima, recounting his deeds of valor and with his usual Quaker like moderation, all at once the sounds of music fell upon the ear and in tones not to be mistaken; they were none other than those of convalescent Isaac, who having seen them through the window in a *tete-a-tete*, and feeling a little vexed withal at victorious David, suddenly struck up the air of 'Coal black Rose,' and began to serenade them with a song which he had prepared for the occasion somehow thus;

'Lubly Mime! I come don't you think

Don't you hear the tinker, tink, tink, tink.' &c.

The feelings of the merchant all simultaneously rose in David's bosom; and irritated beyond all endurance at this fresh insult, he forthwith gathered himself together and made for the door, brim full of wrath and vengeance to avenge the injury. But Isaac was too far for him; and observing his prelude, was soon on his winding way and out of the reach of the unfeeling merciless soldering iron, and his awful paws which had wielded it in days yore; not however without letting fly in retreat such a volley of '*tink, tink, tinks*,' as was said to have rung in the ears of poor David for many months subsequent.

But ah! 'Disappointment lurks in every prize,
As bees in flowers, and stings us with success.'

No sooner had he composed himself again into conversation, after having given up the fruitless pursuit of Isaac, than a stranger was heard to knock at the outer door; that stranger was Ichabod Goff. He had come back from the South, having been successful in the capacity of a Connecticut pedlar, and with great credit to that profession, to claim again his beloved Jemima. All her former feelings of love to Ichabod now began to blubber up in her heart and there was no objection on her part. Hatting burnished up the bullion of his homespun

needed but a single peep into his pocket-book, to obtain the Squire's consent. As for the old lady she saw by the catnip grounds in the bottom of her tea cup, that they would be prospered and would long escape the ossification of the heart and their children spared from molysses. David, he hung up his soldering-iron on the poplars, where it shrieked for a while, but I believe has at last fallen asleep. Isaac soon assumed the profession of a dancing-master extraordinary, and is now teaching for ought I know, the gay and thoughtless how they may most gracefully grind away their oles upon the sanded floor of life. The parson joined the hands of Ichabod Goff and Jemima Lummer in an eternal knot—wished them well, and so do I. The sequel *non constat*.

Here, gentle reader, is a grand place for a moral; but I fear the prize committee will not thank me for one? so I wish these much joy for having followed me thus far, keeping *aid* moral to myself. For the unclassical and unromantic names of our lovers, I hoped to have atoned by that truly poetical title of 'Love's Interlude,' which I mounted over yonder; meaning thereby so much of the marvellous as happened from Ichabod's departure to the south, with a continuando, as lawyers say, till his return. I must therefore bid thee adieu, with a round, positive, loyal and legal avowment, that I do most sincerely wish, in the words of Sir Walter,

'To all, to each a fair good night
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.'

From the Diary of a late London Physician.

A SLIGHT COLD.

(Concluded.)

'Ah Doctor—, I wish to heaven I had rowed on to Westminster, tired as I was!' said he—'Good God, what if I have caught my death of cold!—You cannot conceive how singular my sensations are!'

'That's generally the way with patients after the mischief's done,' I replied with a smile—'But come! come! only take care of yourself, and matters are not at all desperate!—'Heigh-ho!—'Sighing like a furnace,' I continued gayly, on hearing him utter several sighs in succession—'You sons of Mars make hot work of it, both in love and war!—again he sighed. 'Why, what's the matter, Captain?'

'Oh, nothing—nothing,' he replied languidly, 'I suppose a cold generally oppresses one's spirits—is it so? Is it a sign of a severe?—'

'It is a sign that a certain person?—'

'Pho, Doctor, pho!—said he, with an air of lassitude—'don't think me so childish!—I'll tell you candidly what has contributed to depress my spirits. For this last week or so, I've had a strange sort of conviction that?—'

'Nonsense!—none of your nervous fancies!—'

'Ah but I have, Doctor,' he continued, scarce noticing the interruption, 'I've felt a sort of presentiment—a foreboding that—that—that

something or other would occur to prevent my marriage!'

'Oh, tush—tush!—every one has these low nervous fancies that is not accustomed to sickness.'

'Well—it may be so—I hope it may be nothing more; but I seem to hear a voice whispering—or at least, to be under an influence to that effect, that the cup will be dashed brimful from my opening lips—a fearful slip!—It seems as if my Ellen were too great a happiness for the Fates to allow one?—'

'This won't do at all,' replied I, taking my pen in hand, and beginning to write a prescription.

'Are you thirsty at all? any catching in the side when you breathe? Any cough? &c. &c. said I, asking him the usual routine of questions. I feared from the symptoms he described, that he had caught a very severe, and possibly obstinate, cold—so I prescribed active medicines. Amongst others, I recollect ordering him one fourth of a grain of *tartarized antimony* every four hours, for the purpose of encouraging the insensible perspiration, and thereby determining the flow outwards. I then left him, promising to call about noon the next day, expressing my expectations of finding him perfectly recovered from his indisposition. I found him the following morning in bed, thoroughly under the influence of the medicines I had prescribed, and, in fact, much better in every respect. The whole surface of his body was clammy, and clammy to the touch, and he had exactly the proper sensation of nausea—both occasioned by the antimony. I contented myself with prescribing a repetition of the medicines.

'Well, Captain, and what has become of your glorious forebodings of last night?' I inquired with a smile.

'Why—hem! I'm certainly not quite so desponding as I was last night; but still, the goal—the goal's not reached yet! I'm not well yet—and even if I were, there's a good fortnight's space for contingencies! * * I enjoined him to keep house for a day or two longer, and persevere with the medicines during that time, in order to his complete recovery and he reluctantly acquiesced.

* * * * *

[The Captain kept not his word, and yielding to the persuasions of a friend and brother officer, a relation of Ellen, went that night to the Opera.]

I found him on calling in the morning, exhibiting the incipient symptoms of inflammation of the lungs. He complained of increasing difficulty of breathing, a sense of painful oppression and constriction all over his chest, and a hard harassing cough, attended with excruciating pain. His pulse quivered and thrilled under the finger, like a tense harp-string after it has been *twang'd*; the whole surface of his body was dry and heated; his face was flushed, and full of anxiety. A man

of his robust constitution, and plethoric habit, was one of the very worst subjects of inflammation! I took from the arm, myself, a very large quantity of blood—which presented the usual appearance in such cases—and prescribed active lowering remedies. But neither these measures, nor the application of a large blister in the evening—when I again saw him—seemed to make any impression on the complaint, so I ordered him to be bled again. Poor Captain C——! From that morning he prepared himself for a fatal termination of his illness, and lamented, in the most passionate terms, that he had not acted up to my advice in time!

On returning home from my evening visit, I found an express, requiring my instant attendance on a lady of distinction in the country, an old patient of mine; and was obliged to hurry off, without having time to do more than to commit the case of Captain C——, and another equally urgent, to the care of Dr. D——, a friend of mine close by, imploring him to keep up the most active treatment with the Captain—and promising him that I should return during the next day. I was detained in the country for two days, during which I scarcely left Lady ——'s bedroom an instant; and before I left for town she expired, under heart-rending circumstances. On returning to town, I found several urgent cases requiring my instant attention, and first and foremost that of poor Captain C——. Dr. D—— was out, so I hurried to my patient's bed side at once. It cannot injure any one at this distance of time to state plainly, that the poor Captain's case had been most deplorably mismanaged during my absence. It was owing to no fault of my friend Dr. D——, who had done his utmost, and had his own large practice to attend to.—He was therefore under the necessity of committing the case to the more immediate superintendence of a young and inexperienced member of the profession, who, in his ignorance and timidity threw aside the only chances for Captain C——'s life—repeated blood-letting. Only once did Mr. —— bleed him; and then took away about four ounces! Under the judicious management of Dr. D——, the inroads of the inflammation had been sensibly checked; but it rallied again, and made head against the languid resistance continued by the young apothecary; so that I arrived but in time to witness the closing scene.

He was absolutely withering under the fever; the difficulty with which he drew his breath amounted almost to suffocation. He had a dry hacking cough—the oppression of his chest was greater than ever; and what he expectorated was of a black colour! He was delirious, and did not know me. He fancied himself on the river rowing—then endeavouring to protect Miss —— from the inclemency of the weather! and the expressions of moving tenderness which he coupled with her name, were heart-breaking. Then again he thought himself in ——-hire, superintending the altera-

tions of his house, which was getting ready for their reception on their marriage. He mentioned my name, and said, 'What a glorious man that Dr. —— is, Ellen! he keeps me stewing in bed for a week, if one has but a common cold!'

Letters were despatched into ——-shire, to acquaint his family, and that of Miss ——, with the melancholy tidings of his dangerous illness. Several of his relations soon made their appearance; but as Miss ——'s party did not go direct home, but staid a day or two on the way, I presume the letters reached —— House long before their arrival, and were not seen by the family before poor Captain C—— had expired!

I called again on him in the evening. The first glance at his countenance sufficed to show me that he could not survive the night. I found that the cough and spitting had ceased suddenly; he felt no pain; his feeble, varying pulse, indicated that the powers of nature were rapidly sinking. His lips had assumed a fully livid hue, and were occasionally retracted so as to show all his teeth; and his whole countenance was fallen. He was quite sensible, and aware that he was dying. He bore the intelligence with noble fortitude, saying, it was but the fruit of his own imprudence and folly. He several times ejaculated, 'Oh, Ellen—Ellen—Ellen!' and shook his head feebly, with a woful, despairing look upwards, but without shedding a tear. He was past all display of active emotion!

'Shouldn't you call me a suicide, Doctor?' said he, mournfully, on seeing me sitting beside him.

'Oh, assuredly not! Dismiss such thoughts, dear Captain, I beg! We are all in the hands of the Almighty, Captain. It is *He* who orders our ends,' said I, gently grasping his hand which lay passive on the counterpane. 'Well, I suppose it is so! His will be done!' he exclaimed, looking reverently upwards, and closing his eyes. I rose, and walked to the table on which stood his medicine, to see how much of it he had taken. There lay an unopened letter from Miss ——! It had arrived by that morning's post, and bore the post-mark of the town at which they were making their halt by the way. Captain ——'s friends considered it better not to agitate him, by informing him of its arrival; for as Miss —— could not be apprised of his illness, it might be of a tenor to agitate and tantalize him. My heart ached to see it. I returned presently to my seat beside him.

'Doctor,' he whispered, 'will you be good enough to look for my white waistcoat!—it is hanging in the dressing room, and feel in the pocket for a little paper parcel?' I rose, did as he directed, and brought him what he asked for.

'Open it, and you'll see poor Ellen's wedding-ring and guard, which I purchased only a day or two ago. I wish to see them,' said he.

in a low but firm tone of voice I removed the wool, and gazed at the glistening tinklets in silence, as did Captain C—.

'They will do to wed me to the worm!' said he, extending towards me the little finger of his left hand. The tears nearly blinding me—I did as he wished, but could not get them past the first joint.

'Ah, Ellen has a little finger ——' said he. A tear fell from my eye upon his hand. He looked at me for an instant with apparent surprise. 'Never mind, Doctor—that will do—I see they won't go farther. Now, let me die with them on; and when I am no more, let them be given to Ellen. I have wedded her in my heart—she is my wife!' He continued gazing fixedly at the finger on which the rings were.

'Of course, she cannot know of my illness?' looking at me. I shook my head.

'Good. 'Twill break her little heart, I'm afraid.' Those were the last words I ever heard him utter; for finding that my feelings were growing too excited and that the Captain seemed disposed to sleep, I rose and left the room, followed by Lieutenant ——, who had been sitting at his friend's bedside all day long, and looked dreadfully pale and exhausted.

'Doctor,' said he, in a broken voice, as we stood together in the hall, 'I have murdered my friend; and he thinks I have. He won't speak to me, nor look at me! He hasn't opened his lips to me once, though I've been at his bedside night and day: Yes,' he continued, almost choking, 'I've murdered him; and what is to become of my sister!' I made him no reply, for my heart was full.

In the morning I found Captain C—— laid out; for he had died about midnight.

Few scenes are fraught with more solemnity and awe, none more chilling to the heart, than the chamber of the recent dead. It is like the old porch of eternity! The sepulchral silence, the dim light, the fearful order and repose all round—a sick-room, as it were, suddenly changed into a charnel-house—the central object in the gloomy picture, the bed—the yellow flag of him that was, looking coldly out from his white unruddled sheets—the lips that must speak no more—the eyes that are shut for ever.

The features of Captain C—— were calm and composed; but to see that fine countenance surrounded with the close crimped cap, injuring its outline and proportions!—Here, reader, is the victim of a SLIGHT COLD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Judges of Assize.—Mr. Baron V—— and Mr. Justice G——, the one a very tall, the other a short man, once going the same Circuit, in ignorant rustic at a country town, hearing him styled 'Judges of Assize,' boldly denounced to the appellation, declaring as his reason, that he never saw two men *less of a size* in his life.

A Scottish nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, 'Mr. —— your office is hot as an oven.' So it should be, my lord,' said the lawyer, 'as it is here that I make my bread.'

Some of the provincial *literati* are beginning to discuss the philosophy of corsets and tight lacing. What can be more beautiful, said one of them, than a fine open chest? 'Arrah! there you have it my honey,' said an Irishman, 'if there's plenty of silver in it.'

'Jem,' said a gentleman to his servant, 'where did you get this fish from? it's a very bad one.' 'Why, sir, I got it from our fish-woman, and I don't know what motive she could have had to sell me a bad fish.' 'It must have been a selfish motive, Jem.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1831.

Albany Literary Gazette.—The first number of a new periodical bearing this title, was issued in the city of Albany, on the third of September, and will continue to be published every other Saturday by Jermain & Nicholson, corner of State and North Market Streets. The number before us contains a large quantity of interesting matter, both original and selected. The publishers of the Gazette offer ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best Original Tale, and FIFTY DOLLARS for the best Original Poem, to be forwarded to John P. Jermain, on or previous to the first of December next.

The Adelpi.—This is the title of a semi-monthly miscellany published by the Students of William's College, and principally filled with original matter of their own composition.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending September 24th.

S. Strickland, Liberty, Ct. \$3; J. H. Lowell, Watertown, N. Y. \$1; F. W. Morse, East Dorset, Vt. \$1; J. C. Welch, Winchbeck, N. Y. \$1; H. Gaylord, Gaylord's Bridge, Ct. \$1; C. Leonard, Syracuse, N. Y. \$1; M. P. Cobb, Brewster, Ms. \$1; J. K. Armstrong, Lower Redhook, N. Y. \$1; C. St. Clair, Albion, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Barbadoes has been literally destroyed by a hurricane. Almost 5000 lives were lost, and the island is entirely ruined—a complete wreck.

It is mentioned in the Philadelphia Chronicle, that it is proposed to raise in that city a company of volunteers to go out in aid of the Poles.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Tuesday the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Nicholas G. Ogden, of New-York, to Miss Caroline Barker, daughter of Mr. Marks Barker.

In Claverack, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. Borger, Mr. John Dedrick, of Clinton, Dutchess Co. to Miss Hannah, daughter of the late Mr. William Dedrick, of Claverack.

At Livingston, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes Mr. Almet Reed, of the firm of Reed & Judson, Coxsack, to Miss Helen Van Deusen, youngest daughter of John Van Deusen, Esq.

In Waterford, on Monday the 29th of August, by the Rev. Mr. Bogardus, Mr. Isaac M. Comstock, to Miss Elizabeth Massey.

At Kinderhook, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. I. Siddles, Mr. H. K. Flagler, Merchant, to Miss Mary Villet, all of the same place.

At Athens, on Sunday, the 4th inst. by the Rev. C. C. Van Cleaf, John F. Tolley, Esq. aged 67, to Miss Elsie Van Valkenburgh, aged 21.

DIED.

In Great Barrington, Mass. on the 2d inst. in the 40th year of her age, Mrs. Dolly M. Pynchon, wife of Mr. George Pynchon, and daughter of Major S. Roscove.

In New-York, on the 7th inst. Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, aged 68 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

Third Prize Poem.

Written for the Rural Repository, by James Dixon.

THE VILLAGE GRAVEYARD.

Here on this mound,

Beneath whose gentle swell, perchance is laid
A mother's fervent love, a father's joy,
Let me recline. It is not well to be
Buried in life's dull care. The freeborn soul
Would break away, from the cold, heartless world,
And mingle with the spirits of the dead,
And read its destiny among the tombs,
Whose silent ministry, so calm, and still,
Speaks peace to the care-stricken mourner's heart.

There is a voice,
In every breeze that sweeps above these graves,
I hear it sighing through the long thin grass,
And now the gentle murmur dies away,
With the declining wind, and as it comes,
Again in its low tones upon the ear,
Then rushes back to the o'erflowing heart,
E'en in its pride, and joy of youthful health,
A saddening sense of man's mortality.
Oh! who can tell what hopes are buried here,
Where youth, and hoary age together sleep,
Changing the labours of life's pilgrimage,
For the still quiet of the mouldering grave.
Oh! it is sad to see the young and fair
Sink in the morn of life, the spring of hope,
Into the halls of the returnless tomb—
To mark the trembling limb, and pallid cheek,
And the fierce lustre of the death-lit eye,
Which once had beamed with life, and health and joy,
And know that we must wither even so,
Leaving the pleasant air, and the green earth,
For the dark regions of eternal night.
Yet this is human life, to linger here,
A few short years—to watch the parting breath
Of those we love—to see the gorgeous hopes,
Our youth had pictured, wither, and decay,
To feel our pulses chilling with disease,
And then to follow those, whom we have laid
Under the crumbling sod, and mingle there,
'Ashes with ashes.'

* * * * *
The rounded tomb, the marble monument,
Oh! what are these to him that slumbers here?
They bear no sound of warning to his ear,
Their lettered tablets may not meet his eye,
And yet they stand for him—for him alone,
Who may not feel their presence. Men may gaze,
In silence on their beauty, and may deem
Their swelling praise an honour to the dead,
And yet he sees it, feels it not: his heart
Is all unconscious of their heraldry.

Oh! I would have no stone to mark my grave;
I would be buried where no foot might press
The whispering grass, which waved above my head,
Where none might break the quiet of my sleep,
But in my peaceful slumber let me rest.
If it be sad, to see the silent grave
Close over those whom we have loved on earth,
Yet we would joy, that there doth come an hour,
Which shall proclaim their Immortality.

HOME.

I knew my father's chimney top,
Though dearest to my heart than eye,

And watch'd the blue smoke reeking up,
Between me and the winter sky.
Wayworn I trace the homeward track
My wayward youth had left with joy:
Unchanged in soul, I wander'd back,
A man in years—in heart a boy.
I thought upon its cheerful hearth,
And cheerful hearts' untainted glee,
And felt of all I'd seen on earth,
This was the dearest spot to me.

From the Lady's Book.

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!

He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree.
Or the down that is blown
By the wind o'er the sea,
He is fled, the light-hearted!
Yet a tear must have started
To his eye when he parted
From love-stricken me!
He is fled! he is fled!
Like a gallant so free,
Plumed cap on his head,
And sharp sword by his knee:
While his gay feathers flutter'd,
Sure something he mutter'd,
He at least must have utter'd,
A farewell to me!

He's away! he's away!
To far lands o'er the sea—
And many's the day
Ere home he will be;
But where'er his steed prances
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he'll think of the glances
That love stole from me!

He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree;
But his heart is of stone
If it ne'er dream of me!
For I dream of him ever!—
His buff coat and heaver,
And long sword, O! never
Are absent from me!

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Shalt.

PUZZLE II.—Because he is given to blubber.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
He who 'tis said stole Helen from home,
The goddess of silence—the first king of Rome.
A famous soothsayer—a Grecian of old,
Whose voice was remarkably strong we are told:
• These initials when placed in a right situation,
Will show you the capital town of a nation.

II.
With the half of a measure and plural of I,
The name of a poet yon soon may descry.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE BY A. STODDARD,

A few sets of The Dutchman's Fireside, by Paulding; also general assortment of Coloured Cards and Letter Paper, Visiting Cards, Penknives, Paints, Pencils, Stationery, &c.

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• All Orders and Communications must be paid to receive attention.



ESTABLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII [IV., NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. OCTOBER 8, 1831.

NO. 10.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

SELECT MINUTES REVIEWED.

My life-scene has been almost unvaried—unrelieved by many of those sad or glad incidents that cherished in memory render the history of the experience of some so interesting and instructive. Yet the tenor of my days has been broken by one occurrence, that I deem worthy of narration. It is a brief chapter of the aberrations of humanity; I will tell it, for I do not despise a tale of human passion, which to me is always a useful lesson; on the other hand I am inclined to suspect his sincerity or the sentiments of his heart, who pretends to indifference on the exhaustless and personal theme of human frailties, or on the thousand ills that flesh is thereby heir to.

I see them—that youthful pair, buoyant in life's green spring, happy, as it seems, in reciprocated affection. Yes, the bright hour of youth and beauty, the season of innocence and purity has invested them in my memory with a thousand soul-reviving associations.

Shall I be reprehended? all that was of grace and of ease in the human form; all that was fascinating and amiable in manners; all that was free and sportive and lively in fancy—all these, in the proportion that is allotted to the most favored of the frail of the dust, were combined and concentrated in Rosalie. But stop—

I can arrest and detain before my mind's eye that peerless person, unsoiled by the rough taint of impurity. Those eyes which darted their eloquent glances, still beam their brilliancy upon me—that chiselled forehead, intellectually Grecian, still commands my admiration, anon my obedience—that curling lip, playful and smiling, is yet displaying its ruby-like splendor. I see her as she appeared to me, formed to be the idol of many a heart—the divinity, 'not to speak it profanely,' of one.

'Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye
In every gesture dignity and love.'

I first beheld her walking with her accepted lover, and drinking from his impassioned lips

the language of confidence and affection; innocence then encircled her brow, and purity was her coronal. I beheld her first when the bloomings of her beauty had blown into full and perfect flower. Should not an image, so heaven-born, float before my dying imagination?

They lengthened their walk to the lonely spot consecrated for the reception of the dead. I followed—could I but observe and follow? and as I saw them with bended knee offer up a prayer for the departed that was confined beneath them, I knew that sacred vows were there made—a holy faith on that grassy altar plighted. That humble tenement contained the mortal remains of the mother of Sydney Egerton. He needed no splendid cenotaph to remind him of his loss, but preferred to hold communion with her shade over the earthly and undistinguished tomb; where, too, he felt he might pledge a pure and sincere love.

Neither shall I ever forget him. I recall his countenance as it then was, not, as in after years, 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' but blooming with youthful health. Noble and generous in disposition; liberal in principle; prompt and firm and energetic in action, he was a beau ideal of manly character. The strong lines of feeling and passion were marked upon his countenance, sufficiently to indicate the imperfections of his nature. His errors were those of virtuous impulse.

Such were they when I first knew them. It was easy to be seen that the principle of his attachment was unqualified affection—yes, he loved with an unwise passion; of her's, vanity, for her heart was flattered and interested, not sympathetic with unselfish passion. Principles so different might have harmonized if not under peculiar circumstances, as it was, they bilked each of happiness. Is it asked, whence could have been her power? I know of none who will evince more subduction, more pliability of temper than those who are most tyrannical and vain. What griefs are renewed as in thought I recall the crime and infamy of the one, or recur to the misery and blighted prospects of the other!

The bridal were splendid; they were distinguished for every one felt an interest in them. Oh! who could have looked upon them with a boding eye—who would have dared to augur aught but felicity to so auspicious an union? On that epochal eve the bride appeared beautiful even beyond her wont. Her transcendent beauty shone forth through her simple apparel to enrapture every sensitive soul. The light palea-
soy, the chief article of her dress, was so tastefully arranged as to display the developed beauties of a matchless form; beneath, her feet

'Like little mice stole in and out
As if they fear'd the light;'

a purified stomach embraced a throbbing bosom; and a wreath of small and delicate wild roses which had been collected and impleached by some of her young friends, rounded two snowy white temples. Such was the bride, yet was she received by one who felt disposed still to magnify her many excellencies.

Five years had separated me from Sydney Egerton and his wife, but had not effaced them from my remembrance, when I was compelled in the course of my professional duties, to visit the West Indies. I therefore esteemed it not one of the least pleasurable incidents which sometimes befall mortals in their brief but plodding life, that accident had again brought us together, and that we were to be fellow passengers in the southern voyage. Time which makes such sad inroads upon the domains of beauty had seemingly stood still or had effected little of which there might be any complaint in either of my friends. The roseate hue still mantled over the cheek of the wife; her step was still light and elastic. The fond endearments of their child, for whose sake the voyage had been undertaken, seemed to cement closer and more close their own hearts. My God! could I have believed that aught but death would ever have divided them. Every zephyr that lingered in dalliance on the decks of our vessel—every breeze that sighed o'er it from the 'yesty wave,' was infused, redolent, living with their affection. How eagerly did I inspire the rich silver tones of her voice, and hoard up the manly sentiment that flowed from the lips of her husband? And how often did I, with my eyes rivetted in vacancy, dream of their felicity as too exalted for earth.

Light winds attended us on our passage, so that our barque seemed rather drawn than driven to its place of destination. More than twenty-four hours on ship board never fail to produce tedium and ennui for me; not so on the present occasion. We formed a coterie, mutually pleased and satisfied. There was but a fourth passenger, a Mr. Talbot, in every respect an agreeable companion, so that we were not oppressed by a crowded and promiscuous ship. Adventures on the sea, were an exhaustless subject of attention; the continued presence of the subjected element, at day rolling and swelling before the uninterrupted vision

till earth and sky glided into one, at the sparkling with phosphorescence as the impetuous vessel furrowed up the fire before it—the naught else has indelibly impressed the circumstances of this voyage upon my mind. Thus was our sea-travel happy in gentle winds but fairer seas, and more agreeable companions—but it was falsely ominous of good. Those transient moments of pleasure were to be followed by a threefold return of bitterness and woe and misery, by a fruitful harvest of guilt, infamy and crime.

We arrived at Havanna, that Rome of the new world, whether considered in reference to its profuse splendour, or to the magnificence of its profligate priesthood. As we passed up the beautiful bay, by the Moro frowning with its battlements of proud defiance, and by the little village of Casa Blanca, which with the chain of highlands in the distance render this bight of the sea, for it is no more, one of the grandest perhaps in either hemisphere—I shuddered that the thronged mart of so fertile a district should be the seat of mephitic and disease and of death to so many.

Some days after landing, I happened accidentally to meet on the Passao, Egerton and his wife and their new acquaintance Talbot. This was the first time of our being together on shore since our arrival, the nature of my business having been such as to demand my immediate and exclusive attention. I had, however, now so far accomplished it as readily to accede to a proposal to accompany them on an excursion towards the Eastern part of the island, it having been my own wish and previous design.

That evening—I well remember it—was the brightest I have ever seen. The blue empyrean seemed to have been let down to canopy the spot on which we were, while a free north wind, the dispenser of health and hilarity through the city, blew gently around us. From what cause it was I know not, but our company seemed to be in unusual spirits. We discoursed long and much with strained and over-excited feelings produced by the charm of that hour, when at length I was startled and entranced at a wild and unnatural expression that had settled on the countenance of Sydney Egerton. I could not speak; it seemed as if I was in waiting for some communication from him. While Talbot and Rosalie continued the conversation of the moment, I saw his lips quiver and separate; and immediately the words, 'It is, my God! it is so,' fell upon my ear. The sound aroused himself no less than it did me; his wife, too, who as yet had observed nothing, was attracted by his measured accents; large pallets of sweat rolled off his face, he sighed, made some common apology to our inquiries and left the room.

I retired to my chamber, but not to rest. That night I rolled and wrestled upon my pillow in a feverish anxiety, unable to sleep when I laid down, and distressed beyond en-

denance when I strove to calm my agitated mind by walking the room. That passionate exclamation, 'It is, my God! it is so,' which I alone had heard, still rung in my ears, but I could divine no clue by which it could be explained. I was involved in a labyrinth of thought. As I flung myself a fourth time upon the mattress, in utter despair of sleep, I heard a deep and low groan; I listened for it again, and it came like the difficult vent of one disordered in his sleep. It returned no more. In the morning I learnt that Egerton was so unwell that he would not be able to undertake the jaunt in some days, and it was deferred accordingly. I took advantage of the interim to complete my business, in order that I might not be hurried in the intended excursion. In about a week we left Havanna.

We passed rapidly through the environs of the city, though there are perhaps more magnificent estates there than in any other country of the world; but to a mind of acute moral sensibility, there is little pleasure in beholding what has been acquired by the blood and servitude of our fellow creatures. We feel, however, refreshed, by the natural beauties of the country, presenting near the emporium a relieving variety of hill and valley, but singularly deficient in that great necessary of life, water, being, in this respect, almost a second Zahara, containing but sparse drops or lagoons of that element.

We took a temporary residence in a hospitable mansion near the San Juan, a small river stream that has its embouchure in a bay, on the northerly side of the Island, which has since become of some note. From this spot we made almost daily excursions into the surrounding country. The health of all seemed to be invigorated by the change.

It was late in an afternoon towards the time of our return that I rambled out with Father C——, a priest. My companion, a very interesting man, was a favorable specimen of his order in this island where the profligacy of many of them is unblushing, and the violation of the canons of the church open and flagrant.

'You find fault with our priests,' said the padre, 'that in one essential point they do not observe the constitutions of our church as confirmed by the decretals of his Holiness.'

'If celibacy be a part of your system, I certainly do think it should be conformed to, as long as you retain it.' I replied in indifferent patois.

'We can dispense with a part, without renouncing the whole. We have been villified, libelled and condemned by many of your faith on account of this licence which we take, without giving us credit for the many rigid laws with which we guard that holy state.'

'There are many, very many, illiberal protestants, yet I think them right so far as they leave this matter to an enlightened public opinion and to the jurisdiction of wise and civil tribunals.'

'Yet you are not secure in that public opinion. I have seen—yes, even in those among you who vaunt much of your institutions a degree of moral profligacy, that I would blush to discover among my own people, reviled as they are. I have seen the sanctity of friendship violated by the pollution of this; the holiest of relations. I have directed your attention to this subject for a distinct purpose'—he paused as if in hesitancy whether he should proceed in his communication.

'I do not understand you.'

'It shall be confided to you—it must. I have peculiar opportunities for observation, therefore be not surprised at my knowledge. There is a design upon the happiness and honor of your friend—'

'Which—what friend?'

'Egerton—'

'Egerton! and by whom?'

'Talbot—'

'Impossible! worthy father, you mistake.' He shook his head.

'Ha!' There was a movement across a vista of the trees, which myself perceived, 'can I convince you so soon? Step here.'

He led the way through the shrubless grove of the cotton wood and ceyba. The incident was sudden and unexpected to the priest himself. Good Heavens! it was then true. The commanding person of Talbot was before me. The conduct of that stolen meeting was too plain to be mistaken. I would have rushed between them but the padre bade me not.

We turned towards home; the priest leaving me to my own reflections hurried forward. A thousand little circumstances now presented themselves to my mind. I reproached myself for my blindness. As I came near the house, I perceived Egerton leaving its inmates in the company of the father. I made an effort to accost him.

'Egerton!' a sickly sensation come over my heart.

'Have you seen my Rosalie?'

'Your Rosalie!' I turned away and he hastened on.

That night was a direful one in my history. I saw the proudest intellect prostrated, and reason disrobed of her power. The fatal step had been taken and the beloved of one who would have sacrificed property and life for her comfort, had fled under the cursed protection of ———

* * * * *

The 28th of October 18— was cold and dreary. On the evening of that day, a person on whose brow care had currogated premature wrinkles, was sitting in a comfortable room, absorbed in a brown study. The wind insinuated itself piercingly through the slight chinks of the building, while ever and again the storm without, beat with gusty violence against the shutters. Another individual in the room was an interesting girl of about twelve years of age, who was giving something more than childish

attention to the sweepings of the inhospitable blast. On a sudden, an uncommonly vehement discharge of rain seemed to break the thread of her reflections—

‘My dear Father!’ she exclaimed but said no more.

The parent turned at the endearing accents of his child, but said nothing. A starting tear already glazed his eyes, and an orgasm of feeling choked his utterance. She arose and threw her arms around his neck, and for several minutes a most heart-subduing scene was presented—the sympathetic union of filial and parental love. Chords of a delicate nature had been touched, and their notes responded to, through an unseen yet powerful influence. I witnessed that sight, so touchingly tender and affectionate.

Each soon relapsed into their former mood, while the elements still combated with unabated fury. The heart conversant with misfortune, but mellowed with virtuous feeling, has ever a fountain of gratitude springing up within itself, overflowing with benevolence and good will to man. Could the bosom of Sydney Egerton, harrowed up, as it had been, by anguish and bitter sorrow, be indifferent to the unfortunate of the world, and hug its own comfort with repulsive and misanthropic selfishness?—or would it not permit its friendly thoughts to stray to the condition of the poor and miserable. Judge as ye may—I saw that such was the occupation of his mind on that evening; the shriek that rung through his spacious hall had brought him instantaneously to his feet, as if he had been in expectancy.

‘Save me, oh, hide me from the wrath of the storm. I cannot bear it. Will ye, good sirs?’ said a miserable object as it rushed towards our door. As if abashed at her presumption she shrunk back with her head bent to her bosom. Rosalie Egerton read in the countenance of her father tokens of approval, as she approached and took the hand of the desolate one.

‘You are then houseless and homeless?’

‘I have no home—deserve none.’

‘Yet you have had a good one once;’ said the father, ‘but you are chilled with the storm, come and dry yourself.’

‘God bless you—I am not cold,—I am raging with heat, with an undying fire—’

‘Are you so unfortunate or so criminal?’

The hapless woman started at the reproach and fixed her eyes upon Egerton—they passed to the child. A gleam lightened in their dull sockets; she strained them and with a gasp, as if in relief—

‘No—no! You think that sin precedes misery and causes the aching bosom. Perhaps you *know* it.’ A sarcasm it might have been, for a smile swept over her face.

That expression of countenance seemed as an open volume to Sydney Egerton. His heart strings began to contract and the blood to course riotously through his body; his head reeled—his joints loosened—

‘Heaven! had I been spared this’ ~~audible~~ prayer. ‘Rosalie, my child—’

‘Rosalie!’ It was a key to her recognition—‘Yes, yes! it is my Rosalie, in it, ~~and~~ and you, you are—oh! this hell that is ~~coming~~ within me—’

The child gave a scream of terror. I looked upon the face of Egerton. Horror was characterized there, as if ‘immoulding reason’s mintage.’ I went near him and spoke to him, but he stood as stiff and unyielding as a statue; his countenance wildly expanded, but fixedly intent upon the woman. Not a feature relaxed its rigidity; the unnatural heavings of his breast alone declared that the vital principle had not deserted its ~~abode~~ and winged its flight to a calmer scene. Rosalie threw her arms up to him imploringly, but he spoke not yet—

*Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur,
Quam si dura silex aut siet inarupta cautes.*

‘Methinks, at times, that though we are poor creatures of passion and feeling, yet we are rich in that we are such. While the insatiable thirst of intellect, and the anticipating reaches of hope—of that true white sail that wafts man o’er the surge and billow of life,—afford no personal proofs of my immortality. I draw another argument of the great truth from this source. When the desire of fame, or when mortal love vex and control the soul; when the little atom—man—is conflicted with opposing passions; when he, a speck in God’s creation, can influence, aye, determine his own fate even for a moment, I may believe that it is the bonds of a grovelling and perishing coil that are irritating an immortal spirit, and that the transports of passion—not factitious and unamiable passion, sin—are proofs of an immortal impatience. The germs of our very nature are sometimes deracinated by the whirlwind of feeling, and the very soul made to cower and succumb, yet these I would fain think demonstrate its hereafter.’

The unfortunate female who has been feebly presented to the imagination of the reader, was in sooth the wreck of the bride Rosalie. Vanity, carelessness, crime and perfidy had thus soiled the purest of heaven’s mould, and had degraded her to the condition of the vilest being that kisses the earth—

‘who aspires, must down as low
As high he soared, obnoxious first or last
To basest things.’

In the events of that night the guilty one disappeared, the fire in her bosom replenished by fresh fuel in the discovery of her wronged husband and child.

‘Our torments may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as pow severe, our temper changed
Into their temper.’

Not so with her. Her immediate course was unknown; but there is reason to believe that a small tablet on which the single character R. is rudely cut, points out her remains in the little grave-yard which had been witness to her early but false vow.

I am enabled to add one note more to the preceding sketch,* I happened to be present in one of our houses of legislation when an animated and somewhat extraordinary discussion was going on. The question ever calculated to elicit fine speaking had taken an unusually interesting turn and had provoked into the debate the best speakers in the hall. The objectors to the bill which contemplated relief to the widow and orphans of a gallant officer, had deserted their constitutional exception, that subterfuge of the cold and heartless, and pleaded the poverty of the treasury and denied the claims of the petitioners for peculiar bounty.

It was easy to be seen that the current of public opinion ran strongly in favor of the bill, though many, through self-pride, were daring enough to stem it. Its enemies had kept up a cold and chilling argumentation, and one of their speakers had just risen when I entered the room. Murmurs of dissatisfaction ran through the crowd in the lobby, which produced in order of silence ex cathedra. The speaker nothing daunted made a powerful speech in opposition and sat down as if in triumph. The friends of the bill were hushed into the hope and expectation of some immediate reply; when at that auspicious moment a person rose on the other side, a man of good proportions not wan and pale in countenance. His elevated forehead, though wrinkled and cadaverous, seemed unusually intelligent. He was esteemed a leading debater. My feelings won for him attention and would have extended indulgence to his effort had it needed it.

I cannot do justice to his speech even in a synoptical view of it. He commenced in a low and feeble voice which, however, strengthened as he progressed. He spoke of the singular course of the last gentleman in the debate, which had impelled him to engage in the discussion though he felt unable to do the bill justice. He inveighed in indignant terms against that false spirit of economy which throws out of sight all moral considerations—that could not discover in this pension to the relics of a brave but unfortunate officer, a happy influence upon those who were to war our battles and protect our commerce; or upon the people at large whose sympathies were to be frozen in their kindly flow by such reluctance to be even equitable. He scorned the heartless doctrine that would refuse the means of rendering comfortable for a few days, till sorrow should have finished its fell work, an unprotected female. He denied that a nation, as such, was to have no feeling and that when one dies in the defence of his country, there was to be no reparation. His peroration was touching, eloquent and high-souled; and need I add, the whole was triumphant. Tears glistened in many an eye when he had finished; a hum of applause ran through the house till presently it broke out in rapturous expressions of approbation. If I ever envied the feelings

of another it was on that occasion. I threw my eyes to the place where he sat, and I thought I perceived a faint smile flit over his features.

That was the last public act of Sydney Egerton. He had sought in the excitement of public affairs employment for his restless soul. He won the laurels that are thrown out to the successful, but he cared not for them; he gained applause but it tickled only for a moment. He boldly ventured where others launched with caution—*‘præpetibus pennis ausus æ credere.’* Honors strewed his path, but his aim was not a selfish one; they could not fill the deep chasm in his soul. He was cut off in the pride of his years, in the acme of his strength.

H. C. M.

THE TRAVELLER.

NAPOLÉON'S TOMB.

I spent all the dawnings of a long day of hard service, far from the din of European strife, under the scorching skies of the East. From amidst the forest of Nepal the name of Bonaparte sounded like a spell. While his ambition was condemned, his genius was admired, his misfortunes deplored; often have I wished to encounter him face to face, the closest approach, however, that fortune enabled me to make to him, was by a pilgrimage to the tomb.

When at St. Helena I started one morning with a small party of brother officers, to survey the spot where the remains of the world's agitator are deposited. The peculiarities of the locality have been laid before the public so often and so amply, on canvass and on paper, that further description is needless. The character of the scene is profound and awful loneliness—a dell girt in by huge naked hills—not an object of vegetable life to relieve the general aspects of desertedness, except the few weeping willows which droop above the grave. The feeling of solitude is heightened by an echo, that responds, on the least elevation of the voice. With what singular emotion I took my stand upon the slab which sheltered the dust of him for whom the crowns, thrones, and sceptres, he wrung from their possessors, would of themselves have furnished materials for a monument!—There the restless was at rest: there the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the confederation of the Rhine, Grand Master of the Legion of Honor, reposed with almost as little sepulchral pomp as the humble tenant of a country churchyard.

‘After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.’ I withdrew my foot—removed with my handkerchief the traces it had left upon the stone, and gave a tear to the fate of the exile. I also, was a soldier of fortune—our party quitted the place with dejected faces, and scarcely a word was spoken until we reached our quarters.

On the following morning a French frigate arrived from the Isle of Bourbon, having on board a regiment of artillery.

The officers solicited and obtained permission to pay a tribute of respect to their old leader's ashes. I accompanied them to the ground, and rarely have witnessed enthusiasm like theirs.

On the way not an eye was dry, and some who had served immediately under 'the Emperor,' wept aloud. As they drew near to the spot, their step became hurried and irregular, but the moment they saw the tomb, they formed two deep, and advanced with uncovered heads, folded arms, and slow and pensive pace. When within five or six yards of their destination, they broke off into single files, and surrounded the grave, at uniform intervals, knelt silently down. The commander of the frigate and the others in succession, according to their rank, then kissed the slab; when they arose every lip was fixed, every bosom full.

In a few days subsequently, the officers of both countries met at Solomon's table, and after dinner the first toast proposed by the French commander was 'The King of England—three times three;' I really thought that the 'hip—hip—hurrah!' of our ancient enemies would never have amend. An English gentleman returned thanks, and proposed 'The memory of that Great Warrior Napoleon Bonaparte.' The pledge went solemnly round, each wearing in honor of the mighty dead, a sprig of his gaurdian willow. The evening was spent in concord, many patriotic toasts were reciprocated, many good things were said, and the blunt sincerity of military friendship presided over our parting.—*Englishman's Magazine*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WITTY BUTCHER.

During the late election at Stamford a violent Tory went into the shop of a Whig butcher. 'What is your pleasure?' demanded the knight of the cleaver. 'I want a calf's head,' was the reply. The butcher having two, inquired of his Tory customer which he would prefer—a Tory one or a Whig one. 'A Tory one, to be sure,' rejoined the customer. 'Very well sir, I'll send it home for you.' When the cook proceeded to dress it, the brains were missing, and the master was speedily made acquainted with the circumstance, when he returned to the butcher's, and indignantly inquired of him what had become of them. 'Are you not aware, Sir,' replied cleaver, 'that Tory heads do not contain brains? And did you not choose a Tory calf's head in preference to a whig one?'

GOOD PILOTAGE.

Nothing is more amusing than the alacrity of an Irishman in getting in a scrape; and the happy naïveté and blunders, with which he endeavors to extricate himself.

A captain of a man of war newly appointed to a ship on the Irish station, took the precau-

tion, in 'beating out' of harbour, to apprise the pilot that he was totally unacquainted with the coast, and therefore he must rely entirely on the pilot's local knowledge for the safety of his ship.

'You are perfectly sure, pilot,' said the captain 'you are well acquainted with the coast.'

'Do I know my own name, Sir?'

'Well, mind now I warn you not to approach too near the shore.'

'Now make yourself easy, Sir; in troth you may go to bed if you please.'

'Then shall we stand on?'

'Why, what else would we do?'

'Yes, but there may be hidden dangers which you know nothing about.'

'Dangers?—I'd like to see the dangers do hide themselves from Mick,—Sure don't tell you I know every rock on the coast; (here the ship strikes) and that's one of em!'—*Albion*.

An old woman who lived near the frontier during the late disturbance with Great Britain, and possessed a marvellous propensity to learn the news, used frequently to make inquiries of the soldiers. On one occasion she called to one of these defenders of our rights whom she had frequently saluted before: 'What's the news?' 'Why, my good woman, (says he) the Indians have fixed a lever under lake Erie, and are going to turn it over, and drown the world!' 'O, laws-a-massy! massy! what shall I do?' and away she ran to tell her neighbors of the danger, and inquire of her minister how such a calamity might be averted. 'Why, (says he) you need not be alarmed—we have our Maker's promise that he will not again destroy the world by water.' 'I know that,' returned the old lady hastily, 'but he's nothing to do with it—it's them are plaguy Indians!'

Stephen Girard, the Banker.—It appears from the Philadelphia papers that this gentleman so well known on account of his immense wealth, was of humble origin. At the age of eight years, he was thrown upon the world penniless, and from the trifling wages of a cabin boy, defrayed the expenses of learning to read and write. Such examples are highly worthy of imitation. He is computed to be worth \$20,000,000, and probably the richest man in America.

Original Anecdote of Albert Gallatin.—This eminent American citizen began his career as a French Teacher, in the interior of Pennsylvania. Early one morning while riding towards Philadelphia, from one of the western counties, a farmer's daughter came out of her father's house with her milk pail in her hand, and without perceiving that a stranger was near, put one hand on the fence, and with the pail in her other hand, bounded over without touching the rails. Her form was handsome, and her agility so pleased the countryman of William Tell, that he halted his horse, rode up

n the house, proposed to make the maiden his wife, obtained a consent, and after placing him intended at a boarding school in Philadelphia for a short period, in due time made her Mrs. Albert Gallatin.—*Colonial Journal*.

The explanations of dull schoolboys, whose spare ideas are just beginning to shoot, are sometimes rather amusing. The papers give a story respecting a teacher 'down east,' who endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said to him, 'a passive verb is expressive of the nature or receiving of an action, as Peter is beaten; now what did Peter do?' The numskull paused a moment, and scratched his head in way of aiding thought, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, 'Well I dont now, without he *hollered*!'

Health of the city.—General tone of health here? said a hearty old farmer to his friend on Broadway. 'Don't know,' said he, 'believe it's quite sickly down town.' 'Ah! what's the matter?' 'Can't tell—I went into a store where they sell liquors the other day, only for short time, and while I was there as many as dozen very temperate folks called in to take 'little brandy and sugar'—they felt 'quite unwell.'—*New-Haven Herald*.

Repentance Anecdote.—The late Rev. Mr. G. appeared one day to go into the church yard, whilst the beadle was busily employed neck deep in a grave, throwing up the mould and ones to make way for another customer, thus coaxed him: 'Well, Saunders, that's a work on're employed in, well calculated to make a sould mon like you thoughtful. I wonder you dinna repent o' your evil ways.' The old worthy, resting himself on the head of the spade, and taking a pinch of snuff, replied, 'I thought if ye had kent that there was no repentance in the grave!'

A gentleman one day riding a stumbling horse along a very dirty lane, the poor beast fell down and threw the rider into the least desirable part of it, whereby he was most completely benumbed, exclusive of a bloody nose. A gentleman of the knight's acquaintance happened to arrive at the spot, just as the horse and his quondam rider were receiving their feet.—'Bless me Mr. Blakewell,' said he, 'what, have you been fighting with your horse?'—'No, no, Sir,' replied the dismounted hero, 'we have only had a little *misunderstanding*.'

Anecdote.—The following anecdote is related in the Evangelical Magazine: 'An African preacher, speaking from 'What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' mentioned among other things, that many lost their souls by being too charitable! seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying, he very emphatically

repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. 'Many people, said he attend meeting, hear the sermon, and when it is over, they proceed to divide it out among the congregation: this part was for that man; that part for that woman; such denunciations were for such persons; these threats for you sinners—and so, continued the shrewd African, *they give away the whole sermon, and keep none for themselves!*'

Some time last summer, when steamboat competition was at its height, between Hartford and New-York, a man was, by some means or other, precipitated overboard, and drowned. All efforts to find the body proved unavailing. An honest Yankee on board observed—'Wal, I reckon now, cap'n that it's right well for you, that that was'n't my brother, what's drowned!' 'Why so?' inquired the captain. 'On account of cause you've agreed for to carry ' for a dollar and found,' rejoined the Yankee; and I'll be darn'd if I would'nt make you live up to your gagement!'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1831.

N. P. Willis.—The New-York Mirror announces the Boston poet as a co-editor of that excellent journal, which is hereafter to be conducted by Messrs. Fay, Willis and Morris.

Memoirs of Commodore Barney.—Proposals have recently been issued by Mrs. Mary Barney, of Baltimore, for publishing by subscription, 'Memoirs of the Life and Times of the late Commodore Barney,' her father.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending October 4th.

R. Slatter, Columbus, Ga. \$5; J. Morgan, Statesburg, S. C. \$1; R. Corell, Jun. Elmira, N. Y. \$1; W. Brooks, Springville, N. Y. \$1; E. Litchfield, P. M. Delhi, N. Y. \$2; T. Bacon, P. M. Heuvel, N. Y. \$1; W. H. Jackson, Lunenburg, Ms. \$1; A. Lincoln, Providence, R. I. \$1; J. B. Robertson, Ballstown, Spa. \$3; N. Force, Sanquett, N. Y. \$1; A. Stone, Cairo, N. Y. \$1; J. L. Strickland, Thompson, Ct. \$1; S. W. Fuller, Leyden, N. Y. \$1; R. L. Schepmoes, Coxsackie, N. Y. \$1; C. Livingston, Albany, N. Y. \$3.25; B. F. Avery, P. M. Parkman, Ohio, \$1; T. J. Russell, M'Donnough, Ga. \$1; D. D. Morse, Nunda Valley, N. Y. \$1; O. Benedict, P. M. Union Ellery, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Catskill and Canajoharie Rail Road.—Another survey of this projected rail-road has been made, and the distance found to be 73 miles. The estimated cost of the road, for a single track, is \$900,750; the probable cost \$530,000. Proposals are issued for putting 15 miles of the road west of Catskill, under contract.—*Ont. Rep.*

During the last week, \$85,000 in specie were exported from the port of Boston, of which \$1,000 was in silver, and 4,000 in gold.

The board of Health of New-York, have adopted strong measures to prevent the introduction of the Cholera into that port.

Mr. B. O. Taggwell, of Kingston U. C. has discovered a quarry of stones suitable for lithographic purposes, and has established a press. Stephen I. Miller, of New Canaan, Ct. killed his two children, and nearly killed his wife last week, while in a state of aberration of mind, the consequence, it is said, of a 'four days meeting.'—His conduct, from the time he had attended such meeting, evinced a total distraction of his senses. Miller has been committed to prison.—*Albany Daily Advertiser*.

MARRIED.

At the Friend's Meeting House, in Ghent, on the 28th ult. Reuben G. Macy, of this city, to Phoebe A. Carpenter, daughter of Doctor Amos Carpenter, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 3d inst. Mrs. Ann Burchsted, consort of Mr. Henry Burchsted, aged 73 years.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. Lany Hollenbeck, aged 33 years.

On the 5th inst. Captain Nicholas Hathaway, aged 67 years.

In Bath, Maine, John Russell, Esq. for many years Editor and Proprietor of the Boston Gazette, aged 60.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository. THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND. AN ODE.

When Order first from Chaos rose,
And hurled by Almighty force,
The Earth sailed thro' the realms of space
It's sovereign orbit there to trace,
And essay it's untried course;
When first Creation's anthem rung,
And the morning stars together sung;
Then man from imperfections free,
Seem'd born for immortality,
And stood before his Maker's face
A spirit of an earthly race;
But fallen from his high estate,
He found a mixed and mortal fate;
Doom'd in his sunken breast to find,
An impulse of a loftier kind;
A vigorous essence, Godlike food,
Heaven-breathed, elastic, un subdued.

This was the spark, the power of Mind,
Whose feeble but expansive ray,
Was by Almighty Heaven designed,
As the restorer of our kind,
To Reason's rule, and Virtue's sway;
The glooms of error to dispel,
And nature's mysteries to reveal,
Tho' dimmed betimes it urged it's way,
And shed abroad the beams of day;
First infant Science sprang to birth
Among the grey elders of the earth.
By Egypt's shores her light appeared;
Then Greece her welcome presence cheered;
Then fair Italia claimed the maid,
Who lingered in the classic shade,
Then for dark ages, deigned to stray
Thro' Gothic halls and cloisters grey.

These were faint dawnings of the day,
But soon the sun in radiance rose;
Then struggling Truth from bondage broke,
And freed the world from error's yoke,
And hoary Superstition's sway;
The Press with liberating voice,
Bade knowledge listen and rejoice;
We see the arts once more revive.
The Sculptor bade the marble live;
The Painter smiling on the tomb,
Gave beauty an immortal bloom;
The Poet warped with heavenly fire
Looked up to God and smote the lyre;
Philosophy's seraphic eye,
Disclosed the secrets of the sky;
And Commerce launching from the steep
Explored the vast untraversed deep.

Then led by Heaven the Genoese,
Unveiled the latest realm of Time;
Where Nature's grandest works appear,
Designed as man's superior sphere,
And Truth and Freedom's promised clime;
A peal in Heaven announced the day,
And Angel's hymn'd a loftier lay.
Upheld by God our fathers stood,
And sav'd their birthright with their blood
And handed down from age to age,
To us the priceless heritage;

The glorious empire of the West,
With science crowned, with Freedom blest;
Let us uphold with sleepless care,
The pillars of our temple fair,
Till beneath the shadow of its spreading dome,
All man's benighted race shall find a home.

The following effusion is from the pen of the young lady who superintends the Female Department in the Genesee of Universal Emancipation. For her years, she has not her equal, perhaps in the Union.

THINK OF OUR COUNTRY'S GLORY.

Think of our country's glory,
All dimmed with Afric's tears—
Her broad flag stained and gory
With th' hoarded guilt of years!
Think of the frantic mother,
Lamenting for her child,
Till falling lashes smother
Her cries of anguish wild!
Think of the prayers ascending
Yet shrieked, alas! in vain,
When heart from heart is reaching,
Ne'er to be joined again!
Shall we behold unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crushed?
When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hushed?
Oh, no! by every blessing,
That Heaven to thee may lend,
Remember their oppression—
Forget not, sister, friend!

THE INFANT CORPSE.

O do not put the babe away,
Dear mother, in that box, I pray,
And set him by the window there,
This cold and rainy day:
Just see how curls his pretty hair,
How very still his features are!
You used to warm his little feet,
And hug him up with kisses sweet,
When he looked pale and cold;
But now in that small linen sheet,
So still he lies beneath its fold,
Dear brother must indeed be cold.
When will he lift the sleepy lid,
By which his bright blue eyes are hid?
I long to see him wake again
As yesterday he did,
And then the blush his cheek will stain
And his bright eyes look blue again.
Thy brother will awake, my love,
He'll wake again in heaven above,
And brightly beam his gentle eye,
Where happy spirits move;
In that bright world beyond the sky
Thy brother ne'er will die.

E.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Paris, Angerons, Romulus, Idman, Steur—Paris.

PUZZLE II.—Rood—we—Rowe.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a picture like a gray quill?

II.

Why is the Alphabet like heaven?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODARD Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS shall receive SIX Copies. The volume will contain 4 Engravings, and a Title page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year.

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THE RURAL REPOSITORY



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VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. OCTOBER 22, 1831.

NO. 11.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BANDIT'S CONFESSION.

If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living—had I never loved,
That which I love would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness,

My injuries came down on those who lov'd me
On those whom I best loved—

But my embrace was fatal.—MANFRED.

In the year 179—in the village of A——, lived Adela Beaumont, 'The maiden of the Green Mantle,' as she was frequently called;—the envy of her own sex and the admiration of ours. She well deserved the high encomiums which her loveliness received. Possessing a sprightly, yet not superhuman form; a bright, laughing oval face, shaded with locks of the deepest dye; a mild beautifully bewitching black eye, in whose smile cupid played; it was not singular that she had at one time or other held all the young men in the place subject to her power. But one by one her admirers dropped off, hopeless of ever inspiring her with a passion equalling theirs. Mine seemed to be the palm in this as in every other contest in which I had ever striven to excel my companions. It was a general remark among them, that there was no use in striving with Albert Mordaunt to win the affections of 'The maiden of the Green Mantle,' possessing as I did wealth, talents and some personal beauty.

It was true that I was more intimate and familiar with Adela than any of my fellows had ever been able to become with all their efforts. Whenever an attendant was required, I was sure to be selected, and that was not so frequent as might be supposed. She was wild as the young fawn and fearless as the young eagle. She might be seen on a spring day among the mountains leaping from rock to rock with all the life of the antelope. Still, there were very few that would have dared been rude with her, thoughtless as she seemed—as well might they have provoked the lioness as

tempt her anger—and there were many who would have rejoiced in resenting her wrongs. Indeed, she was one whom all loved, and considered as a peculiar being—privileged beyond her sex—no one supposed that her actions could be wrong, so much was she respected. There was not a sick or a poor woman among the hills whom she had not assisted—all knew her, and knew her but to bless her.

Had you seen her on an evening when the bright moon walked among the stars and shed its soft light over hill and dale, you'd not have thought her such a being as I have described—then, she seemed calmed by the poetry that was abroad, and her heart beat with all its pureness, tenderness and beauty. Had you beheld her as her eye wandered over nature, or seen it kindling in the light of heaven and burning with inspiration—how hard soever your heart had been—whoever had held you in their toils—you must have admired—have worshipped this lovely—this inexplicable girl.

It was a summer's eve—I sat beside Adela on the margin of a gentle hill; behind us was the setting sun, shedding a rich radiance o'er the sky, as it tipped the mellow clouds with splendour. A slight breeze from the distant ocean fanned the face of nature—all looked cheerful as an infant's smile!—Far off before us lay the tranquil sea, its unruffled depths flung back the beauty of that heaven which seemed to charm it into stillness.

Oh, it was an hour, a scene, a place for love!—and she, who sat beside me, gazing in rapture on the calm beauty of that view, young in hope, unsullied by the vanities of life, pure as an angel's dream, innocent as the brightest seraph that waits upon the throne above, was she not a being fit at such a time to fill the heart with love—with tender, ardent affection!

Oh! that eve with its joys—its tenderness—its deadening disappointments are registered with a pen of steel upon my heart!—That was the birth-day of my infamy!—The desolation of my dreams of happiness!—my hopes—my parents' expectations—my thoughts of heaven!

But, I will relate how my all was blasted,

withered in the bud, on that never to be forgotten day!—It seems as 'twere but yesterday, so vivid does the memory of that hour live in my bosom!

'How sweetly,' exclaim'd Adela, 'the sinking sun flings his rays across the heavens!—See, Albert, that little bark—how gracefully it cleaves the glassy sea!—as if loath to break its stillness, it seems to kiss the waters as it moves—and its white sails,—how beautifully they spread to catch the gentle breeze!—Like a bird of ocean it passes o'er the sea.'

'Sobright and beautiful be thy course, Adela!'

'Very fine, indeed!—You'd compare me with yonder boat? I assure you I have no desire to resemble it. It adds beauty to our view, but, who knows where the morrow's sun may find it—I'd like my way to be more sure, and not rest on such fickle things as wind and wave.'

'You forbid all sympathy with your feelings then, beautiful Adela?'

'Beautiful Adela!—thank you for your compliments—I have a mirror at home which never flatters me, *that* always speaks the truth; and if you do not keep a strict guard upon your tongue, I shall leave you to compare me with boats, sea-gulls and as many other pretty things as suits your fancy—so, unless you'd drive me away, no flattery; you know I hate it and can but despise the flatterer—I have too good an opinion of my dear self to need any one for an informer—as you love me no more.'

'Love thee!' I replied—'open my bosom and you will find your image traced upon my heart—I would not for the world displease you'—I knelt before her and poured forth the ardour of my love—I laid my heart open to her gaze—I told her my destiny was within her guidance—to be thrown off by her, was to be deprived of hope, and what my end would be I knew not. But *with* her I felt that my course must be glorious and worthy of her affection. Alas! my words have proved too true—and *she* has known the terrors of their fulfillment! Her head rested on my arm—and, oh God!—I thought that I was blessed. Her dark eye moistened, and the pure tear-drop fell on my burning, throbbing brow. In a tone piteously melancholy, yet chillingly firm, she told me that she loved me as a—*brother*,—that she was another's—and he to whom her plighted faith she'd given, was Philip Sydney. The only person I had ever hated—sincerely hated, was my rival!

Sydney and myself had grown up from infancy in the same neighbourhood, were of the same age,—and had been rivals since we first knew the sweets of success. Until this strife, I had always triumph'd over him. In school, in all our boyish sports, he, though nearly my equal, could never match me. By the time that we had gained the stature of manhood, our enmity had grown into a most consummate hatred. He was ambitious and it was my greatest pleasure to cross him in his plans, and outstrip his course.

'But there where I had garner'd up my heart; Where either I must live or bear no life; The fountain from the which my current runs. Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!'

and thrown aside for him!—it was not in my soul to bear it calmly. I left Adela rudely, rushed from her presence and saw her again but *once* before her *bridal hour*!—*then* I stood beside her—then I triumph'd!

Yet I will not anticipate the story of my sufferings and my guilt, I left her, and sought among the mountains consolation for my woe. The scene was changed—a dark cloud which had suddenly gathered in the south, mantled the sky in gloom. The torrent of the storm came on! The thunders shook the deep foundations of the cliff on which I stood, and, in their strength, were like the peals of the Last Judgment! The clouds shot forth their lightnings, like fiery serpents twining in the air!—I called on the fury of the storm, the fierce lightnings and the frightful thunders to strike me to the earth, and utter blasphemies deep and piercing!—The storm had spent its strength; the fiery flames ceased to glow; and the deep mouthed bellows passed by!

Amid the mad ravings which followed that night's disappointment,—the desolation of my hope!—a mother's care watched over me, ministered to each want and smoothed the harsh pillow of the maniac's couch—oh, there is no love on earth can match the deep solicitude which a mother feels as she hangs over the fevered frame of her offspring!—So pure, so unalloyed with self!

How long I lay upon that bed of sickness, I know not. But as my reason gradually returned, a confused idea of something terrible—some unknown evil seemed to have befallen me. Suddenly, like the searing lightning, the full memory of that eve returned!—Years have fled and though many and great have been my crimes, they all are merged in the recollection of this one.

What a noiseless step hath time!—But yesterday I stood forth in the pride and strength of manhood!—now, I am whitened by the blossoms of the grave!—The bright visions which youth pictured with an artist's skill, have passed away!—The fond hopes I nourished with a mother's anxious care, have fled forever!—The grim shadows of a coming world flit round my brain, and with fiendish malice, whisper in my ear the doom reserved for me, the unavoidable consequence of my guilt!—

'Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore,
And blue flames dance around my dungeon's floor.'
'And then, when the storm is abroad, she too comes and points her bony fingers at me—and laughs in triumph at my writhing agony.—'

Some weeks had passed since I had recovered from the delirium under which I had suffered, when I met Adela. She smiled as sweetly as I ever knew her. She appeared, also, to be

anxious for my welfare. She yet loved me as a Brother!—And could I blame her!—'Tis sufficient that I did—I felt a new spirit rise within me, as she stood before me—my eyes dilated, and the fury of my passion burst on that guiltless one—nay, start not! I did not stay her there!—She begged to know why my frame trembled so?—Why I gazed so fiercely on her?—She thought the fever of my sickness had not left me—and she pitied me. I swore, and Heaven knows that oath has been too faithfully adhered to, that she should never be the Bride of Philip Sydney. She laughed at my threatening; but as she looked again with pride and anger in her eye, she quailed before me—'Beware, beware,' said I! 'your Bridal hour!—though my body is in the tomb my spirit shall haunt you there!'

I left the place of my birth—I sought the nearest port and found a vessel was about sailing for ——. I engaged my passage in her and wrote to my parents to inform them of my intentions and bid them an eternal farewell. By some accident I was left behind. News came that the ship in which I had intended sailing was wrecked on the Bahamas and that all lives were lost. The failure of my intentions was of course unknown to my friends; they supposed me among the dead and mourned me as such. They would have wished me in the grave had they known their son and friend was the mad Bandit of the mountains—the terror of the peaceful villagers!—

* * * * *

Near the end of the second year, after the events I have previously related, as I wandered in disguise I frequently took when in towns and villages, ere I learned from an old peasant that the nuptials of Adela were to take place on the succeeding day. My course was fixed—I was to be an unwelcome guest at that festival!—

On a bright June morning, the bell of our village church rung forth its merriest peals to call the villagers to witness the bridals of Adela Beaumont 'The Maid of the Green Mantle,' and Philip Sydney. The peasantry from the mountains came in crowds to behold their benefactress wedded to the man she loved. There were merry makings that day and many a heartbeat with joy, as they saw the old carriage of Major Beaumont wheel up the street as it wound its way to the antique chapel which my ancestors, in days long gone by, had founded. Then came a long procession of friends and relatives. Adela, shining in all her beauty, descended from the carriage and with her maids entered the church. She was more beautiful than when I last saw her—I left her a bud just blossoming, and now beheld her full blown; like a summer flower, rich and fragrant.

With the crowd of peasantry and servants that had assembled to witness the bridals of their adored mistress and friend, I readily gained admittance.—As Adela walked up the long aisle of that chapel, I thought I saw a melancholy shadow pass over her face; that her

eyes wandered as if in search for some one whom she dreaded to find, and that her colour came and went. Not discovering the person, whom, though she deemed him dead, she yet feared she would behold, the calmness of her countenance was restored, and a sweet unearthly beauty settled on her features. Then—yes, even then! I could have dropped upon my knees and worshipped; fixed, as was my determination and deadly as was my purpose there; I adored her, I loved her so deeply and so ardently, I would not for an eternity of bliss, that she had been another's bride!

The Bridegroom with his friends soon came. The Bridal pair stood by the altar of their religion. The aged father was beside his young and angelic daughter;—he seemed like an aged oak, she, his pride and hope, the young sapling nourished at his feet, o'er whom his branches hung and protected from the wide winter's blast.

The Holy man lifted the book—Adela raised her eyes and

— 'a moment o'er her face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced and then it faded as it came.'

and her soft eyes, beaming with love and tenderness, rested on him in whom she gloried.

'Adela thy bridal hour has come!' I whispered in her ear.

A piercing shriek—a fiendish laugh—echoed among the deep arches of that venerable pile.

'Oh, Albert!—not now!'—a dagger glistened in the air—'Help my husband—father—I am murdered,'—the victim of my love and vengeance sank, her life blood flowing at that altar's foot. 'Oh, cruel obdurate Mordaunt!—But I forgive thee my death, as I pray heaven may!'

'Sydney, thy bride is death! Remember Albert Mordaunt to thy grave.' The menials that should have stopped me, stood back aghast, as they beheld the bloody weapon and my countenance gleaming with hellish malice. Some few attempted to stay my flight—as well might they have stemmed the mountain torrent in its wrath—I hurled them from my grasp and casting them on that floor, now consecrated by a pure and noble victim; another cold laugh of triumph burst from me, which made each listener pale with fright, as I turned upon them from the portals.

The courage which all in that assembly for a moment lost, I knew would soon return and seek the murderer of their joy—the desolator of that old man's hearth—the rival of that Bridegroom.

I joined my brave band on the hills and found them ready for their labour. And a fit welcome did they give the ministers of justice!—My pursuers came and at their head was Sydney, the Bridegroom Sydney! raging like a wild boar and swearing vengeance on my head.

The bands of peasantry that hurried to those mountains, in their zeal to avenge the death of their mistress, were but ill prepared for the

task they'd undertaken—my brave fellows scattered them with a breath! I leaped upon a rock to watch their flying bands;—beneath me I heard the clash of arms and beheld my deadliest foe fighting like a fury with two of my freebooters. An instant and I was at his side.

'Leave him to me, my brave boys!—this is my task—~~he~~ fights for a lost mate and must have the boar that wrenched it from him.'

'Come, Sydney!—thou *shalt* be wedded to thy Bride to day and I will be thy Priest!'

'Thou fiend in human shape!'—he exclaimed, and rushed like a madman on my weapon's point. The strife was neither long nor difficult—my arm had strengthened in the wild life I'd lately led, and my passion lay cool and powerless under my will. His frame, though invigorated by the deadliness of his revenge, quailed before the stout mountaineer and the deep bitterness of my hatred. His blood and hers were wedded on *that* blade. The Bride and Bridegroom fell by the same hand, on the same day, and the same weapon drank their blood!—

How I found this dungeon thou knowest and the fate which awaits me. When my life shall have sped, which now lingers on my lips, and perchance will not wait the executioner—convey my body to *that* place and let me rest in the same grave-yard with my victims. Thou wast once my friend, and this is my last request.

The dying prisoner ended his days within his dungeons walls—his bones sleep in the church-yard of A—, near the tombs of the victims of his hatred and of his love. H.

FROM THE NEW-YORK CONSTELLATION.

LUTHER LAPEL;

Or the Want of Punctuality.

LUTHER LAPEL was apprenticed to a tailor, and, after seven years of faithful attention to his master's service set up a shop for himself. He commenced business under very favorable auspices, and every body said he would do well in the world. He was a good workman, had some money, considerable credit, and a great many friends.

But there was one trait in Luther's character, which had not previously developed itself, and which was to prove the ruin of his hopes, and to disappoint the expectations of his friends—and that was, the *Want of Punctuality*. And here let us observe, that no mechanic, no tradesman, no person who depends on the good opinion of the public for a livelihood, can expect to thrive without the necessary virtue of punctuality.

Luther Lapel began to exhibit this unfortunate trait—first, in disappointing his customers of work which he had promised; secondly, in disappointing those with whom he had pecuniary dealings; and generally, in not being exact in the fulfilment of his promises in the ordinary concerns of life. This was detrimental in every

way. By disappointing his customers of their promised work, he lost business; by disappointing his creditors in the payment of money, he lost credit; and by failing to fulfil his promises in the miscellaneous concerns of life, he forfeited the general confidence. Thus he lost business, friends, and credit. But this was not all; his want of punctuality not frequently subjected him to the immediate loss of money; of time, and of labor.

For example—having promised a suit of clothes to an alderman, who was to dine on a public occasion, Luther was half an hour too late, the turtle soup was in danger of cooling, and the alderman went to dine in his old clothes. The new suit was sent home as soon as finished, and the garments were well made; but the die was cast; the alderman was vexed, as well he might be; and the clothes were returned upon the tailor. What was to be done? The alderman being a man of some twenty score weight, and of a very peculiar configuration, the clothes would fit no other person, and therefore the tailor was obliged to keep them on his hands. The cloth was of the finest quality, which, taken together with the uncommon quantity contained in the garments, rendered the loss a severe one. Luther endeavored by coaxing and by promises of greater punctuality in future, to prevail upon the alderman to take the clothes; but the alderman was a mountain not to be moved. From coaxing and promises, Luther proceeded to threats; but the man-mountain stood fast. Legal measures were resorted to, and a suit at law was brought to recover payment for the suit of clothes. But it was very justly argued by the defendant's counsel, that half an hour in 'pudding time' was not to be lost, and that in as much as his client was obliged to dine in his old clothes or lose his dinner, it was but just and fair that the plaintiff should lose the suit. The jury were of the same opinion. The tailor appealed, and the decision was confirmed, thus in consequence of being half an hour too late, Mr. Lapel not only lost the suit of clothes, but much time and money in the bargain. He of course lost the custom of the alderman; and several other gentlemen withdrew their patronage through the alderman's influence.

But this misfortune did not cure him of tardiness in the fulfilment of his promises. A fond lover was obliged to defer his happiness for the space of twenty-four hours—an age to him—in consequence of not receiving his wedding suit in season; and though he did not finally refuse the clothes, the recollection of the lost twenty-four hours, the pointing of his mistress, and the laugh of his friends, so chagrined him, that he forever afterwards deprived Luther of his custom.

Another man lost his election to an important office in consequence of attending a public meeting in a thread bare coat, for the want of a new one which Luther promised. He was

expected to address the people on that occasion; and indeed he did mount the rostrum—but his eloquence was sadly marred by the consciousness of his shabby appearance. He could not speak in an old coat, any more than a lawyer in England can without his wig. The attempt was pronounced to be a total failure; and the result was that in the coming election, his rival carried the day. Hereupon the enraged politician brought his action against the tailor for the value of the office which he had lost. The action was just, and so it was charged from the bench; but by one of those chances of law, whereby justice is sadly scandalized a verdict was rendered for the defendant. Nevertheless the expense of defending the suit, left him minus, at least one hundred dollars.—But it would be useless to enumerate the cases, in which Luther's want of punctuality to his customers, proved injurious to his interests.

In the payment of debts he was equally negligent. If he had the money in his possession, he generally contrived to put off the payment, until his notes were protested, or his bills lodged with a constable: so that along with the debt, he was almost certain to pay costs.

Luther had a very wealthy uncle residing in Philadelphia, who wrote to him, that if he would be at his house by a certain day, he would make him a present of a thousand dollars. Luther determined to go; but in consequence of being half an hour too late in getting to the wharf, the steam-boat went off and left him. 'Hang it!' said he, as he turned upon his heel, 'what's the difference of one day? I'll take care to be in season to-morrow.' He did so—hereached Philadelphia without any accident—but, alas! the old gentleman, who was in excellent health the day previous had gone off in an apoplexy, a full hour before the tailor arrived.

In almost every thing Luther Lapel was too late. He was a regular attendant at church; but as he seldom arrived till the middle of the discourse, he could make nothing of it; nor could he find a seat, though he took pains to rent a pew at considerable expense. He was always too late at meals, and was thus obliged to take up with the refuse of the table. The meat, if any remained, was cold; the coffee was cold, or run aground; the toast had disappeared, the butter was consumed—in short, no alternative remained to Luther, but to make the best he could of the scanty fragments that remained. The tailor had a sort of military turn, and few men looked better in regimentals than he; but he was generally on the parade ground so late as to incur a fine. 'Alas!' said he, 'a stitch in time, saves nine,' but I am always too late in threading my needle.

Luther Lapel was a very responsible fellow to look at, and became quite a favorite with the fair sex. He was also a fellow of some spirit, and laid siege to the heart of a belle valued at ten thousand dollars. His success

was almost beyond his hopes; for he took his measures so well, that in a short time the lady engaged to marry him. The day was fixed, the wedding cake was made, the lady was arrayed in her best, the bridesmaids were present, the groomsmen were in waiting, the guests had assembled, and nothing but punctuality was waiting to make Mr. Lapel the happiest man alive. But he was so late in coming, that the loved one got out of all patience; and before he arrived, she had struck up a bargain and was married to one of the groomsmen.

But, as we said just now, Luther was a man of spirit, and though but a tailor he called his rival to the field to take an exchange of cold lead. The groomsmen was first considerably frightened; but presently recollecting the unfortunate trait of the tailor, he mustered courage and accepted the challenge.—He was punctual to the minute; but the discarded lover was an hour too late, and so he lost the pleasure of shooting his rival.

Luther finally got married; but his wife was subject to fits, and he was one day informed by his negro boy, that his *missus* had fallen into the fire. 'In the fire!' exclaimed the tailor, who was just then pressing down a seam—'in the fire! did you say, Pompey?'

'Yes massa she in de fire.'

'Well go back, and tell her I'll come in a minute.' He finished pressing the seam, hastened to the house, and found Mrs. Lapel so burnt that she survived but a few hours.

The affairs of poor Lapel were now going fast to ruin. His credit was entirely gone, his customers had forsaken him, his friends, were estranged, his matrimonial disappointments and misfortunes preyed upon his mind; he became dissipated, shut up his shop, and resolved to cross the Atlantic and offer his services to the Poles. The ship was to sail at eight o'clock on a given morning; but Luther did not arrive at the wharf till nine; when, finding the vessel gone, he muttered something about being always too late, and in a sudden fit of despair, plunged headlong into the water and was drowned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A STREET DIALOGUE.

Ebony. Good Mornin, Topaz, how be your health, dis mornin;

Topaz. O, he be wretched, tank you. What be de news dis morning, Ebony.

E. What news you mean, Topaz, forin or dis country news?

T. Any news, so he be good or bad. How come on the resurrection in Virginia?

E. You call him wrong, Topaz—de revolution you should say. O, he be all stopped—de whole country cry, horrid massa-cre? serenal plot? down wid de black slave! When de Greek or Pole rise for his liberty, then they cheer him;—they send him arm and de stand-ard, and make de oration and de ode, and 'say

down wid de 'presser—burst de chain, gallant people?—bind him in his own fetters.' Ah, Topaz, de white men and de coloured men twings.—*Salem Observer.*

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.

DEAR FRIENDS :—There are three things I very much wonder at.—The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, brick bats and clubs into fruit trees to knock down the fruits; if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is that men should be so foolish and even wicked, as to go to war and kill one another; if they would let one another alone they would die off themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at most of all is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would only stay at home the young women would come after them.

AUTUMN.

Linger then yet awhile

As the last leaves on the bough.

Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile

That is taken from you now.—*MRS. HEMANS.*

Had we the tender and pathetic expression of Bryant to clothe our musings, we would dwell long and thrillingly upon the lessons taught so forcibly, in the advent of sober-suited Autumn. Coldly indeed must he look upon nature and her changes, who does not find a luxury of sentiment in the contemplation of all her seasons. All are but chords to that instrument which yields its tone to every breath of man, and vibrates involuntarily to every feeling of his breast. In the spring, the fair melody is made up of the unmingled warbling of rapture, the involuntary trills of untaught fingers, the overflowings of that spring of gladness which gave mythology her fabled fountains, and from which issues all that claims the name of music, short of the voiceless harmony of heaven. In Summer, it is mellowed into the harmony of hope.—The voice that never mourned is heard in its rich diapasons; its glowing progressions are tempered to the calmness of matured desire; its echoes are unbroken by the irregular responses of untutored passion, and its deep and ever varying consonances chime, swell, and estuate, in infinite gradation.

Beautiful, though sadly the reverse of these, is the style of Autumn's 'unwritten music.' The hope of the glad Spring and the devotion of the ardent Summer, have been damped, but not to deaden a single tone. The chords on which once played the breath of the affections, are strained but not to break. The mind is no longer a mighty organ, yielding its sounds to the hand of man; but becomes a gentle Æolian harp, catching its magic tones from every breath of the Autumnal breeze. Plaintive and sweet as though sound had caught a charm from the beautiful hues of decay, they come upon the ear, blending into harmony such strains as no art can imitate, no science ar-

range, no skill record. Such is the music of Autumn, upon that deep toned glorious instrument—the heart.

The grave comes heavily upon the thoughts of youth. They have not yet buried there the better part of their hearts. To the pilgrim who has farther advanced on the highway of human disappointments the last home of manna is welcome theme. Lovely to him, but only that it already holds his best hopes and his only charms that made the world fair amid all its desolation, the grave,—the cold and dreary grave sends up a sweet and holy call to his weary and broken spirit. All that speaks of decay has a charm to him. No marvel then that he woos the melancholy influence of Autumn, and breathes with untold delight her sighing breezes, and settles an unwearied gaze upon her red and yellow forests. Let childhood hang with enrapturing fondness over the brilliant beauty of Spring's first flowers, but its little adols will wither. Let mature youth yield its full devotion to the fruitful and fervent hopes of Summer; yet they too shall pass away. But who, that has ever relished the calm yet passionate love of fading beauty, which steals upon the unsubdued though softened spirit of one whose hopes have been like the summer cloud, will cling to such fleeting hues again. There is an Autumn in the soul, where all these images are mirrored deep and indelible. Even the winter of age, though it withers the outer form, can never supplant the sweetly lingering hues of Autumn in the soul. They cling to the memory longer than hope,—and the memory itself is life.—*Gates.*

'Henry IV. of France being out one day on a hunting match, lost his party and was riding alone. Observing a country fellow standing upon a gate apparently on the watch, he asked what he was looking for. 'I've come, here' says he 'to zee the king.'—'Get up behind me' replied the monarch, 'and I will soon conduct you to the place where you may see him. Hodge without any scruple mounted; but as they were riding along he put this sagacious question to his companion. 'They tell me he's got a power of lords we'um—how may a body know which is he?' The king replied, 'that he would be able to distinguish him by seeing that all his attendants took off their hats while he himself remained covered.' Soon after, they joined the hunt, when all the circle as may well be expected, were greatly surprised to see the king so oddly attended. When they were arrived his majesty turned to the clown, asked him if he could tell which was the king. 'I don't know (answered he) but faith it must be one of us two, for we've both got our hats on.'

It is well known to all who are acquainted with the early history of Kentucky, that the first emigrants settled in small squads, like the first settlements in all frontier countries, for

mutual defence. The order was whenever an alarm was given, all were to run to that place. Early one morning the shouts and cries of a female were heard—all ran to the spot. When they arrived they saw a man and a bear engaged in a combat. They had it hip and thigh, up and down; over and under, and the man's wife standing by, hollering 'fair play! fair play!' The company ran up and insisted upon parting them. The woman said 'no—no—let them fight! for it is the first fight I ever saw, that I did not care which whipped.'

Anecdote.—Lady Sandon possessed great influence with Queen Caroline, the wife of George II; and she was strongly suspected of turning her favor to pecuniary profit. One remarkable pair of diamond ear-rings, which she was supposed to have received as the price of her patronage in procuring some office, she wore one day, on a visit to her old friend, the Duchess of Marlborough. After she was gone, the duchess exclaimed: 'What an impudent creature, to come with her bribe in her ear!' 'Madam,' said Lady M. W. Montagu, who was present, 'how should people know where the wine was sold unless the bush is hung out?'

The late George Colman being told that a man, whose character was not very immaculate, pointedly remarked, that the 'scandal and ill report of some persons were like faller's earth; it daubs your coat a little for a time, but when it is rubbed off your coat is so much the cleaner.'

A commercial traveller lately left an article belonging to his wardrobe at an inn, and wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him by return of coach; in answer to which he received the following:—

I hope, dear Sir, you'll not feel hurt—
I'm frankly tell you all about it:
I've made a shift with your old shirt,
And you must make a shift without it.

A bill was brought into the Irish House of Commons 'To cause the watchman to sleep in the day time, in order that they may be wakeful at night.' Lord Nugent begged to be personally included in the bill, as the gout left him no sleep day nor night.

An odd sort of a genius, having stepped into a mill was looking with apparent astonishment at the movement of the machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news? 'Not's I know on,' said he, 'what is it?' 'Why,' replied the miller, 'they say the devil is dead.' 'By jings,' says Jonathan, 'is he? Who tends mill then?'

The seed of Laziness.—Never check industry in the young, even when it is unprofitable, if it is without bad motives; for industry is habit, and if you get youth to calculating the value

of exertion, you not only destroy that natural disposition in us to 'be a doing,' but the growing habits will quickly exclude the performance of ever occurring, and often, important duties as not worth the doing, which amounts to laziness the root of all evil.

Dr. Johnson on having argued for some time with a pertinacious gentleman; his opponent who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to say, 'I don't understand you Sir.' Upon which the doctor instantly retorted, 'Sir, though I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to furnish you with an understanding.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1834.

The Canadian Casket.—This is the title of a new semi-monthly miscellany, published by A. Crossman, in the town of Hamilton, U. C. It is to be devoted exclusively to polite literature, and afforded at the low price of 10 Shillings per annum, payable in advance. The specimen number is neatly got up, and the contents interesting and tastefully arranged—we hope it will meet with success.

Philip Augustus; or the Brothers in Arms.—This romance is from the pen of the author of *Richilieu, Darnley, &c.* It forms the ninth and tenth numbers of the Library of Select Novels.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending October 1834.

A. Piper, P. M. Wardsburgh, N. Y. \$5; J. Patterson, Stockbridge, Ma. \$1; H. Wheeler, P. M. West Mendon, N. Y. \$5; A. M. Strong, Housatonic, N. Y. \$1; H. A. Brown, P. M. Guilford, Ct. \$5; H. Pomeroy, Port Gibson, Miss. \$1; W. West, Wrentham, Ga. \$1; H. Sargent, P. M. Carrol, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Blasting Rocks.—Lieut. Wainwright, a German has discovered that sawdust, particularly of soft wood, mixed with gunpowder, in equal parts, has three times the strength of powder alone, when used in the blowing of rocks.

Mr. Rembrandt Peale has opened his gallery of pictures in New-York.

The proprietor of the New-England Galaxy offers a premium of fifty dollars for the best Original Tale that may be forwarded to that office prior to the 31st of December next. Also, a premium of fifty dollars for the best Original Poem that may be forwarded at the same time.

How to make Oysters of green Corn.—Take one pint of grated corn, (if you have not a large grater at hand, with a knife cut the grains once or twice, the length way of the ear, and press out the pulp with a knife, which is preferable to the grater,) and one tin cup full of flour, one egg, one table spoonful of salt, one tea spoonful of pepper, beat all well together, brown your butter, then drop in your batter in small cakes, turn them quick, fry them like oysters, if you choose put a little butter over them on the plate; this is preferable to the oyster plant.

Delaware and Hudson Canal.—We perceive by the report published in the Ulster Sentinel, that 35,002 tons of coal have been received, thus far, this year. During the week ending Sept. 24, the number of boats with general freight was 31 and 74 coal boats.

MARRIED,

In this city on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stobbins, John T. Van Valkenburgh, of Catskill, to Miss Caroline Hubbel, daughter of Mr. Luther Hubbel, of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Richard Fuchria, to Miss Maria Boyes.

At Schoharie, Mr. Abraham A. Keyser, editor of the Schoharie Republican, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Townsend.

At New Paltz, on the 2nd inst. by the Rev. Mr. Beach, Mr. Samuel W. Pierce, Esq. Editor of the Ulster Palladium, to Miss Laura B. Hallock.

In Claverack, on Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Sleyter, Mr. John Komper, to Miss Elizabeth Morris, both of this city.

DIED,

At his residence in the town of Kenselaville, on the 4th inst. after an illness of about two hours, Asa Colvard, Esq. Sheriff of the county of Albany.

At the village of Kinderhook, on the 10th inst. Mr. Aaron Van Vliet, after a short illness, in the 47th year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
PASSING AWAY.

All, all are hastening to their final sleep :—
The tide of things bears forward with no stay
In all its course—forever on—away !
Earth and its toys together onward sweep
To ruin. Man awhile may bow and weep,
Then in the sepulchre of ages lay
Him down to sleep forever ! and the gray
And deeply chiseled marble may not keep
His name from dread oblivion. Clouds of eve
Pass on, and of their course no traces leave ;—
And ocean-waves a moment proudly heave
And roar, then sink again to rest ; and grieve
Who may, as quickly pass, as soon forgot,
The hopes of man !—awhile—and he is not.
The young and beautiful, matron and maid,
And they of age, whose limbs are bowed with years,
Together through the narrow vale of tears
Move on towards the silent realms of shade,
Where, side by side, each in his chamber laid,
Earth's millions rest ! fair forms and hoary seers,
The great and valiant, those whose trusty spears
Have stood for freedom's bulwark, every grade
From king to subject, all in one vast grave.
The globe itself is but a splendid tomb
For man ! and hill and plain and ocean-wave,
E'en the wild desert shrouded in its gloom,
All, all beneath the bright and vaulted sky,
Are strewed with bones of creatures born to die.
The mighty caravan moves on its way,
Weeping for lost ones left, far, far behind !
While, as it speeds it onward like the wind,
Here, on this plain, where gliding streamlets play,
Or, there, upon the mountain's breast, where lay
The grateful shadows of the oak reclined,
Or, yet, a little farther on, where, lined
With human ruins, Ocean heaves her spray
Oblivious, pilgrim after pilgrim rest,
Worn and disheartened, in eternal sleep,
So melt the clouds on heaven's ethereal breast,
When in their caves the winds their sabbath keep !
So died the wave along the rock bound shore,
Its race accomplished and its beatings o'er.

For the Rural Repository,
TO

The stars, love, awaken
As the day goes to slumber,
And their stations have taken
In the skies beyond number.

The moon on the brow
Of the night hath uprisen,
And in its white glow
The curling waves glisten.

The sweet breath of love
Has wedded the gale,
And issues out from the grove
Or sports in the vale.

'Tis the hour, love, for us
'Neath its sweet power to stray,
And ask heaven that thus
Love may linger away.

The skies—thy shall witness
And hallow our vows,

And bend down to bless
What virtue allows.
As undying as pure,
As the lights which we see,
As deep, true and sure
Is my love, sweet, for thee !

From the New-York Amulet.
AUTUMN.

BY J. A. HARRIS.

The opening buds of spring,
Those beauteous harbingers of sunny skies
And cloudless times, are gone, and bring
Their golden fruits of richer dyes.
Morn, like a summer bird
O'er the tall trees lifts up her purple wing :
Dipping, in warm light lowly vales, the third
Season of joy to bring.
Earth's garniture is light
For now the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the Autumn sun, and bright,
The flash of noon-beam shrouds.
A beautiful spirit pours
New glory on the autumn woods, and leaves
Its mellow richness on the wither'd flowers,
That playful Zephyr weaves ;
With trembling leaf of beech,
And solemn bow of ash, deep-crimsoned all,
And maple, yellow-leaved, and oak, with each
Fading memorial,
To crown his silver head,
When Autumn like a faint old man, sits down
By the rustle, away—Soft wings spread
His rustling cloud of brown.
So shall old age rejoice,
To hear the solemn hymn lifted by Death ;
Aye, and the yellow leaves shall have a voice,
And Autumn's warning breath.
To speak of days well spent—
Of infancy, mid-life, and each revolving year
That came with honor, friends, and sweetly blest
Visions of joy so dear.
To the young burning eye,
Oh what a glory doth this world put on !—
He looks up to the glorious Autumn sky,
And thinks it his bright home.
It fires his soul for fame ;
And from his dazzling dreams a spirit walking
Plumes Genius with a steadfast upward aim,
And eagle pinions shaking.
'Up ! up !' the spirit cries ;
Hark !—loud's the thunder of his fearless pinion,
And heaven-born Genius, wing'd with lightning flies,
To Fame's supreme dominion.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it is sometimes an engraving (a gray wing.)

PUZZLE II.—Because it contains A. D. E. T. (a Daily) **NEW PUZZLES.**

I.
Why is Dr. Nott's new steam boat 'Novelty,' like a white swelling?

II.
Why is the city of Hudson like a colt ?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODARD, Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS shall receive six copies. The volume will contain 4 Engravings, and a Title page and index will be furnished at the end of the year.
All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII [IV. NEW SERIES.] **HUDSON, N. Y. NOVEMBER 5, 1831.**

NO. 12.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.
THE WANDERER.

'Educated at — College—practised at the bar in South Carolina—been a member of the Legislature'—'Why, my little gentleman, I'm a man of eminence although I look so'—uttered one of the most wild and haggard pictures of human wretchedness I ever beheld. It was a delightful autumnal sunset, the proud king of day had just descended, leaving the western horizon in all that surpassing beauty which man may admire, but cannot describe. I was sitting pensively at my window, indulging in a train of thought, to me ever delightful. The wonders and beauties of creation, the goodness and beneficence of the great Father of all, every where so signally displayed, filled my mind, as I alternately glanced from the burnished sky to the richly waving harvest fields with emotions which I may in vain hope to express. And this, I mentally exclaimed, as I viewed again and again the beautiful and far-stretching landscape, this is the residence of man, who, created with endowments but little inferior to the angels, reigns through the lower walks the supreme lord. What cause has he, I continued, to bear in constant remembrance the fountain of all good, and to use aright the noble and exalted powers which have in all goodness and wisdom been assigned him! Such were my reflections, when the broken sentences which head this article broke upon my ear. I turned and beheld a group of lads collected around a ragged and loathsome figure, whose chattering, and grotesque gesticulations appeared highly to amuse them. His actions, singular and ludicrous as they were in themselves, produced in my mind a most painful sensation, and I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Is this one of the favored race of God, one of the proud lords of creation, degraded below even the very brutes! And this doubtless, is caused by his own unholy and irregular courses. Profaning the image he bears, he has set at defiance the righteous giver of his life and contaminated him-

self with all uncleanness.' Scarcely had I noticed this, ere the object of my speculation had burst in upon my retirement. I then believed him to be labouring under the influence of mere intoxication. 'Educated at — College—practised at the Bar in S. C.' &c. &c. Were again wildly and incoherently uttered by him, bowing at the same time, not ungracefully. And, then, not regarding the interrogatory which I put to him, he fell to repeating passages from both the Greek and Latin classics, with a readiness and copiousness which truly astonished me. I readily concluded, as he evidently wished it to appear, that he had been a man of no inferior stamp. But what was he now? His scathed intellect, the deep lines of his haggard countenance, his torn and filthy garments, all bespoke that a desolating blight had come over him. I felt a keen desire to know something of his history, for I by this time felt assured that something besides intoxication had thrown into chaos that cultivated mind, and caused that frenzy of the brain, but his wild and unsteady appearance gave me no promise of being gratified. I endeavoured to soothe him, that I might draw something from him in relation to his situation—but my efforts were fruitless. He continued without cessation, for some moments his aimless ravings and rehearsals. At length I approached him, and with some sternness again endeavoured to silence him. He regarded me with an eye that kindled into fury, exclaiming more passionately than ever, 'You regard that heathen wretch, Socrates, as a philosopher and a wise man, don't you? Oh! he's a savage, he has sent his evil demon to torment me. Ah! see he comes, he comes'—and with a hideous shriek, the recollection of which even yet thrills through me, rushed from the house. I followed him, I felt that I had a duty to perform, and was determined not to shrink from it. I felt that his confinement would be no less a mercy to himself than to society. He had proceeded but a little way before I saw him fall. I procured assistance and approached him. A bloody foam was upon his lips—he was writhing in the

most terrible convulsions, and his unutterably ghastly appearance I shall never forget. I had him conveyed to lodgings, resolved that fallen and degraded as he appeared, no effort should be spared for his relief or comfort. When this fearful spasm ceased, he appeared dull and heavy, and gave an occasional brief convulsive start, was tolerably quiet. The following morning he appeared relapsing into his former mood, and commenced repeating his accustomed gibberish, though somewhat in a subdued tone. Except a continually increasing weakness, he lay nearly in this situation for three days; during which time he would occasionally exhibit glimpses of returning reason. On the morning of the fourth day, I visited him as usual, and as I bent over him, I thought I discovered a softer expression in his large blue eye, which he fixed more earnestly and steadily upon me, than I had before observed. Upon my asking him if he was free from pain, he weakly replied, 'I am free from pain, but not from astonishment at my present situation. Where am I? To whose hospitality am I indebted?' I saw that reason was indeed breaking in upon his shattered intellect, and unwilling to agitate him, I offered him such explanation as I could without exciting him, I checked him in the profusion of thanks which followed, cautioned him against excitations, and assured him that he might now calculate with confidence upon a speedy recovery. 'Never,' he exclaimed, with peculiar warmth, 'even now the chills of death are freezing up my vitals—Yes,' he added after a pause, 'the visions of earth are fast fading from my view, the grave will soon claim me for its own.' I feared that by dwelling upon exciting subjects he might relapse into his former wildness. I therefore endeavoured and with some success, to divert and calm him. Earnestly as I wished to know something more of this singular man, I considered that it would be unwise to introduce the subject then; so, after a prolonged visit, I left him, assuring him in reply to his earnest solicitations, that I would, as I had done, continue to see him often.—I visited him early the following morning, and a forced, though mournful smile played upon his countenance, as he stretched out his trembling, emaciated hand. He was calm, his reason appeared clear and settled, but his physical powers were greatly weakened. He was plainly a man of superior intellect, as well as of superior acquisitions; but disease, misfortune, or vice, or all, had evidently been busy with him, and had reduced him to a mere remnant of his former self. I requested of him the story of his life—at this, a burning flush spread over his pallid features, his eyes glistened for a moment, his breast heaved as if struggling with some strong emotion, and his face was bathed in tears. After an agitation of some moments, he appeared to have obtained a partial mastery over his feelings, and replied to my request in substance as follows: 'Sorrowful as it is, there

is nothing strangely uncommon in the story of my life; for the same vices, and the same unchastened passions bring thousands of the victims of licentious indulgence, by nearly similar paths, and attended with nearly like circumstances, down to the gulf of wretchedness and despair. I am now near my end, the grave is opening its portals to receive me, and I would fain sink in silence into its bosom, and have the wave of oblivious forgetfulness roll over the short existence which I have disgraced. But I have one request to make, which I cannot well do without revealing something of my history. My story too may serve to warn others into the path of virtue. Briefly then—I was born in opulence, of parents who occupied no mean station in society. My father died when I was young, leaving me to the doting kindness and guidance of a widowed mother. With no wish ungratified, no pleasure untasted, a will unrestrained, I grew up a proud, reckless, headstrong boy. Great pains were bestowed upon my education. All the advantages that wealth could purchase were enjoyed by me. I returned from one of the first collegiate institutions of our country, where, with the seeds of learning, had also been sown the seeds of my future downfall and misery. I was then in the incipient stages of gambling and dissipation. I embraced the profession of the Law, and was practising with some success and applause. I was at an age, and in a situation proper for forming the interesting and important connexions of life. I cast about me for a companion with whom to share the toils and cares ever incident to this stage of existence. Nor was I long in fastening my eyes upon one who was richly adorned with all the amiable and endearing virtues of her sex.—Here the voice of the agitated speaker faltered, he covered his face with his hands, and continued for sometime silent, evidently overwhelmed by the agony of his feelings. I felt not at liberty to interrupt those feelings, caused by the compunctions of a guilty conscience, and I too, sat in silence. At length he exclaimed, 'Alas, that I should have murdered her! Our union afforded us the most blissful anticipations of coming happiness. And, indeed, we might have been happy, had it not been for my renewal of former acquaintances, and a consequent renewal of former habits and aberrations. I shall not, I cannot be minute. It is sufficiently painful to glance at the main points of my hateful courses. Soon, a neglected business, a loss of confidence and of popular favour, a ruined and desperate fortune, an agonized parent, and a broken hearted wife, bore awful testimony to the effects of my damning sins. But desperation had now seized upon me, and I rushed on blindly and recklessly. My own substance I had wasted. I had drawn upon the overweening kindness of my aged parent, till I had reduced her fortune to a mere remnant, and even that little remnant I was determined she should not reserve, as she in-

tended, for my neglected, suffering family. I *farmed* around her (he uttered this with a tone and expression of bitter derision) entreated her, promised reformation; but all this she had heard too often, and she reproached me with my cruelty and vices, and re-expressed her firm and unalterable resolution to preserve the little that was left from my insatiate grasp. I was infuriate, and cursed, O, bitterness! *cursed* and heaped unmeasured abuse upon her who gave me birth, and who had extended to me even more than usual parental kindness. I was desperate—what was I to do? Money! I must have money!—*Forgery!* Ah, the deep damnation of my guilt increased. The thought entered my mind—I recked not consequences—the deed was done—my *Mother's* name was *forged*. It was as I had expected. To save her wretched son from the infamy he more than deserved, and to conceal his guilt, the small remainder of her fortune was given up, and she was left in beggary and want—but not long to want—her afflictions were too severe, she sunk beneath them. Why could I not have stopped here, and afforded one little ray of comfort to the suffering, dying angel who soon followed her. But every sensibility was blunted; I was under the dominion of a strange fatuity. Intemperance, gambling, and all their thousand execrable accompaniments, held in check every virtuous emotion, and my course in vice was onward—*onward*. Now that I reflect upon it, I am unable to conceive how it could have been so, how I could have witnessed the uncomplaining, patient, affectionate and heavenly bearing of that poor creature whose destiny was unfortunately linked with mine, without having been aroused to virtue and humanity, without having been penetrated with a deep sense of my enormous wickedness. But in the stupid bestiality of my vices, I paused not to reflect.—As was my custom, I came home late one night from the loathsome haunts of vice, drunk, infuriate. As I staggered through the door which my poor, trembling wife arose to open, I thought she spoke reproachfully. But it was a heated imagination doubtless, which magnified a feebly uttered expression into a term of reproach, for her surpassing forbearance and patience ever preponderated, and strange as it may appear, amidst all her trials she was affectionate still. But however much I deserved reproach, I was in no humour to receive it then—and what did I do? O, God, can there be any forgiveness for such an enormity—I smote her to the earth, and left her there insensible—and there she lay for the remainder of the night, upon the cold floor. I slept off the fumes of the previous night's revelry, when I arose and found my poor uncomplaining wife upon the floor, unable to rise. She had shed tears, but then her cheek was blanched and dry; and her heart-broken and heart-breaking sobs did arouse within my callous breast, something like a shudder, something

like a spark of feeling. I felt emotions working within me, to which I had long been a stranger. I conveyed her to a bed—"Stephen," she faintly and entreatingly said, "Stephen, I am dying, will you let me see our little Mary before I die?" Oh, the all consuming agony of that moment! I felt that she was indeed dying, and that I was her executioner. Still, she was so mild, so uncomplaining, it would have softened a harder heart than mine. Not a reproach, not a harsh word did she utter. I felt my brain whirl, I shouted, I raved—I know not what I did. Presently the room was filled with those who were there to comfort, and to perform kind offices for the poor, dying victim of my abuse. And little Mary was beside her. O, the relents that then poured in upon my soul! I knew that my unkindness had broken the heart of my wife—I knew that my last act of barbarity had hastened her already downward passage to the tomb. I was called to her bedside—she was taking leave of the little, unfortunate Mary, and as she printed the last kiss upon her brow, I saw my dying wife draw my miniature, given to her in other and better days, from her bosom; she raised it to her lips, and then placed it in the bosom of the child. O, agony, I was almost phrenzied! As I bent over her, she said, "One kiss, Stephen, 'tis the last." I faltered something about forgiveness—"O, I do forgive you, and may God, may God forgive you—what will become of poor Mary?" I heard no farther. When sensibility again returned to me, my poor wife was no more. Her earthly suffering had ceased. She had died without one murmur against the cruelty of her husband, without alluding to the last inhuman treatment which hastened her death. I gazed upon her clay cold visage, placid and lovely even in death—impressed a kiss upon her marble brow—the touch shot a thrill of horror through my soul—I rushed forth, I knew not where. Since that period, there is a vagueness, a confusion thrown over my actions which I cannot penetrate. That I have had sundry fits of real insanity, I know; and whenever reason and sensibility did return, I would fly to the intoxicating bowl to swirl down oblivion, for reflection was torment. I have been wandering, I know not whither, nor how long. But I am here now, and upon a bed of death—I shall soon meet those whom my cruelty has sent before me—the wrath of Heaven, I fear, is in waiting for me.—

The narrator was greatly agitated towards the close of his relation, inasmuch that he was frequently forced to stop, and control and calm his feelings, before he could proceed. At the close of his last sentence, one of his fits of agitation, amounting almost to a convulsion, again came over him, and as he appeared quite exhausted, I desired him to wait till another day before he finished, and in the mean time endeavour to calm and compose himself. 'I have but little more to say,' he replied, 'I have a re-

quest to make and must make it now, to-morrow may be too late. You no doubt, by this time look upon me as a monster, but yet, I hope you will perform my last request, if not for my sake, for the sake of my innocent child. Here, he exclaimed pulling a miniature from his bosom, here is that angelic wife whom I have loved, whom I have abused, whom, O God, I have murdered! Yes, yes, I know I have sent her broken hearted to the grave. This miniature I leave as a legacy to my poor Mary. It is all I have on earth to give her. I have neither a fortune nor a *good name* to leave her. She already has my miniature, presented to her by her dying Mother—and now her unworthy, but repentant and dying father, presents to her that of her sainted Mother. It is strange to me that I have had grace enough to preserve even this treasure through all my frightful wanderings. Will you see it conveyed to Mary's hands? This request may seem to you trifling perhaps, yet trifling as it may be, it will soothe the anguish and agony of a dying man to be assured of its accomplishment.' I assured him that I should take great pleasure in executing his last wish, that it would afford me much gratification to be able to inform his child of the repentance and contrition of her father, and to place that in her hands, which under all the circumstances must be to her an invaluable boon. He seized my hand, and with much earnestness added, 'Tell her to let the virtues and misfortunes of one parent, and the frightful aberrations of the other, sink deep into her heart. Tell her ever to remember, that virtue has its reward and vice its punishment—and warn her carefully to follow the counsel, and imitate the virtues of her angel-mother, and she will ere long be permitted to join her in Paradise. Let me ask you again if you will perform my last earnest request?' I again assured him that I would, and he continued, 'God will reward your goodness, I cannot. My story may be told to warn the young and inexperienced to fly from the haunts of vice and dissipation, to hold up to the world the extreme wretchedness which an indulgence in vicious propensities ever begets. But let my name be forgotten. When I am gone, let that too fade from the earth. Let it not be recorded, but let oblivion claim it for its own.' He ceased, and after commending him to quietness and composure, I took my leave of him for the day. My feelings during this scene I will not delay the reader by attempting to describe, but leave him to judge from his own feelings while reading, what mine must have been while hearing and seeing.

Early the next morning I was called to his bedside. He had been gradually sinking, and was now near his end; the hand of death was pressing heavily upon him. As he feebly extended his hand to me, he faintly whispered, 'I will soon be over, remember Mary and my last request.' I re-assured him that it should be faithfully executed, that nothing should be forgotten. A mournful smile of satisfaction

lighted his countenance for a moment, and then lowly breathing out a short, ejaculatory prayer, he lay for sometime quiet. At length starting up quickly, with a tone, an emphasis, and a look of fixed wildness never to be forgotten, pointing towards the foot of his bed, he exclaimed, 'See yonder!'—fell back and expired, leaving upon his shrivelled features an expression of ghastliness and horror.

It has often been a matter of serious speculation with me, as to what visions of terror burst upon his view, as the bonds of mortality were sundered.—

First Prize Tale from the Ladies' Mirror.

THE FATALIST.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF HARTFORD, (CT.)

In dissipation he had revelled long,
Had known the wildest paths that vice e'er trod;
He roamed, seduced by pleasure's syren song,
Until he hated man, himself and God.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

The lights and shades, the ups and downs of life are not unfrequently traceable to those trifling incidents, the importance of which, at the time they occurred, passed by as unworthy of recollection. The vicious man knows in his own heart the little fountains from whence his evils flowed, and however unwilling he may be to acknowledge them, others can see and believe. Man never becomes suddenly wicked. Imperfect as his nature is, he is led on by degrees from one corruption to another, till his whole soul is completely enveloped in the darkest vices. Like the Serpent of Regulus, he then exhales a poisonous effluvia, and all who dare approach him, are infected with its deadly influence. Like the electric shock, his principles when communicated, spread desolation over the fairest scenes of moral beauty. In such deep depravity and with no prospect of future success in the world—man is glad to charge the authorship of his evils upon the Majesty of Heaven.' The following tale, gentle reader, is no fancy's sketch. I once had a friend whose history I have endeavored in this most faithfully to delineate. * * * *

'To-morrow then,' said Elizabeth Stanley to Edward Morton, as they were walking alone one evening, 'you go to a distant State?'

'Yes, Elizabeth, I must quit the enticing paths of pleasure and seek to bring into action the talents which nature has assigned me, and to prepare a passport to that eminent station, to which in pursuance with the wishes of my friends I have ever aspired. But although this is my ambition I will not forget the friends of my earlier years, and I hope that you too will not forget.'

'I like your ambition—but does my Edward believe I can ever forget him? In the sincerity of my soul—I tell you such a thing can never happen while memory lives.'

'No, Elizabeth: I do not believe it, I only fear that you will remember me too long—longer than I shall deserve. I am not worthy your affections, and yet I love you to adoration.'

My whole soul is centered in the grand aim of deserving at some future day your hand and promoting your happiness?

'It is idle, dear Edward, to talk of being unworthy the creature who addresses you. "To err is human" and if in the course of your life some passages have occurred of an unpleasant nature, it does not follow that you must be treated with cold neglect. Vice and folly, the concomitant evils of every man, are lost in the blaze of your virtues.'

'Say then openly, dearest one, are you willing to rest your future felicity upon the fortunes of my humble self? Young and blooming, dare you sacrifice the better offers that may yet be made you in binding yourself to me? The consent of your father to our union has already been obtained, so soon as I shall have completed my Collegiate course, and been well prepared to enter upon the duties of my intended profession.'

'The only objection,' returned she with maiden modesty, 'that I could possibly have in answering these questions affirmatively, has been removed in the kind consent of my father, I am willing!'

Thus ended the brief interview of Edward and Elizabeth the evening previous to the former's departure for College. Oh! fatal words—*I am willing!* Would that she could have looked through the dim vista of futurity, and seen the blighted hopes, and the prostrated soul of him who once loved her even to idolatry! But yet she could not do otherwise than utter the sentiments of her heart—she could not do otherwise than bind herself to his fortunes. They had been loving friends from their earliest years. The affection which had grown up between them was of the deepest and most lasting kind, and whoever gazed upon them in their moments of joyous hilarity, when their thoughts and their feelings seemed blended into one, would, involuntarily exclaim surely—if Heaven ever destined two beings to matrimonial union—it has destined Edward and Elizabeth. I knew them both well. My lot of life was cast in the peaceful neighborhood of their own residence, and I was a frequent witness of the partiality they bore each other.—But I will not dwell longer on that part of my story.

Edward entered College under circumstances flattering in the extreme. The graceful manliness of his character, the favorable indication of his great talents, and the known wealth of his father—all rendered him an object of universal attention. I also was pursuing my collegiate course at the same time and stood in the relation of class-mate, and friendly counsellor to him. For two years he shone like a brilliant star among his equals—all of whom gazed on him with admiration and many with envy. The hopes of a fond father seemed indeed about to be realized. The prospect of his son's future usefulness and greatness had opened bright and gladdening upon his view,

and he felt that all his anxieties and cares were about to be recompensed in the most acceptable manner. But alas! Our fondest expectations are but the day-dreams of a moment. We rise in the morning and behold a clear sky and a bright landscape—but at night dark clouds are curtaining the heavens and thick mists are resting upon the hills. Edward was full of the loftiest spirit of ambition—but he was too much intoxicated with the splendor of his own success. He began to persuade himself that labor was unnecessary—that native genius should rely upon its own unaided powers for the comprehension of knowledge. He began also blindly to believe that in imitating to life the course which great geniuses had ever pursued, he must become eccentric and vicious withal. The associations which he had formed were not of a kind to lead him to the adoption of better sentiments, or to his moral elevation. In literary institutions it frequently happens that the highest orders of intellect can be found in individuals of the loosest habits, and deepest moral depravity, and as a great fault in our young hero's character, and one which stood out in bold relief, was a want of fixed principles of virtue and religion. It is easy to see how banefully the associations of such individuals would operate upon him. They did operate banefully. He mingled in them, avoiding the society of his better and more serious friends, until he became reckless and indifferent. His studies were neglected, and in proportion as he neglected these, he became more and more conversant with the vices and corruptions concomitant with his principles. I never shall forget the influence which I exerted to reclaim him from the pathway of ruin. I reasoned with him. I pointed to 'Fame's proud temple shining afar.' I set before him the hopes of a fond father and the expectation of an indulgent mother. And last I held up the beautiful being of his soul's adoration. But he seemed inexorable. The lofty feelings, the tender sensibilities, and the rich impulses all had passed away, and left a complete moral desolation.

One morning, not long after this, I entered Edward's room and found him lying upon the bed in the most agonized state of mind. He had evidently been dissipating the evening previous, and his perturbed feelings were now the consequence. After a few moments silence, he thus spoke out in a tone of despondency.

'My friend, would to God I had never been born! I know it was fated that I should turn out a wicked man—a drunkard—and an infidel.'

'Pshaw, Edward, what signifies believing in what does not in reality exist? There is no such thing as fatality—and whoever reasons upon the matter at all, will readily acknowledge that it is existent only in the wild dreams of the imagination. What think you would become of the world if such a doctrine were true? What would be the use or necessity of exertion?'

MISCELLANEOUS.

'Ah! my friend, that is the very point to which I especially refer. If our destiny is fixed there is no advantage in exertion. I was born to be a wicked man, a wretched being, and all the acts in the world cannot make me good and virtuous. I shall die as I have lived a miserable man.'

'Oh Edward how altered are your views of things! Six months ago such sentiments uttered in your presence would have called forth the most indignant rebuke. But are you willing by pertinaciously adhering to this doctrine to forego your prospects of usefulness and greatness, and above all, your probable happiness with Elizabeth Stanley?'

'I once thought,' answered he, 'that I might meet the expectations of my friends and be instrumental in promoting the happiness of one whom I always have and always shall love with the disinterested fervor of youth. But it is vain to work against fate.'

Here I left him, wondering what strange cause had led him to the utterance of such views. But an hour had not passed away ere the report was circulating through the Institution—that a student had, in a wrangle last evening—stabbed a citizen of the place. Quicker than lightning the thought came over me that this student was Edward. The interview which I had just held with him and his reckless course of dissipation gave me no reason to doubt it. I immediately returned to his room and questioned him closely upon the point. My fears proved too true.

'Yes I have done it,' said he, 'but nature made me for a wretch and I cannot alter her decree.'

'Will you persist,' said I, 'in such a foolish doctrine at your time of life and with your means of becoming great?'

'How can I do otherwise?' returned he 'I have somehow implanted this idea and I cannot for my life eradicate it.'

I reasoned with him long and strong upon the subject—but he met my arguments with the reckless enthusiasm of despair. The film of vice seemed to have gathered thick over his soul and he was glad even of the poor subterfuge of fatality to palliate his unholy career. He had seen happy days and bright prospects, and he spurned the idea that any thing but an unalterable destiny had caused them to disappear. He reasoned like one who was determined not to be persuaded and bring the sin of guilt to the door of his own moral depravity. Occasionally, indeed, the light of reason would break in upon his soul—but like the transitory gleams of lightning, it served only to show more terribly the blackness of the gathered storm.

(Concluded in our next.)

Common conversation is the best mirror of a man's heart; and he that can be deceived by a person with whom he has been intimate, discovers a want of discernment, that would, were it possible, excuse the imposition.

A SKETCH.

She was all light and loveliness; and her eye, deep and lucid as the sapphire, beamed with animation. The amber curls that waved around her head, like streaks of sunshine, shaded a brow fairer than the swan's white down. She was all smiles and innocence—like a bright influence diffusing love and harmony. But now a Change came o'er her and she faded—she, the fair, the gay! The sunny smile had vanished, and the cheek's bright hue had fled. The crystal drops that hung upon her eye's dark fringe, like dew upon the rose, kissed her fair, soft cheek. She was all sad and lovely—like a lone bird whose dulcet notes are hushed. Her young affections had been given to one who asked them not, save in the silent language of the eye; and left her without one word of sorrow or regret. He too, loved, but breathed it not, save to his own heart, or in the murmur of a dream; but quickly fled the beauteous vision which had bowed the heart that stern misfortune could not shake. Bad years passed on, and he returned.—Once more his footsteps pressed his native shore; and she was there still meekly—beautiful even in her despair; and they have met again, and he has knelt—she wept, then smiled—and her gentle spirit clung to earth again. R. L. D.

THE BIBLE.

The following is the account of the number of books, chapters, verses, words and letters, contained in the Old and New Testament.

OLD TESTAMENT.

Number of Books	39
Chapters	929
Verses	23,214
Words	592,438
Letters	2,728,100

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job 29.

The middle verse would be 2d Chronicles xx. 17, if there were a verse more, and verse 18, if there were a verse less.

The word *and* occurs 35,543 times.

The word *Jehovah* occurs 6,855 times.

The shortest verse is 1st Chron. i. 25.

The 21st verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th of the 2d of Kings, and 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Number of Books	27
Chapters	260
Verses	7,959
Words	181,255
Letters	858,380

The middle Book is 2d Thessalonians.

The middle Chapter is Romans 13, if there were a chapter more, and 14 if there were a chapter less.

The middle verse is Acts xvii. 17.

The shortest verse is John xi. 35.

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

Number of Books	66
Chapters	1,189
Verses	31,173
Words	773,697
Letters	3,560,480

Middle Chapter, and least in the Bible, Psalm cxvii.

Middle verse Psalm cxviii. 8.

It is said that three years of the calculator's life were occupied in forming this table.

Sneezing.—A schoolmaster taught his boys whenever they heard him sneeze, to rise up with solemnity, and ejaculate, God preserve our venerable tutor! One day he took them out for a walk; and the weather being hot he proposed they should drink at a well. The well was deep—so the master made them join their turbans together for a rope, and descending to the bottom, handed them up their drink, one after the other. The refreshment being over, he bade them draw him out again, and had nearly reached the top, when the coldness of the well made him sneeze; the whole posse instantly let go the rope threw themselves into their accustomed attitude and exclaimed with great fervor 'God preserve our venerable tutor,' who fell and broke his leg.

In some parish churches it was formerly the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short, when a woman eager for the honour of her sex, arose and said, 'Your reverence the noise is not among us.'—'So much the better,' answered the priest, 'it will be over the sooner.'

Voltaire in his younger years wrote a very severe satire on a man of rank in France. The nobleman one day meeting the poet in a narrow lane, where it was impossible to escape, gave him a severe drubbing. Voltaire complained to the regent and requested justice. 'It is too late,' replied the regent, 'justice has been done already.'

A gentleman having a horse that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. 'No,' says the other, 'no,—I will not sell the little fellow, because I intend to marry again myself.'

Absence of Mind.—An old woman who sold ale, being in church, fell asleep during divine service, and unluckily let her old fashioned clasped Bible fall, which making a great noise, she exclaimed, half awake, 'so you jade, there's another jug broken.'

Two curious apologies for cowardice are recorded. One is that of an Irishman, who said 'He had a heart as bold as a lion, but his cowardly legs ran away with it on the appre-

hension of danger.' The other an English officer, who being tried by a court martial for cowardice, said 'He did not run away from fear of the enemy, but only to see how long a paltry carcass might last a man, with good looking to.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1831.

The Cincinnati Mirror.—This is the title of a new periodical to be published every other Saturday, by John H. Wood, Cincinnati, Ohio, and edited by Wm. D. Gallagher. The two numbers already issued are now before us; they are neatly printed, on good paper, and contain much interesting matter, both original and selected.

Scientific Tracts.—These Tracts are issued semi-monthly from the press of Messrs. Carter, Hendee and Babcock, Boston, and contain much valuable matter in the various departments of science. Their design is the spreading abroad of useful knowledge in a simple style, easily to be understood by persons of ordinary literary attainments. They are well conducted and contain a vast fund of useful information, which may be had for the trifling sum of \$1.50 per annum.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending November 2d.

D. Edwards, Montague, Ms. \$4; H. Spear, Cincinnati, O. \$4; J. Thompson, Kingston, N. Y. \$4; J. T. Van Vleet, Kingston, N. Y. \$4; M. A. Youngs, West Meadon, N. Y. \$4; H. Hastings, Constance, N. Y. \$4; D. Van Cull, Albany, N. Y. \$4; G. F. Denning, Athens, N. Y. \$4; L. Weber, East Richmond, N. Y. \$4; R. P. Hatch, Upper Lake, N. Y. \$4; J. Sherwood, Byron, N. Y. \$4; D. Burgess, Louisville, Ct. \$4.

SUMMARY.

A Miss Rider has been appointed Post Master at Covington, Rhode Island.

New England runs constantly used to wash the hair, keeps it very clean, and free from disease, and promotes its growth a great deal more than Almonet oil. Brandy is very strengthening to the roots of the hair; but it has a hot, drying tendency, which N. England runs has not.

Lime pulverised, sifted through coarse muslin, and stirred up tolerably thick in white of eggs makes a strong cement for glass and china. Plaster of Paris is still better; particularly for mending broken images of the same material.

Beef tea, for the sick, is made by broiling a tender steak nicely, seasoning with pepper and salt, cutting it up, and pouring water over it, not quite boiling. Put in a little water at a time, and let it stand to soak the goodness out.

Parasols should be kept under cellar, covered up in sand, and excluded from the air. They are good only in the spring.

The purple paper, which comes on loaf sugar, boiled in cider or vinegar, with a small bit of alum, makes a fine purple slate color. Done in iron.

MARRIED.

In Claverack, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. Robert Smith, to Miss Jane Carpenter, daughter of Amos Carpenter, Jr. merchant, both of this city.

In New-York, on the 25th ult. Mr. Benjamin Downing, of the firm of G. R. & H. Downing, to Miss Anna, daughter of Christopher Hoxie, Esq. late of this city.

At Albany, on the 29th ult. Mr. Edgar Jenkins, of New Orleans, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Chancellor Walworth.

In Claverack, on the 1st ult. by the Rev. J. Burger, Mr. William Poucher, to Miss Anna Maria Crispen, both of Claverack.

In Ghent, on the 6th ult. by the same, Mr. Isaac Parker, to Miss Margery Smith, both of Ghent.

In Chatham, on the 11th ult. by the same, Mr. George V. H. Wood, to Miss Mary E. Hull, of Providence, R. I.

In Ghent, by the same, Mr. Henry P. Pulver, Adjutant of the 47th Regiment of Infantry, to Miss Sally E. Jacobs, both of Ghent.

In Kinderhook, on the 13th ult. by the same, Mr. Peter Kingman, to Miss Catharine Hoyt.

In Claverack, on the 18th ult. by the same, Mr. Sylvester Blackwell, of Windham, Groton Co. to Miss Gertrude Bomer, of Claverack.

At Hillsdale, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. Jacob Palmer, merchant of Hillsdale, to Miss Sarah Brown, of the same place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 23d ult. William S. only child of Mr. Peter Burger, in the 6th year of his age.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 14th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth McCammon, aged 22 years, wife of Mr. Joseph M. McCammon, and daughter of Mrs. Anna Comstock, late of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
THE UNHAPPY CHILD.
 BY E. T. BAILEY.

This world is but a joyless land
 Of thorns and briars and desert sand
 And few of pleasure's flowers,
 Where ever anxious care and sorrow
 Await upon each coming morrow
 And grief in tempests lowers.
 No longer would I linger here
 But for a dread—an awful fear
 Of something after death.—
 Oh, could I know that Heaven was nigh,
 How gladly I'd lie down to die
 And sigh away my breath!
 My heart is formed for filial love,
 But ah! 'tis fated ne'er to prove
 A parent's tenderness.
 A mother's love I never shared
 Since first my infant breast was bared
 To sorrow and distress;
 But oh, loved sire whom I revere,
 I feel I once, to thee was dear,
 As thou still art to me;
 But now—the cause I cannot tell—
 I only know and know too well
 No more I'm loved by thee.
 Thy kindness in my infant years
 Has often dried the bitter tears
 That flowed from childish care,
 And love and gratitude for thee,
 First in my heart shall ever be
 And deepest buried there.
 Aye! though my wants be unsupplied,
 My wishes spurned, my prayers denied,
 And thy kind heart be changed,
 Yet still my grateful love shall last
 Fed by the memory of the past;—
 It ne'er can be estranged!

The following beautiful lines from the pen of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, were written immediately after a visit to the grave of the 'Mother of Washington.'

MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

Mother of him whose godlike fame,
 The good throughout the world revere,
 Ah! why without a stone or name,
 Thus sleep'st thou unregarded here?
 Fair pensile branches o'er thee wave,
 And Nature decks the chosen dell,
 Yet surely o'er thy hallowed grave
 A nation's mournful sighs should swell.
 Rome, with a burst of filial pride,
 The mother of her Gracchi viewed;
 And why should we restrain the tide
 Of reverential gratitude?
 She to sublime Volumini paid
 Her tribute of enraptured tears,
 When the dread chief that voice obeyed
 Which sternly curbed his infant years.
 Thou in the days of Sparta's might,
 Hadst high on her illustrious roll
 Been ranked amid those matrons bright
 Who nobly nursed the great of soul.

For disciplined in wisdom's school,
 The lofty people owned thy sway
 And well might he be skilled to rule,
 So early nurtured to obey.
 No enervating arts refined,
 To slumber lulled his heaven-born might,
 No weak indulgence warped thy mind,
 To cloud a hero's path of light.
 Say, when upon thy shielding breast
 The saviour of his country hung,
 When his soft lips to thine were pressed,
 Wooing the accents of thy tongue,
 Sawest thou, prescience o'er his brow,
 The shadowy wreaths of laurel grow?
 Or when his infant hands were taught
 By thee in simple prayer to rise,
 Say, were thy own devotions fraught
 With heightened incense for the skies?
 Well may that realm, confiding rest,
 Heroes and mighty chiefs to see,
 Who finds its infant offspring blest
 With monitors and guides like thee.
 Some future age, than ours more just,
 With his shall blend thy honor'd name;
 And rear, exulting o'er thy dust,
 The monument of endless fame—
 Shall thither bid young mothers wend
 To bless thy spirit as they rove,
 And learn, while o'er thy tomb they bend,
 For Heaven to train the babes they love.

From the Winchester Republican.

'I HAVE LOITERED TO GATHER.'

I have loiter'd to gather some flowers by the way,
 As I trudged on to Wisdom's old shrine;
 If too tempting and bright in my pathway they lay,
 'Twas the fault of the flowers—not mine:
 There were rose-buds to garland the fountain of bliss—
 There were some for the altar of care—
 And smiles lay embalmed in each magical kiss,
 That won the lone wanderer there.
 They tell me those blossoms, in beauty and bloom,
 Hang warm for a while on the heart,
 To leave but behind them the sadness and gloom,
 And the blighting that will not depart:
 But the brow of cold being!—oh who would not wreathe
 Though the coronal fade in a day!
 And the sweet strain of pleasure!—oh who would not
 breathe,
 Though it sink in sad murmurs away? **NORRIS.**

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it will never run.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is kept by a mare (mayor.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a four-quart measure like a side-saddle?

II.

What letters express fitness, and propriety?

PRINTING INK. *

A. Stoddard has just received a large supply of *Winter Ink*, which will be sold by the keg at 25 Cents per lb. This ink has been used for the Repository the three last years, and is warranted to be equal, if not superior, to any that can be purchased at the same price in Albany or New-York.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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* All Orders and Communications must be *post paid* to receive attention.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. NOVEMBER 19, 1831.

NO. 13.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

PROSE.

BY ELLENOR TAYLOR.

There were brilliant belles and sparkling beauties at the ball, but Geraldine was not one of them. She possessed not, for she desired not, the admiration of the multitude. Her sphere of enjoyment was home, there her beauties shone out and her attractions displayed themselves. Yet she did not despise the gaiety which was not necessary to her happiness, she partook in the animation which kindled in the cheeks and flashed in the eyes of all around her and the pleasure that shone in every face was reflected in her own.

Her eye roamed through the smiling throng it was caught and riveted by a stranger. He was dancing, but he did it as if he despised his employment—and himself for being engaged in it. He seemed to tread the earth, not because it was his appropriate sphere, but because he was compelled to submit to the temporary degradation. He actually spurned the earth he trod on.

‘He moved a stranger in this breathing world,
Averting spirit from another hurled.’

A conscious dignity elevated his frame and communicated itself to every motion. It was a form where every god had set his seal to give the world assurance of a man! But not a man for man is ‘lower than the angels.’ He seemed not ‘less than archangel ruined.’ The grandeur that pervaded his frame might resemble one who had been accustomed to look on but one being in the universe as his superior—none as his equal, and the flashes of his eye indicated no small portion of the sin for which the Son of the Morning fell. Geraldine gazed, and the rest of the scene vanished from her senses. She saw not the crowd—she heard not the music. For the moment, the world contained nothing for her but that one figure. Her pulses thrilled in unison with every movement and when at length he ceased she covered up her face and wept.

As soon as she could control her new and strange emotion, she looked around the hall, but the stately stranger was no longer there!—This abrupt and unseen disappearance completed his effect on Geraldine’s feelings. Her mind was above superstition, but her imagination was not, and she loved to think of the majestic vision, which had so suddenly appeared and so quickly vanished, as allied to the heavenly host that joined the Arabian prophet in the battle of Bedar, engaged for an hour in the affairs of mortals and then sprung back to their native skies. Geraldine tasted but little repose that night. The form of the stranger moved before her whenever she closed her eyes, and the haughty flash of his eye and the contemptuous curl of his lip would obtrude themselves on her sight, in spite of her efforts to banish them; and when exhausted nature at length sunk into an unquiet slumber, it was only to present the same object accompanied by circumstances wild and fanciful as an unrestrained imagination could invent.

The following day was occupied in receiving calls, and the beaux were surprised to find the animated agreeable Geraldine metamorphosed into an absent, spiritless, uninterested and consequently uninteresting being. The next day, which was Sunday, she walked to church resolving to banish the image she had so foolishly dwelt upon for many hours past. The services commenced. She joined in the prayer with her whole heart, nor did one earthly feeling alloy the devotion of that moment. With an additional effort she had succeeded in fixing her mind upon the hymn when a voice behind her struck in and joined the choir. It was deep and very low, but its tones thrilled through every nerve. Each note vibrated to the depths of her soul. She had no curiosity to know from whom this melody proceeded, for she felt that there was but one being on earth who could utter such sounds. Though she was morally certain that by turning her head she might see the object of her dreams by night and her reveries by day, yet by some strange perversity, she closed her eyes and yielded

herself wholly to the sense of hearing; and when the sound ceased her existence seemed to cease with it. * * *

'What means that start, as if your heart were trying to jump out of your bosom?' asked a young lady who was leaving the church arm in arm with Geraldine.

'Look at that man leaning against the pillar at our right,' answered she in a low voice.

'What a splendid figure, a painter might copy him for Lera in Otho's banquet hall. But was it merely seeing him that made you start so?' Geraldine described his appearance at the ball, the music she had just heard and their effect upon her. When she had finished, her friend burst into a long and loud fit of laughter.

'You! Geraldine, you! fall in love with a stranger, because he dances and sings well and has a good figure!'

'That I am in love I deny,' said Geraldine blushing, 'and though I may feel an uncommon interest in this stranger, it is not because of any personal gifts, but of the high soul, the proud spirit indicated by every look, every motion and every tone of his voice.'

'Well, good bye my susceptible friend, (for you see I have got home) and remember it is not wise to love a bright particular star.'

'Provoking creature,' muttered Geraldine as the giddy girl turned from her and ran up the steps.

Her father had mentioned to her that he should bring home to dinner the agent of a mercantile house in Savannah, with which he was connected, and that he was to become a member of the family. Having however more interesting subjects of thought, she did not again think of it till on entering the parlour, her father introduced her to Mr. Cressingham?

Perhaps her indifference was not much increased when, in the gentleman, who with polished courtesy rose to pay her his compliments, she recognised the stranger of whom she had just been speaking! Though the awe she would naturally have felt on finding herself in presence of that majestic being was considerably diminished by calling him 'Mister,' and knowing that he was engaged in mercantile business, yet her usual ease of manner had quite deserted her, and her father was surprised at the deep blush and trembling embarrassment with which she received the new inmate.

Months passed away, and Cressingham had daily opportunities of observing Geraldine's quiet domestic virtues, her goodness of heart, her sweetness of temper, her strength and tenderness of feeling. By degrees he discovered also her rich treasures of intellect. He saw 'the warm blood rushing to her brow,' at an instance of meanness or vice, he saw her eye sparkling with delight when he uttered a noble sentiment, her cheek growing pale at a tale of terror and her tears gushing forth at a scene of woe. When he read to her from the page where Genius has inscribed characters for eternity,

her expression changed with every new sentiment, and he saw the emotions that agitated his own bosom reflected in her face. Before he saw her his heart was unengaged—Need I say more? When their voices united, their hearts combined in harmony, and when they walked by star-light their souls drank in the delicious light of love.

When Geraldine declared to her giddy friend that she was not in love, she spoke from the dictates not only of maidenly feeling, but of truth. At that time her imagination alone was affected, but when she heard the haughty tones of his voice subdued to softness in addressing her, when she saw the proud flash of his eye melted to tenderness in conversing with her, and his lofty head bent to catch her accents, the impression was transferred from the imagination to the heart.

This dream of young love was interrupted by a change in Cressingham's manners. He avoided her presence except at the brief periods allotted for meals, and when the common courtesies of the table obliged him to address her, it was in a studied formal manner and with looks studiously averted. Once on quickly looking up she met his eyes fixed on her with a gaze of the wildest, most unutterable anguish. It was as if the concentrated agonies of age could be expressed in a single glance. The terrified girl shuddered and sunk back in her chair but instantly recovering herself, she remarked that the room was cold, and called for more fuel.

One morning as Geraldine was sitting alone in the parlour, Cressingham impetuously entered. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes wild and his appearance frantic, 'Geraldine!' he cried throwing himself at her feet and taking her hand, 'Geraldine! I am come to bid you a long an eternal farewell!' He paused, but she was too much alarmed to reply. She thought his intellect was deranged. He continued 'Yes Geraldine! we now part, never to meet again on earth! Geraldine! I have loved you to madness—to idolatry—as I shall ever love you till this tumultuous heart is still as death can make it. Yes I have loved you better than any thing in Creation! any thing—but Honour. Honour commands me to leave you—and I must tear you from my heart though the life-strings break in the effort. Farewell! farewell! Forget that you have ever seen me—forget that such a being as Cressingham, has ever crossed your path. There is misery—there is madness in the thought, but if it is necessary to your happiness, oh forget me! forget me!'

He rushed from the house and Geraldine was alone. 'Forget him! I cannot. This last momentary interview has rendered it impossible. Had his unworthiness separated us, how easily could I have cast his image from me. Or had he departed without this declaration—wild and phrenzied as it is—I might have called pride and delicacy to erase his name from my heart, but while in the very act of

leserting me, he has vowed to love me till death and while that very desertion renders me still more admirable—oh my heart may break but can never forget him. And it shall break in silence. 'The world shall never know my love nor my sufferings. I can endure anything better than the degradation of pity.' An invitation for a party was brought her and she immediately resolved that she would go and that he would suspect any thing but that her heart was breaking. Never before had she appeared so gay. She danced with an energy that gave a peculiar grace to her movements and her tongue ran incessantly with that flip-sant nonsense which in such places is the most acceptable substitute for conversation. The gentlemen thought her wonderfully improved, the young ladies declared her mockingly affected, while those rather more advanced pronounced such flighty conduct to be 'very unbecoming in a young lady.'

She continued thus, like the Spartan youth, to conceal in her bosom the foe that was preying on her vitals, till the anniversary returned in which she had first seen Cressingham. That anniversary was always celebrated by a ball, and she felt she *could not* on that night and in that place wear the mask of mirth. Ashamed, however, of her weakness, and fearful of its being suspected, she determined to be there, whatever it might cost her. She went and was gayer than ever. Many, that might have envied her light heart and happy untroubled lot. Ah! how little did they know or what they were sighing!

When she returned home she found on her dressing-table a letter which had been brought here during her absence. She was turning away with soul-sick indifference, when her eye was caught by the hand-writing. She snatched it up, eagerly broke the seal and read as follows.

'Geraldine! have you fulfilled the request I made in the distraction of parting, and forgotten me? Oh if you have, it will be too terrible a punishment for my folly. But no! I cannot endure the thought, I will not admit it while a gleam of hope remains. As I take it you granted you wish to know the reason of my strange conduct when I last saw you, I will proceed to explain it.

'When I first knew you, my father was possessor of a princely fortune, which I had every reason to believe would be mine. Under this impression I asked your father's permission to address you and had just obtained it, when I received intelligence that my father had failed and lost all! Oh what a terrible blow was this! I instantly determined to go to my father and maintain him by my labour, but not involve you in my poverty nor share your fortune. I then thought this determination the result of the most honourable feeling. I am now convinced that it proceeded from a foolish and culpable pride. Your father kindly endeavoured to turn me from my purpose, assured me that

he could give you enough for both and that the want of fortune on my part was no objection to our union. He did not—he could not know how powerfully his pleadings were seconded by my heart. But it was all in vain. I felt a kind of sullen satisfaction in immolating my earthly happiness to the Moloch I had erected and applying to him the lines we used to admire so much.

'And here before thy shrine I swear
From my heart's inmost core to tear
Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
Liaued with each quivering life-string there,
And give it bleeding all to thee?'

'I intended to leave you in ignorance of my sentiments and obtained from your father a promise not to mention to you my proposal. With great difficulty I kept my resolution till the moment when I was leaving for the last time, as I thought, the house where I had known you, when I was irresistibly impelled, to breathe one adieu before leaving you forever. I lost the control over my feelings and—the result you may remember.

'Since then by several unexpected occurrences, my father has recovered the whole of his vast property, and I now feel at liberty to entreat your acceptance of my hand and heart without even the imputation of an unworthy motive.

'Geraldine! I feel that my expressions are cold and unimpassioned. In comparison with my feelings, they are like the snow upon the surface of Hecla compared to the eternal fires that rage within. Oh! I could better hope to give the blind an idea of your beautifully expressive countenance or to make the deaf comprehend the witching melody of your voice than to express my love in words!

'Geraldine! my past folly deserves punishment, but oh! if you knew the sorrow, the self-reproach, the agony it has cost me, you would think it amply atoned for. I feel—I trust you will not reject the returning penitent. Do I trust in vain? I will be with you to-morrow and receive my answer from your own lips. In that answer I shall receive life or death. Adieu till to-morrow. CRESSINGHAM.'

After the violence she had been doing her feelings, the sudden rush of emotion was too much for her. A domestic who occupied an adjoining apartment was awakened by a violent, horrid burst of laughter. She started up and listened—all was still as death. She concluded that it was a dream and tried to sleep again. But that frightful laugh echoing around her prevented any repose for the remainder of the night, and to the last moment of her life, whenever her sleep was troubled, that horrible sound would ring around her, breaking the stillness of night and driving slumber from her pillow.

In the morning, when the girl entered her mistress's room, she found her fallen upon the carpet, her hand convulsively grasping a letter on which her glazed eyes were fixed in a

ghastly straining gaze. Her features were frightfully convulsed—the rigidity of death was upon them!

‘Where is your daughter sir?’ cried Cressingham, rushing into the room where the bereaved father sat. With fearful calmness, the old man rose, took his hand, led him to another apartment, and pointing to the wreck of all he loved, uttered as if the word were wrung by the hand of anguish from his inmost soul, ‘There!’

The lover gazed a moment, then striking his head with his clenched hand, rushing from the house—a maniac.

First Prize Tale from the Ladies' Mirror.

THE FATALIST.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF HARTFORD, (CT.)

(Concluded.)

The dread of being apprehended as a criminal caused Edward to leave college in a clandestine manner. He stated to no one the course he should shape or the business he should follow.—He left a short note—addressed to his father in which he mentioned his wretched state of mind and the crime which had led him to seek shelter in another part of the land—at the same time advising him—to give up all hopes of his return or his ever becoming a useful and an honorable man. The effect which such news had upon his relations and friends can be better imagined than described. It was a death blow to the cherished hopes of the father, a rending of the best affections of the mother, and to his love—aye reader—to Elizabeth Stanley, it was death itself. That he, who possessed such a heaven-born genius—who once bid fair

‘to leave a name

Whose echo from the abyss of time
Should rise and float upon the winds
Into the far hereafter’

and whom she loved with the deep fervor of a woman's first and only love, should thus turn out a drunkard and a criminal was too much for human nature to bear. They may talk as they will of blighted affections and broken hearts—but for one I believe in them; I believe in the entire devotion of feeling to one object, and in the possibility of dying from disappointed love. Man may be so much the creature of interest and ambition that this disappointment will only wound his sensibilities and give a temporary blast to his prospects. But woman when she has loved with her whole soul, and been duped into the belief that she was loved in return with a corresponding sincerity, cannot mingle in the stirring scenes of life and forget the event. Hers is not a lot to engage in the toils and turmoils of existence,—but the heart is her world, and by this alone she ‘moves and has her being.’ Elizabeth Stanley made no outward show of grief for the disappointment of her hopes. But ‘passion when deep is still.’ The shallow stream ripples and foams on its pathway—while the deep river rolls on noiseless and undisturbed. In the society of her companions

she put on an air of gaiety and cheerfulness—but it was forced. Hers was a stroke of calamity that scorched the inmost soul, and albeit she exhibited no signs of grief—she nevertheless felt it operating silently—but surely within. Like the beautiful tree of the forest which nourishes a worm at its root, she began to droop and wither—strikingly exemplifying

‘that sweetness in woman's decay
When the light of beauty is fading away.’

She died at last like many others who have made an unworthy bestowal of their affections—of bitter disappointment.

Ten years had now passed away and nothing had been heard of Edward Morton—save that he had repaired to New-Orleans and enlisted in the service of a Privateer. His father had given up all hopes of his ever becoming so much of a reformed man, as to return to his paternal roof and become a solace to him in his declining years.—He was fully convinced in his own mind that the theory which he had clung to in College, would lead him, if it had not already led him, into irretrievable ruin. He resolved therefore as far as practicable to stifle the feelings of regret and to throw the pall of forgetfulness over his renegade son. His other children he cherished with all a father's fondness and in guiding them in the upward path of honor and usefulness—he drew from the lessons of experience, and constantly reminded them of the errors and follies of a self-ruined brother. In a word, Edward had become almost entirely forgotten in the thriving village of his boyhood, or was only remembered as an example of the unhappy influence which false principles may have upon the temperament and turn of the character.—Ten years I have said had passed away and nothing of importance had been heard of him, when business called me to the city of N***—**** in a distant state. Like many other sojourners of eager curiosity, I set myself one afternoon to ambulating the place with a view to observation, and was just passing the Court House when the animated tones of the speaker's voice struck upon my ear and induced me to enter. Here I beheld a crowded audience, listening ‘open mouths and ears erect’ to the brilliant eloquence of one who was pleading indignantly against the enormities of crime. Upon inquiry I ascertained that the case then upon the docket was that of a young man arraigned for piracy and murder. Eager to have a view of him, I pressed forward through the crowd until I came into a position where my eyes rested full upon the prisoner. Oh! God Edward Morton!! Yes, there he was, the friend of my youth—bound hand and foot in the criminal's box. The very sight of him was enough to strike the soul with horror. His visage was dark and rugged and his look that of a hardened villain. He gazed about upon the audience with the consciousness of innocence or with the recklessness of despair. When the trial was completed and the Judge arose to give his charge, he continued

in the same state of apparent unconcern, and even when the 'verdict of guilty' was brought in, not a muscle of his frame was seen to move, or a change to come over the serenity of his countenance. The audience instead of evincing sympathy for his deplorable fate, seemed rather to expect and wish it. His life, said they, has been a constant tissue of villainies and crimes, and it is a happy event that the law has arrested him in his unearthly career. He was remanded back to prison—there to await the execution of his sentence on a coming day. My own feelings during this awfully impressive scene, beggar description. Convinced as I always had been that my friend would one day verify his own words and 'perish a miserable being,' I never once dreamed that nature and virtuous sentiments could so die in his heart that he would become a robber and a murderer. I returned to my lodgings with the darkest feelings of sorrow. I resolved that ere to-morrow's sun had reached its meridian height, I would visit Edward Morton in prison and know something of the history of his latter life—not for the satisfaction of myself alone—but for that of his friends. I returned as usual to rest, but the scene of the day lay on my soul like an incubus. The mangled forms of innocent victims slain upon the 'high seas' came up before my startled imagination in grim horror. I passed indeed a sleepless and comfortless night—but morning had not long come—before I stood at the door of Morton's gloomy cell. As I entered he looked up—but appeared not to recognise me. I addressed him but he answered me not. 'What,' said I, 'do you not know Erastus Williams the playmate of your boyhood and the friend of your youth?'

'Oh God!' cried he 'is it you? Behold the once promising Edward Morton before you, a wretch—a pirate and a murderer! It was my fate. Heaven destined me to be a wretched and a murderous being and that destiny is now fulfilled. But what has become of Elizabeth Stanley and my parents—names which it is profanation in me ever to mention?'

'Your parents,' returned I, 'are still living and have almost forgotten you. But Miss Stanley has been dead these nine years. She lied they say of disappointment.'

'Oh! there is another thing,' said he, 'that must be added to the black catalogue of my crimes—I loved her and she loved me—but I never dared breathe to her the presentiment which I had of my future destiny.'

'Will you,' said I, 'give me a brief history of your latter life?'

'The story,' returned he 'is too dark to tell, save only in the abstract. You know that when I entered upon my collegiate course, I was remarkable for a want of fixed principles of virtue and religion. These my father had not been careful to instill into my mind, and the only reason which induced me to assume them at all, was that they were fashionable,

and suited the taste of the world. But in my associations in college I found many congenial spirits—many who entertained the same views with regard to these subjects as myself, and as they rejected them entirely I also began to throw them off. They held frequent meetings and talked upon infidelity and all its attendant topics. I mingled in these meetings and neglected the companionship of better friends until I became one of the foremost champions of the doctrine. I settled myself in the belief that virtue and piety were unnecessary, that infidelity was the best religion and that the destinies of all were unalterably fixed. I had some how imbibed the idea that I was born to be a wretch, and reckless of what I did—in returning one night from a scene of revelry—I committed the act—I will not say unprovoked—that caused my clandestine departure from college. Not daring to go home—I repaired to New Orleans, and enlisted in the service of a privateer then fitting out. I continued in this ship a whole year—during which time we had taken many prizes and amassed for ourselves much wealth. I now purchased a vessel of my own, and after continuing in this business of lawful plunder until hostilities ceased, I became a regular mercantile trader in one of the West India ports. But this department was not congenial to the depravity of my nature. I had seen too much bloodshed and plunder to mingle honestly in the strifes of business. I therefore quitted them and became a cold calculating pirate. I will not attempt to describe the numerous vessels which I have taken, or the innocent blood of thousands that has been sacrificed to my remorseless lust. I have plunged the dagger into the vitals of a fellow being with as much unconcern as you would plunge it into a brute. But it was my fate to do all this and I have only fulfilled it.'

'Have you no fear,' inquired I 'of misery in a life to come?'

'Ah!' replied he with a *sardonic* smile, 'I detest these opinions of the world about a future state. We cannot alter the destinies of nature—and it is idle to attempt it. If there is any place of torment for the souls of the departed,—which I do not believe,—I was made for it.'

'Will you,' said I, 'persist in adhering to such baneful principles to the last gasp of your existence?'

'Yes,' replied he, 'as near as I approach the portals of an awful tomb I cannot give up my favorite theory. I have clung to it in my darkest days and it is the only consolation which remains to me in the hour of death.'

'You might,' said I, 'become penitent and pray for pardon and forgiveness at the mercy of Heaven.'

'No,' returned he, 'I cannot if I would.—They have condemned me to execution—but there is that'—pointing to the ring on his finger 'which shall cheat the hangman of his due. The men, whom I fondly deemed my best

friends, to save themselves—have turned traitors to me and my cause—but wretches ! they shall not see me hung up a loathsome spectacle for the scoffs and sports of an unfeeling multitude. No : the hour is come ! I will suck the poison contained in this ring and die as I have lived—"hating man, myself, and God." There ! 'Tis finished ! I feel the death-like palsy coming on—Eternity is before me"—and he sunk back upon the pavement—A livid hue had come over his lips—the poison had done its work—and he died muttering ' *it was my fate !—it was my fate !* '

Such, Reader was the beginning and the end of Edward Morton. Beware how you foster or give encouragement to his principles.

"One vice another follows,
Till vices universal mark the man."

E.

MUSCIBLANCOUS.

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

The eccentric H. H. Breckenridge, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man, was challenged to fight a duel by an English officer, whom he answered as follows :

'I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is lest I should hurt you ; and the other is lest you should hurt me ; I do not see any good it would do me to put a ball through your body. I could make no use of you when dead, for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey ; I am no cannibal to feast on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use ? A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh might be tender yet it wants the firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for a long sea voyage.—You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or an opossum ; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than a two year old colt. So much for you. As to myself I do not like any thing that is harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. This being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object a tree or barn-door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me.'

IMMORTALITY.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied ? Why is it that the rain-

bow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness ? Why is it that the stars which 'hold their festival around the midnight throne,' are set above the grasp of our limited faculties ; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory ? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us ; leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts ? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever !—*G. D. Prentice.*

An Irishman having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding his purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it and ran away. 'Now, my dear joy,' said the Irishman, 'what a fool you make of yourself ! what use will it be to you if you don't know how it is to be dressed.'

A couple of street sweepers in New-York were overheard, not long since, disputing upon the subject of their respective qualifications. 'I tell you what 'tis,' said one, 'in plain strait forward work you can get along tolerably well, but when you come to the *fancy work*, such as sweeping round a lamp post, damn me if you can hold a candle to me !'

When Mr. Price, the American manager, first took possession of Drury Lane, Harley stopped, the band, that had struck up 'God save the King,' upon the manager's entry. 'That is not the most appropriate tune,' cried the wag. 'What then should we play Mr. Harley ?' inquired the astonished leader. 'Play,' exclaimed Harley, 'why *'Yankee doodle's come to town,*' to be sure.'

A Polite Child.—'How do you do, Jacob ?' said a woman, to a lad, in this city, the other morning.

'I'm well, I thank you,' said the boy.

'How do all your folks do ?' said the woman.

'They're all well I thank you, except dad,' replied the boy.

'What's the matter with your dad ?' asked the woman.

'He's dead, I thank you,' returned the boy—'how do you do, and all your folks ?'

PRIDE.

The proud heart is the first to sink beneath contempt—it feels the wound more keenly than others can. Oh, there is nothing in language can express the deep humiliation of being received with coldness when kindness

is expected—of seeing the look, but half concealed, of strong disapprobation from such as we have cause to think beneath us, not alone in vigour of mind and spirit, but even in virtue and truth. The weak, the base, the hypocrite, are the first to turn with indignation from their fellow mortals in disgrace; and whilst the really chaste and pure suspect with caution, and censure with mildness, these traffickers in petty sins, who plume themselves upon their immaculate conduct, sound the alarm bell at the approach of guilt and clamour their anathemas upon their unwary and cowering prey.

The celebrated Daniel Burgess dining with a gentleman of his congregation a large Cheshire cheese, uncut, was brought to the table. 'Where shall I cut it?' asked Daniel. 'Any where you please, Mr. Burgess,' answered the gentleman. Upon which Daniel handed it to the servant, desiring him to carry it to his house, and he would cut it at home.

Men show particular folly on five different occasions; when they establish their fortunes on the ruin of others; when they expect to excite love by coldness, and by showing more marks of dislike than affection; when they expect to become learned in the midst of repose and pleasure; when they seek friends without making advances of friendship; and when they are unwilling to succor their friends in distress.

Dr. Watts.—As he was standing one day in a coffee-house, he observed a gentleman looking very steadfastly at him, and presently heard him say to his friend, 'That is Dr. Watts.' 'It is?' replied the other; 'Then he is a very little fellow;' on which Dr. Watts, turned to them and said—

'Were I so tall to reach the sky,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.'

Skip a Hoy! Fire ship afloat in the channel.—As the brig Opossum passed the Scilly Islands, a passenger hailed a pilot boat and asked if the Reform Bill had passed? The pilot replied, 'I don't know the ship. Sir was she bound up Channel or down?'—*Lon. paper.*

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the footman, told him if he moved he was a dead man. 'That's a lie, for if I move, I am sure that I am alive.'

A haughty general who had risen from obscurity to the rank he enjoyed, one day reviewing his troops, took notice of a man in the ranks who was excessively dirty. Going up to him, he said, 'How dare you appear on parade with that dirty shirt? It is as black as ink! Did you ever see me so nasty, and such

a dirty shirt when I was a private?' 'No, your honor, to be sure I never did,' answered the man, 'but then your honor will please to recollect, that your honor's mother was a washerwoman.'

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept but one man; on being asked why he did not cry with the rest, 'Oh,' said he, 'I belong to another parish.'

After a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be tapped. Upon hearing of the decision of the Doctors, a son of the sick man approached him, and exclaimed, 'Father, don't submit to the operation, for there was never any thing tapped in our house that lasted more than a week.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1831.

We would inform the editor of the Hartford Bouquet, that 'The Manic Criminal' was, not only said to have been, but was actually written by a gentleman of that city, Mr. Ebenezer C. Bishop, of Washington College.

The Little Merchants.—This instructive little book has been recently published at the Franklin Press Office, New-York. It is from the pen of Maria Edgeworth, whose name is a sufficient recommendation to those who are acquainted with her works.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,
Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending November 16th.

E. A. Parker, Feeding Hill, Mass. \$1; S. Chase, Providence, R. I. \$1; J. E. Stearns, Castleton N. Y. \$5; L. S. Morris, Philadelphia, N. Y. \$1; B. T. Hoxie, Madison, N. Y. \$1; L. M. Hobbs, Fairport, N. Y. \$1; A. B. Daynes, New Brunswick, N. J. \$1; A. T. Bullock, Mondou, N. Y. \$5; J. Wilson, Hallowell, U. C. \$2.

SUMMARY.

Imprisonment for debt.—The editor of the U. S. Gazette calls this practice a frightful punishment for misfortune and a signal source of beggary and crime.

The Charles-town Courier says *Old Iron Sides* is to be the first vessel to enter the Dry Dock when it is completed there.

Our Mackerel-men are driving a fine business, as will be seen by inference to our Marine board. Their arrivals, packing out, and departures, have given quite a bustle to the town this week, and our neighbor Joyce, the Inspector, has had his hands full of business.—The Mackerel are said to be very plenty on the coast this season. Newburyport harbor is said to have been blockaded with them one or two days last week.—*Wis. Intell.*

There were exported from Canada this year, up to Oct. 16, 1,321,230 bushels of Wheat—73,191 barrels Flour—19,267 barrels Pot Ashes—11,233 barrels Pearl Ashes.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Conrad Van Kuren, to Miss Catharine Lighter.

At Claverack, by the Rev. Mr. Snyder, Mr. Betseel Turner, to Miss Frances Geary.

In Ghent, near the Hudson Print Works, on Monday the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. James Ashworth, to Mrs. Levey A. Weaver.

On the following day, at the same place, by the same persons, Mr. Richard Crompton, to Miss Hannah Ormard.

At Colchester, Delaware Co. Abraham V. Schermerhorn, Esq. Attorney at Law, to Miss Sarah Christina Doll, both of Kinderhook, Columbia Co.

In Bridgeport, Mr. Geo. W. Smith editor of the Times, to Miss Sarah H. Wheeler.

On Wednesday, the 2d inst. by Mr. Pelton, Mr. John Ballock Stearns to Miss Elizabeth Proctor, all of the village of Castleton.

DIED.

In this city, on Saturday the 15th inst. Daniel Russell, only son of Simon S. Hathaway, aged two years and a half.

'So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Faint, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.'



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository,
FAREWELL.

There is a word in whose wild tone
Unuttered terrors dwell,
And frenzy shakes proud reason's throne,
As white lips shriek—Farewell !—

There is a word whose madd'ning thrill
No human tongue may tell,
When hopeless Lovers linger still,
And cannot breathe—Farewell !

There is a word whose soft'ning sway
The ingenuous bosom's heart doth swell,
When trusting friendship dares to say,
'We meet again—Farewell !'

There is a word which angels love
And heaven approveth well,
'Tis faith's last lip e'er borne above,
It murmurs low—Farewell !—

For the Rural Repository.

THE LUNATIC'S COMPLAINT.

Away ! Away ! I cannot bear
These emblems of the past ;
Oh ! I was free, and happy once,
But yet it could not last ;
Too bright for earth, my visions were
And they are past, and I am—where !

My dungeon walls are all my home,
I love them for the very name—
My youthful hopes are buried here,
—The gorgeous dreams of fame :
My panting hopes of future bliss,
All faded into nothingness.

I know not why I thus am kept,
Immured within my dreary cell,
I know not why my fellow men
Should shun me, as a fiend of Hell ;
I had a friend when I was free—
Oh ! does he ever think of me !

The birds that sing on every flower,
Their notes are not for me—
For though I sometimes hear their song
Themselves I cannot see ;

Oh ! bitter thoughts of by-gone days,
Why float ye back on their sweet lays !

Oh ! that I might forever sink,
To the cold realms of death !
Oh ! that I never more might hear
The sound of human breath !
Its pitying tones—depart !—depart !
Oh ! torture not my aching heart !

Oh ! I have longed, and prayed, to breathe
My last, beneath the clear blue sky,
But now within my dungeon wall,
I'll lay me down and die ?

Forever in my dreary nest,
My grave shall be my home of rest.

LARA.

From the Token, for 1832.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Soldier !—She's near thee now,
For whom thy latest prayer
Was but to gaze upon her brow,
And bless her faithful care ;

The death-shot in thy breast ;
The death-mist o'er thine eye ;
For this, thy faltering footsteps prest
On, toward thy tent, to die.

She's kneeling at thy side,—
Her face of anguish, see !
How changed that bright and blooming bride
Who left her home for thee.

The battle-smoke curls high
Above yon reeking plain,
Thy comrades raise the victor-cry,
Wake, Soldier !—'tis in vain !

Mourn ! mourn, thou desolate one,
No more thy path forlorn
Shall glow with earth's refulgent sun,
It hath no second morn :
Go in thy deep despair

Dows to thy husband's tomb,
And lay thy young affections there,—
They know no second bloom.

Babe ! Sorrow hath no power
O'er innocence like thine,
And thou must gild her lonely bower,
A star from Mercy's shrine.

Thy sweetly slumbering breath,
That o'er her cheek shall stream,
Can chase the forms of war and death,
That haunt her nightly dream.

Still with thy cherub art
Her misery beguile,
And when the grief-pang rends her heart,
Wear then thy father's smile ;
None else thy skill can share,
None else such balm bestow,
For thou canst bring a mother's care
To heal a widow's woe.

STANZAS.

Have you not seen the lengthening line
Along the silent sea,
Where yonder orient moon-beams shine
In hush'd serenity—
The lessening sail, that all unfurl'd
Wooes the still breath of eve ?—
And can your heart admire a world
It seems so sweet to leave ?

Oh ! I have watched that midnight sheen,
So tranquil and so fair,
Along the waves of deeper green,
And wished that I was there !
To roam those heaving waters, bright
By Heaven's own moon-beams made—
To find my own a path of light,
Where all beside is shade !

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it holds a gall-on, (gallon.)

PUZZLE II.—X. P. D. N. C. (expediency.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a school-boy who has just begun to read, his knowledge itself ?

II.

What letters express what personal beauty is seen to do ?

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS shall receive Six Copies. The volume will contain 4 Engravings, and a Title page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year. All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. DECEMBER 3, 1831.

NO. 14.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

KLEINE EIGHER.

Father! my fearful race is o'er,
The death drops thicken on my brow,
And this proud heart, untamed before,
Is feebly fluttering now.
List, for the secrets of this breast
Are daggers grown—nor can I die
Till in its blackness stands confest
My guilt and infamy.
Breathe for my soul no idle prayer,
’Twere all in vain to weary heaven
For one whose sins recorded there,
Can never be forgiven!

It was late of an autumnal day some twenty years since, that the inhabitants of a little isolated village in Rhode Island were thrown into agitation by an occurrence equally unaccountable and extraordinary. A party of young men had been out on a hunting excursion among the hills, and had returned with the startling intelligence that a human skeleton had been discovered by them under circumstances strangely mysterious. There was a large pond centered among those hills, a wild and lonely spot, and the subject of many a fearful tale and traditionary legend. The superstition of former times had also invested it with imaginary terrors, and the oldest settlers declared it to be bottomless. For these reasons it was little frequented, except now and then by the hardy fisherman who periled himself to sport in its well stored waters; or by the romantic traveller who rambled around it to enjoy the wild and picturesque of nature. It was near this pond that accident had led to the discovery of the bones, mysteriously secreted in a hollow tree.

Great was the excitement, and although the day was now far advanced the villagers immediately turned out in a body. There was something of awe in the appearance of these men as they approached the spot, which both the time and place were well calculated to inspire. A few rods from the margin of the water stood a branchless and blasted oak, the top of which had been broken off some eighteen or twenty feet from the ground. It had become

somewhat decayed near the roots, and a squirrel or other small animal had there dug its way into the cavity of the tree. It seems that a little terrier had pursued his game into this burrow, and had first attracted the attention of the hunters by pawing out a bone. The aperture was, however, far too narrow to thrust in a dead body, and no other marks were discoverable on the bleached and barkless trunk, which was elsewhere of iron like solidity. Those few small bones which the hunters had already removed were lying around. An opening was immediately cut into the tree, and there, in its naked ghastliness was the skeleton revealed; no marks of violence were discoverable, the skull was horribly entire, and not a bone appeared fractured. A few metal buttons and a rust eaten pocket knife were also scraped out among the rubbish beneath it. When, or by what means it had found a grave in this sequestered spot were alike unknown. There was no tongue to lisp the sufferings of that lonely one—no tell tale circumstance on which to ground conjecture of its fearful and unnatural death—all was mystery. It however afforded a subject for village gossip for many months; and a white haired boy gained the ephemeral renown of a poet for versifying the tragical subject in lugubrious doggerel.

We will now, passing over an interval of four or five years, introduce the reader to a roistering group assembled at the bar-room of the village inn. The huge fire which blazed in the rude stone chimney served to expel the cold of a bleak February eve, and lit up the whole apartment with its broad and ruddy glare. A company of rough and weather beaten men were ranged around an old oak table of ponderous dimensions, busily circulating a mighty pitcher of brown earthen, redolent of their favourite beverage, flip. At the head of these worthies sat Archibald, or, as he was more familiarly termed Arch Carson. This personage was square built and muscular, with a broad chest, a Herculean arm, and a hand nearly as hard as the table on which it rested.

He wore the ordinary garb of a farmer, with a wide brimmed slouched hat, and a red knit woollen sash girt about his waist. He had been greatly celebrated in his youth for feats of strength and activity, and there were few young men who dared hazard a tug with him even now, though his dark bushy hair was grizzled with the frost of more than fifty winters.—The rest of the company was composed of men younger than himself, and mostly in the vigor of life. They had, it would seem, been employed during the day in breaking paths through the deep snow which had lately fallen; and from the depth of their potations were disposed to be somewhat quarrelsome. This tendency which was more manifest in the youngest of the party, old Arch Carson was apparently endeavouring to quell.

'What are ye always bullying for, ye blackguards?' said he, 'take another pull at the mug each of ye, and let it pass.'

One of them responded rather gruffly though in an under tone, that they could settle their own concerns without help; 'and as for the flip,' he continued, 'there is not enough left to swear by, after it has turned your corner.'

'I'll tell you what,' whispered a third who sat near, 'keep your lips buttoned, young man, or you had better have meddled with the wrong end of that hot poker.'

'Well then, let the old bear keep his own side of the table!'

But the valorous spirit of these champions rose with every fresh draught, as the mug was repeatedly emptied. These sullen mutterings grew at last into loud wrangling, and as the dispute waxed high, sundry hot heads began to take sides, 'till at length a furious scuffle ensued. Arch Carson had by this time drank deeply, and he sat for a time looking on the fray with a maudlin eye. But as he saw a few buffets interchanged he rose, and reeled towards the group with the half emptied tankard clenched in his hand.

'A ring, a ring—make way!' he hiccupped, 'make way, and let them hammer it out if they will. Hold back!' he continued, raising his voice as he saw no one regarded him; 'hold away, or by — I will jam myself among ye!' And he thrust his huge arm forward to grasp one of them by the collar. There was a violent and confused struggle for a few moments, and with loud oaths and threats, Arch Carson was thrust backward against the corner of the massy table with fearful violence. The old man was instantly sobered. 'I am no better than dead,' he groaned as he attempted to rise; 'for God's sake lend me a hand.' As they raised him, the old man writhed like a crushed worm—the shock had fractured his spine.

He was borne to his horror-stricken family, and laid on that bed from which he was never more to rise. The night as I have observed was tempestuous, and the wild warring winds were in consonance with the troubled spirit of the dying man. It was late before the physi-

cian arrived, and in that long interval he lay tossing his arms, and ever and anon muttering incoherent blasphemies. He was well known to have been one of those who feared not God neither regarded man; and there was apparently some secret which brooded like an incubus on his closing hour. There was the still small voice, and the gnawings of the hidden worm; and the eye that now glanced into eternity encountered horrors which momentarily bourgeoned like the heads of the hydra. He complained of the long delay of the medical man, and declared that the lower half of his body was already insensible. The physician at last arrived. But the victor of an hundred combats had now encountered a champion stronger than the strong man armed, the seal of death was on him; and in answer to the stern and positive questions of the sufferer, he was informed there was no hope.

'Let the room be cleared then,' said he, 'and sit ye here by my side; I have that to say which troubles me more than this cursed bruise.'

His request was complied with, and the physician marked, as he proceeded in his tale, that the cold apathy, which, in the main, characterized the recital of the sufferer, and which might have been induced by physical debility, was occasionally broken by fits of startling horror.

'Doctor,' said he, ye'll remember the finding of those bones in the woods years ago; and what a stir it made among the marvelling story tellers and crazy old women. I should know it well, for I thought as they shovelled him into his grave by the red torch light, that every one had his eye on me. I could hardly look a boy in the face then. But they little thought there was one there the dead man would have laid his finger on for his murderer. If he had been what he once was, they would hardly have handled him so quietly, he had been a strong man in his day, that—it was the mighty ring wrestler and bone breaker, Kleine Eigher.'

Twenty eight years before this, Kleine Eigher had suddenly appeared in town, and applied for employment in the capacity of an itinerant labourer. He was originally from the middle states, but claimed neither friend or kin—a homeless wandering man, a denizen of the world. He succeeded however in obtaining temporary employment; and in that rude state of society in which physical strength and a kind of professional tact in the boisterous sports of the vulgar are considered as the standard of excellence, and is the criterion by which superiority is estimated, soon recommended himself to observation. In the rustic games of boxing, wrestling, pulling sticks, hurling the bar, &c. when the young men met to while away the short summer evenings, he bore the palm from all. There was a universal curiosity to witness an encounter between this person and Arch Carson, who was considered in the homely phrase of the day 'the

own bully? They met at length at a militia training. But the stranger manifested no desire to encounter his antagonist; and after an indecisive trial of skill in wrestling, they separated apparently on the most friendly terms. But it seems Arch Carson was dissatisfied. He was jealous of his renown, and that was not a victory appeared to his young ambition no better than a defeat. He encountered his rival, as he deemed him, alone on his way homeward, and challenged him to a second trial. The peaceable Kleine Eigher declined a personal combat which would necessarily result in injury even to the conqueror. After some conversation it was finally proposed by Arch Carson to decide the question by swimming; and that lonely pond was chosen as the place of rendezvous on the afternoon of the ensuing sabbath. This was however to be kept a profound secret by both parties. But we will proceed with the relation nearly in the words of the dying man.

'The sun was almost down,' said he, 'as we came upon the pond, and we rested us for a while on a wind-fall which lay with its top reaching into the water. I had overtaken him a mile back in the woods, and we walked together friendly enough, for I little thought then of the devilish deed I was to do. I remember of telling him as we sat on the log looking into the smooth, dark water, that they said the pond had no bottom, and I asked him if he was afraid. He said not a word to it, but sat marking with a stick in the sand. There was a large white rock on the opposite side of the pond, and we fixed on that point as the goal of the race. Directly before us, eight or ten rods from the shore, grew a large cluster of water lilies. Just as we were about to plunge in, Kleine Eigher said he would swim around those weeds, and advised me to do so, as he said they might tangle around me. I told him he might go where he chose, I should swim straight forward and be d—d to them. I then gave the word and we leaped in.

'There was a rush in the still waters as we pulled forward, breasting the waves like leviathan, and leaving the whirling eddies far behind. I soon found I had my match, for I took the shortest course and passed the long weeds quickly; but looking over my shoulder I saw him swimming like a porpoise, and fast gaining on me. There was but one thing for me to do or be beaten, and I determined on it at once. Accordingly, I threw myself in his way, and as he came up gave him a violent kick which must have beaten the breath from him, for he went down immediately and when he rose seemed for sometime to be strangling. Soon however he pulled onward with long strokes, and reaching me again, gave me a backhanded blow in the face. I was in a perfect fury in a moment, and turning, fastened on him with a death grapple. Doctor, you may imagine with what desperation he struggled for life, but my revenge was as insatiable as the horse-leech.

I succeeded at last in seizing him by the hair, and plunging his head under the water, in spite of his struggles, for he was still faint, held him down till the last bubble arose. How long this continued I know not—time with me was annihilated—but at length a vague consciousness of what I was doing came over me. I raised him to look in his face. It was rapidly turning black about the lips, the mouth and nostrils were widely expanded, and the eyes, fixed and blood shot, seemed strained from their sockets. Oh God!—that look—I see it now! It has haunted my day dreams and my midnight slumbers, and has thrown over me in my hours of boisterous revelry the heart chilling gloom of the grave.'

Here the shuddering wretch fell into one of those spasmodic convulsions which finally terminated in death. He, however, at intervals continued his confession in disjointed fragments, of which the following is the substance.

He hastened at once with the body to the shore. He chafed the temples, rolled it on the sand and tried every means of resuscitation but in vain. The horrible truth stole on him as one by one his hopes of reviving him perished—he had murdered him. O the agony of that hour! Alone with the dead and in the unbroken solitude of that dismal place he sat him down to ponder on the consequences. Now he raved with his hands clenched in his own flesh; now he tried to persuade himself it was all a terrific dream—but no, the frightful reality was staring him in the face. He thought of confessing his crime and delivering up himself to justice. It was but for a moment. The deceased was a stranger, no one was particularly interested in his fate, and he was liable at any time to disappear as suddenly as he came. No one knew of the appointment, and he might by concealing the body defy all scrutiny but the ever watchful eye of the Omniscient. There was no time to be lost, the shadows of evening were fast closing in. As he looked around, his eye fell on that scathed oak with its naked trunk. The top had been shivered by lightning or twisted off by the tempest. A new thought struck him. He ascertained by knocking against the tree that it was hollow; and having torn the clothing of the dead man into strips he formed a sort of cord which he lengthened by means of strong withes. One end of this he fastened around the body, and with the other he ascended the tree. With prodigious and almost superhuman exertions, he succeeded in raising the corpse; and with every thing belonging to it hurled it down the cavity.

'Unhouselled, disappointed, unannulled.'

From that day forth the miserable wretch knew no repose. That spectral look of mortal agony was ever glaring on him like the phantom dagger which haunted him of old. True he locked the fearful secret in his own dark soul; but it embittered his every cup of joy.

and like the foul plague of Egypt crept into the quiet of his very fire-side. Often as he sat gazing into the sunny faces of his little ones, and parted with his hard and toil-worn hand the clustering hair from their brows, he felt his own branded with the mark of Cain; he knew he was entailing on them the inheritance of blood guiltiness. A curse clung to him like the leprosy, yet he still chid the better feelings of his nature 'and hugged the foul disease.' no liasp of his sufferings even escaped him ever in his cups, though frequent inebriation had now stamped him with the haggard visage and the brutal deportment of the man of perdition. But the stranger's God and the avenger of the fatherless had sworn that the wicked should eat of the fruit of his doings, and this man of violence was suddenly to be cut off and that without remedy when the measure of his iniquity was fully filled. But

* Stones have been known to move and trees to speak,
And death bed horrors often have revealed
The secretest man of blood.*

For the Rural Repository.

MELANGE NO. 1

COOPER.

Among those who are an honour to the literary character of our country, Cooper is universally acknowledged to hold a distinguished place. Although it cannot be denied, that he is excelled by other eminent novelists in some particulars; yet in other characteristics which secure fame to the writer of fiction, and give evidence to the mind of every reader of the energies of a mighty intellect, I believe him to be superior to all. His delineations of female character will not bear a comparison with those of Scott, and in point of wit, piquancy and elegance of style he is inferior to Bulwer. Here, I apprehend, our concessions in favour of foreign authors, when compared with the American, must cease. We have all read with feelings, of pride and delight the Indian Tales of this author. We have seen the Aborigine, crafty, fearless and untamed, standing amid his native forests and looking up through the beautiful and sublime works of nature, to their and his Creator. He has portrayed with a masterly hand the Indian's wisdom and gravity at the council-fire—he has given us specimens of his passionate and high-wrought eloquence in the poetic language of nature—he has led us to the battle-field and has delineated with fearful energy the heroic daring of the savage in the conflict, and his strength and agility in the death-struggle.—Cooper's Indian characters may partake somewhat of the ideal; but they are like those glorious efforts of the painter, which, though the offspring of his own mind, appear to the most careful observer to be a true copy of nature. The manner in which our novelist introduces his characters is peculiar and pleasing. Other authors when they introduce a new actor in the scene, too frequently tire our patience by a long meta-

physical dissertation concerning the intruder's secret reflections. Cooper excites our curiosity at once by giving a brief and intelligible description of the outward man and wisely leaves us to guess at his thoughts. This author has been a seaman and is perfectly well acquainted with that wilderness of ropes, sails and spars, which complete the rigging of a man-of-war, from the pennant to the deck. All those peculiar phrases and odd similes, which distinguish the conversation of a son of the ocean from that of the landsman, are yet green in his memory. Being possessed of this peculiar fund of knowledge, he has presented as pictures of nautical life and manners so vivid that the dullest land-lubber who reads, cannot but see and feel the truth of them.

In portraying characters of this kind he is unequalled by any author. But his chief excellence is yet to be mentioned. I refer to his descriptions of natural scenery. Whether he is describing the beautiful or the sublime—the calm or the terrible—the landscape sleeping in starlight loveliness or the ocean when the resistless breath of the tornado is upon it; he displays the same richness of fancy, the same vast powers of conception. The description of the burning forest in the *Pioneers*—of the boat-race in the last of the *Mohicans*—of the escape of the American frigate in the *Pilot*—of the prairie on fire—of the ocean-storm and final combat in the *Red Rover*, and of the burning ship in the *Water Witch*, are all sketches from which a painter might copy.

Upon the ocean he is peculiarly at home—From the time that a lurid portentous glare appears and the murky clouds grow wilder and blacker in the verge of the horizon; to the time when the tempest bursts forth in all its fury, the powers of this author's mind expand so naturally and rapidly, that we seem to gaze upon the fearful scene—to hear the rushing blast and we inwardly shudder at the fate of those who are exposed to its violence. It is unnecessary to say more concerning the intellectual powers of this author, whose works are so generally read and so highly appreciated. We hail with pleasure the announcement of the 'Bravo,' a new work from his pen of which some extracts have already been given to the public. The scene is laid in Italy—the land of intrigue and assassination, as well as of poetry and song. From this circumstance we are led to anticipate something original and peculiar—It is needless, I presume, to wish the work the most brilliant success.

TIMON.

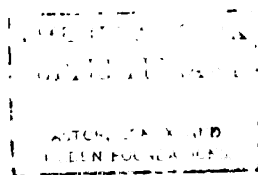
THE TRAVELLER.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

The Sault de St. Marie, is the largest of three rapids which impede the navigation of the river St. Mary between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, and puts a final stop to the ship navigation of the northern lakes. It is situated



SATYLLP EDE N^o MAERT E
Engraved for the Rural Repository.



fteen miles below the foot of Lake Superior, and ninety northwest of the island of Mackinac, N. latitude $46^{\circ} 31'$ according to McKenzie. The fall of the river, at this rapid, as ascertained by Col. Gratiot, is twenty-two feet ten inches, a little more than half a mile, which is nearly the same as the fall of the Ohio, at Louisville, in the distance of two miles. Unlike that, however, it can never, at any season of the year, be ascended with large vessels. Canoes and barges usually go up with half a load, the balance being carried over the portage, but in returning, descend with a full load. The bed of the river consists of horizontal strata of red and variegated sandstone, which have been much worn, broken and carried away, and large fragments of it, together with blocks of mixed granite and hornblende, out of place, are thickly strewed throughout the rapid, and by opposing the rush of water, throw it violently in all directions, and at the distance of half a mile give it the appearance of a bank of foam. Several wooded islands upon the inclined plane of the falls, by contrasting the deep green foliage of the hemlock, spruce, and pine, with the snowy whiteness of the rapids, produce a contrast which has a pleasing effect; and with the shadowy outlines of the distant mountains of Lake Superior, the singular mixture of forest trees upon the shores, and the fishing canoes of the savages, which are constantly seen at the foot of the falls, render it one of the most picturesque views of northern scenery. The maple, and the pine—the elm, and the hemlock, are intermingled in an unusual manner in the forests upon the banks of this beautiful stream.

The village of the Sault de St. Marie is on the south or American shore, and consists of from fifteen to twenty buildings, occupied by five or six French and English families. The site of the village is elevated and pleasant, and a regular plain appears to have been observed in the buildings, though some of them are in a state of dilapidation, and altogether it has the marks of an ancient settlement fallen to decay. Such indeed it is, having been settled by the French shortly after the occupation of old Mackinac, and it continued for a long time the site of a French fort and Jesuit mission. Charlevoix, in 1721, speaks of this mission as one of no recent date, and Henry, in 1762, found here a stockaded fort, with a small garrison, under the command of a French national officer, who was colloquially addressed by the title of *Governor*. There were then four houses, two of which had been occupied as barracks, and the fort is described as 'seated on a beautiful plain, of about two miles in circumference, and covered with luxuriant grass, and within half a mile of the *Rapids*.' Although no vestiges of the old fort remain, this description of the site is perfectly accurate at the present moment. It has always been the residence of Indian tribes, who are drawn to this spot in great numbers, by the

advantages of taking the white-fish, which are very abundant at the foot of the rapid.

On the north, or Canadian shore of the river, there are also six or seven dwelling houses, occupied by French and English families, exclusive of the North-west Company's establishment, which is seated immediately at the foot of the Falls, and consists of a number of store and dwelling houses, a saw mill, and a boat yard. These are represented on the right side of the view of the Sault de St. Marie. This company have also constructed a canal, with a lock at its lower entrance, and a towing path for drawing up barges and canoes. At the head of the rapid they have built a pier from one of the islands, forming a harbour, and here a schooner is generally lying to receive the goods destined for the Grand Portage, and the regions northwest of Lake Superior.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

It was one of the coldest nights in December. The cold wind blew with remorseless violence.—The old lady was herself ill, and begged I would step up and see how the poor woman was. It was a poor shelter. The pale moon-beams played on the floor, through the chinks, and the wind whistled through the broken windows. On the bed, pale and emaciated with fever, lay the poor woman. In the cradle, by the side of the bed, pale, and wrapped in a single rug, slept a little boy, four or five years old. There was no other person in the house—no friend to soothe her distress—no nurse to moisten her parched lips with a drink of water. Poverty has few allurements—sickness has none:—prudery and uncharitableness readily availed themselves of the frailties of the poor sufferer to excuse their neglect.

I stepped out to procure some bread for the poor boy. I was not long gone, and on returning, the sound of footsteps on the floor, told me somebody was in. Oh! this was truly an affecting scene! A young female friend, whose genius is yet unknown to the literary acquaintance; whose virtuous and amiable disposition, combined with an agreeableness of manner, render her beloved as extensively as she is known—had preferred to the gay scenes of mirth, or the charms of a novel, a lone unostentatious visit to the house of adversity, and the bed of sickness! Like an angel of mercy, she was administering to the comfort of the poor woman and her little infant.

I have been in the assemblies of the great. I have seen woman glowing with beauty, arrayed in the richest attractions of dress, whose charms were heightened by the 'pride and pomp and circumstance,' of elegant conviviality. A lovely young woman in such a scene, irresistibly commands our highest admiration.—But alone, at the bed of poverty and sickness, she appears more than human—I would not be impious, but she seems almost divine.

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

A man of the name of Antonio Gonsolas died recently at New Orleans, at the age of 84 years. He was for upwards of 50 years the proprietor of the old wooden building at the corner of the Custom House and Levee Street in that city. Although very wealthy, he preferred no higher than the humble occupation of vender of apples and *new laid eggs*, for the supply of which he kept a large number of fowls, but never was known to attack them to gratify his own appetite. His great pleasure was in accumulating ready money. He is said to have succeeded to admiration, having left a very large sum in gold and silver, and the property in which he lived, to an adopted or illegitimate son. The old hut in which he lived and died is of great value, and will it is supposed, at public auction, fetch upwards of \$50,000. It is said to have originally cost him \$600.

TRUTH.

Truth is of so great a value, as well as beauty, that both for its use and its ornament it is strange that it should ever be disregarded. Yet many believe they are not guilty of uttering falsehoods, so long as they do not say that in words which may be flatly contradicted. For my part I prefer a bold-faced liar to one, who, under the mask of veracity, and without violating the letter of truth, avails himself of looks, shrugs, innuendoes, or even silence, in order to convey, or to permit erroneous impressions in others. The one is soon detected, and may be guarded against; the other, under the disguise of virtue, can do infinite mischief. If a falsehood appears detestable in a man, how much more is it disgusting in a female! No beauty nor accomplishments can counteract the disagreeable effects of such a disposition. The soul of a sensitive and honest man recoils from mingling itself with that of one capable of so grovelling an act. There is a positive pleasure in knowing that dependance may be placed on what you hear; and I confess I can scarcely refrain from awarding full credit to the assertion of any of my friends, until their fault becomes too glaring to admit of further doubt. If a lady could conceive what a difficulty there is in convincing one's self that what she declares with a grave face has no foundation in reality, and also what an unnatural creature she appears, when once detected in an untruth, I should think that, however she might be inclined, fear alone would be sufficient to prevent her from ever polluting her pretty lips with that which has the power to cover her whole person, in the eyes of others, with shame and degradation.

SIMPLICITY OF GOLDSMITH.

Col. O'Moore, of Cloghnam Castle, in Ireland, told the editor of an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which, though coloured a little, as anecdotes

too often are, is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Col. O'Moore and Mr. Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith, also on his way to Sir Joshua's standing near a crowd of people who were staring and shouting at some foreign woman in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester-Square. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between him and me, by-and-by, at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly.—This seemed to vex Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but, after a good deal of pressing said, 'that he was really ashamed to keep an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had exhibited in the square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant, 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted jezabels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' Goldsmith was horror struck, and said, 'Surely surely, my dear friend, I did not say so.' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it.'—'That's true,' answered Goldsmith, with great humility: 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish; I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'—*Croker's Boswell's Johnson.*

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

The bell which first sounded in Philadelphia after the charter of our National Independence was proclaimed, is still preserved sound, and of good tone. It was made by Messrs. Pass & Stow, and, according to a subscriber of ours, who lately examined it, contains the two following inscriptions:—

By order of the assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in Philadelphia.

Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. 1753.

The last is certainly a very singular sentiment to be inscribed in letters of brass, by order of His Majesty—the then reigning George. And it must have been somewhat prophetic, as directly under it, some years after, Liberty was indeed proclaimed, and maintained at the expense of a monarch's dominion over a whole republic. *Bos. Traveller.*

Archbishop Leighton.—One day, in which there happened a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dumblain, he was described, when at a considerable distance, by two

men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him, but wishing to fall on some method of extracting money from him, one of them presently said, 'I will lay down by the way side as if I was dead, and you shall inform the Archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg some money of him to bury me.' When the Archbishop came up, the infamous wretch told him this fabricated story, and the kind, unsuspecting man believed it, sympathized with the survivor, gave him money, and went on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion, he found him actually dead; immediately he began to exclaim aloud, 'Oh sir! he is dead! he is dead!' on which the Archbishop returned, discovered the fraud, and said, 'It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgments of God!'

Charles the Bold, King of France, being seated at the same table with Dunnus Scotus, and the philosopher making some remarks not quite consonant with French politeness, the King asked him what was the difference between a *Scot* and a *Sot*. 'Only the length of the table,' replied the sage.

A gentleman travelling in a jaunting car—in Ireland of course—asked Pat, the driver, 'Who lives in that house?' 'One Mr. Fitzgerald, your honor, that's dead.' 'What did he die of?' 'Of a Thursday.' 'How long has he been dead?' 'Why, then, please your honor, if he'd lived till next Thursday he'd ha' been dead a year!'

An Irishman who had fought a pitched battle, was reproached by some of his countrymen for losing the battle. 'And sure you got nothing by it,' observed one of his comrades. 'Indeed but I did,' replied the poor fellow—'and didn't I get a good *bating*?'

Legal Advice.—'Sir,' said a barber to an attorney, who was passing his door, 'will you tell me if this is a good seven-shilling piece.' The lawyer pronounced the piece good, deposited it in his pocket, adding with gravity, 'If you'll send your lad to my office I'll return the four pence.'

A shopkeeper in Boston, about the time of the Revolutionary War, very remarkable for whimsical advertisements, gave notice to his friends and the public, that he kept constantly for sale *crooked stockings for niggers*; also leather breeches and other *sweetmeats*.

An Irregular apprentice frequently keeping late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some weighty arguments to convince him of the 'error of his ways.' During the chastisement, he continually exclaimed, 'How long will you serve the devil?'—The boy replied whimpering, '—You know best sir, I believe my indentures will be out in three months!'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1831.

The Fall of the Indians, and other Poems.—This little volume is from the pen of Isaac McLellan, jun. and has recently been published by Carter and Hendee, Boston. The subjects which the author has chosen are highly interesting and the poems themselves, though, like most other productions of human genius, not without their faults, abound with many passages of thrilling interest and surpassing beauty. We cannot refrain from presenting our readers with the following extract from a piece entitled 'The Notes of the Birds':

'With the sweet airs of spring, the robin comes
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-attuned hazel's slender twig
That overhangs the brook, and emits her song
To the slow rivulet's incessant chime.
'In the last days of autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves, then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Flout from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the corn-field edge.'

Newspapers in Cincinnati.—We learn from the 'Cincinnati Mirror,' that the 'Catholic Telegraph,' a new theological paper, which has recently made its appearance there, makes the seventeenth paper published in that city, the population of which is supposed to be about 28,000.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending November 30th.

D. P. Barnard, New-York, \$1; C. B. Parker, Pontiac, M. T. \$1; C. E. Berry, Sandy Hill, N. Y. \$1; H. Kennedy, Lexington, N. Y. \$1; G. Torry, Pittsfield, Ms. \$1; C. A. Bedell, New-York, \$1.

SUMMARY.

Blacking stuff for carriages and harness, according to the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*, may be thus made:—Ivory black, 1 oz; yellow wax, 3 oz; Prussian Blue, in very fine powder, 1-2 oz; essence of turpentine, or of rosemary, 1-2 pint. The wax to be dissolved without heat, and then the powder to be mixed in a mortar. The mixture to be used with a brush.

A Map of Martinique.—Has been published in Boston, in which the Quicksands of Senure, Cape Couthup, Point Proposal, Point Pin Money, Isle of Envy, Vale of Gladness, Lake of Presents, and all the dangerous quicksands, shoals, reefs, &c. are said to be accurately laid down. A Boston paper recommends this map as highly useful to single gentlemen.

Proposals have been issued by Mrs. Ann Royal, for publishing in the city of Washington, a paper to be entitled the 'Paul Pry.'

The name of the Post Office at Redhook Landing has been changed to *Tiroli*.

Tennessee Silk.—It appears, by an extract from a late Tennessee paper, that the production of Silk is pursued in that State with vigour and success.—*Boston Centinel*.

Cooper's new novel, 'The Bravo,' has been received at New-York, and will be re-published immediately.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Foss, Mr. Benjamin A. Mowry, of Austerlitz, to Miss Elizabeth Brush, of this city.

On Sunday the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. John Chard, of Athens, to Miss Jane E. Gray of this city.

At Ghent, on Tuesday the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wynkoop, Dr. G. C. Livingston, of Clermont, to Miss Cornelia, daughter of Barent Van Huron, Esq. of the former place.

At Charlotte, Vermont, by the Rev. Mr. Morris, Mr. John G. Williams, of Deerfield, Mass. to Miss Laura Maria Burbank, of Williamstown, Mass.

At Albany, Mr. Henry Dana Ward, one of the Editors of the New-York Whig, to Mrs. Abby P. McGinnis, of Albany.

At New Marlborough, Mass. on the 2d ult. by Edward Stevens, Esq. Mr. Philo G. Beach, son of Mr. Eldon Beach, to Miss Jerusha Beach, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Beach.

DIED.

In this city on the 18th ult. David W. son of William Rowley, in the 23d year of his age.

At Great Bend, Susquehanna co. Pa. on the 31st ult. Miss Jannett P. Monell, daughter of the hon. Robert Monell, of Greene, aged 15 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository, TO A STRANGER LADY—A FELLOW TRAVELLER.

I know thee not—and yet to part
And feel it is, perchance, forever,
Makes void and desert-like the heart
Then wakes its strange and fitful fever.
Thou art so like the dream I wore
E'en in my heart of hearts enwrap'd,
Moving to bliss its very core,
In visioned love's Elysium lapp'd !
Forgive—forgive—I cannot keep
Cold courtesy's constraining rule,
And hush the passionate thought to sleep
And errant feelings calmly school !—
Nor would I at so pure a shrine
Offending words of wildness tell,
Nor pain that gentle heart of thine
By this, a stranger's, wild farewell.

From the Philadelphia Album. THE DYING MOTHER.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

A small white hand was on her brow,
A slight form by her bed,
The mother's voice was sad and low,
Her eyes pale lustre shed—
Her child stood by, in voiceless grief,
Watching, with deep suspense
The vision fade, the pulse grow brief,
And lost each wasting sense—
She was a creature undefiled,
And that fond mother's only child.
The hopes, the fears, the dreams of fate
Around that lovely one,
When she would be all desolate,
A bright bird and a lone !
The curse of beauty, and the spell
That demon arts might weave,
That bane of virtue and its knell,
When hollow hearts deceive—
All these swell'd in that mother's heart,
And must she from her child depart ?
Without one kind or kindred voice
To calm youth's gentle ears ;
To bid her glad young heart rejoice
Or stay its fount of tears—
An orphan in a thankless world,
Her wealth a spotless name,
Her shield, the boon of innocence,
Alas ! why not of fame ?
A creature fitted for the sky—
And must she leave her child and die ?
'Twas night and April—the bright stars
Look'd out like living things,
The fresh breeze moan'd among the trees
Or sunk to whisperings—
Then all was hush'd save that quick breath,
Ebbing its last away,
And yielding every hope to death,
Each rose tint to decay—
The lights burnt dim throughout the room
And the night waned in silent gloom !
The mother turned her earnest eyes
And gazed on her so fair,

Who quickly bent her head and hush'd
The tear-drops glittering there !
She parted then the scattered locks
Upon that burning brow,
Gaz'd on her mother's pallid face,
And pressed her lip of snow—
'Mother dear mother, strive to sleep,
Whilst I will faithful vigils keep !'
That parent sadly, faintly smil'd,
Then strove in vain to speak,
A glimmering light pass'd o'er her eyes,
A quick flush stained her cheek ;
But thoughts were in that mother's heart,
Her lips could ne'er disclose,
With that wild pang when loved ones part,
That depth of human woes,
She gazed again upon her child,
Then turned, and still more faintly smiled.
Her breath was almost gone—her strength
Frail as a broken reed,
Her pulse beat quickly, till at length
The fever lost its speed.
The fair girl pressed the silent vein,
But e'en its voice was hush'd ;
She wildly kiss'd those lips again,
And sorrow's fountain gushed !
Morn broke, and as the sky lar'k sung,
Beauty and death together clung !

From the Token, for 1832. WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD. BY S. G. GOODRICH.

Weep not for him who hath laid his head
On a pillow of earth, in the cypress gloom,
For the sweetest dews that the night winds shed,
Descend on the couch where the wild flowers bloom.
Weep not for him, though the wintry sleet
Throws its glittering folds on his manly breast—
That spotless robe is a covering meet,
For the shrouded soul in its home of rest.
Weep not for him, though the heart is still,
And the soul-lit eye like a lamp grown dim—
Though the noble pulse, like a frozen rill,
By the frost is chained—O weep not for him !
For the diamond gathers its purest ray,
In the hidden grot where no sun is known,
And the sweetest voices of music play,
In the trembling ear of Silence alone.
And there in the frown of that starless tomb,
A lovelier light breaks in on the eye,
And wind-harps sweep through the sullen gloom,
And call the sleeper up to the sky.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—He is learning.

PUZZLE II.—D. K.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first of my whole is one twentieth part,
My second's a third of the same ;
If my whole you attain, be grateful at heart,
If you're neither infirm, blind nor lame.

II.

What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer,
and grows with its root upwards ?

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. DECEMBER 17, 1831.

NO. 16.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.
REMINISCENCES.

Travelling not long since through one of the New England States, I chanced to be detained by unpleasantness of weather at a small inn, in the village of ——. From a shattered box of papers standing in one corner of my room and which according to my landlady was the property of an old gentleman who died not long previous to my arrival, I took a manuscript directed to one whose name it is unnecessary to mention. The following is a faithful transcript then made with the permission of my obliging hostess.

‘Why should I rake up wounded feeling by recording the events which have secluded me from the society of men? I have lived seventy years in the world; my hair has whitened and my frame become enfeebled. The blood which in youth boiled through my veins and kept in manhood an even, healthful current, now moves along in its scanty, stagnant course through the time withered channels. The limbs strong and active, are weak and unwieldy, the eye which ‘borrowed expression from the soul’ is dull and filmy, my heart, furrowed by care and planted with sorrow, is thick with misery; the jealous, grasping ambition has been paralyzed, the warm affections withered when the objects around which they fondly winned fell to ruins, the ardent fancy which sometimes threw before my intellectual eye the prismatic beauties of a brighter state of being has long been quenched, and Hope, Hope, the cloudless orb of light which over the darkest prospect throws a gleam of peace, the angel of mercy which soothes the distressed and whispers through the lips of death the language of Heaven, has left me forever, and thought remains but a moral, painful desolation.

I have read in my boyhood of woe and wept over ancient sorrows, but oh, never, never can we gauge human misery till taught by our own melancholy observation or sad experience. That much of the load of grief I have supported

has been accumulated by a morbid susceptibility, is perhaps the fact. The false view I took of the world in early life, the undisciplined passions over which I possessed and exercised little control, have no doubt contributed essentially, if not principally, to the unhappiness of my existence. Now, on the borders of eternity, I can retrace my devious journey and wonder that I should so frequently have forsaken the highway of wisdom for the erratic paths of unprofitable folly. I review the causes of my misfortunes and perceive the facility with which they might have been obviated. It is too late to repine. Other considerations demand my attention. Solemn thoughts in regard to the change I must shortly experience, and the new state of being upon which I shall ere long enter.

‘It is twilight and through the opened casement where I sit the bland air of a summer eve is breathing. Yonder shines the star I have so often watched. The far off low of cattle dies away by the waters of that gushing brook which leaves its source miles from my habitation. The village spire is communing with the last sunbeam; the mountain tops bid a reluctant farewell to the light of day; sprightly throngs of youth gathered about the doors of neighbouring cottages echo with their joyous carols, the music of the evening bird and all is still, still as the slumber of a babe. In yonder church-yard a solitary stranger leans over a mouldered tomb; but I must cease. Pardon an old man’s prolixness. That field of graves stirred up some half sleeping imagination, it has jarred the spring of memory. I will tell you a tale of other days.

‘My father and mother died in my early youth, the former perished at sea, leaving me under the guardianship of some distant relatives to whose care my property and estate were solemnly entrusted. Of my parents I have but feeble recollection. My father commenced the business of his profession young in life. Richly gifted in mind he commanded the admiration and respect of the public before whom in his professional capacity he was often

called to appear. He united with my mother forming a connection which no one anticipated and for which every one found it difficult to account. He was stern to a fault. She amiable and forgiving. He from habit taciturn and incommunicative, while his partner lived in the sympathy of her fellow beings. The result of the union was such as may be imagined. No complaints were heard from the wife and nothing could be discovered from the countenance and manner of the husband, but the former was frequently surprised in tears, her hands encircling her once joyous features as if in all the agony of wounded and irritated feeling. Her cheek grew pale and thin, her form wasted and she died. I was too young at that time to realize the loss I had sustained, but I remember, vividly remember, the hour when she expired. She called me to her bedside and resting her hands on my forehead she prayed God to bless her child, her only child. Her hands pressed my brow and lingered amid the clustering curls which covered my head long after the lips had murmured the last faintly uttered syllable. I turned my tearful eyes to my mother but the pure spirit had breathed itself away.

* I grew up an orphan. Without the wisdom and control of a father to counsel and discipline me, without the advice and tenderness of a mother to restrain, my uncurbed disposition and meliorate the harshness of passion and temper, and committed to the charge of regardless and improvident guardians, none need be informed of my melancholy situation. Not melancholy in that it produced in me gloomy feelings and inquietude of spirit, for to these horrors my youth was a stranger. But melancholy in its consequences. My naturally strong passions were unbridled and impetuous, and ruinous was their career.

* The trustees to whom was committed the management of my property and education were culpable in the performance of their duty. Carrol Harvey was not a wealthy man: his fortune was inconsiderable, and the sudden increase of his establishment after the death of my father excited some shrewd suspicions as to the manner in which he procured so rapid an influx of property. These suspicions however were unharboured in my breast. I was supplied with funds whenever demanded. I broke over the restraints imposed upon my inclinations, and though I had frequently reason from their scrutinizing censorship to doubt the existence of affection for me in the breasts of my relatives, I troubled myself little on the subject. Moreover so much did I despise the character of Mr. Harvey, I could not conceive him guilty of the baseness many apprehended. So largely had weakness and superstition entered into his composition, I did not allow room for treachery. Mrs. Harvey was a woman of high sounding pretensions. The long line of illustrious ancestry from whom she traced her pedigree was her

most constant theme. At the commencement and throughout the course of the revolutionary war she maintained a decided sentiment of favour for the mother country, accorded with the Tories in their exclamations of wonder at the unfilial proceedings of the colonies and poured in with them her anathemas upon the ungrateful and turbulent rebels. In consequence of this I became no great favourite of the worthy woman. This would have passed unheeded had not the constant malevolence of disposition she exhibited, excited an indignation that finally settled into deep rooted enmity. Our mutual animosity was increased by circumstances. True, I, was in boyhood headstrong, fond of my own method of doing things and not at all disposed to hear patiently and take for gospel the positive commands of my guardians. Yet the wildness of youth can never be effectually curbed by the enforcement of a severe method of education. The heart may bow in terror to superior authority, but remove the weight to which it is thus subjected and it instantly regains all its former elasticity. Win the affections by gentleness and kindness and you bind the man with ties stronger than the irons of a rigorous discipline. My feelings needed but the touch of love to spring like spirits at the magicians call and leave the desolateness of their solitude for sweet communion with mankind. Yet the mildness of affection never followed me in my wanderings, at every path in which I chanced to stray, stood the hyena of domestic despotism presenting an obstruction, which nothing but equal force could overcome.

* My youth passed away in academic and legal studies. With the discontinuance of the former I had lost the rudeness of immature age and with the commencement of the latter I pressed forward under the exciting power of a great principle which permitted no sleep to my eyes, or cessation of effort. I won the idol of ambition in my fancy, and morn, noon and eve bowed down and worshipped.

* Among the inhabitants of our little village was an aged man who had long been a Judge in our higher courts. With a widowed daughter and two grand-children, he occupied the large mansion on the summit of a small but beautiful eminence in the rear of the village. Though reserved in manner; and apparently unconcerned about the active business of life, Richard Wendell had a warm and benevolent heart, and displayed in the management of his affairs a tact and intimate knowledge of mankind and the ways of men, rarely possessed, and never found save in those who have devoted a long life to observation and profited by the collected fruits of their experience. The daughter of this gentleman, a lady of middle age, displayed in her gentle demeanor and engaging politeness, that, which without striking the attention wins the heart. The children of this widowed woman—but of them how can I speak? The one my constant

companion became as my brother. He was noble heart. A disposition as open and generous as Heaven with a mind of great power, rendered him a friend, dear indeed. We encouraged one another in toil, comforted in sorrow and congratulated in joy. As were David and Jonathan so were we. Oh, that in death we had remained undivided. Emily Warren had her mother's white brow and ardent eye. The same sweet expression of features with all the grace and bloom of youth. The loveliness of nature unrul'd by art. Yet there was a mournfulness of expression in that infantile face slightly as sorrow had left its traces there. Every tone of her voice confirmed the impression the features were calculated to produce. There was a melancholy music in its low notes which vibrated on the ear like the last sigh of an Eolian. You would remember it if you were looking at a beautiful prospect and wishing to hear spirits breathe from sky and forest and water the melody of their being. Could I exist near Emily Warren and be insensible? We grew up together and our mutual attachment was perceived and encouraged. We loved and our plighted faith promised the consummation of our bliss.

'It was at the close of my career as a student and the eve of a stormy summer day, in which drizzling drops, muddy streets and saturated clothing conspire to render a mortal unhappy as his nature can well endure, when I left the office where I had occupied the day on my usual pursuits, for the evening repast to which I had been summoned by one of the numerous domestics of my guardian's household. As I traced my steps gradually over the lawn extended in front of our dwelling, I could not fail to notice the sudden vicissitude of the weather and admire the beauty of the losing day. The clouds which had formed a watery canopy since early morning had broken up, and their disjointed masses floated to the horizon, where the detached parts united in one giant shape that seemed rearing its mighty form to witness the beautiful sunset, and catch upon its own dark front a few expiring rays of glory. Upon the Sound that was stretched out near my feet and not far distant a tall ship was majestically sailing, her canvass flowing with the breeze and the lofty pennon fluttering in the zephyr that wafted her onward. I gazed one moment at the beautiful sight and slowly averted my eyes, for the view touched the spring of a thousand hidden associations and recalled to memory the long forgotten thoughts of childhood. My father's untimely fate struck my soul, and the image of a dying mother stole in all its melancholy sweetness over my freshened recollection. That moment a familiar touch of my arm aroused my attention and by my side stood Charles Warren whose hasty steps had followed my own. "A beautiful evening Edgerton," "It is truly beautiful." "Methinks your

feelings ill accord with the cheerfulness of nature around you," responded Warren, glancing at the eye which sudden remembrance had suffused. "I trust these tears will vanish speedily as the rains have departed and give place to as glorious a smile as nature now wears." "That ship brought back other days." "Yonder ship, oh, pardon me my friend, I thought not of it and yet you will excuse me when I wonder that your sensibilities are still so tender upon recalling one whose features you do not remember, however deeply his worth may be impressed on your mind." "It is not his death Warren, abstractly considered, but I thought of the parental affections and guidance which would have so materially altered my condition, that the fount of instruction and delight was choked up as the parched traveller approached it." "I have heard of your father's fame, he lives in the green remembrance of his countrymen, but Edgerton surely you can feel a proud satisfaction in reflecting that you have chiselled out for yourself those lessons of practical wisdom which have enriched you in the respect and admiration of your many friends, and that the benevolence, whether caused by innate good feeling, or unassignable to any motive, you have manifested, has attached to your interest the hearts of all your townsmen." I was about to reply, when another summons arrived for my appearance at home, and I took a hasty leave of my friend. I entered the room where my testy relative was impatiently awaiting my return. I found the good lady in one of her angriest moods and left her presence lest my excited passions should find vent and overpower my cooler judgment. My course was directed to the library where Mr. Harvey had requested me to meet him upon matters of business and moment. This singular being, so entirely was he impregnated with superstition, rarely trusted himself alone at night, or in darkness. He uniformly avoided solitude. The lashings of conscience as was the general supposition drove him into society and bustle. Frequently and awfully alarmed by fancied appearances operating upon an imbecile imagination he had been reduced to the very borders of death and with difficulty was restored by the constant and careful application of medical aid. My guardian was sitting near a circular table that was placed before him, covered with a large number of papers scattered without much order or regularity. Carrol Harvey was a tall, gaunt man, of severe countenance and when I entered was wiping the dust from the brazen rimmed glasses which had decorated his nose for years. He motioned me to a seat by his side. I sat down. "The light is dim," said he, with some embarrassment. "I will disencumber it of its load," answered I. I applied the huge snuffers but in my awkwardness and hurry extinguished the flame. "Curse it," said my Guardian vehemently. I hastened from the apartment to retrieve as speedily as possible my error. I traversed

From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1832.
A NIGHT OF PERIL.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

'Is it the moody owl that shrieks?

Or is that sound, with twixt laughter and scream,
 The voice of the demon that haunts the stream?'

The thing in the world I am most afraid of, is fear,
 and with good reason; that passion alone, in the trouble
 of it, breeding all other accidents.—*Montaigne.*

the range of rooms which intervened between the library and the place of my destination, and having despatched my business returned. I approached the door, opened it and beheld in a stream of moonlight which illumined the floor, the table overthrown, the papers scattered and my guardian prostrate and senseless. For one moment and but for one moment I paused in amazement. The next rushing to the side of the fallen man and lifting his form from which life seemed to have almost departed I loudly vociferated for help. Again I cried louder than before, but no answer. Pouring some water which stood near over his temples I raised the window and lifting the nearly inanimate body in my arms suffered the cool air to reach the face that seemed convulsed in the last agony. Collecting all my strength, with one desperate exertion I shouted till the ceiling trembled. I listened breathlessly for an answer. Quick footsteps sounded in the passage and in a moment several domestics sprang into the room and bounded to my side. They lifted the body and conveyed it to the apartment where the wife of the senseless man unconscious of the circumstances still remained. Medical assistance was quickly procured and every restorative employed which skill could devise or anxiety suggest. For a long time all proved useless. At length the invalid slowly opened his eyes and looked wildly around. He closed them with a convulsive motion and clasped his hands over his face. Now and then he uttered a faint groan and murmured unintelligibly. I was called on for an explanation of the circumstances. As far as I was able I gave it. The physicians ordered all to vacate the room but Mrs. Harvey and myself. Night passed away as I sat by the bedside of the sick. The remarkable occurrence of the evening had excited an astonishment which was giving way to the effects of fatigue and restlessness upon my system when a loud cry brought me to my feet. Harvey had awoke from a restless slumber. He raised himself in his bed in the agonies of convulsion. "Draw near me, Albert," and as he spake his eyes almost started from their sockets, every muscle of his face was writhed in contortions and his clenched hands were closely knit against his breast. "Draw near me. I am a dying man. I shall never see another sun. I confess before God"—here he paused. "And yet I am not the only guilty one. Your father left you immense wealth to revert to us in case of your death. That wealth has been squandered by me. You are ruined and penniless." "Villain," I muttered. "He raves," said Mrs. Harvey. "What is the cause of his delirium?" "I know not." "I will tell ye the cause," said the dying man, "a spirit, no, it was," and he pointed his palsied finger at me "Albert Edgerton, it was a spirit, and"—here the words ceased from his lips and he fell cold and dead upon his pillow. He was a victim to the phreunzy of his superstition.

(Concluded in our next.)

In the autumn of 18—, I journeyed, for the first time, into the western part of the state of New-York. Embarking upon the Erie Canal at Utica, the middle section of that great work having just been completed, I continued thereon to its western termination at Montezuma. This place has since increased to a village respectable for its size and importance. At the period of which I am now speaking, it was quite small, and the houses scattered and irregular. It stood upon the margin of the Seneca outlet, not far below the estuary of the Canandaigua creek, a deep sluggish stream, winding its way by a current so slow as to be nearly imperceptible, through the wide track of sunken lands known as the Cayuga marshes.—Several salt springs issue from the ground at Montezuma; and the inhabitants of the village then consisted principally of persons engaged in the manufacture of that article of prime necessity, or salt-boilers—as the operatives in the work of evaporation and crystalization are called. They were as rough looking specimens of humanity as one would desire to see at any time of day. I had, years before, heard unfavourable, and, probably, exaggerated reports respecting these people, particularly those connected with the more extensive manufactories at the great Salt Lick of Onondaga; and having then recently been compelled to pass a very uncomfortable night at Salina, among these rude fellows, with black beards, profane tongues, matted hair, and bushy eye-brows, I did not care to have more of their acquaintance. The country was new, and the deep forests had not yet far retreated from the village.

It was late in October, about noon of a cold day, when the canal packet reached the said village of Montezuma; and the next stage I wished to make was to Lyons, sixteen miles. My business required my presence at that place on the following morning. But much to my annoyance, the road across the marshes was pronounced utterly impassible. To go round them, by the way of the Cayuga bridge and Geneva, would occupy the whole of another day, and probably defeat the purpose of my journey. I stated my case, and was advised to charter a row boat with a couple of oarsmen, and proceed by water to the block-house, as the site of the present village of Clyde was then called. The distance was only eight miles in a direct line, and but fifteen to follow the devious course of the Canandaigua creek or outlet, large enough at this place to deserve the name of river. From the block-house to Lyons the road was reported good; and I was assured that, by selecting this route, I should

able to reach the former place before sunset, and Lyons early in the evening. I adopted his arrangement; and my fellow passengers took their departure in the coaches, leaving me with the dark looking salt-boilers. My first business was to search about for the boat and oarsman, which I had been assured, at the little tavern, could be procured in five minutes. The landlord himself volunteered to go on the errand. He was a sullen looking fellow, thick skinned, and his complexion colorless. His eyes were light blue and restless. His thick matted hair had long been a stranger to a comb. And his conduct was marked by a phlegmatic demeanor, and an immobility of countenance, which I did not like. There were treachery and suspicion in his looks. His wife, moreover, with a shrill harsh voice, had made herself rather officious in producing my determination to suffer the coach to depart without me; and the lines of avarice were deeply furrowed in her skinny features. Mine too was gone a long time. I grew impatient and followed him. It appeared that the boat was a mile off, and must beset for. It came at last; and it was then discovered that one of the boatmen was absent, and a substitute must be provided. It was now past two o'clock, and I was compelled to order some refreshment. A miserable dinner having been despatched, of which every thing was sour except the pickles, I thought, by this time surely, I could take my departure. But not so: one of the oars had been broken by the boys, and a new one must be fitted to the boat. Here, then, was employment for another hour. I became still more impatient and restless. The sun was now sinking rapidly into the western horizon, and I as far from the block-house as at noon. The boatmen came; but they were not the comeliest of the human family. The one who belonged to the boat was of small stature, a low retreating forehead, with large projecting eyes of a light gray. The new recruit, however, was a large Patagonian-looking fellow, with deep sunken coal-black eyes, lank hair hanging in coarse knots and flakes upon his shoulders, with dark shaggy whiskers extending entirely round beneath his chin, and a determined dare-devil look. I was well dressed, with handsome travelling luggage, a valuable gold watch, and elegant trimmings to correspond. These trappings, I had heedlessly disclosed to them, while anxiously eyeing the sun, and vexatiously counting the hours and minutes upon the dial of my beautiful chronometer. I now began to convince myself that I had observed some sly and significant glances at my baggage, and other inviting appendages. It was evident that every pretext for delay had been resorted to; and I began heartily to wish myself in the post-coach, on the round about way by Geneva and Robin Hood's barn. But it was too late: no means of land conveyance were left: I had made my election, and must abide the issue. It really seemed as

though the boat would never be prepared to depart. And even if it should be in readiness before evening, I began to question the prudence of a night voyage, under such circumstances and with such companions. But to remain in that place, and among such people, was as dangerous as to depart. My business being urgent, I at length resolved to proceed. Finally, all matters having been arranged, I embarked just before the sun disappeared in the west. The boat skimmed lightly over the smooth waters, and we rapidly ascended the stream. Before we had proceeded a mile, however, the last mellow tints of the sun, which had gilded the tree tops with blooming gold, disappeared, and the stars began to be reflected from the bright waters, sparkling yet more brilliantly as the gray twilight deepened into night. Having rowed about two miles, our course was suddenly changed several points to the west, as we entered the deep narrow channel of Canandaigua outlet, and plunged into a dark and dreary forest, 'the nodding horrors of whose shady branches seemed brooding with peril.' It was one of the most thickly set wildernesses I had ever seen. The olden trees were of a lofty and gigantic stature, and the brushwood thick and deep-tangled. Added to this, the high rank grass of the marshes clothed the margin of the river so densely, that, even in the day time, it would have been impossible, while in the boat to have discerned an object at the distance of five feet from the stream. The river was very narrow, and its course crooked as the serpent's track. Overhead, the thick wide-spreading arms of the trees, from either side, interlocked, and soon excluded all light, save that which at intervals gleamed through an occasional aperture of the 'innumerable branches,' rendering the palpable darkness more visible. We had proceeded thus far in silence, the men plying very leisurely at their oars; while muffled in my cloak, I sat passively in the stern of the boat. The darkness was like that of a dungeon; the air was dark, and the gloom oppressive. Not a sound fell upon the ear, save the light splash of the oars, the hollow murmuring of the wind through the lofty branches of the trees, and the occasional rustling of the grass, now partially crisped and withered by the autumnal frosts. My thoughts were dwelling upon the delays and other events of the afternoon, and strange fancies shot through my brain. There seemed no end to these horrid shades; and it was evident that the bandit-looking landlord had urged me to adopt this route from some sinister motive. It was likewise evident that no effort had been made to facilitate my departure. A number of circumstances, then unnoticed, but now vivid in the recollection, rendered it equally clear that close and searching observations had been made of my luggage and attire. Whence these delays, these significant looks, these searching glances? And more than all, why had the

boatmen pulled so slowly since our departure? The inference was irresistible that they did not wish to pass through the forest during the night. Why, then, should they have brought me into it at such a late and unseemly hour? Around and above it was dark as Erebus.—Cold chills ever and anon crept over me, as these reflections passed hurriedly through my troubled brain, and a clammy sweat stood upon my brow. I tried to rally my spirits, and converse with my companions. But I could find but little to say and provoked still less in reply, and not a word from him of the black glittering eye. Occasionally they talked a little to each other in an under tone.—This half-whispering made me still more suspicious; and I started at every rustling of the grass, or movement of the sere leaves, or crackling of a stick beneath the tread of some light-footed inhabitant of the forest.—Once an owl hooted dismally over our heads. 'This was an evil omen. The stoutest heart will sometimes flutter for an instant, at the startling scream of the bird of night, while the whoop of the Indian, or the howl of the wolf would pass, in a measure, unheeded.—There was a heavy hammer of iron, which on entering the boat, I had observed lying about four feet from me. I wished now to secure this instrument, to be used in case of emergency; and by rising as if to re-adjust the folds of my cloak, and half falling forward, I managed to obtain it and recover my seat, without, as I supposed, creating any suspicion of my design. I grasped it with a firm hand. Again these sons of Charon consulted together in the same low voice as before. 'The forest grew deeper and thicker, the air more black and substantial, and the stream wound its serpentine course along, seemingly without end. Hours passed away, and the same lazy gentle plash, plash of the oars continued, as though those who held them red not to advance. By and by a little opening through the dense leafy canopy above afforded star-light enough to disclose a jam of drift-wood, through which it was difficult to make our way. And here, once more, my strange navigators rested upon their oars, and held another brief consultation.' I whistled with affected unconcern, grasped the hammer more tightly, and then tried to hum a song. But it was in vain.—The heavy load upon my spirits increased to a painful degree. Again the forest thickened, and we were plunged once more into darkest night. Now, all at once, the boat stopped still, and the boatmen drew up their oars. What an awful stillness was that!—The oarsmen were again in conversation, but I could not distinguish their words.—My heart rose into my throat. The boat, apparently, lay in a little cove. 'Could there,' thought I, 'be a more fitting place on the face of the whole earth for a deed without a name?' They seemed to be taking something from beneath their coats, and I saw, or thought I saw, the bright glance of a blade of steel,

while my blood was curdling in cold icy streams through my veins. I clenched the hammer with a firmer grasp. 'Wretches!' thought I, no longer doubting their foul purposes, 'your scheme was well concerted: but my life shall be sold at the dearest rate.' One of them half rose upon his feet, fumbling, at the same time, for something in his pocket. 'Now,' methought, 'the dreadful moment has arrived.' I drew a long breath, and braced my feet against the ribs of the boat, that I might not easily be thrown overboard. 'Mister—a-hem,' said he of the dark piercing eye, as he was apparently beginning to advance. I partly rose also to meet him with the greater force. 'I say, Mister,' he repeated, raising and slowly extending his right arm—I almost heard him cock the pistol. But he continued, 'It's rare and chilly night this, I call it: the marshes is damp and fever-ague-ish-like: we have a long splice of three or four miles to go yet; and so, Mister, wont you take a drop of whiskey, by word of mouth, out of this 'ere bottle here? Not but what we 'spose you'd like a little old Jameeky sperits better. Be sure the nose of the plaugy bottle's broke a leetle; but howsomever, that wont make the whiskey taste no worse, I reckon.' The hammer dropt from my hand as softly as I could let it down; and had Pelion and Ossa, all the giants, and the nightmare to boot, been pressing upon me at once, their sudden removal would not have brought greater relief. I took the bottle and quaffed the most grateful draught I had ever swallowed. The boat then moved on with accelerated progress. We at length emerged from the blind snares of the leafy labyrinth, through which we had so long been groping. The moon soon afterwards arose, though 'in clouded majesty;' but before we had left the forest half a mile a stern, she

'Unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

The Baron de Launston states that he was at Lacknaor, when an epidemic distemper was raging, and when the road to the palace was covered with the sick and the dying. The Nabob came out on his Elephant.—his slaves, regardless of their unhappy fellow creatures, made no attempt to clear the road: but the more charitable beast, without any command, lifted some out of the way with his trunk, and stepped so carefully among others, that none were hurt. An effect of intelligence even more extraordinary than the instance we have mentioned, is recorded upon the authority of an artillery officer, who witnessed the transaction. The battering train, going to the siege of Seringapatam, had to cross the bed of a river that resembled the other rivers of the peninsula, which have, during the dry season, but a small stream of water running through them, though

their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and abounding with quicksands. It happened that one artilleryman, who was seated on a tumbril of one of the guns, by some accident fell off, in such a situation, that in a second or two the hind wheel must have gone over him. The elephant, who was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the predicament in which the man was, instantly, without any warning from its keepers, lifted the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of the fallen man.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

ODD AND EVEN.

A sailor having purchased some medicines of a celebrated doctor, demanded the price.

Why, says the doctor, I cannot think of charging you less than seven and sixpence.

Well I'll tell you what, replies the sailor, take off the odd, and I will pay you the even.

Well returned the doctor, we won't quarrel about trifles.

The sailor laid down sixpence and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake.

No mistake at all, sir; six is even and seven is odd all the world over, so I bid you good day.

Get you gone, said the doctor; I've made four pence out of you yet.

Dr. Bushby, whose figure is beneath the common size, was one day accosted in a public coffee-house, by an Irish baronet, of colossal stature, with, 'May I pass to my seat, O giant?' When the doctor politely made way, and replied, 'Pass O pigmy.' 'Oh, sir,' said the baronet, 'my expression alluded to the size of your intellect.' 'And my expression,' said the doctor, 'to the size of yours.'

Logical Illustration.—A laymen in Providence, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of Deity. 'Brethren,—I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels fresh, superfine, which I will sell as low as any other person in town.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1831.

* Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

In the prime of life, in the midst of an unusual degree of health and of usefulness to himself and others, has one of our most respectable and intelligent citizens been cut off, as it were in a moment. On Saturday last, Capt. George Maxwell left this city for Catskill, accompanied by his son and several other boys, his pupils. They were on skates and had proceeded about three miles down the river, when Mr. Maxwell and two of the boys unfortunately run on an opening but thinly covered with ice, which breaking,

precipitated them into the river; they arose and, holding on the ice, sustained themselves for a time. The son of Mr. Maxwell, in endeavoring to assist his father, also fell in, but he and the other two boys by the aid of those in company and the assistance of Mr. Pierce, living on the bank of the river, to whom much credit is due, were ultimately saved, while the lamented Maxwell found a watery grave. Mr. Maxwell had lately been engaged in teaching a Select School in this city, and had endeared himself by his kind and affable deportment to a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, who with two orphan children, entirely dependant on his exertions for support, are left to mourn his untimely fate.

The body of Mr. Maxwell was found on Sunday morning and conveyed to his friends.

Roxobel.—This is the title of a pleasant and instructive work just published by the Messrs. Harpers of New-York. It is from the pen of Mrs. Sherwood, author of the *Lady of the Manor*, *Little Henry* and his *Bearer &c. &c.* and is fully calculated to sustain the high reputation, as an agreeable writer, she has already acquired by her numerous productions for the edification and amusement of youth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'Mélange No. 2' was too late for this number, our paper being nearly all in type when it was received.

The poetic effusion of 'R.' will appear in our next.

The communication of 'Morris' was unfortunately laid aside and forgotten, but will be attended to as soon as possible.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending December, 1831.

J. L. Schermerhorn, Brainard's Bridge, N. Y. \$1; E. Noble, Allie's Hill, N. Y. \$1; R. D. Kemp, Greenbush, N. Y. \$1; D. Herdson, Leonard's Ville, N. Y. \$1; L. Curries, Salina, N. Y. \$1; W. C. Potter, Wheeling, Va. \$1; E. Youngs, West Greenfield, N. Y. \$2.

SUMMARY.

Never feed potatoes to stock without boiling or steaming, as this increases their nutritive qualities. Grind your corn with the cobs. It is better food, and pays well for the trouble.

Tortoise shell and horn combs last much longer for having oil rubbed into them once in a while.

A large stone, put in the middle of a barrel of meal, is a good thing to keep it cool.

Woolens should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Lukewarm water shrinks them.

An ear of corn has been gathered in New Brunswick, which contained 19 rows of 40 kernels each, making a total of 532.

A steamboat of great power is now building by Messrs. Brown and Bull, at New York, expressly for towing vessels to and from the sea, and within the harbour.

It seems to be almost certain, that the Postage on Newspapers, will be repealed during the approaching session of Congress.

MARRIED.

In this city on Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Alvanson E. Hopkins, to Miss Pamela Hicks, all of this city.

At Dorchester, Madison co. on the 19th ult. by Abraham Hart, Esq. Mr. Thomas Marshall, of the firm of Marshall & Thann, Coopers of this place, formerly of Nantucket, Mass. to Miss Phoebe Worth, daughter of Walter North of the former place.

In Hillsdale, on Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Snyter, Mr. Samuel Palmer, to Miss Nancy W. Richards, eldest daughter of Doct. Joseph Richards, all of the above places.

At Athens, on Sunday the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Craig, Mr. Lewis G. Buckley, to Miss Hannah Goldsmith, all of that place. In Schoharie, on Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wiedman, Mr. Stephen B. Riggs, Editor of the Schoenectady Cabinet, to Miss Julia Hanmar, adopted daughter of Mr. John B. Voddor, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 6th inst. Frances Minert, infant daughter of Mr. Lyman Webster, aged 1 year, 3 months and 13 days.

On the 21st inst. in the town of Schaghticoke, Rensselaer County, Jacob Yates, Esq. in the 77th year of his age.

At Claverack on Wednesday the 30th ult. Harman Bay, Esq. late Clerk of this County, aged about 46 years.

In Troy, on Wednesday the 7th inst. Capt. Benjamin Mass, aged 93 years.

In Burlington Vt. Mr. Benjamin Butcher, a Revolutionary pensioner, aged 99 years.

In Medford, Mass. Mr. Amos Warren, aged 83 years.

In Dedham, Mass. Capt. Samuel Daggett, an officer of the Revolution, aged 80 years.

At Boston, Samuel Gore, Esq. aged 81, a respectable mechanic, and brother of the late Governor Gore.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository,

THE DEATH OF DIEBITSCH.

They came like an Alpine avalanche,
Torn from its ice-bound seat,
While shuddering Nature shook beneath
Their desolating feet;
A terror was o'er that bannered host,
Bleak ruin marked their way,
And they swept o'er Poland's sunny plains,
Like wolves that howled for prey.
Who met them there? from dreams of ages
Starting at war's alarm—
Who met them there, with her bosom bare,
And bare her lifted arm?
A spirit? aye—but she was breathing
Through hearts as true as steel—
Through the sturdy frames and iron nerves
Of millions who could feel.
Ye minions! strive with the ocean wave,
Careering in its power;
Or strive with the tempest when its clouds
In black'ning masses lower,
Aye—strive with the whirlwind's awful wrath,
Destruction's mighty son,
Strive with the thunderbolt, when it puts
Its forked terrors on—
But when the sons of a nation rise,
And Freedom, bids them strike,
Aye—when they have burst their clanking chains,
And march forth giant-like;
Then—when they raise the avenging sword
Nerved by her thunder-call,
And on that last and desperate blow
Stake fortune, life, and all;—
Then—servile minions! who crouch to kiss
Your despot's brodered hem,
War ye with your brother tremblers there,
Strive not, strive not with them.
* * * * *
And so thought Diebitsch when he saw
His legions swept away,
On many a dark disastrous field
Many a bloody day—
When he thought upon the bones that strewed,
The region he had pass'd,
And groaned, yes groaned, when he gazed afar
On Warsaw's heights at last.
'Twas night—and the Balkan hero sat,
High in his regal tent,
And the gifted and the valiant there
Their trembling footsteps bent;
And he welcomed them—with a stern smile,
He welcomed one and all
Of the rough and warlike throng, who came
To that high festival.
Hail conqueror of the Osmanlee!
Hail hero of the north!
But the greetings of the war-worn band,
From blanched lips burst forth.
The wine with a trembling hand was poured;
Beneath some spirit's sway,
The shout of unholy ribaldry,
Unechoed died away.
'Hours pass'd on'—The cup had put to flight
The pangs of haggard care;

And wildly rose the revelling dire
Upon the midnight air—
'Down with the Poles!' the cry went forth—
Again and then again
He shouts—for the dreams of godlike power
Were floating through his brain.
He dream'd that again he stood upon
The lofty Balkan height,
While the Sultan of the Ottoman
Was trembling in his might.
He thought how a nation's destinies
Were hanging on his hands,
'Aye—we will crush the devoted race,
And strew them like the sands.'
'Dream on, dream on, thou murderous man,
Yet hearken to thy call,
For the hand that wrote those mystic words
Upon Belshazzar's wall,
That terrible hand which swept away
Syria's mighty host,
Aye the hand within whose hollow palm
The mountain wave is tost,
'Is on thee, Diebitsch—and a voice,
Which tells thine awful doom,
Sounds in the clang of unrighteous strife,
And in a nation's gloom.
By groans that have risen from Poland's plains—
The wretchedness of wrong—
By the shrill war-cry of an injured race,
And Freedom's lofty song—
'By the withering curse of down-trod man—
By the blood that thou hast shed,
The bolts of a vengeance stern and deep
Are quivering o'er thine head!
That night a foe—and a dreadful foe—
Stole on the feverish chief;
And there were heard within that tent,
Vain shriekings for relief—
A foe—but not with a banner'd march,
Midst battle's lurid flame,
With the trumpet's sound, or stirring drum,
Or clanging arms he came:
He came with the seal of Azrael—
With noiseless stealthy tread,
And the victor of the Ottoman
Was numbered with the dead.

EPHROS.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Three score (sixty years!)

PUZZLE II.—Ice-ber.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What Alphabetical tree abounds in New-Haven?

II.

What Alphabetical river is in South Carolina?

PRINTING INK.

A. Stoddard has just received a large supply of *Winter Ink*, which will be sold by the keg at 25 Cents per lb. This ink has been used for the Repository the three last years, and is warranted to be equal, if not superior, to any that can be purchased at the same price in Albany or New-York.

Almanacks for 1832,

FOR SALE, AT ASHEEL STODDARD'S BOOKSTORE.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. DECEMBER 31, 1831.

NO. 16.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.
REMINISCENCES.

(Continued.)

"I have too long endured your threats and insolence." "I have offered no threats Mrs. Harvey." "Can you deny that since my husband's death your manner has excited the just suspicions of every individual in this household?" "Suspicion, Madam, I do not comprehend your meaning." "Yes, suspicion. Be not enraged. One deed of blood is a sufficient honour for a youth of your age," said the excited woman. "Speak, wretch, your hidden meaning." "Be still," she replied. "There was a deadly calmness in her voice. "Be still, my dear friend. Return and cool the inflammation of your hot brain. To night, I will give you fully to comprehend my meaning." "To night!" "Yes, yes, to night." "There was something in that answer which chilled my soul and caused me to forget my anger, that indicated a heart which would beat with joy over another's ruin, whose every feeling was dipped in rage, whose cords were Gorgons.

"That evening, contrary to my usual wont, I had passed in my room. Warren was my only companion. To him in whose bosom I confided, I related the circumstances of the conversation. Together we waited for the fulfilment of the promise Mrs. Harvey had made. The clock tolled the hour of nine and no messenger arrived. We dismissed the idea of receiving any intelligence and concluded the conduct of my relative was a mere subterfuge to escape my rage. Other subjects were discussed. Our admission to the bar, the business we had commenced and my intended union with Emily which a few days were to consummate. On this theme I loved to linger. The vision of her girlish form, the bright and kindling eye, were present with an entrapping reality. Hours fled away and as midnight was announced by the solemn sound of the bell, Warren rose to take his departure.

But ere he reached the door, it was thrown open and a group of men thronged into my presence. I arose. "What is your wish, gentlemen?" "Sir," said the foremost "you must go with us." "Must go with you, and who in Heaven's name are you?" "That we will answer by and by, youngster, but at present you are my prisoner." Warren dashed down the arm raised to seize me, but the scuff felled him bleeding to the earth. I saw and seized a weapon which lay under my pillow. Reason struggled for a moment with my excited passion but its essays were in vain. As easily might an infant uncoil itself from the grasp of a Boa. The sword was unsheathed, it gleamed over the head of the villain and he fell. But the inequality was too tremendous. My anger was aroused but the resolution of my adversaries and their number presented no slight obstacle. Onward they pressed. Curses and execrations, cries of "revenge," "shoot him," "murder the scoundrel," fell upon my ear. In vain I plied every nerve. At each rapid sweep of the glittering blade my foes were wounded, for the implacable rage with which I wielded the instrument of death, gave to its keen edge resistless force. I saw the countenances of my enemies wither, regardless of one who was goading them on to their work. That one I beheld. I knew Manton the brother of Mrs. Harvey, the antagonist of my boyhood and the bitter rival of my youth. He dared not press forward to meet me. The cowardly wretch incited his fellows who were shrinking from my arm. I bid, urged, and implored him to approach in vain. I rushed through the close array to meet him, looking not at others who had now surrounded me. I sprang before his withering form. The bloody sword one moment hung over the cowering slave; the next, the fiend would have fled to his burning home, a blow from the rear palsied my arm, another and another followed in quick succession. I fell and was bereft of consciousness. How long I remained senseless I know not. The bright vision of Emily was floating before me, her

'bleeding brother met my gaze. A plaintive gust of melody from some happy bird restored me to thought. My brain throbbled with fever. Blood was oozing from the bandages that were bound over my head. My right arm was stiff and motionless. I faintly opened the lids which pressed heavily my eyes. Oh Heaven, the horrid reality! I had not imagined it. Who were the authors of my misery? What was the object of the midnight intruders against whom I had so desperately fought? They were not—oh no! it cannot be. Again and again I essayed the correctness of my vision. The hard mattress on which I was deposited might have given me assurance. I heard the clank of irons and relapsed once more into lifelessness.

'The sun was shining cheerily through the prison grates when I re-opened my eyes. A person stood near me who had evidently been dressing my wounds. Some refreshments were placed by him within my reach and I was left to the solitude of my cell.

'Weeks passed away but no relief from confinement. The gaoler had hesitated imparting the truth till I should in his view be able to endure the communication. I was treated with tenderness, supplied with ample refreshments and delicacies, and attended by a surgeon whose skill aided my convalescence and soon restored me to health.

'A cool day in the latter part of August I had paced my narrow apartment to and fro, and blackened the massive walls with my pencil, when toward evening my keeper approached with the usual meal, and paused one moment, apparently having something to communicate. "Will you tell me friend," inquired I, "whether it is customary for prisoners to receive such marks of kindness as have been manifested to me?" "If by kindness you mean," replied the gaoler, "the food you eat with the luxuries you have had since your imprisonment, and the presence of our best doctor, why, for that you may thank an old friend of yours, or sister, or something, I reckon by her manner." "Whom do you mean?" "Why, I mean, one who came here when you was first confined and begged and wept for admission to your cell, but our orders were positive to admit nobody, so I couldn't grant her request. So she has been here every day, and inquires about you, how you do, and as the doctor tells me engaged him to see to you. Is she your sister?" "I have no sister," I replied. "Then like enough it's a sweetheart for her dark eyes would eat up any man's soul. I reckon she's from the same place with you for I think some one with her called her name Warren and Judge Warren I know lives where you came from." I paused one moment in agony for recollection distilled a bitter drop in my cup of woe. "Friend, for what crime am I imprisoned so enormous as to require my seclusion from my friends and society? I have many times inquired and received no answer.

Fear not to disclose the truth and the whole truth." "If I must, I must," said the gaoler "but what's the use? May be you know too well yourself. It's for murder." "Murder, murder," I responded, "oh yes, now, now I remember. Those men against whom I defended myself have since died, ah?" "Yes, they are out of danger. Those men were the officers of justice and arrested you for the crime for which you're now imprisoned." "What crime?" "Murder." "Why man you must be mocking at misery. I remember only injuring the men who attacked me." "The Grand Jury have indicted you for the murder of Carrol Harvey, your guardian, as I'm told. Whether" here the gaoler stopped; he perceived the marks of returning phrenzy. "Go on, Go on," I said hurriedly. "They say that the murdered man on his death-bed said you had killed him. Your trial comes on next week. If you wish to procure counsel to defend your case I'm willing to oblige you." "Counsel, counsel, no, I may as well die. Yet not a death of ignominy. Do you know Warren of —?" "They say he's sorely wounded and keeps his bed." "Send me this evening some gentleman of the profession." "I will, I will," and the gaoler hastily withdrew.

'The day had passed. I reclined over the prisoner's box awaiting the return of the jury. I had heard the chain of circumstances on which my accusation was founded, vehemently urged against me. That I had entered in a rage the library of my guardian; that I was found grasping the deceased violently and striving to throw him from a lofty window in the building, while he was screaming loudly and agonizingly for assistance, that I was declared by Mr. Harvey on his death-bed to be his murderer, and lastly was brought forward the long, determined and bloody resistance I made to the officers of justice who apprehended me for my alleged crime. I shuddered at the gross perjury of Mrs. Harvey and the wilful misstatements of her suborned domestics. I had listened to the eloquent defender of my innocence. It was late when the umpires of my cause returned. One by one they resumed their seats. The officer demanded their verdict. I was convicted. A low hum followed the announcement of the decision. Surprise was depicted on few countenances. The sentence of death was passed and I was remanded to prison.

'Days fled swiftly by. The state of uncertainty which previous to my trial harassed my mind had now departed. I was aware of my fate and the conflicting feelings of my soul settled into sullen gloom. A bitter hatred of mankind took possession of my heart. The lovely hues of Autumn which I viewed through my window grates elevated me not, its breezes cooled no longer my hot brow, nor exhaled the moisture which had gathered on my frame. I felt myself a wretch exiled from communion

with my kind. The heedless crowd passed daily the spot of my incarceration, with loud laugh and unfeeling heart. No being approached me to offer consolation. I felt myself avoided, as though my presence carried contagion and I was a living pestilence. Books were at hand, but I could not read. What was to me the history of my race, the colouring of fiction, or the dream of the poet? Wrapped in gloomy meditation, I stalked the floor of my prison. As the appointed period of death approached, deeper darkness involved my spirit. Black thoughts of horror blotted peace from my soul. Hope was quenched. I felt all the chillness of solitude; not the mere abstraction from the society of men but the leadiness of the universal curse of mankind gnawing my vitals. The brand of Cain burned my forehead. I knew my innocence but was isolated. I blasphemed my Maker as the author of my woe. I abhorred man as the instrument of his vengeance. The following lines cast by an unseen hand into my cell consummated my misery.

"Edgerton, the messenger has arrived with the tidings of your conviction. My brother is dead. Mrs. Harvey told us you had confessed your guilt. My brain is wild with elirium. Oh God, did I not *know* your innocence? A fever is burning my frame. My mother bends over me in agony and implores heaven to spare her only child; but no, it cannot be." I read the note and shrank with agony. One moment I pressed my clenched hands against my forehead and sprang upward with the madness of lunacy. The next, I fell upon my unmade and disordered couch and strove to soothe the wildness of my mind. A deadly calmness followed the thunder of passion. Every feeling was ransmuted to gall. I rose slowly from my painful posture. I bent upon my knees. My palsied hands were extended towards Heaven. I imprecated its curses on the day of my birth. The means of putting an end to my existence were out of my power. I prayed for death.

"The day previous to the time appointed for the execution of the law arrived. My feelings ordered on phrenzy. I stood silently gazing from the barred casement of my room, through which the chilling breeze of approaching fall whistled gloomily. A band of lively boys passed before me. The scenes of my childhood rushed fresh on my memory. The hour of infancy and my mother's parting blessing came over my mind. My stubbornness was rebuked and I wept in bitterness of heart. I saw the sun sink in the west. 'To-morrow on expiring luminary will light my executioners to their work of death; its last rays will fall upon the grave of the executed convict.'

"Darkness and night approached. I sunk to an uneasy sleep. Horrid visions were presented to my wakeful imagination and glaring-

ly near my view. Demons were already extending their grasp to tear me from existence. I saw the lifeless form of Warren and sleeping in death by his side, the being of my love. Gone to the grave believing my guilt. The execrations of my fellow beings upon me as an unnatural murderer echoed in my hearing, while I thought the prison doors were opened and fancied myself led to the scaffold, I awoke. It was early morn. A man of tall stature was lifting me from my couch. My fetters were knocked off. He extended a roll of parchment, and leaving wide open the grating door, departed. I gazed at the paper. I saw the signature and seal, and beheld my pardon.

"The next day and I was on my passage to the place of my nativity. Alone and on foot I traced my rapid journey. My once healthful features were sallow and emaciated. My form wasted with confinement was scarce upheld by the tottering limbs. The cold wind found its way through the torn remnants of former clothing. The leaves of Autumn were scattered over the ground and a melancholy blast swept through the forest. I plied my way swiftly and paused not till miles were traversed and at closing day I stood on the summit of the hill which overlooks the village. All appeared the image of former times. There stood the modest church, amid the peacefulness of a Sabbath eve. The bell was tolling, and its sweet, mournful music, as it congregated the groups of inhabitants from their several domicils, melted my soul. The old man of frosty hair and the rosy cheeked urchin, tread slowly and sedately to the house of God. A band of beautiful girls were pausing in tears by the grave-yard adjoining the place of worship, gazing sorrowfully upon a new made grave. I drew near and wound my way slowly among the throngs of peaceful villagers. At one and another I looked earnestly, but received no signals of recognition. My tattered vestments and wild appearance excited curiosity but prevented discovery. A carriage whirled rapidly by me, and the sound 'poor wretch,' fell upon my ear.

"I approached the cemeteries of the dead. A simple monument beside the white fence attracted my attention. Naught was inscribed but the name of the deceased. I stood before the tomb of Warren. The cry of bitter agony that burst involuntarily from my lips was echoed by the only syllable of sympathy that for months had saluted my senses. I turned and beheld an old man, down whose shrivelled cheeks tears were coursing in rapid succession. I could not mistake the noble form of the aged relative of my friend. He recognised me regardless of my pallid features and disordered dress. He pressed me to his bosom in speechless feeling and led me from the spot. "My boy," were the first words which escaped his choked utterance, "my boy, and has Heaven spared you? You are innocent, Emily will

die with the sweet consciousness"—but here his voice faltered and he was unable to proceed.

'Slowly we approached the residence of my deceased friend. I trod noiselessly to the apartment where the aged man led the way. A few persons were seated around the room. A woman in deep mourning stood by the bedside of one whom I still remembered. The cheek was pale and the drooping lids concealed the once glowing eyes of the invalid. Over her white brow, dark, luxuriant curls reposed in beautiful contrast, and the lips seemed murmuring in prayer. One delicate hand was pressed to her side and the other pillowed the motionless head. I saw the dream of boyhood and youth vanishing; the flower, which I loved, blasted. A low, deep groan and I bent in agony over the form of the dying. The eyes of the sleeper opened. They rested anxiously on my features with their former look of beseechingness and innocence, and a pure serenity which beams only from angel's visions. The hand which I had so often clasped in the ardour of love returned its last pressure; the girlish form reclined gently backward; a faint murmur from the voice died on my ear; one sweet and holy smile and Emily was no more. The springs of my heart were broken and—' * * *

The few remaining lines were illegible. The emotions of the writer had rendered them obscure and prevented my reading more of his melancholy history. I repaired to the church-yard where were deposited his remains. A friendly villager pointed me to the stone which bore the initials of the deceased. Upon my return we paused by a tomb, the monument of which was worn with age. I was unable to trace the inscription. My conductor afforded me the desired information. 'A woman who died many years since is buried here. It is said that she caused yon old man who is now dead, when he was young, to be accused of murder, and swore falsely upon his trial. The story goes, she was so tormented by conscience that she committed suicide before the day of his expected execution, leaving a written confession of her guilt and his innocence. A timely discovery of this being made, preserved the life of the convict.'

From The Club Book.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.

BY JOHN GALT.

'Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder.'—MACBETH

Many proverbial expressions are founded on experience. 'The unguarded hour' is one of them; and it is become so common, that few of those who oftenest employ it are aware of the mystery to which it alludes. It conveys the belief that mankind are each protected by a supernatural guardian. It implies also, that the angel at times quits his post, and that in the interim, 'the unguarded hour,' the de-

fenceless mortal is liable to be assailed by the insidious temptations of the universal adversary.—Whether this impressive thesis be an hypothesis or an apocalypse, it baffles the human understanding. It cannot be rejected as altogether earthly and of mortal imagination, nor accepted as divine and of celestial descent. But it is not my present purpose to examine the evidence on either side; I have only to describe a series of seeming accidents, calculated to enforce the doctrine by the circumstances in which their advent took place, and to awaken at once solemnity, wonder and dread.

'Many years ago,' said a friend, 'when detained by indisposition in a small village in Hungary, a discovery was one morning made by which the superstition of the simple inhabitants was greatly excited. It had been a custom from time immemorial, when the judge in office travelled through the country to dispense justice, that as often as he came to Panigstien, and I believe that it was only once in a course of the cycle of the moon, every nineteen years, and at the change, that he held a free assize in the open air near the Martyr's Cross, an ancient monument which stands alone on the solitude of the moor, at the distance of a bow shot or more from the church. The cause of this venerable ceremony being held at that particular spot, was never satisfactorily explained, but it originated either in a prediction which had been delivered by the martyr, or on some incident connected with his doom. On every occasion, when the court was held at this spot, the inhabitants were summoned in the name of heaven, to hearken to the first offenders which the magistrate of the district openly placed in the hands of the judge and all such as could bear witness to aught regarding them were commanded to come forward and do so.

'Although then but in shattered health, this remarkable ceremony, which chanced while I was at Panigstien induced me to be present among the crowd of spectators when the judge was expected to arrive. The day was gray and silent; the sun was not invisible, but his dim orb hung in the firmament with an obscure lack lustre sickliness, and all the landscape, and every living thing, seemed overcast and dejected. The ensigns of judgment which marked the place of administration added to the solemnity of the scene; and the magistrate, to augment the gloom, had ordered a lofty new and black gallows to be raised at a little distance from where the benches and table for the court had been constructed.

'Among other impressive customs connected with the free assize, is one of unknown antiquity. The magistrate, in preparing the list of offenders for the judge, is not allowed to divulge to any person the names of the criminals intended to be accused; and it is alleged, that this has a religious influence on the morals of the people no one being aware how his conduct

may have been noted not of what he may be found charged with in the list. The crisis is, in consequence, very awful to all. On the occasion when I was there it was not anticipated that any particular crime would be divulged and it was thought rather odd that the magistrate should have ordered the gallows to be erected; indeed, in the opinion of the people, the calendar was clear, so peaceful and free from all violence had been the country from the former assize nineteen years previous.

'The magistrate I knew very well; he had sometimes invited me to his house; was a gentleman in great esteem with the immediate villagers. From small beginnings he had raised an ample fortune, was famed for the strictest integrity, and distinguished for great benevolence and a holy purity of life. It was thought by many that there was some degree of affectation in his singular piety, for in his youth he had been less austere, he had put on his sanctity somewhat suddenly, in consequence of an event which, though distressing in itself could not be said to effect him more than any other in the town.

'It was a murder committed exactly nineteen years before the very morning when the assize was held. No trace of the assassin had been discovered, and that circumstance, together with the worth of the victim, had produced a strong impression on every one; but on none more than the magistrate, whose faithful servant the victim had long been. The crime was mysterious, for the man was poor, and it excited universal surprise that one who in his condition had been so much respected should ever have provoked a doom so sudden and inexplicable. Time had greatly mitigated the recollection of the occurrence; it was almost forgotten by every body but by the widow and the charitable master, who with his family constantly endeavoured to soften, with unavailing sympathy, her grief. She however became old and crazed, and when pointed out to me was a spectacle of extreme misery. She was standing near the Martyr's Cross, against which, owing to my weakness, I was then leaning, and although she appeared sullen, and perusing the ground I observed her eyes vividly glancing with supernatural vigilance. She was as something wild and fierce, ready to leap upon its prey, and watching for the moment.—But I had not much time to notice her, for the sound of trumpets proclaimed the approach of the magistrate, attended by his officers and soon after a movement in the multitude also announced the judge.

'When he had taken his seat on his judicial bench and the lawyers had placed themselves at the table, the trumpet sounded a solemn peal three times, and the magistrate, with the roll in his hand, advanced. At the same instant the widow rushed, with a shriek like the oracular Pythia in her ecstasy, and placed herself at the side of the magistrate, as he presented the roll to the judge. The

multitude was silent, and I felt as if the functions of my breathing were suspended.

'The judge rose, and standing up unrolled the paper, which, with an audible voice, and religious thankfulness, he declared was clear.

"No, no," cried the impassioned and vehement widow, "it is not so, it has not my husband's death."

"True" exclaimed the magistrate, "I had forgotten it, the deed was done so long ago, nineteen years ago—how was it possible I could forget the unguarded hour?"

'The words were repeated by every voice, I believe, in the multitude in succession, and the sound was fearful. "The unguarded hour?" said the judge himself, looking towards the magistrate calmly as if the question had scarcely more meaning than when uttered in echo by the crowd.

"Yes," cried the widow aloud, "his guardian angel was then away;" and she concluded, by accusing the magistrate her own benefactor, and the gracious master of the deceased husband, as the murderer.

"She has been long, almost ever since the fatal event in a state of insanity," said the magistrate to the judge; and turning to his officers bade them take the helpless creature away.

"I will not go—I will have justice," she exclaimed, wrestling with the officers, as they attempted to remove her. The crowd remained as if frozen into silence.

"Good woman," said the judge compassionately, "you know not what you say."

"I do, I do; let me be heard," was her wild reply; and the multitude in the same instant cried out "let her be heard, let her be heard!"

"This is a vexatious business," said the judge to the magistrate, "for the charter by which the assize is held at this place obliges me to receive the charge, and I cannot depart from its ordinances, nor is her evident insanity a valid reason to reject the accusation.—Good woman why do you persist in this extravagance, there is no evidence to sustain the charge?"

"There is if you will listen," she impatiently again cried, and with earnest gestures and surprising eloquence endeavored by innumerable coincidences, that she had remarked in the conduct of the magistrate, to show the grounds of her sudden suspicion.

'During the whole time that she continued the spectators listened with the greediest ears and before she had finished her impassioned appeal it was manifest that they were all convinced that the magistrate was indeed the murderer.—The judge listened to all she said with intense attention but the accused maintained his wonted equanimity. I was astonished that he could do so, for some of her reasons though far from probability, were of the most touching and pathetic kind; doubtless all she said was void of evidence; still however, it was fearfully impressive, and

I could not myself withstand its energy. When she had rather exhausted her strength than finished what she had to say, the judge replied solemnly—

“Protect us, Heaven, from having aught to conceal from such vigilance—this is thy work, and comes not within the possibilities of human law! There is reason according to the charter, that a regular trial should be proceeded with, and therefore let the indictment be prepared.”

‘The feelings of the multitude were excited to the utmost, and took utterance in a loud shout, not of joy or of gladness, but a deep solemn, and awful sound, whose might and majesty were portentously increased by the distant low hollow echo of the hills. The accused stood a statue of consternation for a moment. I looked at him with indescribable emotion, but the paleness which overspread his complexion vanished, and he appeared as serene and self-collected as before.

‘While the papers were being written I observed the judge speaking to the poor woman, and I heard him sympathizingly inquire respecting the age of her husband, his general appearance, and the manner in which he was dressed; to which she gave brief but distinct answers, as if the living presence of the murdered man had been seen actually before her. She was, however, impatient at the judge’s questions, and answered him peevishly, forgetting the respect due to his dignity; indeed the questions, at the time, seemed to be frivolous; I could not discern their propriety, nor why so grave an officer, the representative of the emperor and king, should so far lose all consciousness of the place and of the occasion as to speak to her in the manner he was doing. He asked for example, the color of her husband’s hair, and she answered black, and that he wore his cap gallantly doffed; then after some other inquiries as insignificant, he spoke of his coat and the color of it, but she lost temper; and after telling him it was blue, and his vest red, entreated he would not probe her wounded remembrance with matters of that kind.

‘In the mean time the magistrate was engaged with an advocate who was perfectly convinced and so expressed himself, that the trial would soon be safely over. Altogether the scene was most singular, but the passion of the crowd became appalling, and I was fearful lest the magistrate should be made the victim of some outrage. Himself calm, and certain that no evidence could sully him, he was yet visibly disturbed; and I saw him once or twice start, and shudder, no doubt amazed that such a delirious accusation should have been so strangely imagined against him.

‘When all the requisite forms were completed, he was directed to place himself at the bar and the judge, according to the charter, called him by name to answer to God, who was there present, for the crime of which he was accused. At that moment, and before he could reply, the sun darted a bright and golden

ray upon the forehead of the judge, and made it shine as if he had been crowned with a halo. All the spectators were witnesses to this glorious symbol; and I could scarcely control my trembling limbs, so much did it shake my whole frame.

‘The accused was evidently affected, but he had such mastery of himself that he answered with firmness, “*NOR GUARY.*”

‘A pause of some time ensued, and then the widow was requested to come forward with her evidence. She advanced, and suddenly cried, “I have but these tears.”

‘The advocate with whom the accused had been consulting, rose, and animadverting on the insanity of the charge, demanded an acquittal.

“Stop,” said the judge, solemnly, “the order and provisions of the charter have not yet been all fulfilled—bid the trumpets sound thrice.”

‘The silence of the multitude was dreadful; the trumpets sounded, and the judge, rising from his seat, reverentially uncovered his hoary head, and said with a voice of the lowest humility,—

“Heaven, send forth thy witness.”

‘I looked at the dismayed prisoner; he was pale, but serene. The judge then resumed his seat, and the advocate again rose;

“I demand,” said he, “the acquittal of the accused.”

‘Another short pause ensued, and the judge rising, cast his sight to a distance, and said.

“Make way for the witness.”

“What witness?” cried the prisoner, in visible trepidation.

“That man in the blue coat—he with his cap on the one side—make way for him—he with the red waistcoat.”

“It is himself that comes,” cried the widow with an exulting shout; and all the spectators looked back towards the spot where they expected to behold the witness, but they saw no one; and when they had again turned their eyes to the bar, the accused had fainted. This confirmed the amazed spectators, and the judge kneeled down with devotion, and, raising his hands to heaven, prayed and did homage to divine justice. The wretched criminal was left lying on the ground, for all present at the same moment uncovered their heads, and with tears and awe joined in worship with the judge. A more affecting scene was never witnessed, and when the adoration was ended, the guilty man awaked from his trance, rose and confessed the crime.

“I seek not mercy,” said he, “I have enjoyed it too long, yet my offence is not of an atrocious die—it was but a hasty blow. Yes, the hand of heaven is so visible here that I dare not ask remission, even if my hidden misery were not punishment enough,—there, take me,—be now no more delay. The gallows is ready, and mercy dare not in this place contend with justice.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT IS MAN ?

Originally dust—engendered in sin—brought forth with sorrow—helpless in infancy—extravagantly wild in his youth—mad in his manhood—decrepit in age—his first voice moves pity—his last commands grief.

Nature clothes the beast with hair—the birds with feathers, and the fishes with scales ; but man is born naked—his hands cannot handle—his feet cannot walk—his tongue cannot speak, nor his eyes see aright—simple his thoughts—vain his desires—toys his delight. As soon as he puts on his distinguishing character, reason, he burns it with wild-fire passions—paints it with abominable pride—tears it with insatiable revenge—dirts it with avarice, and stains it with lust. His next state is full of miseries—tears torment—hopes intoxicate—cares perplex—enemies assault him—friends betray him—thieves rob him—wrongs oppress him, and dangers way-lay him. His last scene is deplorable—his eyes dim—hands feeble—feet lame—sinews shrunk—bones dry—his days are full of sorrow—his nights of pain—his life miserable—his death terrible—his infancy is full of folly—youth of disorder and toil—age of infirmity.

In other words—man is a dunghill blanched with snow—a may-game of fortune—a mark or malice—a butt for envy—if poor, despised—if rich, flattered—if prudent, mistrusted—if simple, derided—his beauty, a flower—his strength, grass—his wit, a flash—his wisdom, folly—his judgment, weakness—his art, imperfection—his glory, a blaze—his time, a span—himself, a bubble. He is born crying, lives laughing, and dies sighing. So much for man.—*N. Y. Courier.* M.

SEEING IT IS YOU.

At a time when knee-buckles were in fashion, Tom Hobbs, being then a youngster, called upon a shopkeeper to purchase a pair.

'How much for these buckles?' said Tom, laying his hand upon a pair.

'That pair,' said the shopkeeper, 'is worth three dollars—but seeing it is you, you shall have it for two.'

'Seeing it is me!' said Tom, with a queer grin, 'why where under the canopy did you ever see me before?'

'Oh, I am sure I have seen you, but where, I can't recollect.'

'Well, and I can't recollect where I have seen you,' said Tom. 'But seeing it is you, I believe I won't buy that pair of buckles.'

So saying Tom, left the shopkeeper wondering what sort of a character it was with which he had to do.—*Constellation.*

Before temperance societies came in fashion a person who had a most resplendent red face, was one day rebuking his son for playing with

gunpowder. 'Gunpowder!' said he, 'I will set my face against it.' 'O, father do not for the world,' answered his son, 'if you do we shall all be blown up.'

Ate or be aten.—Gude morning, Pat, an ar ye going up the river this morning? Yes, Jemmy. An do ye go in the North America? Och, no: for they will charge ye three dollars and *ate ye*. And what boat do ye go in, Pat? Why to be sure in the Ohio; for she will charge ye two dollars, and ye can *ate your self*, Jemmy.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1831.

Tales of the Indians.—A volume with this title, by B. B. Thatcher, has recently been issued from the press of Waitt and Dow, Boston. The intention of Mr. Thatcher in writing these stories was to portray the Indian character in a vivid and impressive manner. The facts on which they are founded are drawn from the most authentic sources, rendering them on that account valuable portions of Indian history, as well as interesting from the correct view they hold up of Indian life, manners, customs, &c.

Ladies' Magazine.—The first number of the fifth volume of this truly valuable periodical, edited by Mrs. Hale, Boston, will be issued January 15th.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,
Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending December 31th.

S. Jacobs, Catskill, N. Y. \$1; C. S. Willard, Catskill, N. Y. \$5; G. W. Bradley, Le Roy, N. Y. \$1; N. C. Botts, Pittsfield, Ma. \$1; S. Barber, Auburn, N. Y. \$1; A. Howard, Benson, Vt. \$1; J. Strong, Claverack, N. Y. \$1; W. Carpenter, Brainard's Bridge, N. Y. \$1; E. B. Brown, Hamilton, N. Y. \$1; C. Patrie, Livingston, N. Y. \$1; C. J. Osborn, Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, have published another volume of their valuable *Cyclopaedia*, containing biographical sketches of Sir Thomas Moore, Cardinal Walsey, Archbishop Cranmer, and Lord Brough.

'A Memoir of the Life of Daniel Webster,' by Samuel L. Knapp, Stimpson and Clapp, Boston.—The author of this well-accused duodecimo has completed his task with much ability. The volume is ornamented with a portrait of the American orator.

Peabody & Co. have issued a new series of caricatures, called the 'Comic Sketch book,' designed and drawn by that prince of merry fellows, Henry J. Finn.

Indians.—More than two hundred Indians, men, women and children, of the Seneca tribe, lately passed through Dayton, Ohio, on their way to the west of the Mississippi. They are from the Lewistown Reserve, recently purchased of them for the United States.

Old People.—There were found in the United States, during the last census, two thousand six hundred and fifty-four persons who were upwards of one hundred years of age.

MARRIED.

In this city by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Thomas Gregory, to Miss Eliza Andrews; also, Mr. Joseph Thorpe, to Miss Anna Maria Plaut.

On Thursday the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Foss, Mr. Robert Tappen, Printer, of Kingston, to Miss Maria C. Lowe, of this city.

In Claverack on the 13th inst. Mr. Benjamin H. Waterman of this city, to Miss Louisa Richmond of Hillsdale.

In Ghent, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Peter B. Pulver, of Chatham, to Miss Catharine Shufeldt, of Ghent.

In the same place, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wynkoop, Mr. Andrew Fulver, of Chatham, to Miss Catharine Maria Jacobia, of Ghent.

On Saturday the 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Isaac C. Sison, to Miss Minnettie Howard, both of Hudson River Works.

On the same day, by the Rev. Mr. Foss, Mr. Glen Van Valkenburgh, to Miss Theodora Lobdell, both of Columbiaville.

DIED.

Of a consumption, in this city on the 16th inst. William A. Coffin, aged 21 years, and Avis Coffin, aged 16 years, son and daughter of Capt. George B. Coffin, after a long and lingering illness. They died within two hours of each other, and were laid in one coffin.

At Dublin, Geo. on the 7th inst. Sarah Louisa, second daughter of H. B. & H. C. Hathaway, formerly of this city, aged about 5 years.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
**SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MR.
 GEORGE MAXWELL.**

What sudden turn!
 What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
 Of man's sad history!—*Blair.*

The morning sun was shining bright,
 And cast its brilliant rays before;
 Hope shed around its meteor light,
 And when its blaze was seen no more.

As soon he reach'd the frozen stream,
 And sped its surface quickly o'er,
 A little thought 'life's feverish dream,'
 Was sitting fast that fatal hour.

He passes on with smiling brow,
 And fearless meets the bracing air—
 Alas! that smile is vanish'd now,
 The still that brow is high and fair.

The yielding ice now sudden broke,
 And launch'd beneath this worthy one;
 And then he called and faintly spoke,
 'Give me a rope or I am gone.'

He struggled with a look forlorn,
 And then he gasp'd and gas'd around,
 And nature now exhausted grown,
 A cold and watery grave he found.

They sadly sought for relics dear,
 And toil'd unwearied till they found,
 And mournful plac'd him on the bier,
 And decently his limbs were bound.

They slowly wind their sorrowing way,
 With fainting hearts and shaded brow;
 Each weeping face seemed sad to say,
 How solemn is our duty now!

We'll lay him in his narrow bed,
 And friendship's tribute faithful pay
 And musing on his spirit fled,
 We'll hallow oft this trying day. **ADELBERT.**

For the Rural Repository.
**MELANGE NO. 2.
 THERMOPYLE.**

There is no voice upon Thermopylæ—
 Dark Desolation there hath built her throne :—
 The spot where trod the fearless and the free
 Is now by noisome weeds and grass o'ergrown :—

Yet still the breeze's gently whispering tone,
 When darkness o'er the world a veil hath spread,
 To fancy seems the low mysterious moan
 Of those, who there, for Greece—for freedom bled
 And raised a glorious monument of Persian dead.

The heartless Greek steals o'er that mighty grave—
 His father's tomb—nor pensive, pauses there :—
 Perchance he knows not that the glorious brave
 Moulder beneath, whose noble hearts could dare
 To rush on death and struggle with despair.

While musing on that spot where Time displays
 His mighty power o'er all that earth deems fair,
 Imagination hastes to other days
 When Greece and Grecian deeds were yet a theme for
 praise.

'Twas night—the stars were hid beneath a pall,
 The sighing winds swept o'er Thermopylæ
 Where stood the few, who came at Freedom's call
 To die upon her altar—and to be
 A watch-word to th' oppress'd who dare be free.
 But soon there came upon the blast a sound
 Like distant mutterings of the troubled sea :—

'The foe'—burst from each quiv'ring lip;—the ground
 Trembled beneath the feet of millions gath'ring round.
 The trumpet's stirring call—the crashing spear—
 The dying groan—the wild unearthly yell

Of mingled nations; and the shriek o'f fear,
 In horrid discord on the breeze did swell,
 As rolled the tide of war along the dell.
 The clashing swords blum'd the murky air
 With momentary fire, which, as it fell
 On forms around, reveal'd contending there
 The palmed arm of fear—the valour of despair.

The morning came;—yet firmly, fiercely still
 The few surviving Spartans waged the fight :—
 Hemmed in by nations; but unmoved by ill
 They perished one by one, nor turned in flight.

They sought the sleep of an eternal night
 Without a tear or groan—they fell amid
 A host of foes, still glorying in their might;
 But they fell nobly and their forms were hid
 Beneath a heap of slain—a human pyramid.

Death waved his crimson banner o'er the field
 And fiendish Vengeance gorged with human gore,
 Smiled horribly, when the last victim reel'd
 In life's last, fearful agonies—and o'er
 The filmy eyes life's flashes played no more.

O what is glory—what the voice of fame
 That hails a victor tyrant—what the roar
 Of servile voices—what the loud acclaim
 Of fools, who worship o'er the shadow of a name !—
TIMON.

For the Rural Repository,
THE DYING YEAR

Farewell; Farewell; thou dying year,
 Fast closing in thy short career,
 While snow-flakes whirling fall;—
 As dismal winds around me wail,
 Whose pinions bear, the sleet and hail;—
 How chilling sweeps thy angry gale;
 Thy requiem sad to all.

How fleet the hours since smiling spring
 Shone forth in gaudy blossoming;—
 Since zephyr's warm and bland,
 Bore fragrance fresh and wildly sweet—
 Played lightly on the mountain steep;
 Where green clad forests fresh did sweep
 In pomp along the land.

Thy heel has trod the blooming flowers
 That ling'ring hung in autumn's bowers;—
 And where the sear leaf bowed,
 Thy mantle white—a crusted coat—
 Clings ice-like to the crawling oak;—
 And where the summer, light breeze broke,
 The tempest whistles loud.

Farewell—Farewell thou dying year;—
 And as thy parting hovers near,
 Cold mem'ry waxes bright;—
 To trace those visions bright and fair
 That floated, when the balmy air
 Of spring, was sporting here and there,
 O'ercast in blackest night

Hudson, December, 1831.

ENTOMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—L. M.

PUZZLE II.—P. D.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

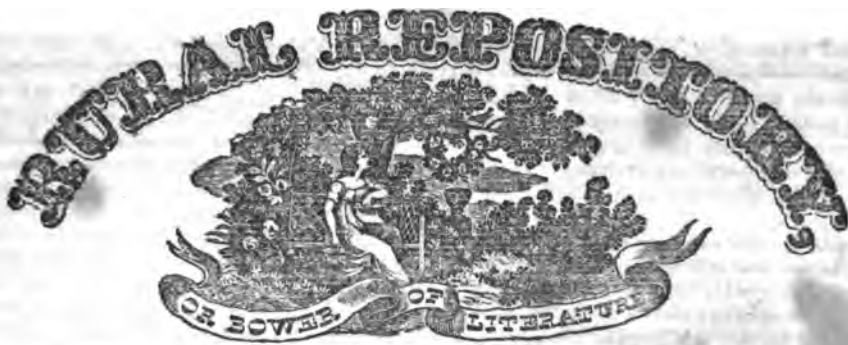
Why is a wicked man like a negro?

II.

Why is the letter F like Death?

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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 The volume will contain 4 Engravings, and a Title page and Index
 will be furnished at the end of the year.
 All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive
 attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. JANUARY 14, 1832.

NO. 17.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE WINE GLASS.

I have often considered upon the words which are placed at the head of this article, not with jaundiced or prejudiced eye; but with a philanthropic desire to arrive at the natural effects resulting from its intemperate use, or even moderate indulgence; and have never failed to turn away with detestation and horror. The man that falls in battle—who either led on by the ambition of an aspiring demagogue, or whether resisting the hand that would bind him in slavery, falls in glory; and his family or friends receive a rich legacy in the unshrinking patriotism of their kinsman; whilst the victim of intemperance sinks unregretted into the grave, and closes his eyes under the mercenary hands of the stranger, with not even a friend or relative who will follow him to the 'narrow mansion of the dead.' I have often watched the youth as he first touched 'the flowing bowl'—he grasped with timidity as he raised it to his quivering lips; but soon its alluring enchantments leads him to revel in its deleterious enjoyments—to indulge in pleasures which sparkle for a moment in elegant scintillations; but, which, like the apple of Tantalus, when their reality is tested by the sober thoughts of serious contemplation, sink into nothing. Aye, I have marked him whilst he pushed his course onward, from the temperate youth—to the dissolute man; the heart that was once joyful in its purity and chastity, I have seen changed into one that would shudder at its crimes; and a being transformed from the angelic form of his Creator, into the degradation of the brute. The meditations of the bacchanal are punishment. Kind friends may point out the error of his ways, whilst contrition stands before him arrayed in the holy meekness of its nature—for a while he attempts to reclaim his fallen honor, his friends see once more his entrance into paths of rectitude with hearts of overflowing joy;—yet the hopes of months

may be blasted in a moment—the sunny sky, in a moment, may turn to clouds—and so it is with him that has once indulged in the use of the bowl—he discards it for a moment, but at last, the heart shrinks at its depravity, and he strives to drown the remorse of his soul, by sinking deeper into the vices which sully his virtue.

Reader, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, a personage whose life, interesting in itself, illustrates the preceding remarks,—HENRY DE LISI, a Frenchman by parentage. Though born in wealth and fortune, for many years, towards the close of his life he had forsook the pleasures of the world and abandoned the company of mankind. The hair which once graced his head in thick black tresses, had been silvered by time, and now hung thinly over his venerable forehead, casting upon each feature of a noble countenance a deep shade of holiness and piety. Four-score years had he lived, and now in his eighty-first, dwelt in the village of —, like a father to its citizens, for a long life had taught him much that was unknown to his fellow mortals; and lessons of experience had taught him wisdom and judgment. To the old in years he was a useful monitor, and the young flocked around him for amusement and instruction. Numerous tales could he recount of the history of former years, and of the vicissitudes of a soldier's life—for he had served in the wars of the revolution. There is an air of veneration in an old man, who has thrown away all the tinsel of fashion, and affectation of youth, that leaves a deep impression on the mind.

Though De Lisi in his latter years, was loved and respected for his virtue, and exemplary conduct, yet in his early life, like most mortals, he had bowed at the shrine of fashion and high-life: and more than once did the poisonous flood of the stimulating cup, immolate him a wanton victim at the altar of intemperance; and once accustomed to it in youth, but few have physical resolution sufficient to lead them to abandon it in their gray hairs. He who drinks in youth for plea-

sure and amusement, and through its baneful influence, rushes into vice and its immorality, must in the downfall of life drink of its unhallowed waters, to drown thoughts of bitterness and sorrow, which invariably follow in the wake of intemperance; and thus, by a cure more deadly than the evil, involve them in oblivion.

It was in the evening of a bright day in Summer, as the splendor of the setting sun, was sparkling over the hills in the western horizon, announcing to the laborer the hour of rest, that I turned my steps in the direction of the modest mansion of De Lisp, certain, that where each stranger was a welcome guest, an old acquaintance would receive his wonted hospitality. 'Friend,' said he, as he caught me by the hand, 'I greet you with joy; my mind is agitated at the pain of leaving you, but my purpose is fixed. My mind is solitary, and longs for retirement. I am resolved to quit this residence, and go into the sylvan abodes of the beasts of the forest.' Surprised at the depression of one usually so gay and cheerful I remained silent, proceeding slowly into the cottage.—

'Here,' said De Lisp, taking from a side board and raising in his hand, the sparkling glass, his dim eye kindling up, and his decrepit body rising to a dignified posture, as if suddenly struck with all the nerve and vigor of youth, 'here is the gall that bitters my soul, and here the Elysium of my enjoyments. Forty years are there recorded—with all their dissipation and immorality, their virtue, and their enjoyments. The deeds as well as times of bygone years, are there—and I can see them as though they were but of yesterday. On the one hand, I see joy and pleasure, and mirth in the charms of undisguised simplicity, and can feel the gay and cheerful heart, that in the days of youth and boyhood used to dance around. But what are these, in the great mass of past events, in the life of one old in error and crime; they are diminutive as the grains of sand on the sea shore, when compared with the rocks of the mountain.'

'And is it true,' I asked, 'what I have so often heard asserted, that in age, the errors of youth and manhood, are so vivid in the mind, and fresh in the imagination—and are they not lost in the dark vista of departed years?' 'Forgotten—impossible!—for not until this body of flesh shall be transformed into clay, will they cease to be remembered. But let me proceed—for whilst this glass holds out, my palsied frame is invigorated, and my imbecile mind is strengthened. In it there is yet pleasure and hope; but when the quiet moments of calm and solemn reflection, have come, the conscience scorches with inward reprehension, and the heart writhes in misery and horror. In that glass I see my compeers in dissipation, in the joyous thoughtlessness of youth—gay as the lark caroling in her aerial space, though not like her, in tacit adoration

of their Maker; him who first drew me into vice is there—and many who fell victims to our fiendish allurements are there; young then in crime, but destined ere they entered "the dark valley of the shadow of death," to be burdened with sin and profligacy.—Some of them became even more profligate than myself, and some less. They have long since departed—some fell a sacrifice to dissoluteness—others have been hurried untimely from the stage of life—and all have passed the ordeal of this world, and entered the precincts of the next—to which sanctuary, the living cannot follow. I alone remain—still I survive the living torments of my soul: my friends are gone—the companions of my youth are in their graves: a doom which soon awaits me too. Like a stout oak which has braved the whirlwind, that has spread devastation abroad and levelled the surrounding forest, I am left to resist the vicissitudes of life alone, and to sink into the earth without a tear.' As he concluded, his head sunk on his shoulders, and the brow which was wont to be high and lofty, sank into one of deep meditation and sorrow. 'Allow me to pause,' said he, 'for my quivering heart, paralyzes the tongue, and the lips have lost the power of utterance.'

It is impossible to describe the feelings of one who listens to a relation so portentous—who hears the voice of trouble and despair, from one whose ostensible life has been so pure, and whose character seems so chaste and upright, and at times jovial and jesting. I cannot delineate the passions of the speaker or the feelings of the hearer, but will proceed in the narration of my companion. 'You seem to be affected,' said I, 'as most men are, upon a review of their lives—all in the course of a long life have done much which was not for the best; but they do not deserve reprehension; who is it that has not lived a life of errors? The characters of the most virtuous are stained with crimes; and, indeed, it is beyond the power of finite man to avoid them. Nature has imprinted a passion for the indulgence of our desires, on every heart. Why, then, should you grieve?' I had scarce concluded when he again resumed his history. 'You are yet young, and know but little of that which age and experience will teach you: grey hairs will turn your little errors into crimes and immorality into vice. Like the clouds which overshadow the sun, my virtues are eclipsed by my crimes.—But why, my friend, should I withhold from you the secrets of my heart. I am not long for the abodes of man; my head is bowed down with age—my voice is tremulous and feeble—and my mind, once clear and vigorous is too surely ebbing towards that worst of all diseases, mental abstraction. Till now the history of my life has been hidden within my own bosom. I will relate it to you—in you I confide. It may be a lesson to you, and if warning be taken, it may prove salutary in your advanced life. Of me, the

neighbors who surround me are ignorant—and my former friends and acquaintances think I am dead. I have long been characterized the “mysterious man.”

Again he raised the glass in his hand, and continued.—Here is recorded the history of the jovial days of my youth—and *this* was my ruin. Its presence brings to mind friends whom time has rolled into eternity; and in their miniatures, do I behold the deeds of our former lives: the charms of adolescence beam in their countenances, and their actions seem a model of beauty and propriety. Burning are those recollections, and like the phantom, appear as the harbinger of melancholy and woful events. Once my blood raised in admiration of their exploits—and my voice joined in the general eclat: but the wisdom of age deprecates our former actions—and deep sinks the wound which our iniquities have inflicted, into the penitential heart. Pleasure has forsaken me; and by the virtue of my former conduct, I have given all the time which nature has allotted to me, in effecting a retribution of my crimes—and to make preparation for my departure from this world. How often in my profligate hours have I considered on the subject of a future state—how have I strived to evade the guilt which my crimes justly brought upon me; though not till now have I justly appreciated their enormity.

Twenty years have elapsed since I erected this cottage, with my own hands. I did not suppose it would have sheltered me so long; for then, life was not less oppressive than now.—It was in the wilderness, remote from all civilized inhabitants: the savage alone knew my abode, as he pursued the deer through the forest; he looked with wonder on the novel habitation, but regarded it not. Often did I wish, that in his indiscriminate punishment, he would raze it to the ground, and murder its inhabitant. The loud cry of the hunter was often heard; but soon it passed off like the dying breeze, and was heard no more.

For a while he paused in solemn silence; whilst I was left in deep reverie, I strived to unravel the mystery, but it was dark and unfathomable. ‘Now I am surrounded with those beings whom a few years since I shunned. The halloo of the Indian in savage triumph, is no more heard—he has retired far to the westward: the white man has lopped down those trees which shaded my hut; and where once stood the rude wigwam, is now a thriving village. I too will leave a home to which I have become endeared, where the intrusions of the white man have disturbed my solitude, and furrowed up my hunting grounds. Far remote from civilized man I will once more make my dwelling place,’ ‘De Lisp,’ I asked, ‘who has been so base as to deprive society of one of its brightest ornaments—to turn the social nature of man, into misanthropy. Look with contempt, I pray you, on his insidious designs, retract from your inconsiderate

resolution.’ ‘Who you ask, has been the offender? It was I alone; society through my passionate spirit, lost one of her choicest beings, and the principles of honor, as well as the laws of God and man, cry aloud for vengeance. A life of debauchery seldom fails to end in crime; and my heart was steeled to bear the most startling deeds. It was after a dissolute life of many years, that I once more joined the family, which in younger years, had created in the vista of futurity, a scene of consummate pleasure and enjoyment; it was a season of bliss to me, and congratulation among my friends—all shone bright; the prospect was fair and lovely without a cloud. But, alas how soon is prosperity hurried on to adversity, friendship into enmity. While yet my soul was polluted with the demon of spirits, I rose in judgment against my fellow-man, and sacrificed him a victim to the enthusiasm of my rage.

‘The friend on whom I ought to have heaped unbounded love and praise, by an inpolitic insinuation, or thoughtless allusion, caused my anger to rise and led me to distort the slight offence into a gross insult. Naturally high-tempered, and perhaps filled with wine, (for at times I still found it impossible to observe entire abstinence.) I reprehended and insulted him: and, oh! offered to him the choice of two instruments of death!—and cowardly bade him fight or sacrifice his honor! Such was the return for his kind offices in adversity—for his reclaiming hand when on the brink of ruin. Friends interfered—intreated, persuaded—all knew I was in error. They said it was a rash and inconsiderate hazard of life—and with reason and argument, begged me to desist. But my enmity was intractable, and in a few hours, but ten paces separated, the deadly combatants. ‘The word was given ‘to fire!’—My pistol snapped—my antagonist fired into the air. Free from a generous principle of honor, after so noble an action of my friend, I again prepared to fire, and deliberately aimed it to his heart! He fell to the ground! Oh, Heavens! Shall I stop here! I cannot go farther—have mercy Great God!’

Again, and for the last time, he took the glass, and as if unconscious of his actions drank it to the bottom.—With an insignificant stare, his wild eye gazed for a moment—when every nerve seemed to struggle: he rose from his seat, and standing for a minute—fell to the floor! A torpor had seized my body, but recollecting myself, I hastened to afford relief, when, to my amazement, the spirit had fled to that ‘undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns!’

Upon an examination the dregs or sediment in the glass, too clearly proved the act of suicide—he had prepared the potion, and after leaving this brief clue to his history, drank the liquid which ended a criminal and mysterious life!—

H. S. E.

For the Rural Repository,

THE LAST LOVE.

The other day, in looking over the papers of an old bachelor uncle of mine, I found the following sketch of one of his adventures. I shall give the manuscript as I found it, and the reader considering that *old men* and especially *old bachelors* are great egotists, will pardon the perhaps too frequent repetition of the *egos*.

'Morris, do you see that dark cloud just gathering in the horizon?' 'Yes I have observed it, Gaveston, and have been thinking that we might feel its contents too before long.' My eye had been fixed for sometime upon a black cloud which gradually increased as it arose in the heavens. I was *connoisseur* enough in the weather to know what it portended. By dint of hard driving, however, and frequently throwing the silk's end to my already jaded steed, we were enabled to arrive at the City Hotel just as the large, heavy drops began to patter around us. The cloud had now attained a gloomy blackness immediately above the city; and while comfortably seated around a good supper, we heard its contents poured in such a manner, as to make us heartily congratulate ourselves on our lucky escape. Wearied as we were by our long ride, we retired to rest as early as possible, when the music of rain pattering on the roof and against the windows, soon lulled us into a sound repose.

The sun had risen high above the horizon, and was shooting his rays athwart my room, when I awoke. As I cast my eye abroad no appearance of the late storm, was to be seen, other than muddy streets. The windows of my room opened out upon a beautiful street almost over-arched with shade trees, down which as my eye roamed, I could perceive persons here and there flitting along in silence, as if fearful of disturbing the calm of a Sabbath morning. The quiet of the moment however was suddenly broken by a mail coach, which came thundering along in no very reverential manner. At that moment I could realize the good wishes of the petitioners against Sunday mails; and had they succeeded in their attempts to suppress them, it would have saved the stage driver, a hearty imprecation, and me—the sin of uttering it.

I had come into town an entire stranger, but my friend Gaveston, having some acquaintance, we easily procured a seat in St. Paul's church. As my glance roved around the gay assemblage, it rested involuntarily, upon a young and lovely girl, and when her eyes fell beneath my eager gaze, the blush of modesty mantled her cheeks, overspreading her neck and bosom with its tell-tale colour. The thought of my impertinence almost made me turn away—but the attraction was too strong—I could not resist a little longer gazing on beauty. She was seated with an elderly lady in rather a conspicuous part of the church; but to my pressing inquiries as to

who she was, I obtained no satisfactory answer. The elderly lady's dress betokened wealth; but her young and fair companion's garb, although composed of the richest materials, was elegantly plain. Her countenance wore the cast of high intellect. Her hair was of the richest auburn, and hung in ~~rich~~ luxuriance around a neck as white as new-fallen snow. Her eyes—and their expression—I can find no words to describe them more suitable than those of Byron—

'Her eyes,

Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when, to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake, late coiled, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.'

Her form too, was the perfect prototype of a fairy—so light, so elegantly proportioned. In fact she was cast in nature's finest mould. Every thing about her was as it should be. Another touch from her palette would have spoiled the whole.

The last peals of the organ were yet vibrating through the massive arches of the church, when I turned to leave the sanctuary. In spite of my exertions to the contrary, the image of the lovely stranger kept uppermost in my mind; and as I walked on *imagine my surprise*, when I found myself following in the train of that fair one who had thus unwittingly stolen away my thoughts. I endeavoured to get a nearer view of her beautiful countenance and for this purpose quickened my pace; but had to content myself with inwardly cursing the veil which shrouded features to which the imagined ones of the Prophet of Khorassan must have yielded the palm of beauty and splendor. Her step as she tript along before me, was light and free as air—she seemed almost *celestial*—and I was much inclined to call her an angel, but remembering a beautiful expression of a friend of mine, who in describing the girl of his fancy, said of her, 'I will not call her angel—for there is too much beautiful *flesh and blood* about her, to be an angel,' I was content to think that she was *terrestrial*, we winded on through many a broad street, by many a splendid mansion, and by the cottage of the humble poor too; yet in none of these did the beautiful stranger enter, I had almost given up the chase and turned back in despair, when the object of my pursuit ascended the marble portico of a superb edifice. I marked the house and went my way. After due inquiries, the next morning, I learned that my *dulcinea* had but just arrived in town; and had, that morning, set off for a fashionable watering place. This intelligence at first seemed a blow to all my nourished hopes. Her place of destination directly contrary to that of mine,—and my business so urging, too!—what could one do but give her up, and find another answering to the *ideal* of his fancy.

Yet young in life and possessed of fair prospects, if wealth could make one happy, happiness was mine. With these then—youth and riches, united with a small share of talents, I flattered myself, that my person and appendages, would be anything but disagreeable to most ladies;—and I had formed the preposterous—foolish notion of offering my hand and fortunes to the fair fugitive. A resolution then being thus made, to my friend's great surprise, the important fact was found out, that my business was not quite so pressing as had been supposed; and besides, that I needed some recreation to restore the usual tone to my suddenly debilitated frame. Consequently in pursuit of health, I set out for the springs where I soon arrived.

After the usual preliminaries of dressing, bathing, perfuming and a thousand *etceteras*, I descended to the dinner table; where without more than one glance around the room, I discovered the fair unknown comfortably seated beside an elegant looking young man. In him I instantly recognised an old and familiar acquaintance. My joy, I could hardly refrain from expressing audibly, as the thought popped into my mind, that the lady might be his sister or perhaps cousin. Suffice it to say, that my friend soon came to my room, when barely giving him a salutation, I eagerly inquired whether the young lady who was with him, was his sister? Fitzgerald smiled at my eagerness, and promised me an introduction; without more ado, passing my arm through his, we descended to the drawing room, where was the beautiful stranger seated near a window, apparently contemplating the scene without. We drew near, my heart palpitated like an aspen leaf—I was introduced to — Mrs. FITZGERALD!

Had a thunderbolt fallen upon me, it could hardly have done more execution. I was astounded; and fled from the room, and the springs, having lost all hopes of ever getting the interesting young stranger, as a help-meet through life—and more, I am one of those beings whom the ladies so much hate—yet notwithstanding the happiest of God's creation—an old bachelor. MORRIS.

For the Rural Repository.

ENTRANCE NO. 3.

JUNIUS.

'Dauntless he brav'd the storm; still undismay'd,
Proclaim'd the people and their rights betray'd;
Made tyrants tremble on their blood-stain'd throne,
And truth and freedom mark'd him for her own.'

Curiosity has speculated much on the authorship of Junius. The loftiest political and literary abilities have been enlisted—a mass of internal and circumstantial evidence has been collected, yet so impenetrable was the bulwark of secrecy in which this 'mighty shadow of a shade' entrenched himself, that even curiosity with its untiring zeal has not fathomed the mystery. Junius was an anomaly in the political world; and deep and laborious investi-

gation alone can determine, whether he was instigated to a task so replete with danger, and which required all the concentrated energies of a mighty intellect, by a holy patriotism, by the resistless energy of inordinate ambition, or the goadings of malice and private resentment.

The age in which Junius lived was an age of energetic action. The spirit of liberty was abroad in its might. Political society was convulsed, and the bold measures and denunciations of a populace goaded to madness portended a fearful storm. The constitution was made the sport of designing men severed by their own sophistries—the Government was administered by venal and inefficient ministers—Parliament against all law and precedent waged an exterminating war against Wilkes and liberty. The people laboured under the paroxysm of party, and it required a bold and skilful hand to direct into its proper channel the current of popular resentment. At this fearful crisis Junius from his hiding place hurled forth his bold Philippics. The whole machinery of law was set in motion—the vials of ministerial wrath were full to overflowing—executive authority thundered out its anathemas; but he stood unblenched amid the warring of the political elements.

There is a moral sublimity in the act of Junius stretching forth his arm to roll back the desolating tide of corruption. His was a boldness, which looked with contempt upon baseness, even when supported by all the pomp and pageantry of power—a boldness which shrunk not from the keenest wit, the bitterest satire, and most vindictive vituperation—a boldness which quailed not before the glance of ministerial vengeance. The splendor of titles was no barrier to his mighty wrath. Royalty interposed no impenetrable *Ægis* to his fury. He saw the King—the dupe of a faithless ministry, violating the spirit of the constitution and rashly thwarting the measures of a maddened populace, and boldly addressed his royal ear in tones of unmeasured indignation. Cæsar-like he crossed the Rubicon, and trod fearlessly where men of ordinary courage dared not look. The creature of passion, he was malignant, vindictive, sarcastic, implacable in his resentments. Mountebanks in character he tortured by the slow process of dissection. When provoked by the wily artifices to which venality resorted to screen itself from public observation, he poisoned with its own venom, and wielded with the vigorous grasp of a giant, the trenchant blade of satire. Moral and political deformity of character he probed with consummate skill. He opened the curse-book of Pandemonium, and lavished its soul-thrilling epithets on Bedford and Crafton. 'To use his own emphatic language, 'he collected the scattered sweets of Lord Mansfield's character till their united virtue tortured the sense.' He was the champion of the political tournament. Un-

supported by a single lance, but 'clad in the panoply of a righteous cause,' he fearlessly entered the lists. At this bugle-note of defiance, a host of adversaries, burning for fame and revenge, couched the lance and rushed fiercely to the onset. Conscious of his mighty strength he awaited the shock—like the Roman Horatius parried every thrust, and crushed every assailant beneath a colossal arm.

The superficial examiner of the pages of Junius may perhaps attribute their electrifying effect, in part to the feverish excitement of party, and that magical fascination which mystery throws around the heart. But their claim to intellectual superiority rests not on so fragile a foundation. Cool and dispassionate criticism discovers in them that nobility of thought and originality of expression, which are the striking characteristics of a lofty intellect. His writings bear the impress of a restless and mighty mind—a mind which caught inspiration from every thing it looked on—a mind invigorated by the loftiest flights. At the altar of his genius, learning offered her choicest gifts. He explored the whole field of Constitutional law, and the flood of light, which this study poured upon his mind, made him a liberalist in principle and the bold champion of Parliamentary reform. His depth of thought, laborious research and sagacity in the detection of political aberration proclaim him a leviathan in politics. His pages are filled with profound political and moral truths, which a sagacious intellect gleans from long experience and close observation, and which are the beacon lights of the statesman in the period of Revolution. History and Philosophy illumined his path, while searching the labyrinth of human nature, and laying bare the springs of human action. His writings sparkle with the liveliest sallies of wit, and exhibit such keenness of satire and pungency of sarcasm, that the dullest imagination cannot but paint the writhings of his victim. His fancy, exuberant and of that manly character which results from a vigorous understanding, gathered from the whole circle of the arts and sciences those splendid materials, which his imagination wrought into original and sublime imagery. Independence of mind and accuracy of discrimination showed him at a glance the stronger and weaker points of discussion. His bold and original argument, urged with all the impetuosity of a fiery temperament, strengthened conviction and even disarmed prejudice. Sophistry however artfully blended with argument escaped not this lynx-eyed logician; yet he with admirable address wove assertion into argument. His enthusiastic and eloquent language was the lever of Archimedes to the world of passion.

HAROUN.

Great talents renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning esteem; but good breeding alone ensures love and affection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

This is one of those things of accident, resting with nature. No man or woman can form their own persons, and none should be praised or blamed on this head. The disposition of looking well is ruining half the young people in the world—causing them to study their glasses, and paint and patch, instead of pursuing that which is lasting or solid—the cultivation of the mind. It is always a weak mind, if not a bad heart, to hear a person praise or blame another on the ground alone that they are handsome or homely. Actions should be the test—and a liberal course of conduct pursued to all. It matters little whether the person is tall or short—whether the blood stains the cheek or runs in another channel. Fashion makes the difference as to beauty. The lily is as sweet if not so gay as the rose, and it bears no thorn about it. As to appearance, fashion should not be allowed to bear upon that which cannot be changed, except by deception, and what indeed, in reality, is not worth the trouble of being so, even if it could.

TECUMSEH,

Was the most celebrated Indian warrior that ever raised the tomahawk against the white men, and with him fell the hopes of the Indians attached to the British army. But he fell respected by his enemies, a great and magnanimous chief for though he never took prisoners in battle, he treated with humanity those that had been taken by others; and at the defeat of Col. Dudley, in attempting to relieve Fort Meigs, actually put to death a chief whom he found engaged in the work of Massacre. He was endowed with a powerful mind, and possessed the soul of a hero; had an uncommon dignity in his countenance and manners, by which marks, he could be easily distinguished, even after death, from the rest of the slain; for he wore a mark of distinction. When girded with a silk sash, and told by Gen. Proctor that he was made a brigadier in the British service, he returned the present with respectful contempt.—Born with no title to command but his native greatness, every tribe yielded submission to him at once, and no one disputed his authority. His form was uncommonly elegant, his stature about six feet and his limbs perfectly proportioned.—*Political Clarion.*

Some gentlemen of a Bible Association lately calling upon an old woman in New Orleans, to see if she had a Bible, were very severely reproved with the reply, 'Do you think gentlemen that I am a *Heathen*, to ask such a question?' Then addressing a little girl, she said, 'Run and fetch the Bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen.' The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she

insisted on giving them ocular demonstration that she was no heathen.—Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered, and on opening it, the old woman exclaimed. 'Well, how glad I am that you have come; here are my spectacles, that I have been looking for these *three years*, and didn't know where to find 'em?' *Liverpool Paper.*

A Highlander who sold brooms went into a barber's shop in Glasgow, a few days since, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. 'Two pence,' said the Highlander.—'No, no,' said the barber, 'I'll give you a penny; if that does not satisfy you, take back the broom again.' The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay? 'A penny,' said strap, 'I'll gie you a bawbee,' said Duncan, 'and if that dinna satisfy ye, ye may put on my beard again.'

It may not be generally known that the Marquis de la Fayette, the father of the present Marquis, was a colonel in the French Army, and fell in the battle of Minden, in 1759, in which fight the German and English troops were commanded by Prince Ferdinand, of Brunswick. The Marchioness was left pregnant, and the posthumous child was the present Marquis.

Mr. Suckling, a clergyman of Norfolk, having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, 'Doctor your gown is your protection.' Replied 'though it may be mine, it shall not be yours, and immediately pulled it off, and threshed the aggressor.

A celebrated physician being sent for by a lady who imagined herself very ill, she complained to him that she eat too much; slept too sound: and had an uncommon flow of spirits. 'Make yourself perfectly easy, madam,' said the doctor, 'follow my prescriptions, and ye shall soon have nothing of these things to complain of.'

An innkeeper of New-York, with a view to distinguish his house from others, placed his signboard upside down. An Hibernian observing it, immediately turned on his head, when a gentleman passing, surprised at his posture, asked him his reason. 'Why,' replied the son of Erin, 'that I may read the sign to be sure.'

Reasons for discontinuing a Periodical.—The publisher of a Scottish periodical which recently went the way of all things, gives in his expiring number, two reasons, which he terms 'cogent' ones, and they certainly are so, for the demise of his journal. The first is, 'that all his contributors left him;' and the second is, 'that all his subscribers, in obedience to the scriptural injunction, went and did likewise.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1832.

Who has gained the Prize?—The premium of *One Hundred Dollars*, offered sometime since by the publishers of the Saturday's Courier, Philadelphia, for the best original Tale, has been awarded to Miss DELIA S. BACON of this State. The tale is, entitled *Love's Martyr*, and is founded on a melancholy incident which occurred during the American Revolution.

Literary Premiums.—The publishers of the *Lady's Book*, offer *Two Hundred Dollars* for the best original Tale, and *Fifty Dollars* for the best original Poem, suitable for publication in that interesting periodical. These are high premiums for the encouragement of literary talent and we hope the publishers will be recompensed accordingly. Communications intended as candidates for either of the above prizes must be addressed to L. A. Godey & Co. No. 112, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and forwarded, free of postage, before the first day of June next.

More Premiums.—The publisher of the *Canadian Casket*, offers the following premiums;—*Three Pounds*, currency, for the best original Tale, having its scene laid in Canada—*One Pound*, do. for the best original Essay—*One Pound*, do. for the best original Poem, and *One Pound*, do. for the best article under the following heads: Natural History, Biography, the Arts. The successful competitor for any of the above prizes, who furnishes the plainest and most correct manuscript will also be presented with a volume of the *Rural Repository*; and each of the successful competitors with a volume of the *Casket* at the end of the year.—Communications to be forwarded, free of postage, to A. Crossman, publisher, previous to the first day of April next.

To Correspondents.

Our correspondents must exercise patience; we have many communications on hand, our paper is small, and our compensation not sufficient, even were it desirable, to fill its columns wholly with original matter; but in due time such articles as are deemed worthy of insertion shall appear.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the *Eighth Volume*, ending January 11th.

C. Morgan, Pittsfield, Ms. \$1; H. B. Dodge, Schuylkill, N. Y. \$1; J. Shaver, Copake, N. Y. \$1; C. Windsor, Guilford, N. Y. \$1; E. L. Gillett, Westfield, Ms. \$2; B. Van Wagener, P. M. New-Fritz, \$1.

SUMMARY.

The population of Pennsylvania is estimated at 1,347,673 w^ho^le; of this number, there are 1,319,296 whites; 37,900 free coloured persons, and 336 slaves.

Passing Strange!—We heard it remarked as a *singular coincidence*, that the year, the month, and the week, should all end on Saturday!!

Fortune's Follies.—A gentleman of this place lately drew, within a week, \$1,000 with 2 shares of lottery tickets. A black hot carrier in Philadelphia a short time since, purchased a ticket of Robert T. Bicknell, No. 119 Chestnut-st. which drew a prize of \$30,000. A Mrs. McDonnell, who lodged in a garret, in an obscure part of the city of New-York, was recently found out by a gentleman who informed her that property to the value of 30,000, had been left her in Scotland.—*Franklin Republican.*

MARRIED.

At Nantucket, on the 20th ult. Mr. Henry Goodrich, formerly of this city, to Miss Nancy Gifford, of Nantucket.

At Canaan, on Wednesday the 4th inst. by Elder Beach, of Pittsfield, Ma. Elder Samuel Pomroy, Pastor of the West Baptist Church in Hillsdale, to Miss Betsey Curtis, daughter of Deacon Samuel A. Curtis, of Canaan.

In East Haddam, on Thanksgiving day, Mr. Halsey Brewer, of Chatham, to Miss Louisa Whitmore; Mr. Edwin Brainard, to Lucy Whitmore. These young ladies were daughters of Mr. Joseph Whitmore, who has a family of thirteen daughters, six of whom are married.

At Copake, on the 7th inst. by William T. Trafford, Esq. Mr. Martin Waggoner of Taghkanick, to Miss Laura Williams of Copake.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE PATRIOT POLE.

Slow sank the blazing orb of day
Down in the golden west ;—
Till its last beam in dinness lay
High on the east-mount's crest,
While leaned the soldier pale and wan,
'Neath Warsaw's ramparts high,
A fallen and dejected man,
Bereft of Liberty.

Long—long the struggle, firm and true,
With vengeance he had waged ;—
His glowing ardour brighter grew
As fiercer battles raged ;—
He'd swelled the shout of chivalry
O'er Ostrolenka's ground,
And met again—as meet the free—
To pass the cheer around.

The genius, proud, of Liberty,
He watch'd her fade away,
And lurid blackness shroud the free,
As twilight cloth'd the day ;—
But darker far—a deeper gloom
Than twilight's mellow shade,
So soon dissolved by the moon,
That rose in fire arrayed.

For not a star—a glimm'ring hope—
Shone o'er his clouded mind ;—
On glory's scroll no finger wrote,
The laurel wreath to bind ;
The foeman's wrath—with bloody ire,
Upon him soon would rest ;—
The foeman's wrath—to dim the fire
That swelled a hero's breast.

He cast his heavy sunken eye
Along the deathly way,
Where, bleeding in their agony,
The fallen patriot's lay ;—
One curse upon the spoiler's head
With feeble breath he spake—
One curse—the last—his spirit fled,
Where spirits brave awake.

When spring burst forth in wild array,
When Earth rang loud with mirth,
None breathed a blither roundelay
Than he of peasant birth.—
Now Winter whistles round his manes ;—
The snow-sheet shrouds the brave ;—
Where sweet he sleeps on Warsaw's plains,
Sweet, in his humble grave.—

R.

Hudson, Jan. 1832.

For the Rural Repository.

THE VOYAGER'S SONG OF HOME.

AIR.—Bavarian Walls.

Lo ! every eye in its gladness is beaming,
Again to the land of our father's we come ;
O'er yonder blue billow where sunset is gleaming,
Lo the skies kiss the land, and that land is our home !
Lo ! the dark days of our peril are past,
And ceased have the sea-weary pilgrims to roam ;
And the eye that is dimmed by long sorrow, at last
Shall kindle to joy in the sunshine of home.
Lo ! soon again shall we wander in gladness
In the bowers of our infancy, joyous in bloom ;
Then give to the ocean the tear-drops of sadness,
For a smile lights the sun-beam that sleeps on our home.
Lo ! they are rising—the towers of our childhood,
The gay painted hamlet and sun gilded dome ;
And the balmy laden breeze from the depths of the wild-
wood,
Is bringing in sweetness the breathings of home.

lo ! merry hearts are awaiting our landing,
Again youth and grandsires to you we come
With joy at the thought the full life is expanding,
lo, the bright skies, the dear friendships of home !
Canajoharie, Dec. 7th, 1831. X.

For the Rural Repository.

TO E.—

Farewell ! and tho' never again
I may look on that soul-beaming face.
Yet my heart shall its image retain,
And memory its features shall trace.
Tho' thy smile be estranged from my view,
Can I doubt that thy spirit is pure ?
And tho' scorn sit enshrined on thy brow
I resent not, but yet must deplore
And whatever the future may bring,
Fate cannot abolish the past,
When Time fled on gladness' wing,
And the moments shed bliss as they pass'd
Thy smile with benignity bright
Thy eye, like an angel's it shone :
Like a star in the splendors of night,
And that smile and that glance were my own.
But Farewell ! and tho' never again,
I may look on that soul-beaming face
Yet my heart shall its image retain
And memory its features shall trace

CLARIAN.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY JAZA-EL.

Thou'rt false to me—thou'rt false to me,
And pride shall teach me to forget ;
But still my heart beats warm for thee—
I love thee yet—I love thee yet ?
I thought to still
Each burning thrill,
I thought to drown each fond regret ;
But ah ! my soul
Forbids control—
I love thee yet—I love thee yet !
Still 'midst the gay I'm seen, I'm heard—
My mother joys to hear me sing ;
Nor dreams, that like the wounded bird,
I bear the shaft beneath the wing.
But in my bower,
At twilight hour,
I mourn o'er hopes forever set ;
And tears might tell,
How much too well
I love thee yet—I love thee yet !

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it requires much guilt (guilt) to make him turn pale.

PUZZLE II.—Because it makes all—fall.
NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first has set a nation free,
My second's us'd in cookery ;
'Tis for my first my all was made ;
Now guess my name—enough is said.

II.

Why is the letter P like my uncle's fat wife walking uphill ?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. JANUARY 28, 1832.

NO. 16.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE PIONEER;

A Tale of the Mohawk.

There's a voice in every whisper
Of the tree, the wave, the air,
Comes moaning for the beautiful,
And asking—where, oh where?

More than forty years ago, on the margin of one of those clear and rapid streams, which, rising in the immense forests spreading over the country west of the Mohawk River, pour their tribute into that beautiful stream, stood a solitary log hut, far away from any white settlement, and buried as it were in the depths of the western wilderness. The hardy white had not then overleaped the ancient German settlements near the Little Falls and at Whitestown commenced the peopling of West New-York; and Robert Hathaway was as much shut out from the world as if he had lived on some lone and solitary isle in the vast blue Pacific. Hathaway was a plain, fearless, honest farmer, of Scotch descent; and these sterling qualities had easily prevailed on a maiden of respectable family in the southern part of the state, a beautiful girl with eyes blue as the clear sky, and a heart affectionate as it was unsullied, to share his fortunes and follow him in what then was considered, and justly too, as passing the bounds of civilized men.

Hathaway's family at the time our narrative commences, consisted of only his wife, Mary, and his son Henry, then about seven years of age; and as he seemed to combine the most distinguishing traits in the characters of both his parents, it is not to be wondered at, that their affections should have centered on him; and that he, situated as they were, should be the world to them. Hathaway alone, and unaided, had as yet been unable to make much impression on the immense forest; still, the smoke that curled upwards above the tall pines, and the frequent crash of the magnificent forest trees, showed that the work

of both destruction and improvement was slowly advancing. To him who has been all his life time in 'populous city pent,' who has lived in the crowd, and breathed the dust of multitudes, the idea of such a life as Hathaway's has undoubtedly something appalling; but to the mind that feels an empire within itself, the solitude of the wilderness is far from being disagreeable. In such a situation, instead of being diverted by the petty works of man, we look through nature, simple, beautiful nature, up to nature's God. The mighty trees are the pillars—the stars the chandeliers—and the sky the over-arching roof of the vast temple in which we worship the Creator. We could never bring ourselves to wonder that the Indian should be so attached to his mode of life; or that the captive white, should so soon adopt the same feelings, and quit the forest with such reluctance. Freedom is the richest inheritance of heaven, and the very idea of society is associated with fetters and dependence. In return for the advantages which society brings, we are compelled to submit to customs the most barbarous, habits the most absurd, and fashions the most disgusting and ridiculous, or we are speedily placed beyond the pale of its protection. The woodsman knows none of these demands on his patience or his liberty;—he acts for himself; and for his thoughts, and his religion, he feels he is accountable only to his Maker.

The storm of war, which at one time threatened to overwhelm the Mohawk valley, had been arrested at Fort Stanwix, and turned back on the invader, before Hathaway entered the country; and the lesson taught the savages had never been forgotten; at least the terms of peace dictated by the conquerors had never been infringed. For his provisions, our pioneer was mainly indebted to his rifle, and the abundance of fish which filled the hitherto untroubled waters of the clear stream that flowed by his door. A residence in the primitive forests of the west, is constantly reminding one of the oriental legends of Paradise. Fear of man seems to be banished—

the wild deer scarcely shuns his approach—and the beautiful speckled trout, of all fish the most delicious, spreads its broad red fins and gambols in the pure waters at his very feet, as if he disdained a retreat to his mossy banks and over-hanging shores.

It was towards the close of a fine day in July that Robert and his little family were seated around their supper table. A loaf of sweet, but coarse Indian bread—some dried venison—a dish of excellent trout—and a wooden can of spruce beer of Mary's own brewing, completed the catalogue of their plain but substantial fare. Two huge haunches of venison were suspended from the rude rafters that supported the bark roof of the hut, near where the smoke made its exit upwards, and the trusty rifle hung on the two wooden hooks which had been nailed to a beam for that purpose. Two beds, a shelf with a few books, among which the family bible occupied a conspicuous place, and a few culinary utensils were all the apartment exhibited; but every thing was carefully disposed, and the whole was as neat as if it had been the interior of a palace. On a pine tree at a short distance from the door was spread the skin of a large panther, shot a day or two previous; and beyond, the smokes of several fires, rising in fleecy masses through the still air, marked their spiral course on the dark back ground of the unbroken forest. The last rays of the yellow sunlight lay like drifted gold on the top of the tall green pines of the opposite hill, and the simple repast was nearly completed, when Mary exclaimed—'Hark! I hear a noise.'

'Very likely;' answered Hathaway, as he looked out the door, 'there is that large buck with his train of half a dozen does, just come out of the woods into the smoke, and it is their snuffing you hear.'

'No Robert; there were voices, and I can hear them now.'

Robert laid down his knife, and suspended the mastication of a delicious morsel of trout, to listen. 'Sure enough, there is some one near, and the deer see them too—hear them snort!'

Young Henry had left the table and slipped out the door, and now came running back, his fine features lighted up with surprise and pleasure. 'Oh father there are two of them!'

'Two what?'—said Hathaway rising from the table—'Indians or white men?'

'Two women—two like you mother—come and see!' answered Henry as he caught his mother's hand.

As the three passed the corner of the dwelling, the first objects they saw were a woman and a little girl, seated on a log near the bank of the river, and but a few rods distant. The woman appeared to be about thirty years of age—was pale and emaciated—her dark eyes were fixed on the ground, and she was seemingly insensible of their presence.

The little girl was about four years of age, but looking pale and haggard in the extreme. She shrunk back as she saw the strangers, and pulling the woman's hand, said in her childish accents, 'Mother here are white folks—will they too kill?' The woman did not raise her eyes as she answered—'Cornelius murdered, did you say?' then seeming to recollect herself added in a sweet voice—'Come my child, we have a weary way to go—and you must gather your berries for your supper—and then we will sleep in the stars—wicked folks never sleep in the stars;'—and she took the child's hand as if to move away.

'The poor woman is crazy,' said Hathaway to Mary, 'and we must take care of her.'

'You will go no further to night,' said Mary in a soothing tone and stepping close to her; 'you must stay with us—we are your friends,' and she took the wanderer's hand in hers.

'Friend!—Friend!'—she repeated emphatically—'what a word; I once knew what it meant—but now'—and she drew her hand over her brow as if the word called up some recollection of the past.

'Poor creature;' added Mary, as she led the stranger unresistingly to the house, murmuring—'you will not hurt me, and God will pity and bless you.' The little girl clung to her mother's hand and with her entered the dwelling. Food was placed before them of which they partook with a voracity which showed how much they had suffered from hunger. The tattered remnants of clothes worn by the wanderers, exhibited evident traces of fashion and taste, and were of the best materials; but all the efforts of Robert and his wife to gain any satisfactory clue to their history were unavailing; nor did the lapse of several weeks, and the tenderest care on the part of Mary produce any sensible relief of the woman's mental malady. At times she would remain silent for hours, and then again she would talk incessantly of the most incongruous and impossible things—of Cornelius—of the Indians—of the Iroquois river, &c. while her hearers could gather nothing intelligible from her rhapsody. The little girl could only remember that her father's name was Cornelius—that they lived a great way off, by a river or lake—that her father was killed by bad black men and her mother and she carried through the woods a great many days and nights;—that the men had guns, and they sometimes lived on corn, and sometimes on meat, and sometimes slept in huts, but oftener the woods—but that for a great many days and nights, she and her mother had seen nobody and had lived on the bark of trees, and on berries. Her name she said was Emily Rosevelt, and her mother's name was Clara; and the name of Clara Rosevelt, marked on some article of her dress, confirmed her artless tale. But whatever uncertainty there might be about their history in other respects, there could be no doubt that they were well

bred, of a respectable class, and had seen happier days.

It is one of the singular circumstances attending some kind of insanity, that while the sufferers will be perfectly rational on one topic, on every other one they will be confused and wild; and cases too occur in which the mind is sound on every subject but one. Clara Roosevelt belonged to the first class. Her own death was almost the only thing on which she was not incoherent and visionary; and on this sad topic she conversed so rationally that the family were astonished, and forgot while she was speaking the fearful malady that afflicted her. Clara was fond of walking, and as Mary did not choose to leave her alone, she sometimes walked with her, but oftener she was attended by her little daughter and Henry. Clara exhibited a passionate fondness for flowers, and one of the pleasures of Henry and Emily was to fill the little basket which childlike she carried on these excursions, with the finest and most beautiful specimens the green wood furnished. On one of these occasions Mary and Clara had wandered farther than usual, when they came to a little dell scooped out of the overhanging hills, and shadowed so deep by the tall and thick forest trees, that at noonday a twilight gloom pervaded the spot. Some wild flowers were scattered among the fresh herbage, and the green shrubbery, and Mary and her companion seated themselves on a fallen tree, the former being not only fatigued, but willing to take a fuller view of the charming place. Clara had emptied her basket of flowers into her lap, and in silence had selected the freshest and most beautiful, when she suddenly turned to Mary, and said, pointing to the fragrant pile—'These I have selected to sprinkle on my grave—I shall live but a few weeks—I shall die with you, and I would be buried here—here'—she added, rising and walking a few feet to a small level plat—'would it not be delightful to sleep in such a place as this after all the troubles of life?'

'Do not speak so, my dear Clara,' answered Mary—'I hope you will yet be well and spend many happy days with us.'

Mrs. Roosevelt did not reply, but seizing Mary's hand led her to the bank of the deep stream which washed one side of the glen, and pointing to the large bubbles which, formed by a rapid above, were floating and breaking on the calm pool, said, as she fixed her dark eyes on Mary's—'like them we pass away—there is a heaven of rest, but it is not here; did you ever wish to die?'

'No,' answered Mary calmly; 'I find much, perhaps too much, to bind me to earth—but her reply was unnoticed by Clara, who hastily gathering up her flowers was already preparing to return to the dwelling.

Nearly three weeks afterwards, Mary and Clara were seated on the same tree in the green dell. The maniac's health had continued

to decline, but her friends did not apprehend the result would be speedily fatal. A few of the sun's rays, fell mildly at their feet, through the thick branches, or, as the foliage waved in the soft September wind, danced over the still flowering mosses. The wood robin was pouring out his mellow notes in the thick copse wood, and the low soothing murmur of the river, fell upon the ear like midnight whisperings from loved and departed ones. Suddenly Clara turned to Mary and said—'Last night my dear Roosevelt came to me, and, oh! what pleasure beamed in his eyes as he told me that to-day he would come for me, and that I must meet him here—Mary have you ever seen a person you loved murdered?' Mary started at the abruptness of the question. 'Hark!' she instantly added, laying her white hand on Mary's arm;—'Hark!—that is his sweet voice—and that music—who can doubt that angels sometimes visit the earth?'

Mary unconsciously listened, but she could hear nothing except the evening song of the wild-bird, and the cooing notes of the wood dove.

'Roosevelt I have come to meet you,'—said Clara rising, and advancing a few feet forwards, while her hands were raised, and her eyes were lifted upwards as if intently fixed on some object. Surprise kept Mary silent and motionless. At that moment Clara's voice faltered, and Mary saw her totter—she flew to her and caught her in her arms as she was falling—and the shade of sadness that came over the maniac's pale features, as she said 'Oh Emily, my Emily!' passed away into a sweet smile, as she murmured still more faintly—'Yes, Cornelius, I come to thee—in heaven I shall ever be thine!' Her head fell backwards on Mary's shoulder—there was a slight tremor of her frame—her lips were pressed to Mary's—and her spirit had quietly passed away forever. The lifeless body was left on the green bank, while Mary hastened to Robert, and he bore it to their humble dwelling; from whence in due time, in silence and with tears, it was deposited in the spot the unfortunate Clara while living had selected.

It is one of the happy privileges that belonged to our childhood, that while we derive almost unmixed pleasure from the objects that surround us, the few troubles we are compelled to encounter leave scarcely a trace in their passage. Sorrow falls on the child, like the cold dew of night on the rose-bud—the rising sun evaporates it, or the first unfolding petal throws off the incumbrance; but on the maturer mind, like the same drops on the opened flower, it sinks deep among the leaves, and chills to the very heart. So it was with the young Emily. She wept violently when she saw her beloved mother lowered into the grave, and the fresh earth heaped over her bosom, but her tears were soon dried up, for in Robert and Mary the fair orphan found another father and mother.

(Concluded in our next.)

Translated from the French.

THE PARISIAN SYBIL.

In former days the business of sorcery was not exercised in France with impunity, and those who were given to shuffling fortunes from cards, answered for it too often with their lives.—Our good ancestors were in the habit of burning without scruple all who were guilty of witchcraft; and my good ladies Villeneuve & Normand, now in full career, if they had been born a century earlier would infallibly have ended their days at the stake. But chiromancy, cartomancy and necromancy are at present fashionable sciences, and lucrative branches of trade; and sorcery, instead of leading to a funeral pile, conducts to fortune. All Paris have in succession paid their respects to the cards of Lady Villeneuve, the white-of-eggs of Madame Michel, and the black hen of Mademoiselle Le Normand. Each of these practitioners has been celebrated in her turn: but a young sorceress now before the public promises to surpass them all.

The temple of this new Sybil is one of the most frequented quarters of Paris. In the morning it is open to the beauty, tender and timid, but who confides in the turn of a card; to the greedy speculator, who would know what success attends his enterprises; to the modest and innocent girl who is anxious to discover whom she should fall in love with; to the unquiet husband, whose dreams are disturbed by an ugly major of dragoons, in big boots, and wearing monstrous mustachios; to the gamester, who would win back at whist, what he has lost at faro. The numerous equipages ranged before the entrance, indicate the rank of the visitors.

I had heard the oracles of this modern Pythoness frequently cited with great praise. Some ladies spoke to me in high terms of the vivacity of her mind, the delicacy of her questions, and especially of the promptness with which she divined what they dared not tell to her. Gentlemen had described in raptures the sweetness of her features, the elegance of her manners, and assured me that she was a most exquisite creature. These eulogies excited my curiosity; and I determined to ascertain for myself the merits and beauties of this celebrated personage.

The clock had just struck eight as I presented myself at the door of her hotel. On declaring the object of my visit, I was ushered into a little saloon furnished with the greatest simplicity, with nothing to indicate the profession of its occupant. This was a young lady about twenty-five years of age, tall, well made, expressing herself with grace, very agreeable and various in her conversation. There was something a little malicious in her glance, and sardonic in her smile, and she jested freely upon the inconveniences of her art, and attempted to convince me of its excellence. I saw that she was not herself very well persuaded of the truth she wished to impress upon me, and I thought that of all who came into her house, the young sybil

herself had the least faith in the infallibility of her oracles.

After having conversed with me a few moments, she ascended the sacred tripod; already the prophetic spirit had begun to move the delicate fibres of her brain, when a light hand rapped three times at the door of our apartment, and uttered in a troubled voice, 'Open; it is I.' My pretty prophetess was evidently embarrassed, and I was preparing to take my leave. She prevented me. 'You have the air of a gallant gentleman,' she at length said to me, smiling. I bowed assent. 'I am sure of it,' she added, 'go into this cabinet.' She pushed me gently into the cabinet, shut the door upon me, and to prevent all accidents took the key with her. I consoled my captivity by making immediate use of a crevice, through which I could see every thing that was going on in the saloon.

The lady who entered was younger and more beautiful than the sybil. Her face was a picture of innocence and candor. 'At length,' said she, laughing, 'I have succeeded.' Madame de Bassac, after having managed to inflame the jealousy of my husband, has prevailed upon him to pay a visit to you: he will be here in a minute, and do not forget our agreement.' The sound of a bell put an end to the conversation; the young visitor disappeared, and her friend prepared to receive De Julien.

He enters, looks about the room with nonchalance, and the better to decide upon the powers of the magician, observes that her art must reveal to her the object of the present visit. 'Do you doubt it?' said the sybil, in an offended tone; 'give yourself then no trouble to be seated; and condescend to listen to me.' He took a chair.—She collected herself, and arranged the cards upon the table, by way of prelude to the following dialogue.

'Ace of Hearts; You are married, sir; sixteen or seventeen months ago you espoused a young lady of about half your age.'

'What madam?'

'Ten of Hearts; Who has given you a thousand proofs of affection, and yet you continue to suspect her?'

'I confess it,' said he in utter amazement.

'Queen of Diamonds—these suspicions you have imbibed from a female friend of your wife.'

'I admit the fact.'

'Seven of Spades—she has carried her effrontery so far as to advise you to apply to me.'

'Astonishing!'

She takes up the cards, and hands them to De Julien, who cuts them, while the sybil continues with a gravity that nothing can disturb, 'your wife is faithful.'

'Do you believe so?'

'I know it: but she complains of your conduct.'

'Of my conduct?'

'Your suspicions harass her.'

'O no, she is not aware of them?'

'She has discovered them: you entertain at your house a very dangerous man.'

'And who is he?'

'The King of Clubs.'

'I do not know him, madam.'

'A dark; man thirty-six years old.'

'It is my best friend.'

'Knave of Hearts: He is desirous of becoming your wife's best friend, sir.'

'You amaze me! I am thunderstruck.'

'For these three months past he has been trying to induce her to accept of a diamond that he knows you have refused to purchase.'

'It is true.'

'Queen of Hearts: But she declines his offers with dignity; it is from you only that she is willing to accept any ornament that may add to her beauty.'

'Poor woman!' exclaimed the relenting husband.'

Our sybil again took up the cards, and divided them into three parcels which she thus explained.

'You blush at the suspicions you have entertained.'

'Because you assure me of the honor of my wife.'

'She dreams of nothing but your pleasure; at this very moment she is engaged in some scheme to advance your happiness. But, what do I see! Eight of Clubs, and nine of Hearts!'

'Is that bad fortune?'

'Quite the contrary; you are thinking of a present for your lady.'

'O! a present!'

'The set of diamonds.'

'Indeed, indeed!'

'In order that having no wish ungratified, she may be exposed to no temptation.'

'But these jewels are very dear.'

'Ah! sir, can you too generously reward the virtue of a woman who adores you?'

'My wife adores me!'

'Eight of Hearts, and Ace of Spades. Madam De Julien loves no one but her husband!'

At these words which proved the extent of the young magician's science, De Julien rose from his seat in transports; he cast upon the table a purse of indefinite weight; and ran to the jeweller to purchase the happy talisman which was to restore felicity to his household. Good fortune all that day followed his footsteps; the jeweller in an excess of good humor, made him a considerable discount and the virtue of his lady cost him much less than he anticipated.

As soon as her husband was gone, Madam De Julien re-appeared from her hiding place, and embraced her friend with every expression of kindness and tender gratitude. But they immediately separated, for it was necessary that the young wife should return home to receive her spouse and her diamonds.

The sybil liberated me, and prevented every manner of reproach on my part, by laughing herself with a very pretty grace, at the scene of which she had made me a witness. 'I will not propose to you now,' said she, to cast your horoscope; what you have just seen and heard forbids the degree of confidence that is required in those that come to consult me: but I would ask you not to judge my conduct with too much severity. Men are but grown up children, who pay to be deceived; and the error which flatters, is better than the truth which afflicts them. Instead of tearing away the veil that conceals the faults of De Julien's spouse, I darken them more deeply, and take the same care to render his future days happy, that another would take to make them miserable. Shall I predict to the opulent banker, who astonishes all Paris with his magnificence, that he will one day envy the lot of the wretch he now repulses with disdain? Shall I say to the father, exulting in the birth of a son, this child will cover your old age with shame and bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Shall I tell Florio the flirtations of Lisette, and Lisette the infidelity of Florio?—No! Were I to do so, I should soon destroy my own credit, and see nothing more of this multitude of visitors who now crowd about my house to receive the approbation of their follies and the confirmation of their hopes. I have taken a surer path. I tickle the folly of every one of them. Without compromising my character, I give good fortune to the whole world. They go away from my house quiet in heart and mind, and promise themselves to pay another visit to the little sorceress who makes them so happy at such a trifling expense.

For the Rural Repository.

MELANCHOLY NO. 4.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

The Pilgrim of eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven was bent,
An early but enduring monument.—SHELLEY.

Ye, who have lingered with passionate fondness over the magnificent passages of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, and have listened in almost breathless admiration to the humbler breathings of the lyre of this gifted son of genius, can well appreciate the encomium which Shelley bestowed upon his noble friend.

The waywardness of genius—no matter under what peculiarities it exhibits itself—has ever given rise to speculation; and this has been strikingly the case with that sombre melancholy, which clings to the pages of the Pilgrimage;—and of which the following stanza is a good specimen.

'I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud

Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still
could,
Had I not filled my mind, which thus itself subdued.'

This misanthropy has been attributed to the agony excited by disappointed love—to the chainless sweep given to his passions in early youth—to a constitutional, morbid sensibility which made the world appear heartless and unsympathizing. These were undoubtedly incidental causes which made his melancholy assume its harsher features. But I am inclined to attribute it to the influence of a vigorous and ever-active poetic imagination over a soul strung to the keenest sensibility. The poet is ever forming ideal creations, and hence he is prone to be dazzled and misled by his own imaginary existences. He delights in solitude, for there the very pulses of passion cease their play, and the mind is peculiarly fitted to catch inspiration from nature, as she speaks from the forest trees and the boiling surge of the cataract. But

'To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
'To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
'To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;

produces in the poet a melancholy, which, however rapturous in itself and however much enchantment it may lend to his poetry, if indulged to excess, is apt to originate misanthropy—an utter recklessness of the world—a destitution of sympathy with our kind. Thus it was with Byron. He delighted in the converse of nature, where the solitude was broken only by her melody. He clung with such poetic enthusiasm to the brilliant and darksome in nature, that to him

'High mountains were a feeling, but the hum of cities
torture.'

Following the bent of his own wayward inclination,

'He seiz'd his harp, which he at times could string
And strike albeit with untaught melody,'

in lands affording abundant materials for melancholy meditation; in Spain, where 'vice was digging her own voluptuous tomb'; in France, which had just been purpled with revolutionary blood; in Italy, sunk into moral and political apathy; in Greece, whose 'grand in soul' had gone

'Glimmering thro' the dream of things that were.'

But he thought

'Too long and deeply, till his brain became
In its own eddy boiling and overwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame.'

As to the moral tendency of Byron's poetry as a whole I forbear to speak: but there are those so blinded with prejudice, that to them the Pilgrimage is one dark mass of misanthropy with no gleamings of the noble and generous sympathies of our nature. To such I would recommend the following extract from Channing's remarks on the poetry of Milton. 'In its legitimate and highest efforts, poetry has

the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True it has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions, but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enlaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections.'

The Pilgrimage is a faithful delineation of 'the sublime and beautiful of the outward creation and of the soul.' It is rich in historical allusion, and full of those lofty thoughts which rush upon the sensitive heart, when amid scenes rendered sacred, as it were, by the triumphs of genius and the strifes of vaulting ambition. It is full of that enthusiasm, which is the foundation of legitimate poetry. The ideal in happiness was constantly before the mind of Byron, as may be seen in those powerful passages, where in a strain of superb melancholy he speaks of the folly, which has 'bartered breath for fame,' and the phrenzy, which has converted the world into a slaughter-house. And where is the page in poetry so bright with enthusiastic conception—so full of the tenderest melancholy, as that where he pours out the rich tide of song upon Rome and Athens—the defaced monuments which have survived the desolation of the past.

An intimate acquaintance with human nature,—a knowledge of those secret places where the passions slumber is necessary for the poet, who would overpower and carry away the feelings. And this knowledge of the ingredients in 'the weird caldron of the heart' Byron possessed. Under his moulding hand, the sterner passions in their developement are 'brilliantly fearful.' In the language of a popular writer, 'while other poets delight by their vivacity or enchant by their sweetness, he alone has been able to command the sympathy of even reluctant readers by the natural magic of his moral sublimity, and the terrors and attractions of those overpowering feelings, the depths and heights of which he seems to have so successfully explored.'

Galt has pronounced the Pilgrimage one of the finest descriptive poems that were ever written: and its delineations of natural scenery are with the pencil and colouring of nature. He dips his pencil, as it were, in the superb tints of the rainbow, when he paints the mellowed beauty of the morning, the lazy quietude of the noon-tide, and the voluptuous richness of the sunset sky. His descriptions of the dark, the grand and the sublime are wonderfully graphic—the tumults in nature are depicted

with such terrific energy, that the very soul is startled.

I need not speak of his powerful imagination which throws such a spell around his poetry. An imagination like his, coupled with so exquisite a sensibility to beauty, can weave for fiction the garb of reality, and make its own beau ideals put on the glow and animation of real existence.

In fine, for originality and depth of thought—for pathos of language and felicity of poetic diction—for beauty and sublimity of description—for richness in historical and classical allusion—for high-wrought enthusiasm and superabundance of imagery, the Pilgrimage stands unequalled.

HAROUN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN IRISH PIANO.

A sober industrious Paddy in the Calton, has lately invented a musical box, for which he deserves a patent. Wishing to enjoy a little music on an evening after work, he got a box of the general appearance, but deeper and broader than an ordinary piano, and bored a row of holes from one end to the other. Into this box six or seven swine are placed (but there may be more) of different ages, from the sucking pig to the gruff boar, exulting in swinehood. In this way a scale of voices is obtained. The tails of each innately are then drawn through the holes in the box, and the lid closed, so that half a dozen tails hang outside. Whenever paddy wishes to play he twitches each tail rapidly and successively, and the music begins, and lasts as long as he likes. When tired, he just liberates the musicians till the next time. The airs are all Irish, and when the twitching is smartly and skilfully done the music is not behind the mixture of bands at the late 'Physical Demonstration.' The instrument is called a Hlogomaguuffy.

The Dutch admiral Van Tromp who was a large, heavy man, was once challenged by a thin, active French officer. We are not upon equal terms with rapiers, said Van Tromp, but call to-morrow morning and we will adjust the affair. When the Frenchman called, he found the Dutch admiral bestriding a barrel of gunpowder! There is room enough for you, said Van Tromp, at the other end of the barrel, sit down; there is a match; and as you are the challenger, give fire. The Frenchman was thunderstruck at this terrible mode of fighting; but the Dutch admiral told him he would fight no other way, terms of accommodation ensued.

The Black Astronomer.—In the year 1793, and for several years afterwards, Benjamin Banneker, a blackman of Maryland, furnished the public with an Almanac which was extensively circulated through the Southern States. He was a self-taught astronomer, and his calculations were so thorough, and exact, as to

excite the approbation and patronage of such men as Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent men, by whom the work was produced into the British House of Commons, as an argument in favor of the mental cultivation of the blacks and their liberation from their unholy thralldom.—*Lynn Mirror.*

Excluding and Including.—A wag one day asked his friend, 'How many knives do you suppose are in this street besides yourself?' 'Besides myself?' replied the other in a heat, 'do you mean to insult me?' 'Well then?' said the first, 'how many do you reckon including yourself?'

All the teeth of a certain talkative Lady being loose, she asked a physician the cause of it, who answered that it proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue.

A fellow who had stole four pigs was pursued and committed to prison. 'D——n it,' said he, 'I have brought my pigs to a good market.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1832.

Feathers from my own Wings.—This is the title of a recent publication, consisting of essays, tales and poems, by Charles Edwards, formerly editor of the *Crystal Hunter*. Most of the articles composing this volume have been already before the public; one of the most popular of which, 'The Boy of the Golden Locks,' was published some two or three years since in the *Repository*.

Biography of Stephen Girard.—Mrs. Haslem, a niece of this eccentric and benevolent man, the *Croesus of America*, is said to be preparing a biography of her uncle, from his diary and other papers. A likeness of Mr. Girard is to accompany the work.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.
Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending January 25th.

B. Hutchins, Monkton, Vt. \$1; H. Grant, Colebrook, Ct. \$1; J. H. Landon, Sherburne, N. Y. \$1; H. Hill, Jeffersonville, Vt. \$1; C. Whitte, Ypsilante, Mic. Ter. \$1; C. B. Cross, Windsor, Vt. \$1.

SUMMARY.

It is understood that the Trustees of Mr. Girard's Bank, have determined not to receive any further deposits, nor discount any new paper.

Upwards of 200 000 coffee-mills are annually made at Middletown, Conn. One factory alone makes about 96,000, besides 15,000 axes, 60,000 dozen of fancy soap, and 50,000 handboxes.

Lead Mines.—The amount of lead made at the United States' Lead Mines, at Fever River and Missouri, during the year, is 6,440,000 pounds. In 1829, the amount was 14,541,310 pounds. The rents of these Mines are paid in lead, and in January, 1830, they were reduced from 10 to 5 per cent, in the amount of lead made.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 19th inst. by the Rev. Richard Slayter, Mr. Thomas Best, of Milan, Dutchess Co. to Miss Lovina, daughter of Ezra Dunn, of the former place.

At Copake, on the 14th inst. by John Bain, Esq. Mr. Peter Bain, to Miss Anna Langdon.

At Union Vale, on the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Thomas S. J. Merwin of Union Vale, to Miss Adeline S. Latta, formerly of this city.

In Bethany, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Leonard Anson, Shadrach B. Lent, of Lo Roy, to Miss Prudence A. Dixon.

In Federalburgh, Md. Mr. William Ward, a soldier of the revolution, aged 105, to Miss Catharine Wright, aged 48.

DIED.

In this city, on the 21st inst. Mary, daughter of Reuben S. Tanner, in the 6th year of her age.

In New-York, Col. Robert Tromp, aged 75 years, an officer of the revolution, and the agent of the Putney estate in Steuben Co.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

LAKE GEORGE IN 17—

Yet should the stranger ask, what lore
Of by-gone days, this winding shore
You cliffs and fir-clad steeps could tell
If vocal made by fancy's spell,—
The varying legend might rehearse
Fit themes for high, romantic verse.
O'er yon rough heights and moss-clad sod
Of bath the stalwart warrior trod;
Or peered, with hunter's gaze, to mark
The progress of the glancing barque.

Washburn—Tullman, 1820.

How broke that morn! a golden flood
Wave after wave, swept lake and mountain,
As swift they came o'er hill and wood,
From the dazzling depths of the sun-bright fountain
Whose flow of full, transparent light,
Was so divine, so rich, so broad,
So glorious, that it might—it might
Have issued from the throne of God,

How broke that morn! Lake Sacrament
Amid the sleeping hills lay sleeping,
And from her silver surface, sent
Her wreaths of mist, that, slowly creeping
From steep to steep, on high ascended
And with the clouds their beauty blended.

And there was music too, that stole
Across the waters, in its flight
From isle to isle, and filled the soul
With an unnamed, unthought delight.—
Upon the shores of Horicon,
Each morning bird
Gives utterance to the sweetest tone
Ye ever heard.

Those diamond isles! they calmly sleep
Like swans upon the crystal deep.—
The godless nature lingered near
This Holy Lake one glorious year,
And lingering, made, as if in play
One lovely island every day;*
And, with the beauties that she gave,
Spread each upon the mirror wave;—
The whiles she flew to other spheres
She bade them count the days and years.

How broke that morn!—but ere the day-god wheeled
His golden car up to the mid-day sky,
He looked upon a bleeding contest-field,
And heard the dismal din, the yell, the cry
Of battle.—The hell-nursed war-fœd rages
From every grove, where late the morning flower
Had huddled, bloomed, and blushed, and where for ages
Silence had slept unstartled till that hour.
'Tis ever thus the fiends of war must spoil
The fairest spots that bloom upon the earth.—
The serpent of a thousand folds must coil
Beneath the loveliest flower that nature gives a birth.—
But man nor demon, when his work was done,
Could snatch all beauty from the Horicon.

How waned that day! a thousand arms
Fell motionless upon the field—
A thousand souls heard death's alarms
But rather die than yield.

Dim twilight came as ne'er before
And rested on the lake and shore.
From the sand the light canoe was stirred,—
As it moved along like a water-bird
The Indian prophetess was heard.—

She wailed the wounded and the dead
And her chant was calmly and slowly said.
The echo stole in its careless flight,
From shore to shore, from hill to hill,
And oft, on the breath of a summer night,
The voice of that echo is audible still.
Waves, shores, mountains, rest ye,—
Lake of isles!—sleep on, sleep on!
Sleep, Manitto's word has blessed ye;
No dreams shall move my Horicon.
The spirits come from their voiceless graves,
And hold their revels upon your waves,
Yet sleep on,—they ne'er can move thee
Sleep! Manitto still will love thee.

Birds, breezes, beauties, stay!—
Lake of diamonds! still sleep on,—
Sleep—Manitto yet will say,
No dreams shall move thee—Horicon.
Thou on thy breast is the stain of blood
Nothing unholy shall rest in thy flood!—
And in ages to come all who see thee shall wonder,
As they look at thy sands through the deeps they lie under.
Islands, stars, heavens, never
Leave this lovely lake, these mountains;—
Hopes, joys, feelings, ever
Stay within my soul's deep fountains.
And when I see life's sinking sun,
My bark shall sink beneath this wave—
Then rest thee still, my Horicon,
And be at last my grave.
So thousands shall come in after days
On my lonely, lovely tomb to gaze.

* There is three hundred and sixty five islands in this Lake—
corresponding with the number of days in a year.

Morseau, June 25th, 1831.

FAREWELL TO WALES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The voice of thy streams in my spirit I hear.
Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!
On thy halls, on thy hearths, on thy pure mountain air,
On the strings of the harp and the minstrel's free band!
From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
Whilst I leave thee, oh land of my home and my dead!
I bless thee! yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of the hills, on the waves of thy shore;
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells
Of the bard and the warrior, the mighty of yore;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,
Green land, poet land, of my home and my dead!
I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat
Where'er a low hamlet smiles under thy skies;
For thy peasant hearths burning, the stranger to greet,
For the soul that looks forth from thy children's kind
eyes!
May the blessing, like sunshine, around thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Tea-pot.

PUZZLE II.—Because it makes ant—pant

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a fishing net like a stage play?

II.

Why is the letter F like taking the measure of a coat?

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. FEBRUARY 11, 1832.

NO. 19.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE PIONEER;

A Tale of the Mohawk.

(Concluded.)

The lives of two such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway, and so situated, cannot be expected to produce any great variety of incident. Years passed away, and scarcely a change was perceptible in their circumstances, except that the forest was gradually disappearing from around the cottage, and opening a wider extent of cultivated land. Now and then their solitude was broken in upon by some soldier from the upper posts—some hardy explorer of the western wilderness—or some Indian on a hunting excursion; but their persevering inquiries failed to elicit any satisfactory information respecting the history of the young Emily and her mother. In the mean time Henry had grown up to the stature of a man, strong and athletic, and he who looked on his fine manly figure, his rich smile and animated eye, and his high forehead, around which his hair thickly curled, was compelled to acknowledge that few persons could be more comely and prepossessing than the young backwoodsman: and in the beautiful, dark-eyed, and exquisitely formed girl of fifteen, who assisted Mrs. Hathaway, few could have recognized the emaciated and unfortunate orphan wanderer. Every one in his pilgrimage through life has been at times delighted and surprised to find in some secluded and lone spot, untaught and uncorrupted, some beautiful creature springing in all the freshness and purity of nature, like the sweet wild flowers of the wilderness, that rise up to gladden and enchant in their loneliness. There is a beauty which is the most captivating in its simplicity, and there is a grace beyond the reach of art—the beauty and grace of nature itself. Emily had never seen or heard of the piano or harpsicord, yet who, in listening to these instruments, ever felt the gush of feeling which the low rich music of her voice crea-

ted?—she had never waltzed, or danced the gallopade or the Muzurka, yet how many that witnessed the ease and grace of her movements, would have sworn that she was the very personification of the poetry of motion;—and although she had never been tortured by a Cantelo, or dressed by a Manuel, an attempt to improve the form or add to the charms of such a girl, would be as ridiculous as the efforts of the painter who sought to impart an additional richness to the hue of the rose, and a more spotless purity to the petals of the lily by the coarse daubings of his pencil. It is the province of art to amend imperfection, the perfection of nature is beyond its reach. Few females are able to combine simplicity and good taste, but where this infallible sign of good sense exists, and is added to a fine person the effect is irresistible. Certainly such were the feelings of Henry, so far as he understood them, when on the clear moonlight evenings, with Emily leaning confidently on his arm, they traced the green margin of the river, and as he told her all his love saw her dark eyes lighted up with pleasure, and felt the tumultuous throbbings of her young heart as she blushing confessed she was his forever.

We have said the valley of the Mohawk was fast becoming a great thoroughfare, and the current of population setting to the unbounded west was obliged to pass the river near Hathaway's, by a ford a little distance above his dwelling. Rising among the hills far to the north, it sometimes happened that a sudden rise of the stream would take place from a heavy fall of rain near its sources, while in the Mohawk valley there were no indications of storm. During one of the warm summer days of 179—a succession of showers had passed over the hills to the northward, and the low dull murmur of the river, shrunk to its narrowest dimensions, was rapidly changing as evening came on into the hoarse roar of the rapid torrent. Hathaway and his Mary were enjoying the cool of the evening in a rude substitute for a portico in front of his dwell-

ing, and Henry and Emily seated a little apart from their seniors, were intent on their own affairs, tho' ostensibly engaged in witnessing the beautiful corruscations of lightning on the verge of the immense volumes of clouds heaped into mountainous forms so far in the northeast, that the heavy jar of the thunder could scarcely be felt. Every person possessed of the least sensibility must often have felt, that at all times, a calm clear summer evening was the best adapted to the indulgence of the tenderest as well as the holiest emotions. It is the hour above all others that we love. Night throned on the milky way glories in her diadem of stars, and seems to challenge Earth's proudest ones to compare their gems with hers. Earth is still—the far off note of some evening bird of song is just reaching the ear, the breath of Heaven gently and almost imperceptibly waves the dark foliage of the grove, and the surface of the lake heaves as unbrokenly and quietly as the bosom of the young and innocent sleeper; grateful proofs that nature though reposing is not dead. We look upwards, and the very dust that sprinkles the ethereal road is before our eyes starting into flaming gems beneath the pressure of the Almighty's foot. We sit and gaze on the blue arch until it becomes the visible throne of Deity, and the countless stars are changed to the myriad eyes of the burning hosts that worship at his feet. It is long since we have wondered that in the absence of revelation, untaught men should bow low to the sun, moon, and stars—that in the golden light of the sun, the silver radiance of the moon, and the beautiful and splendid array of the Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades, he should imagine he beheld the source of existence, and the eternal fountain of power. Who has not felt new trains of thought coming over the mind, new hopes and new aspirations springing up, as he has witnessed that most splendid of spectacles a summer sunset, and seen the magnificent drapery of the skies, with all its rich hues of crimson and gold, floating away like curtains drawn for a momentary display of the glories in the blue depths beyond? Who has not fancied that in the fleecy specks vanishing far away in the Heavens, he beheld glimpses of vestments worn by angel visitants, now relieved on their posts by kindred spirits from sinless lands, and returning to make their reports to Him who commissioned them on their errand of mercy and love. Then we think of those over whose grave the priceless tear of affectionate remembrance has been dropped, and feel there is no inconsistency in the idea that they sometimes leave their starry homes, and forsake their pleasant walks, shadowed by the dark tops of the cedars of paradise, and the unfading verdure of the tree of life, to ward off dangers to us unseen, breathe over us the odours of Eden, and with their light wings fan us to our peaceful slumbers. Such were some of the

speculations in which the young lovers indulged, as the time stole away, and the beautiful Emily, casting her thoughts back over her few years, found them resting on the fond and sad remembrances of her departed mother.

These reflections received a sudden interruption from a cry of distress, which was heard in the direction of the river and caused the whole party to spring to their feet.

'Some traveller swept away by the river!'—exclaimed Henry, as he hastened towards the bank of the stream, quickly followed by his father and the women. The increasing darkness rendered it difficult to discern more than the foam of the boiling waters as they rushed by; but as another cry arose from the stream the quick eye of Henry caught a glimpse of some object struggling in the waves, and hastily directing his father to be ready to render such aid as might be necessary, he plunged into the torrent. Young Hathaway was an excellent swimmer and it was fortunate he was so; for the drowning man seized him with such a death-grasp, and to such disadvantage, that it required all his efforts to keep above water, permitting himself to drift with the current, and frequently calling out, that those on shore might be able to follow his course. Perfectly acquainted with the river and its windings, he at last succeeded in reaching the shore at a considerable distance below where he entered, and lifted the rescued man, completely exhausted and senseless, to the dry land. The efforts to resuscitate the stranger were successful; but he was confined to his bed several days, and sometime elapsed before he had recovered strength sufficient to enable him to proceed. Even then he lingered. The fair Emily seemed to have a strange fascination for him, and, fine looking and accomplished as the traveller was, we cannot blame Henry if he sometimes wished his stay was less likely to be prolonged. He would sit with his eyes intently fixed upon the lovely girl, until blushes suffused her fine countenance and his gaze became inexpressibly painful to her—he started at her name as if it recalled associations connected with the forgotten past—and one day, when alone with Henry, inquired whether Emily was his sister. Henry answered she was not; and related her story, so far as he was acquainted with it. The stranger listened with breathless attention; as Henry proceeded he grew pale with emotion—and dropping the fishing tackle he held in his hand, he exclaimed—'Merciful God can my supposition be true?'—and without further explanation started for the dwelling. Mrs. Hathaway and Emily were surprised at his abrupt entrance, and agitated manner.

'Ladies pardon me;'—said he, taking Emily's hand in his; but I once had a mother and sister; they were mysteriously torn from me, and till this hour not a trace have I discovered that gave the faintest hope that either were living. Your name—your features—so much

like the well remembered ones of my dear mother, at the first excited my curiosity, which has been strengthened by the sketch of your history given by my friend;—and now I am impatient to know whether I have found a sister or am again doomed to disappointment. If you are my Emily, low between your shoulders there are three moles or dark spots a circumstance respecting my sister I well remember, young as she was at our separation.

During the time he was speaking Emily had raised her flushed countenance to his—a tear was trembling on the silken lashes of her dark eye—and when he ended, she could only say—‘I am your sister, your Emily;’—and she was folded to his bosom, while a brother’s kiss was pressed on her fair forehead and her richer lip.

When the first emotions of joy and surprise had passed, surrounded by his friends, and his beautiful sister leaning on his bosom, Murray Roosevelt, for that was his name, explained to them, as far as he was able, the manner in which the separation of their family took place.

After the war of the revolution had been closed by an honorable peace, the congress of the United States, deemed it necessary that small detachments of troops should occupy the frontier posts, as a measure of precaution; and Captain Roosevelt, with a company, was assigned to the command of Crown Point on the west side of Lake Champlain. As no danger was apprehended from any quarter, the Captain took his family, consisting of his wife; his son Murray, then about ten years of age; and his daughter Emily, then about three, to reside with him. Roosevelt reached his destination in the fall of the year; the winter passed off without alarm or interruption; the spring came, and with it, the various sources of pleasure which the vicinity of the American lakes, always affords during the summer season. Among these, sailing on the calm lakes was a favorite recreation, and particularly agreeable to Clara, especially on the moonlight evenings when every star that glittered in the blue vault was reflected from the unruffled waters—when the pure, soft light lay like a silver mist on the waves, or was piled on the dark masses of foliage that overhung them—and when not a sound could be heard, save the light dip of the oars, or the heavy plunge of some finny denizen of the lake, or the sweet music of some feathered songster from the wooded shores, rendered more mellow as it floated and echoed over the broad lake. The officers of the garrison sometimes accompanied the Captain on these excursions, but more frequently he made them with only Clara and his children, lingering along the curving shores, and often landing to catch some new view of the charming scenery. Thus pleasantly was passing the time in that remote place, when on a fine evening in June, Roosevelt left the fort, with Clara and Emily only in his light skiff, for an excursion down the lake, and from that

moment not the least tidings could be learned of them. They never returned; and the closest and most unremitting search for months, never discovered the slightest vestige of boat or crew; and the conclusion was, that by some unlucky movement the skiff with all on board had gone to the bottom of the lake. Something that evening had detained Murray on shore, and consequently he escaped the mysterious fate of the rest of the family. A rumour was circulated that strange Indians had been seen hovering about, but it obtained no credit, since if their purposes had been hostile, they would not have departed without a demonstration. One of those nondescript human animals, a trapper, two or three months after Capt. Roosevelt’s disappearance, came in, and reported that a party of Canadian Indians had been seen in the country towards the Black River, with a crazed woman and a little girl in company, but one night she and her child had strolled away from the encampment, and even Indian ingenuity was unable to trace or find them. This story was considered as improbable in the extreme—they were all given up as lost—and though Murray sometimes hoped he should meet his relatives again, the hope was faint indeed. Two years after Roosevelt’s disappearance, some soldiers fishing, hooked up an article of dress that belonged to him, and by closer examination discovered the boat filled with stones and sunk in several feet water. The craft was raised, and in the mutilated remains of a body were found, easily identified with the captain’s, the scull cleft with a tomahawk, and exhibiting such other marks of violence as to leave no doubt that savage barbarity had brought about the catastrophe. A large reward was immediately offered to the trappers and hunters of the interior, that should bring satisfactory intelligence of the lost ones; but the reward was vain, and their efforts fruitless. Years passed away; Murray Roosevelt had become a man, and as an agent in the employ of government had visited the posts on the St. Lawrence, and the great Lakes—had held numerous conferences with the Indians on the frontiers, but without effect in making any discoveries; and he was returning disheartened and hopeless towards New-York, when he found his long lost, and loved sister, so unexpectedly restored to him.

Some thirty years since, the log dwelling of Robert Hathaway had given place to an elegant brick mansion, with every indication of opulence and true taste around it. Henry, though still young, held an honorable and lucrative station, for which his fine natural talents, his sound sense, and his agreeable manners well qualified him; and the loved Emily then the mother of several fine children, though perhaps rather more matronly in her appearance, still retained all her fascinations leaving none of those to whom Henry related the history we have sketched, to doubt, that it was all a

fond husband pictured her to be, and deserved the affection he bestowed upon her. In those days of correct feeling and primitive simplicity, the prosperity of the Hlathaway family was frequently adduced among the settlers of that region, to prove that the good, the virtuous, and the charitable, rarely fail of receiving a rich reward, even in this life.

For the Rural Repository.

MELANGE NO. 5

A VISIT TO THE BAZAAR.

The wind was roaring around my windows and a bright wood fire (I detest coal) blazing and crackling before me, 'like a thing of life.' pen was in my hand and my mind wrought up to a very delicate frenzy. I had a presentiment that I was about to commit some desperate act, (perhaps I should have perpetrated poetry) when my etherial meditations were suddenly disturbed by an emphatic rap upon the door of my room—'Come in,' shouted I in no very pleasant voice—a friend entered—

'Will you go to the Bazaar this evening,' said he,—

'It snows and blows and is most bitterly cold'—

'Don't allow yourself to be more effeminate than the ladies—they are all there—every thing will be brilliant—you will certainly be gratified'—I had no arguments to offer against these last propositions—the motives towards the Bazaar prevailed, and I threw on my hat and cloak, like an automaton, and moved forward. Truth compels me to say that I repented heartily of my rashness before I arrived at the hall; where I did at last arrive, but with my hair full of snow—my eyelids frozen together, and altogether in a most unenviable humor.—

I entered the hall—never had it looked so brilliant before. The graceful movements of the dancers and the animating music, were not worthy of a comparison with it—numerous lights poured their lustre upon a scene where all was strange and beautiful. The smiles and blushes of the ladies—the ringing of bells—the rustling of silks—the barking of wooden dogs—the buzz, the hum, the clatter, all combined, had the strangest effect imaginable upon my senses.

After elbowing my way through the long hall several times, with an air of the most fashionable indifference, I was carried by the current near one of the tables, which was heaped with every thing that could please the eye or tempt the appetite—I made a desperate effort to escape, but it was impossible—I was fairly caught, and immediately seized upon as a lawful prize.

'Let me sell you these oranges,' said a young lady, with a smile like the setting sun in June—

'they are particularly fine and juicy'—

'Certainly, they cannot be otherwise with so fair a seller'—

The oranges were thrust into my pockets and my money thrust out.

'Buy this butterfly,' said another at my right hand, 'the coloring is more brilliant than life and twice as natural.'

'Surely you cannot wish me to purchase the picture, when there are so many living butterflies around me'—

'Very true,' said she, with a lisp like the softest tone of an Æolian harp, 'the manner in which you flutter around us is very annoying'—I had no retort—I turned away and—

'Two kisses for a penny,' whispered a lady, casting a glance at me, that would have melted an anchorite—'two kisses for a penny—I sell remarkably cheap at this part of the table'—

'I have been informed,' said I, 'that the ladies charge in proportion to their personal beauty.'

'Indeed! you have been quite misinformed—we accommodate our prices to the appearance of our customers—allow me to give you this string of sugar-plums'—

Again I turned away—I was mute and should have blushed, were it not so very unfashionable for a gentleman to blush on any occasion—but I fled to the further end of the room, and in such haste, that I unfortunately crushed two bonnets and demolished a most magnificent pyramid of curls; for which feats the sufferers called me, with too much justice, a brute.

When I recalled my scattered senses, I found myself standing near a fairy bower—a sort of woodnymph's retreat; near which a young lady was diligently engaged in winding up a musicbox—perceiving that she had nothing to sell, I ventured to speak—'I can sympathize with you very sincerely,' said I, 'that you have the charge of the only thing that needs winding to make it go—look through the room, all things are running (especially tongues) as though they would never stop'—

'I need not look far for an illustration of that fact,' said she.

'Are you the Houri of this bower if—'

'No flattery—no flattery Sir'—

'I did not mean any—I was going to say, that if the ladies in Mahomet's bower are such, I hope I never may visit his Paradise'—

'The Houries will not weep for you, Sir.'

A bell was rung violently at my right hand—I turned—

'May I sell you this bell—it is a very useful article and the sound of this one is very loud and clear'—

'Don't want it,' said I 'fortunately I have no wife to attach it to; and if I ever shall be so blessed, I imagine we shall need no bells to increase the music of our domestic Paradise'—

'Little danger that you will ever obtain a wife—but I suppose so inveterate a bachelor must wash his own dishes: so let me sell you this elegant dishcloth with a handle to it—there was no escape—I bought the dishcloth with the handle to it, thrust it into my pocket and sauntered to the other end of the room.

I took a cup of coffee which was really excel-

lent—and besides it was served with infinite grace and the price was very moderate. I became more goodnatured at every sip of it, and when I had finished, I felt pleased with every thing and every body around me. Again I looked at the busy scene—

‘Who’ll buy this lady’ said one with a voice full of music and at the same time holding up a fancifully dressed doll—‘Can I sell her to you, Sir—she is remarkably quiet, never scolds and is always prepared to see company’—

‘Pray excuse me,’ said I ‘I am sufficiently troubled with animated ones’—

‘They must be more stupid then, than this little beauty,’ said she, and turned to seek another purchaser.

I stopped opposite a table where were two young ladies who rivetted my attention—one sat leaning pensively upon her hand, as though her thoughts were wandering far away from the busy scene before her, to ‘some sunny isle of a waveless sea’—she looked like one who could dream over a volcano. The other was full of vivacity—her eyes all light and her lips all smiles—

‘Let me sell you,’ said the latter, ‘this splendid gilt-edged, rose-tinted, lavender-scented, note-paper—it was gilded by the smile of a “fair ladye”—the perfume was given by the breath of a lover’s sigh and it was tinted with a young bride’s blushes at her nuptial hour’—

‘And buy this beautiful edition of “Moore,”’ said her companion, awaking from her reverie—‘It contains the soul of sentiment—you will find in it all that is brilliant in wit—all that is beautiful in passion’—

‘Or buy this finely embossed card-case,’ said the former—

‘Or this magnificent annual,’ whispered her companion—

‘Or this richly chased pencil-case’—

‘Or this copy of “Burns,”’ said the other—

I threw down my purse in despair—took what the ladies were pleased to give me and made my escape from the room without money; but in most excellent humor. TIXON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTES OF POLAND.

We have collected from Fletcher’s History of Poland, lately published in Harper’s Family Library, a few interesting anecdotes, chiefly of men who distinguished themselves in the more early times of that unfortunate country.

Among the most excellent princes that ever governed Poland, were two of the name of Casimir—the first distinguished by the appellation of the *Just*—the second by that of the *Great*.

Casimer the Just reigned in the latter part of the 12th century. ‘He was indeed,’ says the historian, ‘the father of his subjects; he viewed the oppressions of the nobles over the

serfs with an eye of sorrow; and though it was not in his power to change the constitution of Polish society by emancipating them and making them perfectly independent, what he could do he did, in protecting them by strict laws from wanton cruelty.’

He was not only *Just*, however, but he was mild and benevolent—as the following anecdote may prove:—‘He was one day at play, and won all the money of one of his nobility, who incensed at his ill fortune, suddenly struck the prince a blow on the ear, in the heat of his uncontrolled passion. He fled immediately from justice; but being pursued and overtaken, was condemned to lose his head. The generous Casimer determined otherwise, ‘I am not surprised,’ said he, ‘at the gentleman’s conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himself on fortune, no wonder he should attack her favorite in me! After these generous words he revoked the sentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that he alone was faulty, as he encouraged by example a pernicious practice that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of the people.’

Casimer the Great came to the throne in the year 1333 and died 1370. He was a prince of warlike talents, and added considerably to his hereditary domains by conquest. But he had a better claim to the gratitude of his subjects. Before his time there was no code of statutes; precedent, opinion and passion were the overbearing assessors on the tribunal of justice. There was indeed a confused mass of laws, but Casimer, the Polish Justinian, was the first who caused them to be reduced to a consistent form. He appointed regular courts in each palatinate, with fixed fees for the judges. Nor did he content himself with making statutes for his people, but guarded the welfare of all ranks with the most jealous care, and was amply rewarded by their love and respect.

But among the greatest of the Polish princes, and the one in whose reign his country seems to have attained his highest glory, was Sigismund Augustus. He reigned in the 16th century, and was cotemporary with Charles V. and Francis I. He had no sooner ascended the throne, than factions were formed against him, because he had married without the concurrence of the diet. The object of this choice was Barba Radziwill, widow of a Lithuanian noble of no great consequence. This marriage had been contracted secretly before his father’s death, but he publicly acknowledged it on coming to the crown. Firm in his affection and faithful to his vows, he would not break his domestic ties, although his constancy might cost him a kingdom. The contest did not, however, come to this crisis; for the king dexterously turned the attention of the nobles to their own interests, and heard no more objections to his marriage. But Sigismund did not long enjoy the domes-

tic happiness which he so well deserved, for in the course of six months, death made him a widower.

During this reign, Copernicus, the great precursor of Newton flourished. He was born in 1373 at Thorn, and educated at the university of Cracow. About this period also, Adam Zaluziansky, the Polish Linæus, published a work on botany, entitled *Methodus Herbaria*, in which he exhibits his sexual arrangements of plants. But what is very remarkable, 'There were,' says the historian, 'perhaps more printing presses at this time in Poland than there have ever been since, or than there were in any other country of Europe at that time. There were eighty-three towns where they printed books; and in Cracow alone there were fifty presses. The chief circumstance which supported so many printing houses in Poland at this time was the liberty of the press, which allowed the publication of writings of all the contending sects, which were not permitted to be printed elsewhere.

Nor were the Poles less advanced in that most enlightened feeling of civilization, religious toleration. When almost all the rest of Europe was deluged with the blood of contending sectaries; while the Lutherans were perishing in Germany; while the blood of above a hundred thousand Protestants, the victims of the war of persecution, and the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, was crying from the ground of France against the infamous Triumvirate and the hypocritical Catherine de Medicis; while Mary made England a fiery ordeal of persecution, and even the heart of the virgin queen was not cleansed of the foul stuff of bigotry, but dictated the burnings of the Arians, Poland opened an asylum for the persecuted of all religions, and allowed every man to worship God in his own way.

With Sigismund ended the dynasty of Jagellion, and the prosperity of Poland. 'His funeral bell,' says the historian, 'was the tocsin of anarchy,' being without a male heir, the monarchy afterwards became elective; and neighboring princes contended for the prize of the crown, until it was ultimately broken in pieces, and a final division took place near the close of the last century.

THE LATE STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following is an abstract of the will of this opulent Philadelphia banker.—To the Pennsylvania Hospital, he gives \$30,000, subject to the payment of an annuity of \$200 to a female slave, whom he sets free. To the Philadelphia Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, \$20,000. To the Orphan's Asylum, \$10,000. To the controllers of the Public Schools, \$10,000. To the city corporation, to be invested, and the interest to be applied annually in the purchase of wood for the poor, \$10,000. To the society of Ship Masters, \$10,000. To the Free-

Mason's Lodge, \$20,000. For a school to be erected in the township of Passyunk, for poor white children, \$6,000. Sundry legacies to individuals, amounting to \$120,000. Several annuities, amounting to \$4,000. To the city of New Orleans, 1,000 acres of improved land in the territory of Mississippi, and one third of 207,000 acres of unimproved land in the same territory; the remaining two thirds to the city of Philadelphia. To the same city, Stock in the Schuylkill Navigation Company, \$110,000, and \$500,000 for certain city improvements, to be invested, and the interest to be annually applied. For a college for poor white male children, and its proper endowments, the sum of \$3,000,000. To the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to be applied to interval improvements by canals, \$300,000. All his remaining estate, real and personal, (no part of the real estate to be sold,) to be applied in further aid of the said College in improvements of the city and in relief of the taxes.

We were struck with the following passage, in that part of Mr. Girard's Will, which relates to the government of the Orphan Academy, for the foundation and support of which he has bequeathed two millions of dollars:—'I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatsoever in the said College; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visiter, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said College. In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any person or sect whatsoever; but as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars, the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life, they may from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their natural reason may enable them to prefer.'

SEEING A MAN—DRUNK.

Tom Hobbs once reported that he saw a certain clergyman drunk. The reverend doctor, hearing of this, was not a little provoked at the slander, and forthwith repaired to Tom to give him a severe reprimand.

How is it Tom, said the divine, that I hear such accounts of you?

Accounts! quoth Tom, egad! I keep no accounts.

I mean, said the former, the arrant stories you have put in circulation respecting my character.

Ah, replied Tom, I now understand you—

but what stories do you mean; I tell so many, that, as I said before, I keep no account of them.

Why, sirrah, I hear you have reported that you saw me drunk.

Well, I did say so—and I say so again—I saw you drunk.

You did see me in that state—when and where?—answer me quickly, or you shall suffer the penalties of the law.

Why, dont you remember passing me the other day about eleven in the morning, and just opposite the tavern here?

Yes—I do recollect it—but what then?

Why then, your reverence, I was pretty essentially drunk, and so I saw you—drunk.

THE GRAVE.

'Why,' says Ossian, 'shouldst thou build thy hall, son of the winged days? thou lookest from the towers to-day, yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in the empty court, and whistles around the half worn shield! Then why should man look forth as he fondly hopes upon the sunny future with the eye of fancy, and lay up the golden visions, which have passed like sunbeams in his pilgrimage, in the hope of brighter ones yet to come, when to-morrow the clouds may be heaped on his coffin, and above his quiet rest the sepulchral views tremble in the wind! Alas! if there is aught on earth which should humble pride, which should make man feel that the rich and the poor meet together, and that the Lord is maker of them all! it is the grave! It is there resentment dies—envy and ambition are satiated; it is there, above the urn of sorrow, man must learn that

—'Life is a torrid day:
Parch'd by the wind and sun—
And death, the calm, cool night,
When the weary day is done!'

A Parisian who was loaded with debt, and cast on the point of dying, told his confessor, that the only favour he craved of God, was, that he would be pleased to prolong his life till he could pay his debts. The confessor, thinking him in earnest, said, his motive was so good, that he had great reason to hope God would be pleased to hear his prayer. 'Ah!' says the sick man, turning to one of his old companions, 'if God would but grant me this indulgence, I should never die.'

A French officer, quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting, on either side for money, 'while we Frenchmen,' said he, 'fight for honor.' 'Yes, sir,' replied the Swiss, 'every one fights for what he most wants.'

As James II. when Duke of York, returned one morning from hunting, he found his brother Charles in Hyde Park without any attendants, and what was considered a perilous time. The

duke expressed his surprise at his majesty's venturing alone in so public a place, at so dangerous a period. 'James (replied the monarch) take care of yourself, I am safe. No man in England will kill me, to make you king.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 11, 1832.

The Bazaar.—Our thanks are due to our friend Timon for this amusing article, and as he assures us the incidents therein related are wholly imaginary, we presume the Ladies, who have presided with so much grace at the late Fair, will take no offence.

The Saturday Courier.—The popularity of this paper we believe is unexampled. This is but the second year of its publication, and seven thousand copies are now distributed weekly through all parts of the United States. The uncommonly large size of the Courier admits of the greatest possible variety in every branch of useful and polite literature, such as Tales, Poetry, Essays, Criticisms, notices of the Fine Arts, Humour, Sporting Anecdotes, Sketches of Life and Manners, Police Reports, Prices Current of the Grain Market, Foreign and Domestic Intelligence of the latest dates, &c. The Courier is published every Saturday by Woodward and Spragg, Philadelphia, at the low price of \$2 per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES, Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending February 8th.

M. Bebec, Tolland, Ct. \$1; A. Edgell, Lyndon, Vt. \$1; S. Miller, Pulteney, N. Y. \$1; S. R. Woodruff, Utica, N. Y. \$1; A. Smith, Hadley, Ma. \$1; E. Willis, Jericho, N. Y. \$1; B. Nisbet, P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$3.

SUMMARY.

According to the late census there were 2954 persons in the United States who were upwards of 100 years old.

The population of New-York city in 1731 was 802, showing the increase of a century to be about 200,000 souls.

Marshall's Life of Washington, has been revised, and in many parts re-written by the venerable author, and is to be speedily put to press in Philadelphia, by Messrs. Carey and Lea.

In the Stationary account of Congress for the year ending 1st ult. we find the following items: 2297 reams of paper, 16 lbs. wax, 549 dozen parchments, 45,000 quills, 288 knives, 100 lbs. wafers, 320 do. candles, 745 dozen tapes, 254 seals, 400 water boxes, 221 folders, 39 gallons oil, 7 bushels sand, 128 lbs. twine, 480 sand boxes.

The Albany Evening Journal states, that fourteen young men of the Shakor Society, have been committed to jail within a few days past, for militia fines.

Upwards of 900 persons were confined in the New-York Sing Sing prison on Monday last.

A Correspondent of the Philadelphia Chronicle gives the following receipts to make a *Fire King*—1. Diluted sulphuric acid, repeatedly rubbed upon any part of the human body, will render it insensible, and able to endure the application of hot iron.—2. A paste of soap, triturated with a saturated solution of alum which has been boiled, will secure the tongue upon the application of hot oils, hot lead, or melted sealing wax, against all bad effect. When they are applied to a part, it being first guarded as above, a hissing takes place; they become lukewarm, and may be swallowed with safety.

MARRIED.

In this city on the 2d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Henry Doty to Miss Julia C. Brown.

At Seneca Falls, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Lane, Mr. Henry J. Van Rensselaer of Claverack, to Miss Mary E. Sackett of the former place.

In Taghkanick, on the 2d inst. by John Rain, Esq. Mr. William Clapper, of Claverack, to Miss Margaret Smith of the former place.

At Contrevelle, (Claverack,) on the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. Burger, Mr. Philip H. Tipple, to Miss Hannah Sitzer, both of Ghent.

At the same place, on the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. Philip Kells, of Claverack, to Miss Charlotte Sheldon, of Livingston.

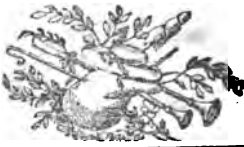
DIED.

In this city, on the 29th ult. of a fit of apoplexy, Henry Thorp, in the 27th year of his age.

On Tuesday the 24th ult. at the residence of Col. E. Jenkins, in this city, Miss Penelope Bliss, in the 92d year of her age.

On Thursday the 19th ult. at Austerlitz, Fanny, wife of Harman Dewey, in the 40th year of her age.

At Millville, on the 2d inst. John Gaul, infant son of Capt. George P. Horton, late of the town of Claverack, aged 10 months.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BRIDEGROOM WARRIOR.

He sat in pride in his ancestral hall,
Throned in his starry splendor, young and fair;
And lustrous scutcheons on the bannered wall
Mirrored bright eyes that looked in beauty there;
High beat the soul of love and music, where
The lords of Poland did to revel throng;
None now for aught but mirth a thought could spare
With hearts all joyousness, and tongues all song.
To the gay dance they came, and revel loud and long.
And joy could not but reign in triumph then,
For in our princely conference were blent
The great, the peerless, lords and noble men—
And quick buzzes were loud and jubilant.
While Warsaw from each tower and battlement
Blazed with its bonfires lighted high and bright—
And busy feet, as pilgrims shrineward bent,
Along the streets trode hurriedly that night,
And every heart was joyous, as each step was light.
It was an high and glorious festival,
The youthful prince became a bridegroom now—
And harp, and tambour sweet, and Moorish bell,
Were there with harmony to seal the row,
And yet there was a mystery on his brow—
And his brief glances withered where they fell—
Alas! on bridal eve what might this show?
Could he from *her*, that loved-one, aught conceal?
Felt his dark bosom aught, that she too might not feel?
Aye—his were tho'ts e'en *she* might never know,
Thoughts too ungentle for a nuptial bower—
While all around seemed far too bright for woe—
A dark, deep plot against the Russian power
A few proud souls had laid—with scorn who wore
The despot's yoke—and nobly dared be free:
He was their Chief—and this the signal hour—
And on his father's tomb, he'd sworn to see
That night his country's wrongs avenged 'gainst tyranny.
A sudden change came o'er that giddy crowd.
When from the street arose a fearful yell!
Aroused as if by burst of thunder-cloud,
The bridegroom started from his trance—the spell
Was broken—'Hah!' he cried, 'so soon that knell!
Lords! hear ye that? 'Tis Poland's battle cry!
Doff those festal robes and doff your mail!
Our country calls, and here we may not lie!
No happiness your prince can wed in slavery!
Once to his heart he wildly pressed the form
He fondly loved;—then hurried him away
To join a patriot band—and like the storm
That glooms the north-sky, was that fierce array
Of fearless legionry—'Strive on! the day
Shall blush at havoc and the morning sun
Shoot forth o'er battle clouds, his lurid ray—
Yet Freedom! thou shalt triumph! thou shalt run
Thy glorious chariot o'er a tyrant's fallen throne!
Midnight was dark o'er Warsaw. Yet the path
Was bright to glory, where they fought to die!
The swords of foes that mingled in their wrath
Each fell by flame that flash'd from others eye,
While the broad glare of horror on the sky,
The crowd of desperate, contending men
And dauntless words, and swords of valour high
Painted that scene with hues more bloody—when
Prague rose and fought for freedom—bled and died again!

Now swelled the tumult wilder on the breeze,
And rent with fiercer wrath the midnight air;
Shouts and mad imprecations that might freeze
The hottest blood, and sullen, muttered prayer,
Huzzas and death-cries blended strangely there—
The cannon's thunder and the trumpet peal,
Told where still struggling in fierce despair,
The despot felt the patriot's arm of steel,
The oath was sworn of vengeance—blood confirmed the seal.

And hark! the bridegroom's voice breaks forth anon,
And midst confusion echoes from the walls—
'Onward ye brave! for Poland's freedom on!
On! for your fathers, and your fathers' halls!
Zamoski's shade and Kucienco's calls—
On! in the tyrant's iron band the rod
Trembles—is broken—on! and he who falls,
Shall seal a nation's glory with his blood!
On! in the noblest cause—your country and your God!

Nor spoke he vainly—I like the angry rush
Of mountain torrent pressed they fearless on!
O who the thrivings of the soul can crush!
They struggled—aye and nobly—ere 'twas done,
The sword was drunk with slaughter—but they won—
Yes—Warsaw was from cot to palace free;
When morn next dawned, fair freedom's dawn began,
While proudly waved, to grace the jubilee,
O'er wall and tower the Red-cross flag triumphantly!

The war was over. In that festal hall
The brave again were gathered and the fair;
But joy was silent, and the sable pall,
And tears and mournful looks, told death was there;
Aye—and 'twas o'er the bridegroom that the prayer,
Went up—by tyranny to glory driven!
Nor he alone—to dust that youthful pair,
He for his country, *she* for him were given!
For bride and bridegroom rose one requiem to heaven—

THE BIBLE.

This little book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in Monarch's coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

Nay were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

Ah! no—the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering boards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,
Gold cannot purchase health.

But here a blessed balm appears
To heal the deepest woe,
And those who seek this book in tears,
Their tears shall cease to flow.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it is a scene (scene.)

PUZZLE II.—Because it makes it fit.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a tallow chandler like a man without feeling?

II.

From what motive does the fisherman blow his horn in the market?

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance.
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will be furnished at the end of the year.
All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. FEBRUARY 25, 1832.

NO. 26.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

MANATONSKI;

Or, *The Indian's Revenge.*

Where is the red man?

Go read the legends of the west;

And you will learn where once the red man was—

Reflecting on fallen grandeur leaves melancholy impressions upon the contemplative mind. There is a voice from the tomb of nations that speaks a touching language and causes the chords of the heart to play a solemn music. Who can reflect upon the present condition of the Indians and not feel for their misfortunes or drop a tear of pity at the story of their wrongs. Bold, independent and generous, the red man once stalked his native forest free as the wind that swept over his mountains. Greatness of soul and simplicity of manners, characterized him as the son of nature; hospitality and friendship, as the son of man; dark and deep-rooted revenge, as the son of the forest. The nimble stag as he darted across the Alleghany cliffs fell before his unerring arrow and the deep-blue waters of his rivers bore his ashen skiff. The morning sun shone upon him on the mountains, its evening rays fell upon him at his wigwam. But where is this mighty people? Gone like the morning cloud. 'The Indian hunter no longer pursues the panting deer; the wild music of the savage maiden is hushed; the bold eloquence of the god-like chief no longer charms the red man's breast with its magic spell; the Indian horn with its warlike tone has ceased to peal along the mountain to wake the sleeping savage to grasp the long bow, and the last echo of the war-whoop has died away. Where are those council fires around which the veteran warrior told the story of his tomahawk? Their fires have gone out, their bows are unstrung and their arrows are broken. Sad monuments of by-gone days!'

Matipsa, or the Big-chief, was the idol of his tribe and was revered as the father of his nation. Though advanced in age, he

retained the vigor of youth. None could be found among the sons of the forest, who could bend a stiffer bow, or throw a surer tomahawk, than the mighty Matipsa. He was, the most deadly enemy of the white man and the warmest advocate of savage freedom. The nation of Matipsa had suffered a great many attacks from the tribe of Weetumka, a powerful chief, whose nation was more dreaded by Matipsa than the whole number of tribes on the M—. A council was called and all eyes were directed toward the Big-chief as the hero of their battles.

'Brothers and sons,' the warrior commenced, 'the Great Spirit has called his children to unbury the tomahawk and to bend the long bow; our enemies are powerful as the tigers that walk our hills and cunning as the serpents; but, followers of Matipsa! fear nothing. Did this arm ever fail harmless? Are there not a thousand scalps of your enemies in my wigwam? Did my tomahawk never drink the white man's blood?—Wake up then children of the Great Spirit we must drink the blood of Weetumka!—None spoke; but with bended bows and deadly tomahawks, did a thousand red men appear, to wait the word of their chief.

'Twas night, and the Indian phalanx onward moved with a quick and steady step. The rival nations met—they fought—the Big-chief was victorious—his tomahawk was reeking with the blood of his enemies, and a hundred scalps were the trophies of his victory. The sons of Weetumka fled to their wigwams, but there were they butchered. Who can set bounds to the wild temper of a revengeful savage? or what can quench his thirst for blood? With inward delight did the Big-chief smile upon the ruins he had made.' Already was the arm of one raised to give the death-blow to an Indian child, when a voice was heard—'Hold!'—It acted like magic, the tomahawk was stayed and the boy was saved—Matipsa advanced and bore the child away. The tribe of the Big-chief assembled around the warrior; who with the eloquence of nature painted to

their wild imaginations the splendour of the victory they had achieved.

'Brothers,' he said, 'we have satisfied the Great Spirit, he has drank enough of Weetumka's blood. Our tree shall flourish and its spreading branches, shall defy the raging storm.'

The tribe of the Big-chief returned in triumph to their native wigwams. Years rolled on, and the child saved by Matipsa grew up toward manhood. He was called by the warrior, Young Eagle, or Manatonski, from his noble bearing and the fierceness of his eye. He was brought up in the wigwam of Matipsa; none could direct a surer arrow, or wrestle with the Young Eagle. Bold and dauntless as his preserver, he hunted danger in the tiger's den, and delighted in the game, and when he returned from the mountains laden with his spoils the artless Brenda would run and meet him with all the warm affection of a sister. Young Eagle longed for war. When seated in the warrior's wigwam, he would hang with rapture on his accents, and when the chief would speak of battles, the youthful bosom of Manatonski would beat high at the sound. The Big-chief beheld with delight the rising sapling which bid fair to rival the gnarled oak that had withstood a thousand whirlwinds. Brenda knew he was not her father's son, yet she loved him. Often with Young Eagle would she bound over the plain, and cult the sweetest flowers to deck his tawny brow, and when seated together she would sing to him in the wild melody of nature, the simple ballads of her nation; and when Young Eagle saw her sparkling eyes turned toward the west he could read the pure emotions of her lovely soul and the unspotted chastity of her thoughts.

'Brenda,' he would say 'how I long to fight against the enemies of your father and bring a hundred scalps to place them in his wigwam, then he would call Manatonski his son. Yes! Brenda when my tomahawk shall have been reddened in blood, then you shall become the wife of Young Eagle.'

'But suppose you should go, and never see Matipsa's wigwam again, what would become of his daughter.'

'The Great Spirit,' he answered, 'would watch you like a tender plant and shelter you under his mighty hand from the cruel blast.'

An opportunity soon offered, in which Young Eagle might satisfy the eager desires of his soul. The tribe of Weetumka, had sworn revenge against the sons of the Big-chief and had made frequent inroads upon their territory. A council was called; but Matipsa was now too old to bend the stiff bow and too feeble to throw the deadly hatchet—the fire of his eye was growing dim and his giant strength was fast failing. The war-whoop echoed on the mountain—Young Eagle was hunting the wild deer—he started at the sound—his young heart leaped for joy—he darted forward and appeared at the council-fire with bended bow.

'Sapling,' cried the warrior, 'I am now old and thou art young and strong; when you were tender I watched over you and you must now fight my battles.'

The eye of Young Eagle shot fire at the sound of battle and his war-like soul panted for action. 'Fathers,' he exclaimed, 'Weetumka has again unburied his tomahawk to scalp the sons of Matipsa—the Great Spirit is now calling his children to fight the battles of the Big-chief. The Antelope cannot leave me, nor can the spotted tiger grapple with the Young Eagle—these arrows never missed their aim, nor did this bow-string ever twang for nought. Rise sons of Matipsa! and fight his battles.'

All were aroused by the eloquence of Manatonski. A thousand savages arose, filling the air with their cries and calling for the blood of Weetumka. The council was dissolved—Matipsa moved slowly to his Wigwam followed by Manatonski. The old warrior felt proud of Young Eagle and his mighty courage. The eye of the youth glistened with the fire that warmed his soul.

'Yes, Matipsa,' he said 'we go to fight thy battles and when we bring home a thousand scalps of our enemies, your old heart shall become young again. Then you can wait the coming of the Great Spirit, who will carry you away to the west, then you will hunt the wild bucks and never become old.'

The warrior smiled upon Manatonski—'Eagle,' he said, 'you must never bury your hatchet until it is reddened in the blood of my enemies.'

They entered the wigwam—But why looked the lovely Brenda so sorrowful?—She was to part with Manatonski—'twas now she felt that her affection for him was even warmer than a sister's.

The old warrior called Young Eagle to him—'To night,' he said, 'you go—move softly over the leaves, lest you wake the sleeping scout, who will fly like the swift stag and tell Weetumka you are coming—Go and fight like Matipsa:—The old chief took up his blanket and left Young Eagle alone with Brenda.

'Manatonski,' she said, 'to night we part, perhaps never more to meet, until we meet on the great mountains of the west—take this,' giving him a chain that she wore around her neck, 'and when you, afar off, look at that chain, think of Matipsa's wigwam.'

The eye of her lover lost for a time its fire.—'Brenda,' he said, 'I must go to fight the battles of the Big-chief and then come to live for you and him. But if I should never more hunt the wild deer on your father's mountain, I shall still love his daughter. Here is a chain of beads, wear them around your neck till your virtue's gone, then tear them off and think no more of Manatonski. The white man may come, but if you love Young Eagle, keep your virtue sacred as the home of your fathers. To-morrow's sun shall shine upon

Manatonski, afar from Brenda, but his heart shall be with the daughter of the Big-chief.

'Go,' she said, 'fight like the panther and let your blow be deadly as the tiger's grasp.'

Once more the flame was kindled in his breast. 'Ha! fight,' he cried—'yea—when the son of Weetumka comes within the grasp of the Young Eagle, it shall be the grapple of death.'

The long, shrill war-whoop echoed along the valley and, at the sound, Young Eagle started from the side of Brenda. 'I go,' he said, 'but daughter of Matipsa keep your virtue.' He grasped the tomahawk and bow—looked first toward the mountains then at Brenda—sprang from the wigwam and was lost to her sight in the darkness of the forest.

Time passed on; but to Brenda each moment was a year; she had the most dreadful forebodings of her lover's fate; she pictured to herself the last moments of the dying Manatonski, and 'sickened at her own creations.' She was no longer the active Brenda that sported on the mountains.—She no longer was found plucking the wild flowers that grew on the dangerous precipice, or pursuing the spotted fawn as it bounded o'er the plain; but was the sorrowful desponding maiden grieving for him that was afar off, fighting the battles of death.

The tribe of Matipsa, met their enemies, and never was savage warfare more dreadful; the mangled bodies of hundreds were strewed upon the ground, and the dying screams of thousands were borne upon the breeze of night. Young Eagle fought like the hero of his nation; his giant arm was stained with the gore of his enemies, and his tomahawk was reeking with the fresh blood of Weetumka's sons. He bore in mind the last words of the Big-chief—'Fight like Matipsa.' 'Twas midnight, nor ceased the carnage then, the work of death went on. The deep growl of the tiger was heard and the screaming vultures were flying from the mountains to glut their hunger in the Indian's blood. Young Eagle fell and his followers fled. The sons of Weetumka raised the shout of joy and bore their victim to the conquering chief. The tribe of Matipsa was pursued and only six escaped to tell the mournful truth. After the departure of Manatonski and his followers, the nation of Matipsa had suffered much from the encroachments of the white men. A number of the tribe had been murdered and their wigwams burned. The flower of the nation was fighting its battles, and the few that remained were unable to repel the attacks of the white settlers. The Big-chief had assembled the tribe to devise some plan by which the nation might be protected until the return of Manatonski. It was at this time that the six who had escaped, appeared at the council fire and told the sad story of their defeat, and the dreadful murder of their countrymen. A deep and awful silence reigned in the Indian coun-

cil—despair was painted on every brow. The Young Eagle was not there to arouse them by his eloquence. All assembled around the veteran warrior. Matipsa looked upon them and said—

'Friends and Brothers, our tree has fallen and its boughs now lie scattered by the storm; its topmost branch has fallen; the race of Matipsa soon shall be no more. Our sun is fast setting never more to rise upon this once mighty tribe. Night, dark and long, shall follow to the sons of the Big-chief. I am old and ready to go—my staff has fallen—my wigwam is tumbling into dust—my arrows are broken, and my tomahawk is worn out. The buck shall no longer fear the arrows of Matipsa, nor shall the white man dread his tomahawk.'

The voice of the old warrior faltered, his words became broken and he paused. For sometime a silence prevailed. 'The white man,' cried a voice. 'The Indians fled, and with tottering steps Matipsa moved toward his wigwam.'

What sound was that which fell deep in the old man's heart? 'Twas the voice of the disconsolate Brenda weeping for her lover. The warrior stopped and listened, he heard it again—the sound was from the mountains—he moved cautiously toward the spot—he saw her reclining against a broken rock, her long disheveled hair floating upon the breeze. The Big-chief approached his daughter—

'Brenda,' he said 'thy father is going to the Great Spirit before the sun shall rise upon his wigwam, for the — Ha! be still, I hear footsteps—he placed his ear to the ground—'Yes, and they are the footsteps of the white man—fly daughter fly! you are active, fly to the mountains, take my old tomahawk and when the white man —'

At that instant the keen report of a rifle was heard, the warrior fell—the fatal bullet had reached its aim. The chief lay in the agonies of death, with quivering voice he said—'Tis all over—my children are all gone but thou, and I must follow. Fly Brenda! the white man sees you, go and —' he paused—'Yes go,' he continued—'go climb the farthest hill and plunge into the great ocean of the west and never, no never —' he stopped, his noble spirit lingered for a time, then took its eternal flight, leaving the heart-broken maiden a monument of grief and despair. She fled but she knew not where—she fled to the wigwam. But what met her view? Its flaming roof! she turned—but a sight more appalling to her than the flames of the wigwam appeared before her, for she saw the white man—he seized her by the arm—'Ha! how do you like the idea of living with a white man,' he said, 'come I will give you beads more costly than those around your neck,' so saying he snatched away the precious gift of Manatonski. Her grief had already ripened into despair. 'Oft vile wretch,' she said, 'thou murderer of my

father,' she snatched the tomahawk from her wampum-belt and laid the white man prostrate with the earth, and taking the chain of beads from his hand she fled to the mountains.

(Concluded in our next.)

For the Rural Repository.

A GLANCE AT THE SUBURBS.

It was a cold morning and ere the door of my antiquated dwelling closed, I buttoned to the throat my snug box-coat, and adjusted the ample bandana, which, folded twice around my upturned collar, terminated in a double knot, the two *extreme points* of the same, fluttering pennon-like in the keen breeze, just beginning to sigh from the North-East. An ivory headed cane, grasped firmly in my gloved hand, and I sallied forth to enjoy the animation of exercise at an early hour. The bracing wind invigorated my frame, and I stepped more alertly than usual under its exhilarating influence. Passing through the suburbs of our city, and contrasting the tottering and cheerless hovels which surrounded my path with the more splendid edifices in whose rear they were erected, my mind was easily led to consider a project which for some few days past had agitated the female portion of this community. 'A Fair for the benefit of the Poor.' How superior, how vastly more rational is the enjoyment of contributing to the aid of suffering humanity, than the momentary phrenzy of the midnight dance, or the transient excitement of fashionable dissipation. If the cup of feeling contains one drop of unadulterated sweetness, it is the dew which Heaven-born Benevolence distils. If the waters of human existence ever send up pleasant streams, it is when the angel agitates the Pool of Pity, and the lame, the leprous and the blind partake its healing and purifying influence. Such was the tenor of my reflections, when a shrill scream recalled me from temporary and unwonted abstraction. I paused. The cry was repeated. It issued from a tenement where Poverty had written his presence in intelligible characters. Through a tottering chimney, or rather a pile of illy assorted and indiscriminately heaped brick, the principal part of which had lost all similitude to *long squares*, beside being deficient in other properties, a slight shade of smoke was evaporating. The rafters from the ridge to the plate of the house were, in many places, divested of all shelter, and snow served for the shingles which repeated attacks of wind had displaced. Window glasses there were none, but within the apertures, coarse pieces of blanket had been drawn and attached to the sashes, which, though somewhat fractured, the ice collected about them, rendered firm. The door yielded readily to the pressure of my hand.

Soon as the sudden reverse from light to the murkiness of the room into which I now pushed, allowed me to cast around an inquiring glance. I beheld extended on a miserable pallet in one

corner of the apartment, a child, apparently in the last stage of disease. A cup, containing some medicine, was heaped with an incongruous collection of household furniture upon a deal table that stood near the bed. A woman sat by the illy provided couch, and as her countenance, deeply graven with sorrow and swelled to an unnatural extent, and her hand, clasping the tiny fingers of the sick babe, met my view, I knew her to be the destitute mother in this group of woe. The cause that brought me to the interior of the wretched hovel next riveted my gaze. At the feet of its parent, with one hand convulsively grasping the hem of her tattered garment and the other supporting the prostrate position to which debility had reduced it, was another child crying in tones of thrilling agony for 'Bread,' and 'Mamma, give Jimmy one crust, do.'

'My poor boy, mamma, has no bread. I gave you the last piece yesterday.'

'Oh, I shall starve, can't you get me some?'

'I would, my dear, but your little sister is dying, and how can I leave her?'

'Is poor sis dying,' said the boy, seeming to lose the sense of his own misery in pity for the companion of his childhood, and climbing by his mother's knee to turn a haggard and bewildered look upon her, 'Is poor sis dying? oh, dear,' and he burst forth in an agony of weeping, which, even now, echoes in my hearing. It was interrupted by a voice from another part of the room, which drunkenness had rendered hoarse and brutal.

'Stop the child's d—d squalling.'

I turned and beheld the figure of a man, stretched upon a heap of straw, stirring with his shaking hand, a few shavings which formed the only fuel to the fire, now fast settling into black and humid embers. He perceived me. 'What's your business?'

'I apprehended from the cries of your boy, as I passed the house, there was need of assistance. You appear to be in distress,' remarked I, addressing myself to the female, 'can I do ought to relieve you?'

'We are in distress,' responded she, with feeling emphasis, 'but, alas! with some of us, relief may come too late.' I approached the bed and gazed one moment upon its occupant. The features of the sufferer were emaciated to skeleton thinness and white as the snow that covered the dwelling. An eye, uncommonly bright, wandered inquiringly over my countenance, the only perceptible evidence of life in the form that, passive as a personification of patience, was buried under heaps of coats, gowns and clothing of every description. A fixed smile was chiselled out upon the slightly parted lips. It appeared strangely amid the prevailing sadness, as the notes of birds in the desolation of winter, or the play of sunshine on the melting iceberg. I had witnessed the death of children, their frames twisted into every contortion of agony, though surrounded by unavailing comforts. Here

death had no medical alleviation. And yet, poor babe! there was no groan, not even a movement which indicated pain. 'The eye alone turned with a mild, timid gaze, as though the spirit feared from each new object that met her view, a new accession of misery, and longed to plume its pinions for a departing light. The stubbornness of pride forsook me, and tears, free and bitter, coursed in rapid succession down my cheek. But mere pity helps no one. He who feels must act if he would benefit the unfortunate. Speedily therefore I procured assistance, and after a few hours left the abode of penury.

The child of affluence in sickness, excites public attention. Its every groan is wafted to the ear. Its death is proclaimed by public prints and its funeral followed by a large concourse. But the offspring of indigence rouses not observation. It pines away unregarded. Its bones are hastily thrown into the grave, and who condoles with the parent, that destitute of wealth and luxury and the ordinary comforts of life, had rested her heart's warmest affections, with nought to dissipate them on the endearing object, now torn ruthlessly from a mother's affectionate love? Whosympathizes with misfortune, when Death spares the 'exceeding many flocks and herds' of pampered aristocracy and takes 'the poor man's lamb,' who 'had nothing save one little lamb, which he had nourished up, that did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom?'

The evening of the 7th inst. found me at 'The Fair,' and never before was my purse so willingly discharged. And yet, with all the gaiety of the scene, the loud language of joy and merriment which echoed through the spacious and brilliantly illuminated saloons, the crowd which carried me as on a current, the splendid array which the wand of taste and beauty had touched into existence, my mind pictured the dilapidated tenement of poverty, and almost felt the bright, restless eye of that dying child whose spirit had now gone home to its Maker. Fervently I beseeched the 'God of Love' to render successful the cause of mercy, and reward the benevolent, as he has said 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.'

NO FICTION.

For the Rural Repository.

MISCELLANEOUS NO. 6

Written underneath a picture of a pair of turtle-doves (or two young pigeons) amid a wreath of roses and myrtles.

'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it,

A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.

SHAKESPEARE.

Philosophers have speculated on the tender passion and Poets have tuned their harps to sing its witchery, but the theme is not yet exhausted; I too must speak of that individual and soul-absorbing sympathy, which manifests itself, as Irving says, 'in the beam of the eye,

the tone of the voice, and the thousand tender-nesses which emanate from every word, and look, and action.' Doves cooing and billing together—their wings fluttering, as indices of the wild but pleasing tumult within—are the real personification of this tender and enthusiastic passion! and roses, in full bloom and in the tender bud, are emblematical of beauty fully matured, and beauty just expanding into loveliness! and myrtles too, in the unwritten language of Flora, are significant of love positive, or love which has already passed the period of its maiden bashfulness, and is living on in all its first intensity. Poets, with all their invocations to the muses, and all the inspiration drawn from twilight reveries, have not succeeded in accurately defining love. They have called it a knitting together of young hearts and a commingling of kindred drops, but these definitions are manifestly defective, for often does freak-loving Cupid tie, with Hymen's silken thread, the gravity of old age to the mercurial temperament of youth. Without searching the poet's vocabulary for a suitable definition and fit phraseology, I shall venture to call love, the very poetry of existence—

'An oasis

In the desert waste of memory.'

Who would not have this wave of tumultuous passion—rolled upon his heart, were it only to be watched over by winged Cupids, who are as ethereal as were Milton's angels, when they struck their golden harps to the loftiest notes of minstrelsy? Who would not 'bend to the magic of beauty,' as expressed in eyes full of witchery—in dimpled cheeks, tinged with the delicate rosy hue of the sunset cloud—in the expanded brow which flashes with intelligence—in finely chiselled lips which breathe the fragrance of the 'sweet South'—in an angelic and exquisitely moulded form which bears upon it the stamp of perfectness? The Poet (but, as Theseus says in 'Midsummer-night's Dream,'

'The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact,')

has pronounced a woe on him whom twilight finds

'Enamoured deep with beauty's witchery.'

But who would not wittingly plunge into the wierd caldron of love—who would not live in its enchanted circle—who would not feast upon its 'airy nothings'? Who would not be scathed by its lightning flash, were it only for the joyousness which is felt in midday reveries, twilight musings and morning dreams—for the flood of poetic inspiration, which it pours upon the then deeply sensitive heart from hill and vale and flood, and which finds vent in sonnets to silver-robed Cynthia and the gorgeous blazing of stars?

Romantic fools now a days talk of the romance of love, as though Hymen's silken web could not be well-woven, except in some fair Rosa-

mand's bower, or some romantic wood, where the very breezes whisper of love, as they sweep amid the lofty branches and over the wild flowers. They wander forth with their Dulcineas del Toboso,

'When the sweet winds do gently kiss the trees,
And they do make no noise,'

and talk mournfully of the tragic issue of Thisbe's love, and picture out Dido as she stood

'With a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.'

With such, love is nothing, unless highly seasoned with romance. Such think it almost sacrilegious to call love an every-day matter, fit for the rough-and-tumble of the world; and are as chary of it, as was Hudibras of his wit, for

'He was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out;
And, therefore, bore it not about,
Except on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.'

The hero of Spenser's Fairy Queen encountered danger heaped upon danger, like Ossa upon Pelion—crossed many a turbulent stream, where the evil genii held their terror-inspiring dominion—threaded forests full of all that is wont to unhinge the courage—fought men and beasts horribly terrific, and all this for the mere glance of fair lady's eye—for the exalted privilege of bowing himself down at the shrine of her beauty and dallying softly with her lily hand. But the days of Chivalry and Romance, when the soul was strung to 'noble deeds and daring high,' have passed away; and upon them is inscribed the melancholy inscription, they were but they are not. The smile of fair ladye no longer causes the amorous knight

'To rush on death, and struggle with despair,'

nor does her frown make him doff his casque, unlace his armour, and swear eternal hatred to the sex. Men in this old age of the world—this age of rail-roads and steam-engines—have become rational, and entirely discarded the sentimentality which formerly attached to love. Matrimony now, like every other co-partnership, has its foundation in utility. The ladies may be startled at this assertion, and cry pshaw! because it clashes with the romance of their nature—they may curl their pretty lips in contempt, and call me bachelor, incorrigible, and other odious names, but,

'Tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true. HARROW.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO BUSY BODIES.

The following remarks of that excellent scholar and pious divine, Bishop Taylor, should be indelibly impressed on the memory. Once recorded there, it would produce a more permanent effect on society than reiterated homilies on scandal.

'Every man hath in his own life sins enough, in his own mind troubles enough, in his own fortunes evils enough, and in the performing of offices, failings more than enough to entertain his own inquiry—so that curiosity after the affairs of others cannot be without envy and an evil mind.—What is it to me if my neighbor's grandfather were a Syrian, or his grandfather is illegitimate, or that another is indebted five thousand pounds, or whether his wife be expensive? But, commonly, curious persons, or (as the Apostle's phrase is) busy bodies, are not very solicitous and inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well governed family, or after the virtues of an excellent person, but if there be any thing for which men keep locks and bars, things that blush to see the light, and are either shameful in manners or private in nature—these things are their care and their business.'

AN UGLY CUSTOMER.

A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighbourhood for his immense strength and skill in all athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people, who, led by curiosity, came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D. a great pugilist amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure, at a little distance from his house, when the Noble Lord arrived. His Lordship tied his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer—'Friend, I have heard talk a great deal of you, and I have come a long way to see which of us two is the best wrestler.' The Scotchman, without answering, seized the Noble Lord by the middle of his body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working again. When his Lordship had got up, 'Well,' said the farmer, 'have you any thing more to say to me?' 'No,' replied his Lordship, 'but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse.'

RESPECT FOR AGE.

A Russian Princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French Marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss Doctor of the last century, Michael Scuppach; when the Marquis began to pass his jokes upon the long white beard of one of the Doctor's neighbors who was present, and offered to bet twelve louis'd'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the dirty old fellow. The Princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate, and deposited twelve louis'd'ors and sent it to the Marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the peasant saying; 'Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country,' and, embracing, gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, saying 'take this as a remembrance of me, and and as a sign that the Russian girls, think it their duty to honor old age.'

Note translated from the German.—Eliza, a young Parisian, resolutely discarded a gentleman, to whom she was to have been married the next day, because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a reproof, he replied, 'that a man of the world would not be so old fashioned as to regard God and religion.' Eliza immediately started, but soon recovering herself said 'From this moment, when I discover that you do not respect religion, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honor God, can never love his wife constantly and sincerely.'

A young quaker from the country went to London a few years ago; and being struck with the gaudy fashion of the times, commenced beau.—Among other articles of dress, he ordered a blue satin waistcoat, trimmed with silver, and in this returned to his father, who, after staring at him, said, 'How didst thou get this trumpery waistcoat, for the vain adornment of thy outward man?'—'I created it,' said the son. 'Created it!' echoed the father. 'Yea,' replied young Aminadab, 'for I said, let it be made, and it was made.'

Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain master. The patient turning a little pale, said, 'Lord Sir, I hope there is no danger?'—

'Indeed there is,' answered the surgeon, 'for if the fellow does not run like a race-horse, the wound will be healed before he returns.'

A Scotch peasant having, with a view of bettering his condition, come into England, hired himself to a farmer, where, however, his fare did not turn out so good as he wished. A great part of it consisted of butter and cheese, the latter so meagre that he was glad to spread the butter on it. His mistress seeing this, asked him why he was so extravagant as to eat butter over cheese, 'Ah!' replied Sawney, 'De'll ha' those that parted them say I.'

A certain vicar, of a facetious turn, walking one evening, meets his curate highly elevated with the juice of the grape. Oh! oh! Mr. Twangum, says the vicar, from whence came you?—Why, I don't know, doctor, says he: I have been spinning it out with my neighbour Freeport. Ay, quoth the doctor, and now I perceive after your spinning it out, you are finishing the work by reeling it home.

A certain girl, the other day expressed some little regret for the quantity of crockery broken by his wife. 'Why, my dear,' she replied, 'does not the most lucrative part of your business arise from breaking.'

Of two brothers, one served the king, the other worked hard for his food. The former

saying to the latter, 'Why do you not serve the king, and get rid of your toil?' was answered, 'Why do you not toil, and get rid of your slavery?'

Short Dialogue much to the point.—A. Pray will you be so good as to take my great coat to town in your carriage?—B. With pleasure: but how will you get it again?—A. Oh, very easily; I shall remain in it.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 25, 1832.

The Cholera.—A Medical and Topographical History of this dreadful disease, with the means of prevention and mode of treatment, translated from the French of Scentettin, by A. Sydney Doan, A. M. M. D. is shortly expected from the press of Carter & Hendee, Boston.

The Polish Chief; an Historical Romance.—This work is now in the New-York press and will soon be published. It was commenced while the Poles were struggling for freedom, and gives a history of the two Polish chiefs, Pulaski and Kosciuszko, who assisted in our revolutionary conflict. With these, the author has mingled faithful delineations of many of the heroes and great men of our own country, who were contemporary with them—altogether, it is presumed it will be both a pleasing and instructive work.

Eugene Aram.—This anxiously expected novel is just published by the Messrs. Harpers, New-York, and is said to be superior to any of Mr. Bulwer's previous productions.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,
Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the English

Volume, ending February 22d
B. Raymond, Ct. \$1; J. J. Friscoe, Bern, N. Y. \$1; H. Wescott, Alexandria, N. Y. \$2; B. E. Hart, Turin, N. Y. \$1; O. Lindsey, Calborne, U. C. \$2; G. Van Vliet, Pleasant Plains, N. Y. \$1; F. A. Elton, Williamsport, Ms. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Cheap Marrying and Unmarrying.—By a new law of Tennessee, the fee for marrying a couple is reduced to 50 cents. This is dog cheap: A bill was before the legislature of the same state, to enable females to get unmarried without costs. This is accommodating.

Recipe for a Cough.—Take of liquorice, antimonial wine, and paragrue, each one ounce—dissolve the liquorice in a pint of warm water and boil it down half, when cold add the wine and paragrue—take one table spoonful three or four times a day. If a patient has pain in the bones, relief will be found by taking a pint bowl of white balsam tea on going to bed. The above is offered during the present influenza, by one who has tried it himself, and known it to be used by numbers with signal success.—J. Y. Ada.

Shoemaking by Machinery.—It is not generally known, but we understand it to be an absolute fact, that shoes are manufactured in Deptford, England, by Machinery: and that the government refused to permit its being further used on account of its throwing the great body of persons belonging to that business out of employment. This makes forty kinds of business in which machinery has been introduced.—England finds it necessary to check machinery.

Fearful Fact!—According to the last census, there are 335,192 more males between the ages of 25 and 30, than there are females between 15 and 20. Young bachelors therefore cannot be too active in supplying themselves with helpmates.

It is stated that twenty thousand persons are indispensed in the city of Boston, being one third of the population. The amount of duties accrued at the New-York Custom House during the year 1831 was upwards of Twenty Millions of Dollars.

Cost of the Polish Campaign.—It results, from official data, that the losses of the Russian army, either on the field of battle, or in lazarettos and hospitals, have amounted to 180,000 men. In this enumeration, the capture of Warsaw alone appears to have cost 30,640 lives!—Athenaeum.

MARRIED.

In Hillsdale, on Thursday the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, Mr. Rufus Race, of Mass. to Miss Sally Ann, daughter of Mr. Thomas Bartie, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city on the 11th inst. Miss Sarah Whiting, aged about 33. At Athens, on the 14th inst. after a short and painful illness, Henry Oscar, son of Silvester Nichols, aged 14 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BROKEN TROTH.

They say my heart is gay and light,
And I am free from care;
And every thought is sunny bright,
A smile for all I wear.
But did they know the latent grief,
That preys within its call;
They could not think, its folds beneath,
This heart was beating well.
For they would see a sickly form
Sit pensive in the shade;
Like rainbow of its splendour shorn,
Its loveliness would fade.
But though the fire is quenched for him,
The sun-light of the eye!
And rainbow's folded up its wing,
The spirit ne'er shall die;
For on this brow is scorn enthroned,
Which this false one will know;
For though the bird may fly with wound,
The arrow too will go.
And he may spread his platan powers,
From mem'ry strive to flee;
He'll ne'er forget love's hallowed hours—
The plighted troth to me.
When by the silver arch above
And pleiades glitt'ring train,
He fondly whispered, 'angels' love
Like ours will never wane.'
And he'll remember how the star
We loved, was twinkling bright;
And as we gazed a cloud from far
Obscured its brilliant light.
And how the moon seemed turning pale,
An ominous sight to me;
And startled was the nightingale,
And fled its wonted tree.
Ah yes, upon thy dying bed.
These visions o'er thee'll steal,
And fill thy naked soul with dread—
Then, slighted love thou'lt feel!
They'll give a pang to that veiled hour,
A shudd'ring darksome gloom;
And clust'ring fiends will hover o'er
Thy passage to the tomb.

ADA.

For the Rural Repository.

PATRICK TO ANGELINE—A FAREWELL.

Now anguish fills my aching heart
And painful thoughts arise,
As o'er the checkered past I cast.
My oft delighted eyes.
'Twill soon be o'er, the visions bright,
That oft have cheered me here,
Faded from my view, and claim from me
The tribute of a tear.
The verdant lawn and sunlit hill,
Will smile as sweetly then,
When I am gone far, far away,
Amid the haunts of men.
The purling rill and rippling brook
Will dance as sweetly o'er

Their pebbled beds and golden sands,
As o'er they did before.

The merry laugh of buoyant youth
When I am long forgot,
Will ring its sound of joyousness
O'er this remembered spot.

The thrilling light of beauty's eye,
May cheer another's soul,
While o'er my name forgetfulness
It's heavy wave may roll.

The rose that sports o'er youth's fair cheek,
Delight another's view,
When I, submissive to dark fate,
Have bid my fond adieu.

The tress that waves in loveliness
Another's wreath may twine,
And cold neglect may wither up
The fading wreath of mine.

The silvery tones that thrilled my ear,
With such enchanting spell
May cause another's heart to heave,
Another's bosom swell.

Adieu fair maid, the pleasant tie,
That binds me here must sever,
The pleasant charm is broken now,
But shall it be forever?

Forth to the world I take my way,
But yet with deep regret,
And oft shall mem'ry travel back,
O'er scenes it can't forget.

Thy beauty and young loveliness,
Will round my vision play,
And light a smile of gladness,
To cheer my lonely way.

Tho' other beauties gem the sky,
I'll turn from them afar,
And worship at that shrine of shrines,
The beauteous western star.

Fair maid the dream of bliss is o'er,
The pleasant task is through,
And nought remains but that lone word,
Adieu, adieu, adieu! —

OSMAR.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because he makes light of the trials of Grease.

PUZZLE II.—(Self-fish) selfish motive.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is the season that favors the reign
Of fairy and wizzard and sprite,
All the fancy-bred phantoms that dance through the brain,
In its solemn dominion delight.

For my next, take a female, who ne'er learned to dance,
And (wonderful) ne'er used a glass,
Nor can sing, nor can chatter the language of France,
And whom none ever call'd pretty lass.

Dr. Buchan prescribes, e'er you go to bed,
A dram of good strong Coniac,
If in sleep's silent moments, when the dreams fill your
head,

Of my whole you expect an attack.

II.

Why is a Fiddler like a labouring man?

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. MARCH 10, 1832.

NO. 21.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

MANATONSKI;

Or, *The Indian's Revenge.*

(Concluded.)

After Manatonski had been taken prisoner, he was carried to the council of the nation.

'Here, O mighty Weetumka,' an Indian chief exclaimed, 'here is thy enemy!—the altar is ready and so is the victim. This sacrifice will satisfy the Great Spirit and then our nation shall flourish like the green-bay tree and never die. The name of Weetumka shall strike terror into the breast of his enemy and it shall rouse the young saplings to snatch the long bow and grasp the keen-edged tomahawk.'

The subtle speech of the Indian was not heard by Weetumka. He viewed Young Eagle with a scrutinizing eye. The remembrance of by-gone days, rushed upon his memory—the living emblem of his murdered wife. The warrior was silent. All were surprised that he, who never delayed a moment to sacrifice an enemy, should now pause, whilst he had in his power the very one who had tomahawked with his own arm a hundred of the warrior's sons. But feelings of a different nature were working in the breast of Weetumka. He viewed the noble form and god-like mien of Young Eagle with delight. 'Bring in Charipta,' were his first words. The Indians were struck with the greatest wonder; none could understand his actions, or his intentions. His daughter entered—the chief compared them together—he saw in the victim before him, his lost son.

'He shall not die!' at length, the warrior exclaimed—a murmur ran through the crowd—'Murmur not sons of Weetumka,' cried the warrior, in an angry tone, 'he is my blood!'

'Ha?' cried a thousand voices at once.

'Yes, the child of my murdered wife, and he shall live—ah! I murder my own son?'

All was a mystery to Manatonski. The warrior approached him.

'Indian,' he said, 'I am your father—you have fought against me and have been eating with my enemies; but you were young and blind, when taken from me and you did not know that you were fighting against your own father. Come then to my wigwam; your courage is like the tiger's and your eye is fierce as the mountain Eagle's; live then and fight the battles of your father.'

'No,' cried Young Eagle, 'I die before I live in the wigwam of Weetumka! Thou art the enemy of Matipsa and the deceiver of Manatonski—shall the Young Eagle rise up against the Big-chief?—No, Weetumka! when he learned me to bend the stiff bow and to throw the deadly hatchet, he learned me to love him too, and sooner shall my scalp hang in your wigwam, than this arm injure the mighty Matipsa.'

The warrior looked upon his son with increasing delight—'Thou art my very blood,' he said, 'thy father is proud of thee; thou art noble, and an honor to the proud race of Weetumka; come then and live in my wigwam and hunt the red deer on my mountains.'

Manatonski began to reflect—he had heard the Big-chief say, that he was the branch of another tree grafted in his own trunk; and a thought struck him that Weetumka was indeed his father. He looked at the warrior some time. At length he said 'I will go into your wigwam; but hear me, Weetumka, I swear by the Great Spirit and by the proud name of Matipsa, that I will not eat your deer, or sleep among your sons, until thou and the Big-chief bury the tomahawk under the same tree and hunt upon the same mountains; for never shall this arm be raised against him, who learned me to shoot the wild buck and to grapple with the fierce tiger.'

The warrior felt a degree of satisfaction, which none, but a parent could experience. He saw a magnanimity displayed which he knew would honor the race of Weetumka and he would have made any sacrifice rather than part with his son. A council was called and peace was proposed between the two nations.

All were willing, for they knew that the nation of Matipsa had been powerful in war and generous in peace; but they knew not, that the glory of that nation had gone forever, and that the children of the Big-chief had fallen before the pale faces. The white man had been there. His desolating hand had levelled with the ground, the pride of the Indian, and the beauties of savage wildness had withered at his approach. Only one of Matipsa's race remained. Manatonski was permitted to return for the purpose of securing peace and establishing a lasting treaty between the two nations. He commenced his journey, flushed with the hope of reconciling the Big-chief to his father and of clasping the lovely Brenda to his youthful bosom. He figured to himself a thousand delightful creations, which he little thought would never be realized, but would end in the most bitter disappointments. Onward he walked. He drew near the place of his boyhood. Here the sweet reminiscences of by-gone days stole softly over his breast. The lovely Brenda, still pure and virtuous—the veteran warrior and 'the ivy-mantled' wigwam were all sources of pleasure to his thoughts. At length he ascended the mountain that o'er-hung Matipsa's wigwam. Its ruins burst upon his view with a thousand heart-rending emotions. He stood motionless as the marble statue—one solitary tear stole down his cheek.

'Ha! the white man—' These were his first words—'Oh! Matipsa,' he continued, 'hast thy noble spirit fled! and thou too my long lost love?—Yes all have gone and Young Eagle is left alone. The white man's footsteps have been here when Manatonski was afar; but vengeance—yes, Matipsa, I swear by thy great name, by the Mighty Spirit of the west and by my own soul to be thy avenger and when thou shalt be revenged I will follow.' He approached the heap of ashes and taking some in his hand sprinkled them toward the west and swore to be the avenger of Matipsa and his daughter.

'Now Manatonski prepare for thy victim—death! death! the white man's death, shall lull my infuriated soul to sleep.' He walked with solemn step around the pile of ashes, then disappeared in the thick forest.

Nothing now remained to tell of the once mighty tribe of the Big-chief. The war-whoop of the wild savage had echoed for the last time along their mountains—their sun had sunk in endless night and the bright glory of Matipsa had vanished forever. Brenda, was the last of the Big-chief's tribe. After she had fled from the white man, at her father's wigwam, long did she wander in the dark and lonely forest—

'The moss her bed, the cave her humble cell,
Her food the fruits, her drink the crystal well.'

At length she arrived at the farthest hill of her nation; she saw its rugged cliffs hanging in awful grandeur over the deep blue waters of the ocean, and its mighty base washed by

the foaming billows. She climbed its rocky height—

'Here will I look toward the west and then follow thee my murdered father: with one deep plunge, all shall be over, and the last of Matipsa's race shall vanish forever. Then too shall Young Eagle clasp his long lost Brenda to his bosom—there we shall never part.' She stood with arms uplifted, and appeared ready to vanish into air. Her long black hair was waving in the breeze and her sparkling eyes turned toward the azure west—she plunged—'Hold, Brenda, hold!' a voice exclaimed—'twas too late. The fatal leap was taken and Matipsa's race was gone forever.

Manatonski had just reached the bottom of the mountain, when he saw Brenda in the act of springing from the rock. He flew to the water's edge and plunged after her. He rescued her body from a watery grave, but its lovely spirit had fled. He bore it to the shore, and as he viewed the maiden's corpse, he wept, yes, wept! He who had breasted the storm of war and grappled with the deadly savage now stood a monument of woe. The chords of his heart vibrated to the touch of sorrow and his noble spirit sunk within him.

'Oh, Brenda!' he said, 'thou too art gone and now the Young Eagle's wing is clipped, he can no longer soar aloft to meet the coming sun—and these beads—O, yes! they remind me of my Brenda's virtue.' He raised the body in his arms and bore it to the top of the mountain; took his tomahawk and cut out a deep cavity in the rock, then, looking for the last time upon his beloved, he consigned it to its cold and silent tomb. 'Now Manatonski,' he murmured, 'wake and seek revenge!—Yes on this very spot shall my soul drink vengeance.'

He descended from the mountain and moved softly through the forest—he stopped short—'Ha, footsteps'—he placed his ear to the ground—'yes they are the footsteps of the white man—wake vengeance!' He saw a number of white men approaching, and when he was perceived they stopped. One of them advanced toward him—

'Indian,' he said, 'dost thou know where once stood the wigwam of the Big-chief?'

'I do,' answered Young Eagle, in a firm tone.

'Dilst thou know him?'

'I did,' the Indian replied,

'Did you see his wigwam burn?'

'No,' exclaimed Manatonski in a voice of thunder—'but white man, who saw it?'

'I saw it Indian—he was the enemy of the white man and his daughter was the murderer of a white man and we are searching these woods to bring her to justice.'

'Ha, justice! dost thou know what justice is?' cried the savage, 'if so come with me and I will show you where the daughter of the Big-chief is—the white man paused, fearing some treachery in the Indian.

'Lay down your tomahawk and I will follow

Young Eagle took the tomahawk from his belt and laid it upon the ground; after warning his companions, for fear of danger, the white man followed. They arrived at the bottom of the mountain.—‘How far Indian?’

‘The top of the mountain’ was the answer. They ascended and approached the grave of Brenda. Young Eagle looked steadfastly upon the white man—

‘There lies the daughter of the Big-chief and—here stands their avenger!’

The white man started—he called for his companions. The Indian plunged at him and long was the struggle, but it was the grapple of death. They hung in awful suspense over the mighty deep—the rock gave way—they fell and sunk—and Manatoski was revenged.

MARY THE PRUDE.

Mary was a very pretty, a very interesting little girl—but Mary was, nevertheless, a *prude*; and prudish too at an age when the young spirit generally bounds to the siren minstrelsy of pleasure, and expands beneath the radiant sun of unchequered life.—Mary was cold, precise and formal; a pattern and a model of decorum herself, she neither excused, nor would allow of any thing beyond the formal etiquette of society, and boasted frequently of platonic affection and reciprocal esteem. Mary had a younger sister, who, unfortunately had a very different disposition; warm-hearted, generous, affable and kind—but as good-hearted a little creature as ever rambled across a lawn, or plucked wild roses from the hedges, or gathered buttercups in the fields and meadows. These were the characteristics of the girls in childhood; they grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, and when Mary had arrived at the womanly age of twenty-one, and Lucy at the more juvenile period of eighteen, the one was a downright *prude*, the other a merry good-tempered soul, with a lover, a *boudoir*, and a spaniel dog. Mary eschewed these things; the *boudoir* was too careless and toyish, the spaniel was too noisy, and for the lover—Dear me, the poor girl was alarmed at the very mention of the word. Though Madame Rumour did tell a very strange story of Mary Woodbine, having been seen one evening reclining upon the arm of a military gentleman, walking down the hawthorn lane, leading to G—, looking prettier than ever, and so happy! But Madame Rumour tells this very often—and who could ever suspect Mary?

Lucy had a lover, a good, kind, affectionate lover; their passion was mutual. The giddy girl, though she delighted to tease her faithful Edmund, and make him look very foolish, or very wise, as lovers generally do to tantalize, which they often do, (whether to their credit or not I will not say; we must not be the first to blame our sex,) still Lucy loved him, tenderly and truly, and who could have the heart to sever two such faithful ones?

Mary had—I will not say what occasioned her conduct, but it is certain, that her guardian taxed her severely about the rumours respecting the military gentleman in the hawthorn lane, and to shift the burthen off her own shoulders, she placed it upon her pretty sister’s directly, revealing the whole course of love, and all the meetings and disappointments, which were in consequence immediately broken, for Lucy was confined to her boudoir. Mary was again thought a model of propriety; she lectured Lucy upon the indecorum of her attachment, and delivered a sage discourse upon the ridiculous nature of love, and the sublime tendency of platonic affection; she ordered all the pretty books in the house to be locked up in her own apartment, and delivered to her sister, ‘The whole Duty of Man,’ ‘Seneca’s Morals,’ and a few other virtuous books of the same description. Lucy, with a heavy heart, received the books, and threw them down in a pet, after her sister had quitted the boudoir, when, lo and behold, what should peep out from between the leaves of one of the large moral books, but the edge of a little note, nicely folded! Lucy immediately opened the volume in ecstacy, and a neat bath-wave gilt-edged billet revealed itself, which the pretty prisoner had the curiosity to read, for it began with ‘My dearest Mary,’ and finished with ‘thine ever truly and affectionately—Alexander!’ Here was a discovery!—and of Mary too! who ever would have thought it?

The bell was instantly rung, and, at the request of Lucy, Mary shortly entered the boudoir, with a look and aspect of gravity. ‘My dear, dear, sister Mary,’ joyously exclaimed the enraptured romp, as she sprang upon the neck of the *prude*—‘how is Alexander—an—der?’ ‘Alexander!’ rejoined the astonished girl, ‘I do not understand you, Lucy.’

‘Oh no, you have no notion of the tender passion; love is a very ridiculous thing, very ridiculous—and platonic attachment the most divine affection upon the earth; but still we all—now and then—like a little Alexander. Now and then, sister—eh?’ And a merry laugh completed the meaning of the gay girl.

‘Sister Lucy, sister Lucy—’ exclaimed Mary, with a look of austere gravity.

‘Sister Mary, sister Mary,’ rejoined Lucy, imitating the serious tones of the *prude*, ‘what a naughty thing it is for young ladies to allow young gentlemen, and officers too, to write pretty hot-pressed, gilt-edged billets, teeming with vows and protestations, and *esprit de rose*, so very tender, and so sweetly scented—ha! ha! ha! my pretty *prude*, look here!’ and with a laugh she revealed the note.

‘Lucy!’ exclaimed the detected *prude*.

‘Oh Mary, Mary, you lent me good books!—very pretty books indeed for a young lady’s contemplation!—But here’s my hand, sister; effect my release, and make peace between me and my guardian, and I’ll say no more about it.’

'My good kind Lucy, I am ashamed—but I will instantly endeavour to procure your pardon,' and the pretty blushing Mary hastened out of the boudoir, as speedily as possible.

Hour after hour elapsed, and Lucy became impatient for the return of her sister, with the promised pardon, until at length she rung the bell; the servant who attended the summons, replied to Lucy's inquiry, that Mary had not been seen since she quitted the boudoir; that she instantly proceeded from thence into her dressing room, and taking her bonnet and shawl, had left the house the next moment. Lucy became alarmed, and her fears were increased when her guardian, entering the boudoir, inquired whether Lucy could throw any light upon her sister's elopement; but Lucy was relieved from betraying the cause of Mary, by the arrival of one of the servants, who had seen Mary Woodbine, *the prude*, lifted into a travelling chariot that was waiting at the top of the hawthorn lane, by a gentleman in regimentals! This idea was truly alarming; the fugitives were instantly pursued, and people sent in all directions; but Mary Woodbine had been seen by the family for the last time, for, on the ensuing morning, she returned as *Mrs. —*, having become the wife of the gentleman in regimentals, on the day that she completed her twenty-first year, and her fortune became her own.

'I never will believe that there is such a thing as a *real prude* in the world!' exclaimed Lucy, as the happy party assembled at the breakfast table, forgiving and forgiven—'since I have been deceived in my sister, my *own sister Mary!*'

For the Rural Repository.

A SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Did you ever see the Mississippi? What a noble sheet of water is presented to your enraptured gaze, as you stand surveying it from the summit of an o'er-looking mountain! As far as the eye can reach, the silver bosom of this majestic tributary to the great Gulf, is seen, till it dwindles in the distance, from the broad river, to a puny stream; its bright waters sporting and sparkling in the warm sunshine of a cloudless day. Not unfrequently are seen the mighty specimens of the ingenuity of the lamented Fulton, ploughing their way through the element, laden with the costly merchandize of their great commercial emporium. Far in the rear, appears the stately barge, slowly breasting the rapid current, and spreading every thread of canvass to conquer the velocity of the waters. Then is seen, descending the flood, the unwieldy *ark*, not that, which of old, saved the pious Noah and his family; but one of more modern construction. It is seen, slowly dropping down, toward the place of destination, loaded with the produce and live-stock of the back country. About the middle of Sep. 1825, I embarked at Cincinnati, on board an ark, bound for New-Or-

leans, laden with lumber, produce, &c. part of which was owned by myself. It was to be my first voyage down the Mississippi. I had heard, from those who had navigated its waters, accounts concerning the beautiful scenery, both upon the river and its banks; but had never tested it by experience. It was one of the loveliest mornings I ever beheld, when we left the Ohio shores, and proceeded on our voyage. Steam and other boats were plying in every direction. The sound of their machinery came distinctly across the smooth level of the waters to my ears. This, together with the creaking of the rude oars of our vessel, the occasional jeers of the sailors towards those of their companions, less expert in their occupation, and the hum and bustle of the receding town, produced in my mind, a sensation which can never be eradicated. As a long introduction is seldom required, I will, without presuming farther on the patience of my readers, proceed to my narration.

In the evening of the third day, a sudden bend in the river disclosed to view, the most delightful and picturesque scenery, that an unbounded fancy could imagine. In the midst of the moon-lit stream, rose a solitary Island, the banks of which were lined with tall pines. On the right shore of the river, was spread an extensive Praire, with no trees to hinder the boundless prospect except a lone willow, whose pendent boughs, moved by every 'passing breeze,' brushed the clear waters beneath it. But a short distance from this, appeared a large trunk deprived of its branches, which, by the force of some boisterous wind, had been prostrated in such a manner, that a portion of it was extended over the water. Solitude presided over the spot, and every thing wore a peculiar aspect. It struck my fancy precisely, and I remarked it to an experienced boatman, who was working an oar beside me. 'That seldom fails to be the case, with every person who navigates the Mississippi. And their attractions to the spot, would, doubtless, be doubled, if they but knew a circumstance, which happened here, in days of yore,' replied the addressed, who appeared to be a man of sense. My readers may readily suppose, that I requested of my companion, a relation of the affair, who, after adjusting a quid in his mouth, and discoloring the water by a plentiful ejection, began.

'During the old Indian war, a Captain in a regiment of our men, experienced a personal encounter with a noted Indian chief, and killed him. The fall of their favorite chief, aroused the true Indian spirit in the breasts of the savages; and they determined, at some future time, to revenge his death upon the Captain, or his posterity. Upon the close of the war, the officer came and settled somewhere about this region, where he married, and had an only son. In process of time he died, and his son removed to the banks of the

Mississippi, and built a log house near this spot. He was well acquainted with his father's history, and expected, some time, or other, to hear from the descendants of the fallen chief. He, however, lived in peace, till the year 1800, when, one morning, he descried a young Indian lurking about his premises. Suspicion flashed across the mind of the son, that his visit was for no good purpose; and he, accordingly shut himself up, within doors, and forbade any one of his family opening them without his permission. The paternal mandate was obeyed, for a day or two, when one of the small children had the curiosity to take a peep at what was going on, without. Accordingly, the latch was cautiously raised, and the door opened; but no sooner was the urchin's head protruded from the door, than the sharp report of a rifle was heard in the yard; and the ball cleft the left ear of the boy, who, instantly, closed the door, and without revealing the accident which had befallen him, submitted to a sound drubbing from his father. For four days and nights, did the family remain within the walls of the log-house, without once venturing a foot from the threshold; till on the morning of the fifth day, when the father took down his well tried rifle, charged it, and declaring that he would as lief die one way as another, left the house. After narrowly searching his out-houses, he proceeded, without considering whither he went, to this spot. Judge of his surprize, when he saw his persecutor sitting astride the fallen tree, angling. For a temporary rod, he had provided himself with a long willow sprout. The father stopped short, and knelt upon one knee. The young savage was so intent upon his occupation, that he heeded him not; but, at that instant, he drew forth from its haunts, a scaly prize, and tossing his rod to the shore, it stuck fast, in the damp soil. The successful fisherman raised himself upon the log, to walk ashore, when his keen eye caught that of the kneeling marksman. In an instant, the well-directed rifle resounded, and the unerring aim of its owner, sent the bullet directly through the heart of the revengeful savage, who sprang up, in the agony of the moment, and descended a lifeless corpse, into the waters beneath him. 'Thank God,' ejaculated the heroic father, as he observed the purple waves gradually settling over the young Indian; and returned home. The body of this unfortunate adventurer was, afterwards recovered, and a mound, on yonder island, marks his grave. The old man is, since, 'gathered to his fathers,' and his family are scattered abroad, 'as sheep, having no shepherd.' The willow rod, being left to itself, took root in the wet soil, and after growing twenty-five years, has become a tree; and there it stands a mournful remembrancer of him who placed it there. I myself, am the disobedient child, and as a proof of it, you behold this scar, said the narrator, shew-

ing his left ear. 'I believe it,' said I, observing a hole in it considerably larger than a buck-shot, and which, I am confident, was not bored, for the insertion of ear-rings. J. D. C.

For the Rural Repository.

REFLECTIONS.

This world is all chequered with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep,
Each billow, as darkly or brightly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.

MOORE.

Such is the frame of our natures, that joy and sorrow bear alternate rule in our hearts. The dark shades of gloom, and the bright sunlight of pleasure are so happily intermingled, as to produce a placid equilibrium in the tone of our feelings, and thus preserve them in due subordination. The buoyancy of youth is properly checked by a sprinkling of sorrow and disappointment, else, were our lives permitted to flow on in an unruffled stream of pleasure and delight we should soon become unmindful of the important end of our being, and abuse the great source, whence all our enjoyments originate. And were sorrow and gloom to hang around us their murky clouds with no enlivening ray to cheer the dark hour of despondency, looking through the cold eye of misanthropy, we should curse the world and its inmates, and blaspheme the very author of our existence. How wise, how happy then is that arrangement of Divine Providence, which preserves us from the two extremes, and guides us evenly and smoothly between them.

Youth is the dream of life. Then it is, that we riot in a most delectable profusion of blissful anticipations, and revel through all the fanciful mazes of chivalry and romance, raise high hopes, and promise to ourselves in future, the enjoyment of permanent felicity. But at length sober age creeping over us, the day dream is dissolved, the chain is broken, and we awake from the utopian world of fancy and imagination, to the serious realities of life. We then throw off the tissued garb of fanciful tergiversation, and with the cool, dispassionate eye of reason, look abroad and behold the calculating, selfish principles which agitate and influence the world around us. We then learn, that although youth has its follies and its foibles, it is the very carnival of our lives, and if it is devoid of the experience and judgment, it is likewise freed from the deep anxieties, and perplexing cares attendant on maturer age. Its enjoyments are more perfect, because uncontaminated with the desire of worldly honor or preferment; its pleasures are more pure, because the heart is then unsullied by that deep degree of selfishness, which as years increase, gains an undue influence over it, to the expulsion of the more generous and ennobling qualities of the soul. The associations, the endearments and alliances of youth fix a deep and lasting impression and throw a pleasing blandishment around the heart. It often happens in the various changes

and vicissitudes of life, that we are necessitated to leave the home of our birth, to sojourn in a land of strangers. Our feelings must indeed experience a severe ordeal upon bidding adieu to the companions of our juvenile sports and amusements, and upon quitting the scenes of our childhood, endeared to us by the strongest ties of attachment. But when years shall have rolled away, and the parting anguish shall have been allayed, new friends and acquaintances formed and our wonted vivacity restored, then it is that in the silent hour of meditation, a pleasing melancholy seizes the soul, and a tear oft courses down the cheek, as our thoughts revert to days gone by, and to scenes of amusement long since departed, and which now exist only in retrospection. Whatever may be our situation in after life, to whatever honors or emoluments we may be exalted, the mind will often turn aside from its wonted engagements, and with a delighted satisfaction travel back through the postern of departed days, to review the innocent freaks of our youth, to recount the many scenes of jollity and mirth, and to dwell upon the names of those who enjoyed them with us, many of whom, ere this, may have quitted the region of human suffering. Such is the passing and shifting nature of terrene affairs, that all things which are now gay or splendid will soon be as a tale that is told, will soon be as if they had not been, for, like alluvial, all things are perpetually changing form, place and character, and what was yesterday in vogue, courted and desired by all, is to-day neglected and forgotten, and old things are continually vanishing away and giving place to new,

* That the mind

Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty may be indulged.

Sprightly, sparkling youth—busy, bustling manhood—and feeble, trembling age, breathe out quickly their brief sojournment upon earth, and lie down in the common receptacle of man. The empty pageantry of worldly honors becomes negative—the pomp and splendour of wealth becomes as dress—glory and fame, and the flattering adulations of the crowd, fall away into oblivion, or exist but in faint remembrance, when our bodies are mouldering in their graves. Let youth then not be deceived by vain and futile imaginings. Let not the siren song of romantic fancy delude us by vain hopes and by the expectation of pleasures and enjoyments which can never be realized; but let us prepare to buffet misfortune, and to endure the cold hand of sorrow and disappointment, for here in the midst of society, balks and crosses must come.

By not expecting too much happiness, when pleasures do come they will come with a heightened zest, and with an enjoyment that will be sure to please and relish well—and by expecting and preparing for misfortunes, when they come their poignancy will be materially blunted, and instead of melancholy, will pro-

duce a pensive cheerfulness. Then will our lives glide smoothly on, without being ruffled by the turbulence of passion, without being embittered by every petty trifle that goes counter to our wishes, without being filled with repinings and maledictions, and in the hour of pleasure without plunging into excess, and in the hour of gloom without sinking into despondency and despair. It should therefore be our first, our greatest and most essential care, to secure to ourselves by reason and philosophy such a frame of mind as to enjoy pleasure with moderation, and to endure misfortunes, sorrows and disappointments with cheerfulness and resignation. OSMAH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SADNESS.

There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude.—Its power is alike supreme over the weak and the iron hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, altho' causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

A gentleman sent for his tailor, who was an Irishman, and ordered him to let out the last suit of clothes he brought home, as they were too little for him. Some time afterwards, the gentleman wondering that the tailor kept them so long, sent for him, and being asked about the clothes, said, that he had punctually obeyed the gentleman's commands, and had made a very good bargain, for he had let them out to a countryman of his own, at a whole thirteen a week, and he had engaged to wear them at that price for six months certain, whether he lived or died.

CONTRADICTIONS OF PROVERBS.

'The more the merrier.' Not so; one hand is enough in a purse. 'He that runs fastest gets most ground.' Not so; for then footmen would get more than their masters. 'He runs far who never turns.' Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.—'No man can call again yesterday.' Yes; he may call till his heart ache, though it never come. 'He that goes softly goes safely.' Not among thieves. 'Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.' Yes; lack of meat. 'Nothing is hard to a willing mind.' Yes; to get money.—'None so blind as they that will not see.' Yes; they that cannot see.—'Nothing

but what is good for something.' Not so; nothing is not good for any thing. 'Every thing hath an end.' Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round. 'Money is a great comfort.' Not when it brings a thief to the gallows. 'The world is a long journey.' Not so; the sun travels over it every day. 'It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.' Not so; it is but a stone's cast. 'A friend is best found in adversity.' Not so; for then there's none to be found. 'The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor.' Not so; the labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

NEGRO WIT.

• How much ya charge, Massa Magistrate, to marry me and Miss Dinah.'

• Why, Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars.'

• Two dollars—what you charge to marry white fokes, massa.'

• We generally charge them five dollars, Clem.'

• Well, ya marry us like white fokes, and I give ya five dollars, too.'

• Why, Clem, that's a curious notion, but as you desire it, I'll marry you like white folks, for five dollars.'

The ceremony being over, and Clem and Dinah made one; the Magistrate asked for his fee.

• Oh no, massa, ya no come up to de agreement—*ya no kiss da bride!*

• Get out of my office you black rascal.'

And so Clem got married for nothing.

Original Anecdote.—During the present week, a farmer from the country called at an apothecary's shop in this village, to obtain a favorite medicine for a chronic disease with which he was afflicted; and while the dealer was putting it up, inquired very particularly with regard to the spasmodic cholera which is now causing the whole world to tremble. 'The cholera is raging in England, without doubt,' replied the drug-dealer, 'In England, is it?' said Jonathan—'I guess I sha'n't want none of your stuff then, so you may put it back—I can jam through this here winter without no medicine, and that are Morbus complaint will stand a purty considerable good chance to kill us all afore another winter—I reckon I sha'n't take none to waste—good morning, sir,' and away he went 'without no medicine,' sure enough.—*Pawtucket Chronicle.*

Mr. Blizard the surgeon being ill of a fever, several of his profession made interest with the governors of the London Hospital to succeed him. Blizard recovering, and meeting with one of these surgeons at a coffee house, the latter began to apologize for his having solicited, urging that it was no more than is customary, where an hospital physician or surgeon was supposed to be in danger. Sir, said Blizard, if you will forgive me living, I will forgive you soliciting.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1832.

The Mansfield.—This fortunate ship has again returned with a full cargo. She arrived in New-York on the 26th ult. having performed the voyage and obtained 2,200 barrels of Oil and 19,000 lbs. of Whalebone in the short period of eight months.

News from Sea.—Letters, dated the 11th of August, have been received from the ship America, in the Pacific Ocean, at which time she had 1,200 barrels of Sperm Oil on board, having been absent from this city twelve months.

The ship Ceres, which arrived at New-Bedford on the 27th ult. from the South Atlantic Ocean, spoke, on the 13th December last, the ship Meteor of Hudson, with 1,200 barrels of Oil.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If Subscriber's associates are like himself, we shall always welcome their contributions to our columns. The article received shall be published in our next number.

We are sorry to say, that though the story of the 'Spy' is well enough, the style is bad and needs many corrections; we must therefore decline publishing it.

If our friend B. C. P. will examine the 23d No. of the 7th Vol. of the Repository, he will there find a story by J. G. Whittier, the latter part of which, is very similar to the one he sent us for publication. The language it is true is somewhat different, but the incidents related are in substance the same. The time—the stillness of the moon-lit scene—the voyage in the boat—the place of landing—the encounter with the officers—the death of the hero of the tale, fainting of the lady, and above all, the closing scene, would, whether justly or not, subject the author to the imputation of plagiarism, were we to publish his story.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending March 6th.

J. H. Lewis, Horseheads, N. Y. \$1; M. E. Martin, P. M. Barrytown, N. Y. \$1; W. Malar, Waterville, N. Y. \$1; A. Brown, Honesdale, Penn. \$1; M. T. Livingston, Clermont, N. Y. \$1; C. T. Evans, Alden, N. Y. \$1; I. Hill, P. M. Vineyard, Vt. \$5; W. H. White, Meriden, Ct. \$1.

SUMMARY.

An old Lady who complained of being taken in by a Yankee Pedlar in wooden nutmegs, said some, which were made of sassafras wood, or a *pitch pine knot*, were almost equal to the real India, but the oak and hickory were good for nothing.

The amount of money received for sales of public lands in Michigan this year, is \$320,000.

By a table published in the *Quebec Gazette*, it appears that the population of Lower Canada is 500,000.

Longevity.—A man named Butler, the sole survivor of Braddock's army, is now in Philadelphia, and aged about one hundred years. He may be seen in the streets every day, taking wholesome exercise. There is also in that city a female aged one hundred and seven years.

Mr. A. W. Flint has been appointed post-master at Cherry Valley, in the room of Mr. Ekanah Brush, removed.

Vermont has from eight hundred thousand to a million sheep. The value of raw wool exported from that state, is stated by H. Niles to have been, of the last crop, one hundred thousand dollars.

The weekly New-York Courier, commenced on the fifteenth of last month, is the largest weekly newspaper issued in this country. It contains a great variety of foreign and domestic intelligence, and is issued at three dollars per annum.

Talcum powdered with vinegar applied to the wound inflicted by the sting of a bee, produces almost instantaneous relief from pain.

The Governor of New-York has pardoned out of the state prison during the past year, seventy-three convicts.

MARRIED.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Joseph D. Monell, Esq. Clerk of this County, to Miss Margaret Van Valkenburgh, both of this city.

In Kinderhook, on the 3d ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Conrad Simmons, to Miss Martha Ann Jones, both of that place.

DIED.

At Centerville, on the 15th ult. Peter Lyxander, only son of Mr. Jeremiah Groat, in the 21st year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

DEATH OF ABSALOM.

'Thou sawest him, and yet smote him not?' so spoke
The son of Zeruiah, as he thrust
The horror-stricken Benjamin aside;
His dark eye gleaming and his bearded lip
Curling in scorn.

Joab had paused awhile
In the thick forest shade of Ephraim's wood,
Leaning upon his sword his giant arm
Weary with slaughter, and his harness, hacked
In frequent battles with th' uncircumcised,
Was spotted thick with blood. Down his broad breast
His beard hung grim and shaggy, and the locks
That strayed beneath his helm were grizzled o'er
With years of toil.—What recked that man of blood
That the anointed of the Lord had given
His mandate to the captains of the host
To spare his rebel son! What though himself
The widow of Tekoah erst suborned
With cunning parables and well wrought speech
To win the aged monarch to restore
The guilty and self-banished.—Tauntingly
He spoke, 'I may not tarry thus with thee.'

Wo for the wretched Absalom! The hough
Bends with its princely burden, and he hangs,
The goodliest of Jesse's lineage,
A target for the archers. Was there none
Of Israel's recreant thousands, none of all
The host of horsemen or the charioteers,
The spears of Dan or bows of Naphtali
To rally for the rescue? Not one hand
All hurriedly to rend the silken tie,
Those long fair locks, which erst Judea's maids
Were wout to braid, in dalliance, with their own,
Chaining the willing captive?—Hark, he shouts,
And struggles madly like the forest king
Snared in the hunter's toils;—again—'tis drowned
Amid the clatter of retreating hoofs
And brattling of the trumpet. On they rush,
That throng of fugitives, wearied and faint,
And the wide spreading wood devoured them there.

Wo now for Absalom! That hand is raised,
Which shed the blood of Judah's mightiest,
But not in battle: that assassin hand,
Which, while Iscariot-like he proudly grasped
His unsuspecting brother by the beard,
Gave him his death thrust. Can he stay his wrath?
He, though a king's son, who in wanton mood
First fired the warrior's harvests, and awoke
His never dying hatred, can be now
Girded with Parricidal arms escape
His sure though tardy vengeance?—Speeds the shaft,
Another and another, and the loved
And cherished daughter of a royal line,
Of Geshur's king, old Talmal, is bereft,
The sun of Absalom has set in blood.

Z.

For the Rural Repository.

THERE IS A BETTER LAND.

'Tis not for earth to drink our joys,
To check the spirit's flight,
To bind us here in wretchedness
In darkness and in night.
When sorrows coil around the heart,
And groans of anguish rise,
'Tis not for earth with all its pomp,
To fix our longing eyes.

Far, where the deep ethereal blue,
Hangs out its bright array,
We spy the ready harbinger—
Hope points to perfect day—
Tho' darkness spreads its pall around,
And grief with heavy hand,
May press the soul with anguish now,
There is a better land.

Tho' the dull pleasures of the earth,
Our thoughts may now demand,
There is a voice that speaks within,
There is a better land.

Then let the steadfast eye of faith,
Our willing souls command,
And we may taste of endless bliss,
And share that better land.

OSMAR.

From the Juvenile Forget Me Not.

EVENING PRAYER—A GIRL PRAYING.

Alone, alone!—no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line;
And yet they say my mother's eyes—
They say my father's brow is mine:
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face;
But now it is a stranger's eye
That finds some long forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,
His home and tomb alike the wave;
And I was early taught to weep
Beside my youthful mother's grave.
I wish I could recall one look—
But only one familiar tone;
If I had aught of memory,
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,
In search of love I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whispered by the evening wind.
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look on me
With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye
Look from those distant stars on me?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee?
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine
Again a parent's love to share?
I often kneel beside thy grave,
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell—'tis eventide;
I will not weep, but I will pray—
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay!
Earth's meanest flower, Heaven's mightiest star
Are equal in their Maker's love,
And I can say, Thy will be done,
With eyes that fix their hopes above.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Night-Mare.

PUZZLE II.—Because he earns his living by the bow.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Who is the common mistress of us all?

II.

What is the banquet of the mind?

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VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. MARCH 24, 1832.

NO. 22.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

1832.

By Three of us—No. 1.

A SKETCH.

'Farewell, Eugene!' said George Bird to his friend, 'I wish heartily that I might accompany you; but fate has willed it otherwise—so good-bye! and the first time that your steel crosses that of the proud Moslem, think of George Bird, doomed to wear out the best years of his life within the narrow walls of a college cell, poring over the leaves of Homer and Euclid, instead of wielding the sabre in glorious strife—sdeath! I am maddened at the thought!'

'Don't despair, my dear fellow—

Nil mortalibus arduum est—

as Horace hath it—you will do well enough—only try,' exclaimed Bird's friend.

'Only try!' echoed George, 'Eugene Cuthwart, you would not pin down your friend to an inglorious inactivity, all his days!' Why chose you, the profession which you have chosen, if life so spent, is as honourable—as glorious as that employed in a gallant defence and protection of our country's rights!' and the dark eye of that proud boy flashed fire at the bare idea.

Cuthwart wished, as much as possible, to soothe the excited spirits of his high-souled friend; but his bold heart would now brook no restraint, and catching the animation, which gleamed in the eye of his companion, he quickly and fervently replied—'No! by Thunder and Neptune, no, George! let me die sooner on the deck of my gallant bark, than pass along in this world unnoticed and unknown, save in the precincts of my native village, to be forgotten ere the sod has ceased to rattle on my coffin! But,' again assuming a soothing tone; 'why lead such a life?—honour and glory await him who has energy enough to stretch forth his hand and grasp them. Our beloved country needs able men at home—Look you to her internal enemies;

for they are far more to be dreaded, than any foreign power I may have to contend with; and may you earn the civic wreath!—Farewell!—'Farewell,' was scarcely again audible, and they parted—the one to his ship—the other to his college-cell.

Eugene Cuthwart and George Bird were sons of professional gentlemen in the southern section of our country. Living in the same neighbourhood, they were constantly together, and they loved each other with all the fervency of youth. Their sports and actions were perfectly in unison with each other's feelings, and until the present time they had been school-mates and classmates. They were now separated. Mr. Cuthwart, in accordance with the wishes of his son, had obtained for him a birth in the navy. Mr. Bird thought it best to have George, his son, pursue a college course of study. The bold hearts of these young men, fired with what they had read of heroes and conquerors, longed for an opportunity to distinguish themselves—and to snatch wreathes of laurel which, to their vivid imaginations, would never fade. To one, this opportunity was now presented; and that it was not to the other, was to him a source of deep regret.

It would perhaps be interesting to trace the course of these young persons through life; but the limits of this sketch will not permit a detail. Suffice it to say—Eugene Cuthwart soon sailed for the station to which his ship was destined, and by those who took an interest in his welfare, it was ascertained that the young midshipman was promptly and faithfully performing the duties assigned him. By his upright conduct gaining the affections of those under him, and the respect and esteem of his superiors. Such behaviour did not pass unnoticed, and soon as possible, he was promoted to a lieutenantancy, bidding fair to be one of the most efficient officers in the navy.

George Bird, in the meanwhile had entered college. He was distinguished among his class mates, by a quickness of perception, energy of thought and expression, which was remarkable in one of his age. Without covet-

ing the honour of being first in his class, he stood far beyond competition. When he was graduated, he commenced the study of the law, and after a due course of reading, was admitted a member of the bar.

With such a character then, it will hardly be necessary to say, that among his competitors he stood foremost. His splendid talents and acquirements naturally brought him into an extensive practice. His manners, calculated as they were to please all who came within the sphere of their influence, and his address in conducting business soon gained him public confidence, and it was not long before the Hon. George Bird took his seat in Congress.

Many years had passed since the foregoing events took place, when on a cold autumnal day, a vessel was observed in the offing, apparently standing into port. It was not long before she was discovered to be an American man of war; and as she came to anchor, the sloop's cutter was seen leaving her for shore. As the little vessel came along side the dock, an officer in uniform, who evidently was commander of the warlike craft now lying in the harbour, stepped ashore. His erect, noble mien and manly form drew upon him the gaze of the crowd, who had collected to view his vessel, as she lay rolling on the waves some distance from the land; and many were the conjectures concerning him and the object of his visit. Although exposure to the weather, and years passed in scenes of danger, had tended in some degree to alter his appearance; yet was the stranger, as he entered the Hon. Mr. Bird's office, immediately recognised as his old companion, Eugene Cuthwart. We will not draw the curtain and break in upon the few hours of social intercourse, which the friends held together; neither will it be necessary to relate what passed between them, other than that Mr. Bird acknowledged that the time he spent in college was the happiest period of his life—and his present high standing plainly demonstrated, that it had been of practical use to him. Before leaving again for a dangerous station, Capt. Cuthwart had determined to see once more the friend and companion of his youthful days. His duty required that his visit should be brief, and once again he bade his friend—adieu! * * *

Some few months after the above incident happened, an action took place between an American man of war and an Algerine pirate vessel. The star-spangled banner it is true was freely flung to the breeze, proclaiming the American as conqueror—yet dearly did the crew pay for their victory. As the vessels grappled, the American commander at the head of his men shouted—'On my brave fellows!' and he sprang upon the deck of the enemy. His sabre strokes soon made a fearful gap in the opposing rank of ruffians—when, hurried on by the impetuosity of his feelings, he suddenly found himself alone, with a brave

companion in arms, amidst a dark mass of demons who now closed thick and fast around him. Their sabres flashed about him in every direction—A blow from a gigantic ruffian laid low his faithful companion—'Ha! that was a felon stroke!' exclaimed the officer, and the pirate went to settle his last account. But what could the valour of a single arm do against a host? That arm however still wielded the sabre with an untiring vigour—its very flash seemed to carry death to some one of his foes—till

'—listless from his crimson hand

The sword hung—clogged with massacre!'

He fell—Thus died the gallant Cuthwart; died as he had wished to die, sword in hand; died as he had lived, a noble gallant seaman.

I. L. W.

February, 24, 1832.

From the New-York Mirror.

ALICE.

She arrived at the school on a holiday afternoon, towards the close of spring, when all the scholars were out in the neighboring fields except Frank and myself. We were seated under the great elm in the dooryard, engaged in our favorite game, in which each alternately endeavored to surpass the other by reading a greater number of lines in Virgil without breaking the measure, when the carriage drove up and Alice Prior alighted. We spent the remainder of the day in introducing the new-comer to all the objects of interest within and around the seminary; and from that time forth, for two years, we three were inseparable companions whenever school regulations did not preclude our intercourse. It was the happiest period of my life. I loved the gentle orphan as a brother may love a favorite sister; but farther than this, I dared not give way to my feelings, being aware of the previous attachment of the cousins. At length I was recalled to the city to superintend my father's mercantile affairs, as his partner. Frank and I corresponded for many months, until at length becoming more and more engrossed in the business of the busy world, I neglected to answer his letters altogether. In his last he informed me of the death of his parents, that Alice had been adopted by a natural uncle, a Mr. Morton, who was childless, and reported to be among the wealthiest of the metropolis, and that his collegiate course was almost completed. I made inquiries for Alice soon after but not being able to ascertain her place of residence, her remembrance gradually passed from my mind, and I thought no more of the belle for three whole years, till one night I met her at a large party. I knew her at the first glance but the artless school-girl had grown into the accomplished woman. She had just been led to the piano by her adopted father as I recognized her. Scarcely had she struck a dozen notes, before the numerous groups throughout the spacious and thronged

saloon became still, and ere the first stanza was ended, I fancied myself in some vast hall where music and statuary had united their fascination, so motionless were the listeners, so charming the strain. There was more of melody than power in her voice, which, with the touching expression she gave to the sentiment, made its way directly to the heart. She sang a few more popular airs, and then resigned her seat.

'Can this be Alice Prior?' whispered I audibly, as she passed me, arm-in-arm with a gentleman, who was conducting her to a little knot of friends.

'It is even so,' returned a familiar voice, at my elbow.

I looked round and beheld a tall figure leaning against a pilaster just on my right. I recognized the features of Frank Werner. I grasped his hand, and in a moment we were boys again. We retired to a distant corner of the room, and there ran over the prominent events in the history of our lives since we parted at boarding-school. Among other particulars, he acquainted me with an engagement between himself and cousin, previous to her removal to the metropolis; of their subsequent correspondence while he was yet at college; 'which lasted but a few months,' continued he, with emotion, 'before she became remiss in answering my letters, till at length I heard from her no longer. By and by I came to the city to pursue my professional studies; but my feelings had been too deeply wounded by her silence to seek an interview. We met however, occasionally, as the sphere of my acquaintance enlarged, but she had forgotten me, and she was no longer the unsophisticated being for whom we contrived so many gratifications in our school-boy days. Adopted, nay, idolized by a man of large fortune, transplanted into the fascinating scenes of metropolitan gaiety and splendor, and enchanted by all the pleasures which wealth and beauty can summon, she has learned to forget, or to look back with disdain on those simple delights amid which she was nurtured. She has breathed the mania of flattery, till her young heart has been tainted with its poison. She has learned that she is an object of admiration. She has learned that she is heir to a splendid inheritance, and the consciousness of independence is but another name for pride. No expense has been spared to perfect her in the fashionable accomplishments of the day, and these with her elegant person and prospective dowry, have drawn around her a crowd of admirers. I too still observe her, but it is at a distance; I stand aloof and gaze at her as at some glorious and unapproachable being, from the mastery of whose presence it is impossible to break away. We meet comparatively often, for I cannot bring myself to shun the opportunity of seeing her, though she passes me unnoticed, or notices me but with indifference.'

'Assuredly, my friend,' said I, 'there is a

fortune in love, and therefore to repine at awards of the blind goddess is of no avail. the disappointments of affection, as in all others of the heart, stoicism is the true philosophy. Come, come, Frank, away with this boyish melancholy—cheer up, and remember that though this passage in your life be gloomy and desolate, it may be the highway to scenes of light and beauty which await your future progress.'

'It is useless to philosophize,' replied Werner. 'Reason, I own, shows us true beacons by which we might safely direct our course; but, Love sits at the helm of the heart, and—'

'Should be thrown overboard for a blind pilot,' interrupted I, 'whenever he trifles with his trust, amid breakers and quicksands.'

Before he had time to reply, a friend beckoned me to her from a distant part of the room. The lady who had summoned me was one of the gay circle in which Alice was seated, and after a little time I was introduced to the latter. She had not forgotten me; but whenever, in the course of conversation, I reverted to past scenes, she became silent, and even apparently disconcerted. At first I did not notice her embarrassment, so pleasing was it to speak of the associations awakened by her presence; but I soon discovered my error, and remarked to myself that there is no surer way of forfeiting the good graces of those who have risen to consequence from the humble walks of life, than to remind them of their first estate. Pride, like the eagle, looks upward, and finds no gratification in surveying the low perch from which it plumed its wing for eminence.

'Who is that student-looking unknown, whom you left in the corner yonder?' asked one of the group. 'He looks as pale and melancholy as a discarded lover.'

All eyes were directed towards Frank, whose face was partly turned towards the window through which the full-moon was beaming.

'That's my friend, Dr. Werner,' I returned.

'I believe you formerly knew him, Miss Prior.'

'Indifferently,' she replied, with nonchalance.

'He affected to be your beau at school, I have been informed,' observed another of the party. 'His country gallantry must have been really amusing.'

'He my beau,' cried Alice, extending her fore-finger with a scornful smile; 'that tall mountaineer my beau, indeed!' and she laughed outright.

The gesture and the contemptuous smile did not escape the notice of their object. I looked at the haughty girl, and our eyes met. A blush passed over her features, but it was instantly followed by an expression of careless gaiety; and tossing a billet to me, she said,

'Here, Mr. Morgan, this is for you; you used to be an admirer of sonnets, and of course you will be greatly obliged to me for so valuable a present. Your friend handed it to me this evening, by mistake, I presume.'

'Read it, do, do;' cried half-a-dozen voices at once.

'No, no, indeed,' interrupted Alice; 'you must spare me—I am positive I should not survive such an infliction.'

Werner turned away in confusion, and withdrew from the apartment, stung to the quick.

The group was soon after dispersed in a cotillion, and as my feelings were warmly excited in my friend's behalf I took the opportunity of being alone to see what he had written as a valedictory to his cousin. The following were the lines;

Farewell—the spell is broken
That held me in its thrall;
Farewell—the word is spoken
My lips shall ne'er recall;
And though we oft may meet, perchance,
And mingle in the stirring dance
With pleasure's idle hearted;
We shall not meet as we have met,
Ere hope's first morning star had set,
Nor part as we have parted.

I love thee, and must love thee still
In memory of the past,
Amid whate'er of earthly ill
My future lot be cast!
For in my boyhoods sunny prime,
When brightly from the urn of time
Life's golden moments fell,
Thou wert a peri to my eyes,
Sent from Love's own sweet paradise
In my young heart to dwell.

Ay, curl that cherub lip in scorn,
And give to wit the rein,
And barb that tongue with sarcasm born
From thy proud heart's disdain,
In mockery of one who erst
Was ever foremost of the first
To guard thy maiden fame—
One who, with quick adventurous hand,
Had braved the proudest of the land
That lightly named thy name.

And yet if thou canst borrow,
In beauty's mirthful pride,
Delight from friendship's sorrow,
Smile on, I will not chide:
Yet ah, methinks it were more kind,
More fraught with woman's feeling mind
To hide derision's fang,
From one who even now would dare
More than life's brittle thread could bear,
Ere thou shouldst feel a pang.

Farewell, may nought of sadness
Thy coming hours befall:
But thine to meet with gladness
And gentle looks from all—
And mine to wend my way alone,
Whether with thorns or roses strewn,
I care not—fate shall tell—
Soul-nerved with stoic pride to bear
Calmly the cold world's wintriest air,
And ev'n thine own—farewell.

I was suddenly roused from the reverie into which the perusal of the stanzas had thrown me, by a shriek which broke from near the centre of the apartment, and hurrying towards the spot, I beheld Alice, pale and insensible, in the arms of the gentleman with whom she had been dancing. One of the large chandeliers had broken from its fastenings by the jar of the cotillions, and the whole weight of the

massy ornament had fallen obliquely upon the neck and shoulder of the beautiful girl. The external injury was scarcely perceptible, and after a little time she was so far recovered as to be enabled to ride home. An experienced surgeon was summoned, and when I called, a few days after, to learn the state of her health, her father informed me that her case had been pronounced hopeless! A large and deep-seated aneurism had made its appearance in such a situation that an operation was deemed impracticable. As I left the house, my promise to Frank occurred to me, and I took my way to his office. I found him in rather a melancholy mood, surrounded with books and anatomical drawings, and deeply engaged in study. After a little conversation on topics connected with past scenes, I asked him if he had seen his cousin since her late accident.

'No,' he replied, 'has any thing of consequence befallen her?'

I gave him the particulars of her misfortune. At first he would not believe me, but when convinced that I was in earnest, he dropped his head upon his hand and remained silent for several minutes. At length he asked,

'Did you say that Dr. ——— despaired of her recovery?'

'So her father assured me.'

'Then I will see her,' resumed he, after a little pause. 'I have had no inconsiderable experience in the treatment of such injuries.'

He took from a drawer a case of instruments; and having satisfied himself that they were in perfect order, we set off together for Mr. Morton's.

We found the old gentleman walking the room in an agony of grief. As soon as he became a little calm, I introduced my companion as a young surgeon of eminence, whom I had taken the liberty to call in, thinking that possibly his experience might prove of some benefit to the sufferer.

'Thank you,' returned Mr. Morton; 'but I fear that all our efforts will end in disappointment.'

'While there is life there is hope,' observed Frank, encouragingly, as they entered the apartment of the invalid.

After a short absence they returned.

'And what think you, doctor?' whispered the old gentleman, as soon as he had closed the door.

'I think—nay, I know that she can be saved,' was the firm reply.

'Saved! How?'

'By a painful and most perilous operation.' 'And who will perform it,' asked I, 'since Dr. ——— has refused?'

'There is one,' replied Werner, 'who will attempt it, if his seniors lack courage.'

At this moment the door opened, and Dr. ———, the surgeon in attendance, entered.

'Ah, Dr. Werner, I am very glad to meet you. I have just driven round to your office to bring you here; but some one has anticipated me.'

'He has seen her, Dr.' said the father, 'and bids me take comfort in the prospect of her recovery.'

'What! exclaimed Dr. —, addressing Werner, 'will you attempt to take up that artery seated as it is in the very neighborhood of the heart?'

'With your approval and assistance, sir,' was the reply.

The fact was, Werner had been the favorite pupil of Dr. —, who had formed so high an opinion of his professional abilities from the science and skill he had displayed on several occasions while yet a student, had he almost looked upon him as his superior, even at that period and even consulted him in all dangerous emergencies.

'But,' continued Dr. —, 'how can you expect my approval in this case, when I remind you that the operation you have in view has never been attempted but once, and then by the first surgeon in Europe, in whose hands it completely failed. I stood by him at the time, and witnessed the painful reluctance with which he abandoned it, after a long-continued and most anxious effort.'

'Sir,' replied the young surgeon, respectfully, 'I have twice successfully reduced a similar aneurism, and with your support can do it again.'

'Then I will stand by you,' said Dr. —, and retired to make the necessary preparations. Before he withdrew, however, Frank said to him,

'Be kind enough, doctor, not to mention my name to the patient, if you please; I have a special reason for the request: and, pray, throw a handkerchief over her face, for the countenance of a suffering female unman me.'

The arrangements were soon completed, and we were admitted to the apartment of the invalid. The patient had on a white undress, and was seated in a low easy-chair, with her head reclining on Dr. —'s shoulder. Her neck and the upper margin of her bosom were uncovered, exposing a large pulsating tumor which seemed on the very point of yielding to the vital current that circled beneath. Her father stood by, holding her hand, with countenance in which hope, fear, and sorrow were most touchingly depicted. I glanced instinctively and with an absorbing feeling of apprehension towards the young surgeon, as he prepared himself for the fearful operation with a composure so marked, that it seemed to border on apathy. He was paler than usual, but then I could not detect the slightest quivering of a muscle—he was perfectly firm and self-collected. Every lineament of his face showed the mastery of mind over the strong passions which *must* be subjected during the performance of his dangerous task, and accordingly there was no more emotion to be detected in the bearing of that manly frame, than if it had been chiselled from the insensible marble. As he bent down, however, and with one stroke of the knife made a deep and free

incision along that beautiful bust, which was followed by a convulsive tremor and a suppressed groan of the sufferer, I thought I heard him catch his breath for once, spasmodically; but no other sign of discomposure escaped him.

'Father, dear father,' cried the poor girl, 'clasp my hand closer—closer still—I can't feel you—so—so—that will do.'

Tears stood in the old man's eyes, and he turned away his face from the scene. Even Dr. —, veteran as he was, respired with difficulty. But the adventurous operator kept steadily on, dexterously winding deeper and deeper amidst nerves, veins, and arteries, with a skill, on the perfect integrity of which depended the life of the lovely being in whose fate he was so warmly interested—his progress rendered doubly obscure by the effusion of blood, and doubly dangerous from the unnatural situation of the surrounding parts—until at length, by a masterly effort, he succeeded in securing the deep-laid and ruptured vessel. The dressings were soon adjusted, and leaving Dr. — and the father to replace the patient in bed, we retired to the drawing-room. Frank threw himself on the sofa, exhausted by the smothered and almost insupportable excitement of the scene through which he had just passed.

'Some air,' said he, faintly; 'I feel ill—very ill. There is a strange sense of dizziness in my head, and of suffocation here,' he continued, laying his hand on his breast, 'which almost overcomes me.'

I threw up the window, and the cool air, with a glass of wine, partially restored him. Dr. — now entered, his benevolent countenance beaming with such an expression of admiration as a fond parent exhibits on the triumph of a favorite child.

'Well, well, my son,' he exclaimed, 'I will no longer be proud of my surgical abilities. Hitherto I have thought there was nothing practicable within the compass of my art which I could not perform; but you have taught me a new lesson, and I own my mistake.'

I will not attempt to describe the mingled expressions of gratitude and respect with which the father greeted the savior of his child. He took him affectionately by the hand, he solicited the favor of his friendship, and amid thanks and benedictions, begged him to mention any sum—even to the extent of half his fortune—as a remuneration for the obligation he had conferred.

'The consciousness of having performed my duty, and secured the regard of such men as yourself and Dr. —,' returned the young surgeon, 'were an ample reward for my services. But of this we will speak at some future day. In the mean time, as I am obliged to leave town to-morrow, you will be kind enough to dispense with any further assistance on my part—the welfare of your daughter could not be entrusted to safer hands than those of Dr. —.'

Before the expiration of a month, Alice was restored to perfect health. About this time, one afternoon, the servant brought in a note from Mr. Morton to Werner, requesting him to call at his house as early as he could make it convenient. He did so. The old gentleman met him with all the kindness of their last interview.

'I have sent for you, doctor, partly because I had a selfish wish to see you myself, and partly because my daughter desires to thank you personally for the continuance of that life for whose preservation, under Providence, she is indebted to yourself alone. Walk into the parlor, and she will be with you presently.'

The door opened soon after, and Alice entered. Her cheeks had not yet recovered their usual color, yet never, perhaps, before had she appeared so beautiful as at that moment. During her convalescence she had been made acquainted with the danger from which she had just escaped, and the name of the injured individual whose skill had conducted her safely through that fearful crisis. There is no better moralist than sickness. The spirit of pride, mirth, and ambition are rebuked and exorcised from the bed-side of disease. This was the case with the poor girl during her recent illness. The fascinating illusions of the gay world, which had for years dazzled her too credulous imagination, had given place to the sober realities of the sick chamber. Removed from the excitement of that thoughtless world, she had an opportunity for reflection. Memory had been busy with the images, the endearments of the past. The friends of her early orphanage—the kindness she had experienced at their hands—the vows and the visions of her first attachment, had all passed again and again before her mind, mingled with the consciousness of ingratitude and broken faith, and she now presented herself before her slighted lover, humiliated and self-condemned. Frank rose to receive her. The poor girl hid her face with her hands, while the tears gushed out from her jewelled fingers.

He led her to the sofa and seated himself beside her. After a momentary silence, he said,

'Spare me, cousin Alice, I entreat you. Though there have been times when I have prayed to see you shed such tears, yet now that those prayers are answered, I cannot see you weep.'

'Ah, Werner, forbid not the sacrifice of sincere contrition—it is the fittest requital I can make for the wrongs you have suffered from my unkindness, and the one which remorse would wring from my heart, though it should struggle to resist the impulse of its better nature.'

'There is no longer need of such a sacrifice. Fortune has already more than requited me for the trials of which you speak, by affording me the opportunity and the willing power to serve you when you had ceased to remember me.'

'Ample has been your revenge,' sighed the disconsolate girl. 'Yet can you forgive me?' 'I can—I do,' exclaimed Frank. 'Your temptations to err were such as might have shaken a stronger mind. I was poor, friendless, unknown; you were rich, accomplished, and admired. Let us deem this a sufficient palliation for the neglect which perhaps I have merited.'

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips—it was met with the dews of repentant love.

'These tears,' said he, tenderly, 'shall be the lethe in which I will drown every unpleasant remembrance. Come, dear Alice, let us to your father. He professes to be greatly obliged to me. With your permission, I will teach him how he may cancel the obligation.'

'I have told him all—your brotherly solicitude in my behalf—our plighted affection—together with my bitter ingratitude and estrangement—all this I have told him.'

'And my answer was,' said the old gentleman, who, having entered a moment previous, had caught the last few words of Alice, 'my answer was, doctor, that though you have a perfect claim on her heart and hand, you have no right to remove her from her present home, and thereby leave me childless and solitary. I cannot live without her; and as you, doubtless, like all true lovers, are in the same unfortunate predicament, I see no other way than for you to consent—and the sooner the better—to become one of my own fittle family!'

PROTEUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A captain of a packet sloop, being asked by one of his passengers the name of the smallest mast, replied, that it was the mizen one. 'Ah!' exclaims the other, who was an ardent admirer of the classics, 'behold the progress of intellect. Even the rough sons of Neptune now derive their distinctive appellations from the Greek. Who would have believed that they were sufficiently intimate with that most beautiful of all languages to have rendered it so subservient to their use.' 'Knowing Greek!' replied the hero of the quarter-deck, 'why my blue water lads can take you far beyond that, or long before any such jaw-breaking lingo was known. Ask old Jack at the wheel what the mizen-mast was taken from.' Our gentleman of letters did as desired, and the ancient mariner, as he gave the waistband of his trousers a jerk, and a knowing leer from his eye, exclaimed—'taken from, why, from a damned big pine tree to be sure, what do you think?' BLUE PETER.—*Charleston Gazette.*

VICARIOUS PUNISHMENT.

A negro on a plantation in the West Indies, having misbehaved, was sent by his master to the overseer with a note, in which the latter was directed to bestow upon the delinquent

LIBRARY
HUBBARD
1911



THE COUNTRY ROCKS, LAKES, AND RIVERS

Eng'd for the Rural Repository.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1832.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

The Pictured Rocks are a series of lofty bluffs extending for twelve miles along the shore of Lake Superior, which here consists of a sand stone rock, rising, stratum upon stratum, to the height of three hundred feet, in a perpendicular wall from the water, and stretching a distance of from four to five leagues in length. This mighty wall of rock is composed of coarse grains of sand united by a calcareous cement, and occasionally intermingled with pebbles and fragments of rocks; but adhering feebly, and, where exposed to the air, easily crumbled between the fingers. Externally, it presents a variety of colour—black, red, yellow, brown, white, &c. The waves, driven up by every north wind and furiously dashing against the rocky shore, have thrown it partially down in several places, and excavated numerous bays and irregular indentations, all fronting upon the lake in a chain of lofty promontories, and presenting at a distance an imposing array of time-worn battlements and desolate, decaying towers. In this way, spacious caverns have been worn in the rock, and the huge rocky bluffs, denominated Pictured Rocks, from their variety of colour, nearly severed from the main, and left standing upon rough and ponderous pillars, between which, barges and canoes may safely pass.

The plate represents a range of bluffs, immediately west, as viewed from the lake, of the Dorick Rock, an isolated mass of sand, consisting of four natural pillars supporting an entablature, covered with a handsome growth of pine and spruce trees, of the same material; having the appearance of a work of art. This view embraces some of the wonderful excavations and varieties in form and colour which, bursting upon the eye in ever-varying and beautiful succession, diversify this part of the coast.

The Literary Tablet.—A new periodical with this title, the first, or specimen number of which, is before us, is to be published at New-Haven, by Edwin Peck. Its contents appear to be selected with taste and judgment. It is in the quarto form, neatly printed on good paper and the terms \$1.25 per annum. We wish it success.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the English Volume, ending March 21st.

I. Hamilton, Bern, N. Y. \$1; St. Newbury, North Greenwich, N. Y. \$1; C. Jarvis, P. M. Fly Creek, N. Y. \$1; M. Algar, Hartsville, Md. \$2; C. Hull, Coffee Creek, Penn. \$1; B. P. Pateau, Cicero, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

The Court and Camp of Hannagarie.—This is a neat volume, just from the press of the brothers Harper, and contains a full-length portrait of Tallagrand—very pretty indeed. It forms the twenty-ninth number of the Family Library.

Fashions.—Small bonnets will soon be the rage. At Paris, it is now the mode to wear them with brims not more than six inches in depth.

Newton the artist, and Washington Irving, are both preparing to leave Europe for America. Newton, after a short sojourn in his native country, intends to return; Washington Irving meditates a prolonged visit to the friends and associates of his early life, whom he has not seen for many years.

The number of Poles at present in banishment amounts to 62,000.

MARRIED.

In Clermont, on the 8th inst. by H. Stevens, Esq. Mr. John Miller of Germantown, to Miss Maria Sengendorph, of Rhinebeck.

DIED.

In this city, on Sunday the 11th inst. Martha Jane, infant daughter of Mr. Seneca Butts, aged 1 year and 10 months.

In Clermont, on the 8th inst. John Edwards, Esq. a soldier of the revolution, aged 73.

At Ghent, on Sunday the 11th inst. Mrs. Hester Hugelboom, widow of the late Lawrence Hugelboom, Esq. in the 93d year of her age.

At the same place, on the 25th ult. Lavina Muihul, daughter of Jacob Tator, aged 3 years, 2 months and 3 days.

At Millville, on the 6th inst. Mr. David Leach, aged 51 years.

At Centerville, on the 14th inst. Julia Ann, daughter of David Kirby, aged 1 year, 8 months and 16 days.

At Athens, on the 5th inst. Seth Bunker, aged 10 years.

divers and sundry stripes. Now Sambo had been sent upon such errands before, and keen were his pangs at being again delegated upon such unpleasant duty. He surveyed the note with a rueful visage, and meditated how he should escape the seemingly unavoidable penalty. At length a thought struck him: Meeting a brother Abyssinian, he shammed sudden and severe illness; 'Brodder Jacko,' he said, 'me got 'mazin pain in 'tomec—prease han dis letter to massa, and take a sick brodder's bressman.' The sympathetic Jacko complied with the pretended sufferer's request, and to his amazement was forthwith 'posted,' and received a tremendous whipping at the hands of the overseer—a poor requital, he thought, for doing a brother a favor. Sambo was in ecstasies at the success of his stratagem. He soon got rid of his pains, and could never see his friend Jacko afterwards without an inward chuckle at the ingenuity of the trick he had played upon him.

True Pith.—A respectable farmer, not forty miles from this place, has the singularly happy talent of not saying a word too much. A young man wishing to obtain his consent to marry his daughter, called upon him one day when he happened to be in the field ploughing with his oxen. It was, past all doubt, a fearful matter for a diffident man to broach, and he hesitating lover, after running parallel with the furrow several times round the field, and essaying with all his courage to utter the important question, at last stammered out—'I—I—I—' 'I've been thinking Mr. ——— that—that—that—as how—I—I—I should be—I—gl—gl—glad to—m—m—m—mar—mar—mar—marry your daughter.'

Farmer.—'Take her and use her well, whoa aw buck.'

A gentleman who had an Irish servant, having topped at an inn for several days, desired, previous to his departure, to have a bill; which being brought, he found a large quantity of port placed to his servant's account, and questioned him about having had so many bottles of wine. 'Please your honour (cried at) to read how many they charge me.' The gentleman began, one bottle port, one ditto, one ditto, one ditto. 'Stop! stop! stop! master, (exclaimed Paddy) they are cheating you! I know I had some bottles of their Port, but, by St. Patrick, I did not taste a drop of their ditto.'

The Tippy Member.—A member of parliament applied to the post office, to know why one of his franks had been charged? The answer was: 'We suppose, sir, they were at your writing. The hand is not the same.' Why, not, precisely the same; but the truth is, I happened to be a little tipsy when I wrote em.'—'Then, sir, will you be so good in future to write drunk, when you make free.'



ORIGINAL POETRY.

We cannot understand these lines, but perhaps the Lady can, therefore we publish them.

For the Rural Repository.

IMPROMPTU.

'To her who best can understand them.—' . . .

The Rose thou gav'st—its blush is past—

Its leaves are scar—its odour fled:—

Another would the floweret cast

Away; for all its bloom is fled!

Daughter of Spring! whence comest thou?

From what bright Isle of distant Seas,

Or Wilderness of fragrant West,

Borne on the pinions of the breeze?

Vain Floweret! From your tufted green

Why came you?—To perfume the sky

A fairer floweret here is seen—

Whose charms, as thine, shall never die.

The Lily, with its robe of white,

Has fled to deck thy forehead fair,

And Truth's more pure than Morning light,

Is seen to mingle beauty there.—

Frail Beauty!—Fairy—transient flower!

Thou fading gleam of early morn!

Blooming and withering in an hour—

Thy fate is then to suffer—scorn!

But no! not so! tho' youth be past—

And those bright rays shine not before us,

Still Joy's wild thro' shall ever last,

And Memory throw her mantle o'er us.

• • • • •
This Rose I'll keep—its withered stem

Shall sooth decay of early morn—

And make me fondly think again,

Of former days and pleasures gone.

For the Rural Repository.

THE CHRISTIANS DEATH.

I've seen the west, a lovely sight,

Resplendent with the setting sun;

Methought 'twas like the christian's light,

His trials o'er and duty done.

It cast a radiance, tho' 'twas gone,

Like summer sun when in the west,

Less brilliant than the blaze of noon,

And milder on the world it rests.

Its mellow tints spread wide and far,

Gently recedes its parting beam,

And soft portrays, like vesper star

And peerless moon a beauteous scene.

Yet this is but the shade of power,

Those splendid lamps suspended high,

Glitter and shine one little hour.

But christian light will never die.

The darkest hour to fitting soul,

Is 'twilight to eternal day!

Faith wings it to its destined goal,

Hope smooths the rugged untrod way

Seraphs descend, in groups appear,

And aid the trembling spirit's flight:

Carressing, hushing, lingering near—

The spirit's now unfettered quite!

IRWIN.

MASSACRE OF THE NUNS AT PARIS.

The following passage from Madame Campan's Memoirs of Marie Antoinette, gave birth to Miss Strickland's poem of the Massacre of the Nuns at Paris. 'A community of nuns, with their Abbess, were condemned to the guillotine, while the sanguinary fury of the French Revolution was at its height. Many of these victims were young and beautiful: and most of them possessed angelic voices. As they passed to execution, attired in their monastic habits, through the straggling streets of Paris, regardless of the ferocious mob, they raised the hymn of *Pain Creator*. They had never heard to sing it so lively: and the celestial chorus ceased not for a moment, not even when they ascended the steps of the scaffold, while the work of death was going on, though it became feeble, as one after the other fell under the guillotine: and at last it was sustained by one voice, which was that of the Abbess, but that at length ceased also, when she in turn submitted to the fatal stroke.'

The heavenly strains continued even when
They mounted the dread scaffold's fatal stair,
In sounds more wildly thrilling; and they then
Gave such unearthly sweetness to the air,
As, to the wondering ears of guilty men,
Seemed like a farewell to all mortal care,
Or holy hymnings of celestial love,
In which glad seraphs joined them from above.

Oh, yet it ceased not, though the work of death
Commenced on that fair choir, and one by one
They bowed their necks, the bloody axe beneath,
And faint and fainter grew the anthem's tone;
Till one angelic voice, with tuneful breath,
Sustained the sacred melody alone
'Ours is the glorious crown of martyrdom!
'Oh, Holy Spirit, come; Creator come!'

And oh! the closing cadence that she sung
Was such that those who heard it, said that never
Had such mild music flowed from woman's tongue;
Nor paused she, till the axe was raised to sever
Her guiltless head—and the stern echo rung,
Of the dread stroke that hushed her strains forever,
And her pure soul dismiss'd in heaven to meet
Angels of grace, who only sing more sweet.

THE EVENING BELL.

How sweet and solemn is the sound,

From yonder lonely tower,

That sends its deep-toned music round,

At twilight's holy hour.

When every sound of day is mute,

And all its voices still,

And silence walks with velvet foot

O'er valley, town, and hill.

When every passion is at rest,

And every tumult fled,

And through the warm and tranquil breast

The charm of peace is spread.

Oh then how sweet the solemn bell,

That tolls to evening prayer!

While each vibration seems to tell

That thou, Oh God, art there!

ENTRANES.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Fortune.

PUZZLE II.—Discourse.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I dwell in music, verse, and song,

But rhyme will not uphold me;—

I'm far from right but ne'er in wrong,

Yet goodness will unfold me.

II.

I receive all, and cover all; when I disgorge all,
shall amaze all.

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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NO. 23.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

KID, THE PIRATE.

Of all the pirates that ever infested the seas, none has left so terrible a name behind him as Capt. Robert Kid. When England sent him out to be the protector of her commerce, it was like turning the wolf into the sheepfold. With an appetite for plunder that the wealth of the world could not have satiated, he attacked every merchantman that came in his way; and having plundered them of all that was valuable, sent them and their crews to the bottom of the ocean, leaving the story of their fate to be told by the winds and waves. The wide field of his depredations extended along the Atlantic from the West Indies to New-England; and such was the havoc he made, that the commerce of the new world was, for a time, almost annihilated.

At various places along the coast he kept depositories for his plunder, where he and his comrades were accustomed to revel in the gratification of unbridled licentiousness; and where, it is believed by many, he held communication with the spirits of the infernal world. At many of these places he buried chests of money; some few of which have been found; but very little of the money has ever been obtained.

The mode of depositing his money must be revolting to every bosom in which crime has not extinguished the conscience, and turned the heart to stone. A party of his sailors went with him, armed with muskets, while he carried only a spade on his shoulder, and his cutlass by his side. When they arrived at the spot where the chest was to be buried, he dug a place for it with his own hands several feet in depth, while the party stood by in profound silence. The chest was then deposited, no one being allowed to speak while the work was going on, under penalty of death. Kid then stepped back a few paces and said 'Boys! who'll guard the chest?'

Whoever desired this honor, stepped forward and answered, 'I.'

There were always several competitors, and the privilege was granted to the bravest. The one who was selected, then gave up his musket to Kid, and went and sat down upon the chest: Kid shot him through the heart, and covered him and the chest up together.

It is a fact not generally known, that Kid sometimes buried his chests of money far in the interior of the country. On several occasions he ascended the Connecticut and some of its tributary streams, and one of his chests of money actually lies buried in the town of Springfield, Mass. to this very day. Few attempts have ever been made to find it: and probably most of the present inhabitants of that place are ignorant of the rich treasure that lies concealed beneath their soil. But that the chest is actually there, and contains a vast quantity of money, is beyond all doubt; for there were persons living, only a few years since, who had seen it with their own eyes, and could testify to the fact.

About twenty-five years ago, a party of the armorers went out to dig for the money. They were under the direction of one Jake Gunns, a fellow in whose hands the mineral rod would work to a charm, and who understood all the ceremonies to be used in digging for buried treasures, and counteracting the agency of evil spirits. There are but few persons whom nature has so highly favored as to vest in them the requisite qualifications for pursuing this business with success. If a person does not happen to be born under a certain planet, and at a certain time of night; and if several other circumstances do not concur in regard to him, most of which are not to be told to common people, it is of no use for him to take a mineral rod into his hands, nor would it be possible for him to discover a single trace of a buried money chest.

The mineral rod is composed of a crotched stick, such as is sometimes used in Old Hadley for making the upper part of a goose yoke, except that it is smaller. The longest end

must be sharpened ; and when used, the other two ends must be held tight in the hands. No wood, except witch hazle and apple tree, has been found to answer the purpose. When the mineral rod is used by the right persons, its sharpened end will point towards gold or silver with as much accuracy as the needle points towards the pole. Jake has been known, many a time, to take his mineral rod and find a silver dollar that had been buried in a ten acre lot.

The party above mentioned was composed of eight persons. They assembled at eleven o'clock at night, at a place previously appointed for their rendezvous ; each observing, as is necessary in such cases, a profound secrecy in regard to the expedition. Jake was provided with a crow bar, a spade and a mineral rod ; and from previous observations had discovered that the money chest lay on the bank of a small rivulet, within a little distance of the Connecticut. The sky was perfectly cloudless ; the moon had just gone down ; and the horizon was apparently studded with an infinite number of stars, faintly twinkling through the humid atmosphere. The light breezes which had been flitting about through the day, fit emblems of some other things that do nothing but flit about, had gone to their repose, with the forest leaves for their bed clothing ; and every thing was still except the ceaseless flow of the noble Connecticut, whose monotonous roar added to the solemnity of the night.

The party, preceded by Jake, soon travelled to the spot which was to be the scene of their operations ; the imagination of each one glowing with the image of the bright gold that filled the money chest, and which soon was to be transferred to their own empty pockets, and make them rich enough to cope with Uncle Sam himself. Their thoughts were principally occupied in contriving what to do with so much money ; and the more they thought of it, the more each one thought his own share would not be as much as he should want. So true it is that the thirst of gain can never be satisfied.

Jake had already given them their directions again and again ; and the subject had been talked over among them so many times, they felt sure that no one would make a mistake. All things being prepared, Jake began to handle the mineral rod. He held it in such a manner that the sharpened end pointed directly upwards. As he walked along towards the south, it began to turn ; and although he held it perfectly tight, the end soon pointed directly downwards. It was attracted with such force as actually to twist the bark from the stick. Making a mark on the spot to which it pointed, he went a few rods eastward, and holding the rod as before, proceeded west, towards the mark he made. Before he arrived at the mark, the sharpened end pointed down again. At last he found a place where the rod would point directly down on approaching it from

any direction. This place was of course, directly over the money chest. Here he drew a circle about six feet in diameter ; and after performing certain ceremonies, commenced digging, while the rest of the party stood around, just outside of the circle, ready to aid him in lifting out the chest when he should give the signal ; but no one was to speak, whatever might happen. After throwing out a considerable quantity of sand, Jake came to a sort of gravel, mixed with pebble stones, to loosen which he thought the crow bar would be useful. He accordingly took the bar, and began to strike it into the ground. While he was thus engaged, something seized the lower end of it, and began to drag it away. He determined not to lose his hold, come what might ; and was accordingly dragged along after it. The bar was soon dragged into the woods, and he with it. Here he was drawn through bushes and briars and mud puddles, and over logs and brush heaps, till his clothes were torn absolutely to tatters, and the blood streamed from his whole body. He was then taken across a plough field, where he was completely covered with dust ; then across a meadow, where water snakes were crossing and recrossing his path, and gliding about in every direction. At length he was dragged down to the very bank of the Connecticut, where there is a deep and gloomy cove ; and just as he supposed himself about to be plunged into it, the bar was suddenly left, and he found himself standing and holding it in the very spot where he had been digging. He had been under the influence of a charm, supposed to be the spirit of the buccaneer who had been left to guard the chest ; and had appeared to his companions to be standing still and holding the bar the whole time.

The charm having left him, he proceeded to loosen the earth, and throw it out with his spade. Soon, a loud growl was heard near them ; and on looking up they observed a large bear approaching them with his mouth wide open. Some of them were considerably startled at first ; but fortunately no one spoke, and the bear, instead of attacking them, kept walking about and growling.

About twenty feet distant from them was a little thicket of bushes, in which a stir was made. Some of them, casting their eyes that way, observed a pair of large, green, fiery eyes looking fiercely towards them. The eyes soon moved ; and finally approached very near the spot where the party stood ; but nothing was visible around them, and it was impossible to tell what they belonged to. While their attention was absorbed by this mysterious appearance, they were suddenly startled by hearing some one speak out behind them 'Jake ! wont you have some rum ?'

The voice sounded harsh and grating as if the person's throat were rusty. Looking around to see who it was, they discovered a man standing about a rod from them, with a junk bottle in his hand which he held out

towards Jake. He was a large, fat, miserly looking old fellow, with black, curly hair, a red face, and a nose that looked like a blue potatoe. He was also crosseyed. Jake looked up at him a moment, and then went to work again. After standing there a short time, the old man took an iron tobacco box out of his pocket, put a quid in his mouth and said 'Ahem!' He then turned his back and limped off, and they could distinctly see that he had one cloven foot. Suddenly he left the ground and steered across the river head foremost through the air, leaving behind him a long blue streak, and an intolerable stench of brimstone.

A sudden breeze springing up from the south, brought to their ears the loud sound of a bell; and they could soon distinguish clearly the tones of the Longmeadow meeting house bell, ringing an alarm of fire. In a few moments the horizon in that direction grew faintly light; by degrees the light increased; and soon the blaze itself was seen peering above the tops of the trees. Fear fixed them to the spot where they stood, and made their tongues cleave to the roof of their mouths. The fierce blaze was evidently approaching; and in a few moments it turned a point of land, and presented to their astonished view the river all on fire, and blazing up to the very heavens. The southern breeze drove the fire rapidly along; and it soon passed them enveloped the river as far as they could see, from south to north; making the night more brilliant than the brightest noonday.

Notwithstanding all these things, Jake continued to dig, after having thrown out the earth to the depth of several feet, he again took his bar in his hand, and in a short time it struck upon something that sounded like wood. In a few moments more a piece of board was laid bare, which was easily split with the bar, and disclosed to his eyes the pieces of shining gold of which he was in search. For a moment, the whole party forgot the bear and the flaming river and all the other terrors that surrounded them, in the ecstatic joy of their success. Jake continued to remove the earth, and soon ascertained that he had actually uncovered a chest about three feet square, filled with gold coin. He gave the signal for assistance, and the whole party joined him in removing the chest from its bed. It required their whole strength to raise it at all; but by the aid of the iron bar succeeded, with great exertion, in rolling it to the surface of the ground. Having got it fairly out of the hole, they stopped to breathe a moment, and Mat. Rifle could contain himself no longer.

'By hocky!' says he, 'I guess Lec Wallis wont give me the mitten again arter this,' and as he spoke the chest tumbled back into its bed, and moved off into the solid earth entirely out of their sight, leaving no trace of its path behind it. At the same time the bear disappeared, the flame subsided, and the party found themselves standing by the side of the exca-

vation that Jake had made in the earth, which exhibited no remarkable appearance. Mat had spoken too soon, for the chest had not been removed outside of the magic circle that was drawn around the place of excavation.

The whole party stood, for a while, in mute astonishment. Jake was the first who spoke. Ready to burst with wrath, he addressed Mat, — 'You darn'd fool,' says he, 'I hope you'll larn not to brag next time, 'till you're sure you've got something to brag of.' 'Yes,' says another, 'a fellow that can't keep the gals out of his mind, always will be a darn'd fool.'

'I advise you hereafter to keep your tongue between your teeth,' says a third.

'I'll tell you what,' says a fourth, 'I always heard it said that money diggers get their labor for their pains; and I think we had better all go home and go about our business, and keep this scrape to ourselves, and then the money we get won't be apt to slip away from us so easy.'

Day light began to appear, and Jake informed them that it was too late to do any thing further at that time; so they agreed unanimously to bend their way homeward. Thus ended their expedition. The most useful part of it was the advice given at its close, which it may be well enough for some others besides money diggers to think of occasionally.

For the Rural Repository.

THE S.S.

By Three of us—No. 2.

THE CRUSADES.

There have been periods in the world's history emphatically denominated 'dark ages'—ages which were darkened by the veil of ignorance, superstition and bigotry, which Catholicism had for centuries been weaving closer and closer around the mind of man. There has been an era in particular, when the Catholic religion held an influence over the Christian world, as stern and powerful perhaps, as that creed exercises, which presents to the Moslem's sensual imagination a Peri's paradise. It was for the interest of this religion that the light of revelation should not shed its glorious influence upon a benighted world—that the literature of the age should be confined within the narrow precincts of the cloister; and that all the instruction which flowed from the lips of the cowed monk should teach the deluded devotee that entire obedience to his priest was the most exalted virtue.

The effect of such a state of things was to prolong the age in which mind was chained down by superstition—when the acme of glory was to poise the lance most dexterously, on 'couted charger, and, for the smile of beauty, to 'prick forth in mad career' in battle or the tournament.

At this period, the Saracen possessed the Holy-Land; and the pilgrim whose adventurous spirit of piety bade him speed to the sepulchre of Christ, underwent all the dangers and

privations attendant upon the Christian who travelled through the dominions of a nation, whose prophet promised paradise for a Christian's head.

To perform this journey, however, was, at the time we speak of, considered as an almost indispensable duty; and among the myriads of those, who had, in obedience to their own desires as well as to public sentiment, visited Jerusalem, was one in particular, universally known by the name of Peter the Hermit. Indignant at the sufferings Christians had to endure in seeking the tomb of their Saviour, this enthusiast—this zealot in the cause of his religion, returned to Europe, fired with the idea of redeeming the sepulchre from infidel possession.

Prompted as he supposed, by inspiration from heaven, he preached the Crusade to nearly all the civilized world. Bare-footed and clothed in the coarsest materials he visited every court in Europe. He exhorted the knight, by his love of chivalry and every thing that was ennobling, by the duty which he owed to God and to his fellow men, to arm in defence of Christianity. To the common people and ignorant he advanced the idea that it was sweet to die fighting the enemies of their religion; and that, like Musselmén, when they thus died, paradise awaited them. To the criminal, he proffered pardon, if he would enlist under Crusading banners. The religious fanatic believed the visions of his heated imagination, to be inspiration from on high and sharpened his dagger for the contest. To the military enthusiast, he presented a wide field of fame and glory ready for the harvest. In fact, the Crusading preacher, advanced every idea which could work upon the superstition, or rouse the passions of his hearers. That he succeeded in his design the bones of the myriads of chivalry as well as the lower class of the people in Europe, which have enriched the plains of Hungary as well as Palestine, can well attest. The cruelty, however, with which they carried on the contest, tends in a great measure to dry the tear, which sympathizing nature feels ready to shed, at the recital of their unfortunate story.

During the long ages, in which the Crusades were carried on, the Christian seemed to vie with the Saracen in cruelty and blood-thirstiness; and the 'fancied authority of heaven deeply embittered the already wild and ferocious character of the soldier.' In general too, when the cross had been marked upon the militant's shoulder, 'a holy hatred mingled with his valor' and the knight of chivalry, and romance seemed to have forgotten his character, in that of the stern fanatic.

In fact in Palestine, that great scene, where glory and superstition acted so well their several parts, an altar was reared at which millions of mankind were wantonly sacrificed, and Humanity weeps at the remembrance that such wild enthusiasm and military ardour

should have destroyed earth's noblest as well as worst.

In considering the effects of the Crusade, we shall find, that their tendency was to render still deeper the shades of ignorance and superstition which then brooded over the world, and like mildew dampened its every energy. The general tone of character also was much embittered by so long continuing to exercise the ferocious passions of the heart; but in the language of another, 'so visionary was the object,' which the Crusaders had in view 'so apparently remote from all selfish relations, that their fanaticism almost wears a character of generous virtue.' In a political point of view the Crusades were not favourable, for the time being, to the prosperity of Europe. From these wars she returned exhausted in her resources and her population. Instead of reconciling the clashing interests of various nations, they tended to foment jealousies and create discord; and their 'national dislikes,' were now firmly cemented by individual hatred between princes. They tended however to promote, after a lapse of time, the interests of the commonalty, and to bring into existence free states—little republics. This is the only thing in their effects upon which we can dwell with pleasure. But we are no advocates for the maxim 'produce good, by means, good or bad,' we cannot then forbear censure. In as much, therefore, as the Saracens had as just a claim to Palestine as England or any of the other Western Kingdoms, these wars were begun unjustly—and so they were carried on only by means of the blood of millions—as they ended in leaving Jerusalem in the hands of the Infidel, and scattered their poisonous effects over all the civilized world, we shed no tear to their memory.

Y. L. W.

For the Rural Repository.

LEAP-YEAR PRIVILEGES, Or the Mysteries of St. Dennis.

I was sitting alone in my room, one evening a few weeks since; basking myself in the blaze of a cheerful wood fire, and thinking over in my mind, how much more of the *real otium cum dignitate* of life, I enjoyed by such a fire, than those vulgar fellows who heat their rooms with a heathenish *salu-bander*, and breathe the sulphurous steam of the infernal pit, even on the corner of this world; when the train of my reflections was suddenly broken by a violent thump against my window next the street, so sudden and startling, that I instantly found myself raised about a foot from the floor. I ran directly into the street and saw several young ladies tripping it away like fairies, and vanishing in darkness. I went back into the house, trembling with astonishment, and informed my landlady what had happened. She smiled at my perplexity and replied—'Oh! Mr. Celebs, the girls meant no harm—it's Leap-year.' 'Indeed,' I replied,

seeming to understand her explanation; for it is a maxim with me, never to let the vulgar know that they are wiser than myself, on any subject. I returned to my room, however, more puzzled than before to know what Leap-year had to do with young ladies thundering at a bachelor's window, as loud as if heaven and earth were coming together; but my speculations on this subject were soon interrupted by a second rapping on my window, still louder than before, and so appalling that as I recoiled in affright I stumbled over the black servant, who was replenishing my fire, and fell prostrate on the floor. As I recovered, Cuffee anticipated the cause of my overthrow, and displaying an extraordinary quantity of ivory, he ejaculated—'Massee, de gals—de gals—it be Leap-year.' Enraged and chagrined that the Darkee should attempt to enlighten me—a member of the right honorable fraternity of the Phi Beta Kappa—I kicked him out of the room, and snatching up my hat, rushed into the street, determined if possible to banish every thought of the events of the evening. But vain, alas, the endeavor; the sound of that awful crash against my window—the Darkee's hellish grin, and his damnable—'it be Leap-year'—constantly haunted my imagination. I quickened my pace and whistled my sprightliest tunes in order to break the spell; but all in vain—the phantom—'it be Leap-year—it be Leap-year'—still pursued me, and I was on the point of abandoning my walk and returning home, when a young lady of my acquaintance, glided from her father's mansion into the street—familiarily slipped her arm into mine, with—'A delightful evening Mr. Celebs—don't you think a little promenade would be truly a luxury?' I was so shocked at this unaccountable familiarity on the part of a young lady with whom I was never on terms of intimacy, that instead of replying, I shrunk back several steps and stood gazing at her in mute astonishment. To remove my embarrassment, the fair one set up a loud laugh, accompanied with the exclamation—'Why, Mr. Celebs, it's Leap-year.' 'Oh yes!' I replied—at length finding a tongue—and as if her *eclaircissement* was perfectly intelligible—I offered her my arm and we both moved on, 'to enjoy the luxury of a promenade.' To her constant prattle, interlarded with many a very long word, I responded in monosyllables: for that mysterious pronunciation—why Mr. Celebs it's Leap-year—was constantly ringing in my ears, and occupied my mind with a kind of suspense that was truly agonizing. At length, as we were passing a store brilliantly illuminated—my fair partner slipped from my arm—ran up to the window, splendidly decorated with ribbons, &c. and commenced such a hurried clattering on the panes of glass, that the two clerks within rolled from the counter on which they were reclining, on to the floor, and screamed out with pain and affright—my fair one then bounded off with the

speed of an antelope, leaving me in a most ridiculous scrape; for the clerks ran out and taking me for the culprit began pelting me with snow balls and other missiles in so rude a manner that I also was obliged to run for safety. When I came up with my companion, covered with snow, I commenced remonstrating—'My dear Miss Primrose, is it possible?'—my speech was cut short by her exclaiming, loud enough to be heard over the whole block—'Why, Mr. Celebs, are you dreaming—why it's Leap-year'—'Oh! very true,' said I—'really I had forgotten'—Again we moved on, and as often as we passed a store where some spruce clerk was conspicuous, my companion played off the same pranks on the windows, to the no small alarm of the Knights of the Tape, one of whom was so astounded that he let fall a beautiful china jar, which he was displaying to a lady across the counter, and broke it in a thousand pieces. At length in passing a store, where a quantity of empty barrels were piled before the window, which rendered it rather difficult of access, my companion insisted on committing her accustomed assault on the panes of glass by proxy, or as the Lawyers say by her next friend—in other words, that I should mount the pile of barrels and drum on the glass in her place. To this request I was absolutely inexorable, until my fair companion tripped up to my side and sounded shrilly in my ear—'verily methinks I hear it yet'—'Why, Mr. Celebs, it's Leap-year.' This spell-word operated on my nerves like a shock of electricity—I sprang on to one of the barrels and commenced on the window the precise *rub a dub*, to which my ears had now grown somewhat familiar; but in my eagerness to display my aptness and skill at *tattoo*, I broke one of the panes of glass—and to add to my misfortune the barrel-head on which I stood gave way and let me down, and before I could escape, the merchant came out, and seizing me roughly by the collar, lifted me from the barrel and was about to take ample revenge for the insult; but recognizing me, he desisted, at the same time, exclaiming, 'can it be possible, Mr. Celebs, that it is you that have been annoying my window every evening for more than a week past—a young gentleman of your respectability—you shall answer for this, sir.' 'Mr. Threadlace,' said I, 'this affair shall be explained to-morrow; in the mean time I will send a glazier to repair your window.' I turned to look after my partner, but she had made her escape—her own home was but a few rods distant, where she had entered and was now in an attic window, as I could distinctly hear, enjoying the *luxury* of a laugh at my expense. As I passed under the window, she looked out and called after me—'Good night, Mr. Celebs—we have had some romantic adventures, truly; but you know it's Leap-year.' I bit my lips with vexation and hurried homeward, inwardly revolving whether I should

drown, shoot, or hang myself, the following morning.

On arriving at my room, however, I communed thus with myself—should I blow out my brains, the world would be deprived of a valuable citizen and Literature of its brightest ornament, and, last, but not least, my poem of *Don Carlos*, would be left unfinished; therefore, would it not be more expedient to commute my purpose of suicide, for the humiliation of humbly beseeching Mrs. Jones, my landlady, to reveal forthwith the mysteries connected with Leap-year? Out of pity to the world I chose the latter, and immediately summoned Mrs. Jones into my presence. Without much solicitation she gave me in substance the following history,

'St. Dennis, the greatest saint in the whole Calendar, St. Nicholas and St. Valentine not excepted, is he who presides over the destinies of Leap-year. Among the most important rites and ceremonies of this saint, is that which permits young Ladies, during Leap-year, to call on and visit the gentlemen; and it is to this custom that Mrs. Jones thinks may be fairly attributed the extraordinary number of marriages that always take place on that year; for, by a liberal construction of this ceremony, the ladies, she insinuates, take it upon themselves on that year—to *prop certain questions*, which during other years it is always expected should come from the side of the gentlemen. It is also by a licence of this ceremony, that young ladies, during Leap-year, play their pranks upon the windows of such incorrigible bachelors, as will, in spite of reason and common sense, shut themselves up in their rooms and pore over musty authors—in short, that, by this licence, young ladies are privileged to do a great many things with impunity on that year, which on any other year would be deemed highly indecorous—in tender consideration of which privileges, it is the custom in all good old fashioned places, for the young ladies to celebrate the 29th of February in honor of *St. Dennis*.'

NERVOUS CELEBS, A. M. A. A. S. F. R. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the French.

THE SERAPH AND THE MORTAL.

The theatre — in Paris was crowded with a brilliant assemblage to witness the representations of a young girl celebrated for her beauty, virtue, artless innocence, and extraordinary talents. The critics of that famed metropolis had never witnessed loveliness and genius so universally acknowledged and admired. The highest ranks vied with each other in praising her charms, her wonderful skill in music—the voice which nature had bestowed upon her as a precious gift corresponding with the rare grace of her person and the brilliancy of her mind. It was whispered abroad that she had received offers of marriage from the loftiest in wealth and rank—that the

choicest spirits of the age courted her society, and were spell-bound by her fascinations. Royalty itself had sanctioned the general opinion. Never had Paris seen an individual whose appearance was greeted with more rapturous acclamations.

The opera proceeded, until the scene appeared which was to introduce the heroine. Long before she entered, bursts of applause broke forth in various parts of the eager and dense throng—there was a moment's silence; and a creature, perfectly and exquisitely lovely, suddenly shone before them, bending with the grace of a summer bud amidst the tremendous peal of the gathered thousands which burst forth and died away, and burst forth again and again till the dome trembled and the foundation seemed rent assunder. Amid this tumult of enthusiasm, I stood with folded arms gazing at the vision, which to me seemed to have floated from the skies. A break of music from the orchestra announced a favorite air, and she came forward to the stage-lights to sing. Not in the depths of the green forest in the hush of noon—not in the desert in its wide desolation—not in the dark tomb itself, could reign a silence more perfect than hung over the vast multitude. It seemed as if the light and beautiful being whose lofty plumes of snow bent down above a radiant face, was an enchantress, and by some potent spell had struck each one into a statue, with the coloring and attitude and expression of life. And then when the last notes, which seemed warbled from the throat of a nightingale, had passed away, the silence for a moment continued, as if no one dared disturb the air on which yet rung the echo of the most delicious notes ever heard by mortals. I thought to myself; if fate would give such a creature to me! The idea haunted me—I loved her—I was wretched.

Three years after I met her in London. Dismal! I could not believe my own eyes. There was the same face—but all the glory was gone. It was dimmed and obscured. The seraph had sunk into the mortal. It was the sun shorn of his beams. It was the angel fallen, whose brightness was not the same. I had just married an artless girl, whose modesty shrank from every eye but mine, who could neither dance, nor sing, nor play on any instrument. It happened that we embarked together on a voyage of some length. I had every opportunity of ascertaining the character of my fair enchantress. It was dreadful. I shuddered at the escape I had made. How many a man is rendered miserable by falling in love with beauty and accomplishments, instead of mind and soul!

L.

REDUCING A STORY.

There lived, away South, a famous sportsman, who not only made long shots in the field, but likewise at the board. In a word he was very fond of telling very large stories. Being aware that he carried this practice to a some-

what unwarrantable length, he commissioned his favorite black man, Cudjo, to give him a hint whenever he found him stretching the truth too much.

One day, dining in company with sundry other gentleman, he told some prodigious large stories: and, among the rest, of a fox he had killed, which had a tail twenty yards long. Honest Cudjo thought this was quite too extravagant; and as he stood behind his master's chair, he gave him a nudge.

'Twenty did I say? Perhaps I'm a little too fast. But 'twas all of fifteen.'

Cudjo gave him a second nudge.

'Eh!—let me see. 'Twas ten at least.'

A third nudge.

''Twas every inch of five.'

A fourth nudge.

''Twas three any how.'

A fifth nudge.

The sportsman took all these hints in good part until he received the last; when thinking his story was already cut down quite enough, he turned suddenly to his servant and exclaimed;—

'Why, d——n it, Cudjo, wont you let my fox have any tail?'

A clergyman who wished to know if the children of his parish understood their Bible, asked a lad whom he found reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man? 'Moses, to be sure, sir,' said the boy. 'Moses!' exclaimed the parson, 'how could that be?' 'Why, said the lad, *he broke all the ten commandments at once!*'

A worthy burgess, in England, was asked at one of the late elections, if he gave his vote from pure motives: 'Oh, zartainly, cried the bumpkin, 'vor I got as pure a vive pound note for it, as ever I had in my life!'

A Wary Creditor.—A dashing gentleman, who was not reckoned among the number of the best paymasters, visiting his hatter, fixed upon one of the hats in the shop which he wished to have sent home upon credit; this being refused, he exclaimed, 'What do you refuse to give me credit for a hat?' when the latter replied, 'I have another trifling objection besides that of merely giving you credit—I should not like to be under the necessity of bowing to my own hat, till you may choose to pay for it.'

The skin of a fat Dog.—Would ye like to buy a dog skin sir? If its a good one I will buy it. A good one—why it was taken off of the fattest dog you ever saw, he was dreadful fat—oh you never did see any thing like it—he was as fat—as fat—oh he was almighty fat! But I don't know about fat dog's skins being so very good, I have heard they were tender.—Oh—but—wal—I dont know as I can say he was so darned thunderation fat after all.

Councillor M—I, after he had retired from practice, being one day where the uncertainty of the law became the topic of conversation, was applied to for his opinion, upon which he laconically observed, 'If any man were to claim the coat on my back, and threaten my refusal with a law-suit, he should certainly have it, lest in defending my coat, I should too late find I was deprived of my waistcoat also.'

At a church where there was a call for a minister, two candidates appeared, whose names were *Adam* and *Low*. The latter preached an elegant discourse from the text—'Adam, where art thou?' In the afternoon, Adam preached from these words—'Lo, here am I!'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1832.

More News from Sea.—The ship *America* was spoken on the 25th of November with 1700 barrels of Spermaceti Oil, on board, and the *Meteor* on the 26th of January with 2,000 barrels of right Whale Oil.

Alhambra.—This is a continuation of the 'Sketch Book' by Washington Irving. It is ready for publication and may be expected soon, from the press of Carey & Lea, Philadelphia.

Heidenmaner, or the Pagan Camp.—This is the title of another new novel, by Mr. Cooper, which is said to be forthcoming.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.
Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending April 4th.
A. Birge, Warehouse Point, Ct \$1; W. Simmons, Hamilton N. Y. \$1; M. W. Elton, Van Deusenville, Ms. \$1; Mr. Bellamy, Albany, N. Y. \$1; H. A. Johnson, Cannoharie, N. Y. \$2; L. B. Barle, F. M. Addison, N. Y. \$1; C. S. Whitney, Troy, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Employment for Females.—Seven hundred females are employed at a lace establishment, in Newport, Rhode-Island. An eastern editor is in raptures about the matter, and declares it a pleasant sight to see so many ladies taking the veil!

The young grandson of Sir Walter Scott, to whom the Tales of a Grandfather were dedicated, died lately, aged eleven years.

Man has 246 bones; the head and the face 63, the trunk 59, the arms 64, and the lower extremities 60.—There are in man 301 muscles, or pairs of muscles.

Deep Wells.—Wells are sunk in China to the depth of 3000 feet in a mass of entire rock.

Cholera.—The Liverpool papers, of the 26th of February, state that although reports had been in circulation of some cases of Cholera having occurred in that place, they were entirely without foundation, and that up to that day the disease had certainly not made its appearance there.

The Mayor and Council of Boston have ordered a quarantine on all vessels arriving at that port from England, Ireland and Scotland. Dandelions are said to be a sorrelor of the bile, a fine laxative, and most excellent in the liver complaint and dropsy.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Saturday last, by the Rev. William Chester, Mr. Alfred Wattle to Miss Caroline Roseman.

At Bethlehem, on the 8th of February last, by the Rev. Mr. Kism, Mr. Ralph Busz, Merchant of Castleton to Miss Katharine Caroline Boucher of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 18th ult. Ebenezer Derby, son of the late John Derby, aged 11 years and 24 days.

At Nantucket, on the 22d ult. Gideon Gardner, Esq. one of the first settlers of this city, aged 72.

At Estreville, near Georgetown, S. C. on the 17th ult. Capt. Frederick H. Coffin, in the 39th year of his age, son of Alexander Coffin, Esq. of this city.

At Albany, on the 28th ult. of a lingering Consumption, Nathaniel S. Foster, in the 25th year of his age, son in-law of Mr. Jacob L. Miller, formerly of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

'It is I, be not afraid.'—MARK VI. 50.

With modest mein, 'tis I, He said,
And graceful waved his hand—
'O faithless heart be not afraid,
I've power o'er sea and land.
'Why dost thou doubt and fear to come;
Tho' waves abashed retire,
Children should hasten to his throne,
Their Great, Eternal Sire.'
He paused on earth, and nature smiled—
The morning laughed aloud;
But when he hailed mankind his child,
The world was filled with God!

Each fibre of the varied leaf
And tendrils of the vine,
From minute blade to teeming sheaf,
Declare his works sublime.

The pearly gems in ocean deep,
And glitt'ring, tempting mine;
The noble mind of man complete,
The Author speak Divine!

Then haste, thou spark of Deity,
His essence from the first;
Thy refuge is Eternity,
A gem, though dimmed by dust.

But it shall be renewed again
In never waning youth;
As glowing from his hand it came,
In innocence and truth.

'I bare the signet of his love,
Come do my will,' He said—
'Tis done my God, I come to prove—
'Tis I be not afraid!'

ANSELMO.

From the New-York Mirror.

'LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.'
BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

O, it is life! departed days
Fling back their brightness while I gaze;
'Tis Emma's self—this brow so fair,
Half-curtained in this glossy hair,
These eyes, the very home of love,
These dark twin-arches traced above,
These red, ripe lips that almost speak,
The fainter blush of this pure cheek,
The rose and lily's beauteous strife—
It is! ah, no—'tis all but life.

'Tis all but life—art could not save
Thy graces, Emma, from the grave;
Thy cheek is pale, thy smile is past,
Thy love-lit eyes have looked their last;
Mouldering beneath the coffin's lid,
All we adored of thee is hid;
Thy heart where goodness loved to dwell,
Is throbless in the narrow cell;
Thy gentle voice shall charm no more,
Its last, last joyful note is o'er.

Oft, oft, indeed, it hath been sung,
The requiem of the fair and young;
The theme is old, alas! how old,
Of grief that will not be controlled,
Of sighs that speak a father's woe,
Of pangs that none but mothers know,

Of friendship with its bursting heart,
Doomed from the hok-one to part—
Still its sad debt must feeling pay,
Till feeling, too, shall pass away.

O say, why age and grief and pain
Shall long to go, but long in vain,
Why vice is left to mock at time,
And, gray in years, grow gray in crime;
While youth, that every eye makes glad,
And beauty, all in radiance clad,
And goodness, cheering every heart,
Come, but come only to depart;
Sunbeams, to cheer life's wintry day,
Sunbeams, to flush, then fade away.

'Tis darkness all! black banners wave
Round the cold borders of the grave;
There, when in agony we bend
O'er the fresh sod that hides a friend,
One only comfort then we know—
We too shall quit this world of woe;
We too, shall find a quiet place,
With the dear lost ones of our race;
O'er crumbling bones with theirs shall blend,
And life's sad story find an end.

And is this all? this mournful doom?
Beams no glad light beyond the tomb?
Mark where yon clouds in darkness ride;
They do not quench the orb they hide;
Still there it wheels—the tempest o'er,
In a bright sky to burn once more;
So, far above the clouds of time,
Faith can behold a world sublime;
There, when the storms of life are past,
The Light beyond shall break at last!

THE THAW SPIRIT.

[From the 'Year with other Poems,' by the Author of the 'Fall of the Indian.']

I have freed the stream from its icy chain,
And it goes rejoicing on to the main,
Like a traveller singing along the plain.

I have set the captive cataract free,
—It lifts on the hills a cry of glee,
And is marching away to the distant sea.

I have broken the sleep of the frozen lake,
—I have warmed its veins—it is broad awake,
Rejoicing death's slumber away to shake.

I have freed the sea from its iron thrall;
I have loosened the icicles from the wall,
—Like a beam of light from the eaves they fall.

See how the rescued waters run!
Leaping and dancing in the sun,
They escape—their freedom is once more won.

I have broken the grotto's crystal pile;
Lucid columns and radiant aisle,
And have poured in their depths the sunbeams smile.

The silent fount in the snowy cave,
Its sluice unsealed, now spouts its wave,
And leaps with a shout from its vaulted grave.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The Letter S.

PUZZLE II.—The Grave.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Why is the Church steeple like Ireland?

II.
Who is the child of liberty and peace?

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. APRIL 21, 1832.

NO. 24.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

Nearly forty years since, a lad, apparently about fourteen, coarsely dressed, but with a fine face and figure was entered as a pupil at one of the schools of Philadelphia. He was called Edward Smith, and it was known that he was the son of a poor widow, who procured a livelihood by the humblest occupations. He was, of course, subjected at once to general neglect, and occasional insolence. The arrogance of wealth, that overbearing superiority, with which the *poor* are looked down upon from the mighty elevation, created by a few splendid baubles, is far from being confined to matured existence. That perfection of moral beauty so naturally ascribed to childhood, that brightness of the young spirit, so cherubic, so shadowless, with which we are wont to invest the fresh and frolic beings, around whom the ineffable glory of new life is yet thrown—alas! it is only a dream! With his first perception of wearing a better garb or possessing higher privileges, the veriest urchin will lord it over his fellow, and taunt him with his humbler condition. Poor Edward was for some time almost utterly disregarded. Even the teacher evinced little care in the progress of one so nameless, yet there was much about the boy to excite interest. Scarcely advanced beyond the simplest rudiments of science, already attained by the youngest of his schoolmates, his scanty acquirements were frequently made their sport, yet he went through his mortifying exercises with a voice that never faltered, and, but for the sudden crimson of his naturally pale cheek, and the momentary contraction of a brow, singularly elevated and serene, one might have thought him unconscious of the sneer his blunders excited; nor was he to remain long in the vestibule of science. With a thirst of knowledge that required no extraneous support, a spirit self-sustained, and a native brilliance of mind that pierced the darkness before him like a stream of light, he

went steadily and rapidly forward, and ere his progress was noted, he was already at the side of those whom he had at first beheld at so appalling a distance. Startled at finding themselves thus suddenly outstripped, their manner towards him was now marked with a sentiment of bitterness, and their wonted neglect gave place to perpetual contumely and derision.

No longer suffered, as formerly, at their hours of relaxation to remain forgotten and alone, his studies were now continually broken in upon, by scoffs and mockery. Through all this, however, the patient boy maintained the most inflexible silence.

The grossest insult provoked no reply, and except that his clear hazel eye was sometimes lifted from the page he was scanning, and fastening on his tormentors for an almost imperceptible space, with an expression of deep scorn, his countenance retained the coldest immobility.—Among those to whom wealth and family gave the prerogative of insolence, there was, however, *one*, a wild and reckless boy, who uniformly forbore to add to the wrongs thus heaped upon Edward. Careless of his own improvement, though gifted with unusual talent, amenable to no control, and acknowledged as the very spirit of mischief and idle frolic, there was a redeeming wealth in his character, an intense ardour breaking out, at times, in the pursuit of higher objects, and a richness of pure feeling, gushing like frequent and bright fountains along his erring and uncertain path, that elevated Charles Delancy far above his associates. He would have no scruples in making the heir of a throne the subject of his malice, but the child of penury was exempt from its assessment, and though the extreme dissimilarity of their habits prevented him from coming often in contact with the thoughtful and correct Edward, still he had noted the manner in which the unoffending boy was borne down by his class-mates.

'For shame, boys, desist,' he one day exclaimed, after listening some moments to the unprovoked taunts of a group, gathered around

Edward; 'is it generous thus to make *one* the target of all your spleen?' 'Bravo!' they replied, 'this is right Charles let the poor boy have a champion, since he has not spirit to defend himself.' 'Time like *his*,' answered Charles, emphatically, 'would be badly sacrificed in noticing your vile wit, but by heavens!' he added, throwing himself into a threatening attitude, while his slender, though handsome proportions, seemed absolutely dilated and instinct with the energy of his feelings, 'the first one who dares insult him again, in my hearing, shall receive a tangible reply.'—The sudden entrance of the teacher prevented further collision, but the threat was not disregarded.

Charles possessed an unlimited influence over his associates; perhaps it was the natural ascendancy of a daring spirit—perhaps it was owing to the high standing and opulence of his family. No matter, his support operated at once, not merely as a defence to Edward, but as a claim to that respect, which the deep interest of his own character had failed to elicit. The hitherto isolated boy was now scrupulously called upon to join in their various schemes of amusement. If, however, they had vainly striven to provoke him to a retort of malice, their civilities were received with equal coldness.

Even the gay and friendly challenge of Charles to his favourite games, called forth only a decisive, though gentle refusal. 'He has no heart, after all,' thought the disappointed Delancy, and the interest recently awakened in his behalf was soon merged in far different objects. Edward was again permitted to continue his solitary way unmolested, and apparently wholly absorbed in the pursuit of science, he seemed to have forgotten that aught of kindness had passed between them.

Entering school one morning somewhat earlier than usual, he beheld his teacher standing in an attitude of concentrated rage. 'Do you know aught of this,' he inquired in a terrible tone, pointing to a huge caricature of himself, which was appended to his chair. The quick eye of the boy glanced over it with an expression of astonishment, that could not be feigned, and answering in the negative, he passed quietly on to his seat. The inquiry was repeated to all as they severally entered, but all were alike ignorant. The astounded pedagogue paced the floor with an agitation he strove vainly to suppress. He was a pedantic and narrow-minded man, with strongly marked peculiarities, and while the caricaturist had carefully preserved the fidelity of the picture, he had thrown *these* into the broadest relief; giving to the whole a depressed, yet still faithful colouring of the ridiculous, which the significant glances, and smothered laughter of the school most mortifyingly attested. Edward alone had composedly resumed his studies, and was evidently unconscious of aught that was passing around him. Meantime a

richly ornamented case, which he had laid beside him, was picked up by a young idler, his elbow, who began very unceremoniously examine its contents. They consisted of paints and pencils, with some broken tracings of a sketch, evidently intended for the caricature in question.—They caught the eye of the teacher, and snatching them from the boy, he demanded whose they were. 'Edward's,' was the reply, and ere the unfortunate lad comprehended the cause of his sudden implication, he was hurled from his seat with a grasp of iron. 'So!' exclaimed the pedagogue in a burst of uncontrollable rage, 'you have betrayed your self finely. What have you to say now sir?—will that face of sanctity controvert these proofs?'

'That case,' replied Edward mildly, yet with firmness, 'is not mine, it came into my hands by a mere accident.'

'And whose then is it?' The boy was silent. 'Answer me,' exclaimed the infuriated teacher, 'or do you not know,' he added with a bitter sneer, fastening his implacable eye on the boy's face.

Edward still remained silent. There was an expression of perplexity upon his usually calm and settled features—a struggle almost legible as if the love of truth were strongly combated by some other sentiment equally prevailing. But whatever was the source of this embarrassment he threw it from him suddenly and stood like one freed at once from a vile shackle. The shadow of uneasy thought passed from his fine brow like a momentary cloud, and lifting his quiet, yet determined eye to that of his teacher, he replied, 'if I do know, I will not betray him.'

'Umph! I thought as much—quite a chivalrous resolve, but, sir, you must either discover the offender, or yourself receive the punishment not merely due to so shameful a connivance, but to the offence itself.'

'I submit,' said Edward, 'to whatever you may please to inflict, but as I am innocent of any connivance, so I shall remain of exposing another.'

'We will see,' replied the teacher, evidently but too well pleased that he could make an example of one of so low a caste, and deliberately trying the flexion of the rod, he held as the sceptre of his authority. The deep and sudden flush, which mantled the cheek of Edward, as the threatened blow impended over him, told that he felt the degradation of the punishment; but he shrunk not, moved not, nor did a muscle evince the slightest susceptibility of pain, though blow after blow was given with no ordinary force.

Meanwhile Charles had not remained an unmoved spectator of the scene. His usually gay and careless features assumed an expression of intense interest, his laughing blue eyes darkened with some deep and troubled feeling, while it was alternately fastened on the teacher and the culprit, and the veins in his fair fore-

head swelled and receded as with some strong, contending emotion. Twice had he risen with a flushed brow, and his lips parted as if to speak, and again had he settled down and covered his burning face with his hands.

At the sound of the first blow, which fell on the unshrinking form of Edward he sprang unhesitatingly, almost wildly forward. 'Stay,' he exclaimed, in a voice choked with emotion, 'Stay, sir, for heaven's sake!' he repeated in a firmer voice, finding that he was not regarded: 'Edward Smith is not guilty, that case is mine; he picked it up this very morning as he passed me on his way hither, while I was playing at ball. He called me to take it, but I would not stop my game. I should have confessed it sooner, but indeed, sir, I did not think you would punish him for not turning informer.' The pedagogue stood almost transfixed by an explanation so unwelcome as well as unexpected.

Charles had long been a privileged favorite, and it was certainly no pleasant task to inflict personal chastisement upon the only son of a wealthy and distinguished patron. The boys were confusedly remanded to their seats, and time was taken to decide upon the punishment proper for the acknowledged offender. It matters nothing to our tale what was the result of this sage deliberation; whatever it might have been, it would have still weighed lightly on a spirit elastic as that of Charles, but the preceding scene had awakened feelings that were not likely again to slumber. 'How unjust I have been to him,' he almost audibly articulated, as he fixed his earnest gaze upon the serious, but tranquil countenance of the unconscious Edward, from whose flushed features, as he silently resumed his books, the heightened colour at once faded, 'through all his reserve, I might have surely seen that he had a heart. But his shyness shall avail him no longer,' thought Charles, his eye kindling as he mused with an animation but in poor keeping with the situation of a culprit awaiting sentence. 'He shall forget the inequality which has produced his seeming coldness. I have formerly won his gratitude—he shall yet give me his friendship.' And the resolution of Charles was eventually effected; for the enthusiasm with which it was formed had a holier and deeper fount than the mere overflowing of an ardent temperament, and notwithstanding the volatility of his nature, he pursued this one object with a steadiness of purpose of which he had hitherto seemed incapable. Instead of seeking to draw the still retiring Edward into his own gay pursuits, Charles now relinquished them to claim a share in those of the obscure scholar; and the reserve, which a delicacy of pride, rendered almost morbid by penury, had created in the manner of Edward, and which the obligation of a moment was insufficient to dissipate, gradually wore away before a series of those insidious and nameless attentions that consist often merely in a word, a look, or a

movement; as the ice that has resisted many a bright gleam of sunshine passes quietly away under the influence of a uniformly softened temperature. Charles and Edward became friends in the most sacred sense of that frequently profaned name, and oh, how distinct did the former now find the intercourse of friendship from the adulatory fellowship of his former associates. What a new perception of enjoyment, pure, rich, ennobling, was poured upon the hitherto sealed and silent places of his young heart. How deep too—how fathomless, now that their spring had at last been touched, did he find the affections of the quiet and repellant Edward. Accustomed as the poor boy had been, to loneliness and neglect, however strongly he had nerved himself to meet them, the attachment of Charles had come over his chilled and secluded spirit like a flood of sunshine, warm and bright, and cheerily, and all the gentler feelings of his nature sprung forth to meet it.

The time came when they were to be school-fellows no longer. The mother of Edward could ill support the expense of his schooling, and he returned to those humbler occupations in which he had been reared. But Charles was not thus to relinquish the society of his friend—he sought out his obscure dwelling, and found many an hour to spend beneath its roof.

'You must come home with me, and see my library,' he one day said to Edward, and this solicitation was repeated till the scruples of the other were finally overcome.

'Mother,' said Charles, addressing a lady who was the only occupant of the splendidly furnished room, into which he ushered his shrinking companion, 'This is Edward Smith.' He spoke in a tone that seemed to imply she was already familiar with the name, and the sudden smile of even maternal welcome, which irradiated the features of the matron, as she raised her soft eye to the young stranger, evidenced that she received him as the *friend* of her son. Seating him beside her, she at once led with the instinctive tact of a benevolent and elevated mind, to those subjects of remark that were calculated to lure him into confidence and freedom.

Encouraged by the kindness of her manner, as well as beguiled by the expression of a countenance, which, though chastened with the impress of a meek and gentle spirit, strongly resembled that of his friend, the restraint which a scene so new naturally imposed upon Edward, was soon dissipated, and it required but little discernment to discover in his replies, brief as they were, a high tone of thought and feeling, according strangely with the lowliness of his condition. On Mrs. Delancy, who had been led by her son to take a deep interest in his character, not a word, not a look was now lost, and a glance of affectionate approval soon told the watchful Charles that she was satisfied. The growing intimacy of the social trio was at length interrupted by the entrance of Mr.

Delancy, whose haughty aspect seemed to throw a chill, almost tangible, upon the feelings of the whole party. Edward shrunk instinctively from the glance flung coldly over himself, and felt relieved when Charles, without presenting him, drew him from the room, and led him to his library. There, indeed, he soon forgot every sensation, save that of pleasure, unless perhaps some little taint of envy might have mingled with his better feelings, in witnessing the literary privileges of his friend. To him whose young life had been shut out from almost every species of that literary ailment, for which he had hungered with an unwasting and feverish desire, the volumes that laid piled before him seemed a mine of intellectual wealth, where the mind might hold a perpetual revel.

'I hope we shall see you here often,' said a gentle voice, as the declining day at length reminded him of his home, and lifting his eyes, he beheld Mrs. Delancy. She had stood long at the door of the apartment, watching the high flashes of awakened intellect that passed over the features of the entranced boy, who was poring over a volume of Shakespeare, and to whose rapt spirit the living page seemed like the audible voice of inspiration.

'Let us see you often,' she repeated, 'you shall have free access to Charles's library—you are fond of books, and will better improve the privilege than my idle boy,' and she flung a glance of mingled reproof and tenderness upon the laughing subject of her remark, who having stretched himself at length, while Edward read, had whiled away the hours with schemes of visionary mischief. 'You will remember too,' she added, 'that I have something of self interest in your compliance—your example will, I trust, incite Charles to emulation.'

Thus encouraged, Edward returned to his poor abode with a new incentive to exertion. His diligence in the pursuit of his ordinary labors was now redoubled, that he might filch from each week a few hours of leisure. These were spent in close reading in Charles's library, while in the still increasing kindness of Mrs. Delancy, as well as the friendship of her son, he found a solace for the sufferings and bitter humiliations, which a mind at once fettered and aspiring is fated to endure. His health, however, gradually gave way beneath intense exertion, and the hectic glow on his cheek was remarked with painful solicitude by Mrs. Delancy, who was early aware that his delicate frame was unequal to the toil, to which penury subjected him; yet he was not one to whom pecuniary assistance might be tendered—the mere proffer of any of the little elegancies in which Charles was so profusely indulged, was sufficient to awaken him to the most vivid sense of the inequality which at other times he seems to have forgotten.

'We must contrive some occupation for him in our own household,' said Mrs. Delancy, and Charles caught at the idea with the most ani-

mated delight. His ready faculties furnished an immediate pretence for the employment of his friend, and Edward was soon established beneath the same roof. The services allotted to him were of a light nature, while the reward he was to receive afforded a covering to that liberality from which he would have recoiled.

Accustomed as was Mr. Delancy to regard his domestics with no other interest than their avocations created, he would have taken little note of the boy but for the palpable attachment existing between him and his son.

'You seem,' he said, 'to have contracted a great intimacy with this Edward, whom you were so anxious I should employ, and even you, Emily, appear to sanction it.'

'My dear father,' replied Charles, 'Edward Smith, though poor, is not low—he is, indeed, amply qualified for a far more respectable employment.'

'And pray, how are you so amply qualified to judge of his character?'

'Oh, because—because he is almost every thing that I am not.'

'A pretty correct criterion of worth, I allow,' replied Mr. Delancy; 'but in one thing he certainly resembles you—he seems to have forgotten who are his proper associates.'

'But,' said Mrs. Delancy, 'this poor boy does not presume upon our notice—humble as he is, Charles has been under some obligations to him, and therefore—'

'Give him money then, but let Charles withdraw his improper familiarity, or expect him to be immediately dismissed.'

'What an aristocrat my father is,' said the son mentally. 'Though himself a pillar in our far famed republic, he no more believes that all men were created equal than the veriest despot living. True, he is liberal in his charities, but he should read the story of the poor monk, whose gratitude was so much more excited by the acceptance of his proffered pinch of snuff than by the alms thrown into his box at the same moment.'

Thus musing, Charles was little disposed to yield implicit obedience, and even his meek complying mother, anxious as she had ever been to enforce the attention of her wayward boy to the slightest wish of her husband, now remained silent. Her own manner towards Edward continued unchanged, and if that of Charles was occasionally restricted in the immediate presence of his father, it was marked at other times with yet increased kindness.

'Alas, my mother,' he exclaimed, as he bent his steps one evening to her dwelling, 'how little you dream of the wretchedness of your child.—You are rejoicing in my advancement, you believe it secured by the friendship of the high and the wealthy. Your meek spirit cannot comprehend the bitterness of such a dependency, or that it is in effect the same as *his*, who waits the crumbs of the table.' Thus indulging a train of troubled thought, he reached the door of the humble habitation, and the

unquiet tone of his mind at once gave place to the thrilling anticipation of his mother's joyous welcome. He paused but no greeting awaited him—he listened—a low moan struck his ear, in place of the busy step that was wont to meet him, and upon entering he found his affectionate parent lying in the delirious agonies of a raging fever. As he approached her, she sprang forward with a momentary and glad recognition, and then falling back she raved with the wildest incoherence. Edward had that day heard some mention of a pestilential fever which had made its appearance in the city, and he saw at once that his mother was stricken with its power. He ran forth wildly for medical help, but it was with extreme difficulty he procured it, the faculty were already engaged in every direction of the rapidly sickening city. On returning to the bedside of his suffering parent, he watched the countenance of the Physician who accompanied him, with a wordless agony of interest, but it afforded him no encouragement, and taking his station at her pillow, he kept a dreadful vigil through the night.

On the morrow his return was anxiously expected by Mrs. Delancy and Charles, but the day wore away, and he did not appear. While they were wondering what had detained him, Mr. Delancy entered with the startling order that preparations should be immediately made for leaving the city. 'The yellow fever,' he added, 'is making frightful progress—hearses are moving in every direction. Use all the despatch possible—let no one remain idle.'

'Let me go then, and seek Edward!' exclaimed Charles in breathless perturbation, 'perhaps it is illness even now detains him.'

'Are you mad?' said his father, 'thus to go in search of the contagion?—Go rash boy, and assist the family in hastening from this tainted atmosphere.'

It was not a moment for disobedience, but while the agitated boy silently acquiesced, he threw many an anxious glance towards the street, in the vain hope that his friend would yet arrive. He came not, and they were but too soon ready for departure. The tearful eye of Charles, as they were driven rapidly away, remained fixed upon the devoted spot till the tallest spires were lost in distance. While his mother, shrinking back from observation, silently commended the deserted Edward to the protection of Him who had bidden the pestilence go forth.

The long Carnival of Death was at length completed. The breath of winter passed with purifying influence over the city, and the scattered survivors were again thronging back to their respective habitations. The Delancys had returned, and Charles was impatiently but vainly seeking some trace of his friend. The dwelling of Mrs. Smith had another occupant—all indeed was changed, and no clue was left by which to trace the fate of the living or the dead. A feeling of melancholy interest in

the fate of the thousands who had been swept away, led Mrs. Delancy one evening, accompanied by her son, to the publicburying ground. Appalled by their numbers, she, amid the sleeping multitude, was filled with a new and shuddering conviction of the frail tenure of life. How short a time since the tenants of these new made graves were a breathing and busy throng.

'And Edward, too!' she exclaimed, as her mind adverted to the moment of her leaving the city, 'Edward has probably found a home here.'

As she spoke a boy whom she had not noticed rose from among the tombs and slowly past them.

'It is one whom death has probably left desolate,' thought Mrs. Delancy, and she gazed at his spectral figure with a mournful interest.—

'But is it not possible,' she continued, turning with a sudden thought to her son, 'that this poor lad may tell us of Edward's fate! Boys of a similar age are more likely to be known to each other than to men.'

Charles caught at the hope. 'Say?' he eagerly demanded of the retreating figure, 'can you tell us aught of a lad named Edward Smith?'

'I am called Ned Smith,' answered the boy, in a hollow voice, 'what would you have with me?'

'Pardon me,' said Charles, looking intently at the speaker, whose yellow and matted hair formed a strong contrast to the rich, dark locks that clustered round the brow of his friend, 'you are not he whom we seek.'

'You mean, perhaps,' said the other, supporting his wasted frame, which seemed sinking with weakness, against a monument, 'the son of the widow, once living on — alley? If so, you seek vainly—see you not how wide this silent city is extended?'

'Good Heaven! is he then dead?'

A slight convulsion had passed over the wan features of the boy as he spoke, and he now covered his face with his thin and yellow hands.—Charles flung himself on the earth and wept aloud, and Mrs. Delancy was herself too deeply affected to attempt consolation.

'You bear the same name,' she said at length, turning to her young informant, 'and are perhaps a relation. Can you tell us aught of his death or where he now lies?'

'Alas,' said the boy, a visible shudder pervading his whole frame, 'in yon smitten city who was there to watch over the dying or to follow the dead.'

'And his mother?'

'Her labors are finished,' was the reply, and the boy again covering his ghastly face with his locked fingers, turned abruptly away.

There was a melancholy wildness in his manner, apparently the effect of recent suffering, and Mrs. Delancy looked at him with increased compassion. His thin and tattered garments were illy calculated to shield him from the inclemency of the weather, and his sallow cheek had been evidently touched by disease—perhaps famine!

'Poor child,' she said, extending towards him a handful of money, 'receive this for the sake of the other Edward, whom we dearly loved.'

The boy snatched it with avidity, and pressed it to his bloodless and convulsed lips.

'The Edward you mean was proud,' he exclaimed, with a bitter smile, 'but he knew not the agony of strong need.'

Then gazing for a moment with a kind of wild interest at the still prostrate Charles, and murmuring a brief and half-inarticulate blessing, he darted away with a new and preternatural strength.

It was long ere Charles recovered from the shock sustained in the death of his friend; but time carries healing as well as blight in its course, and his free laugh was at last again heard amid the frolic scenes of youthful merriment.—But, though restored to gaiety, those fine and exquisite chords which his intercourse with Edward awakened had ceased to vibrate. Among the associates of subsequent years, there was no one, with skill to call forth their hallowed gushings. The common intercourse of life but tends to corrupt or impede the better feelings of the heart as the foot of the hasty traveller throws mire and dirt into those fountains which are dug from the rock and guided through pure channels by a careful and interested hand. At the age of twenty-three the character of Charles Delancy had lost much of its earlier brightness. The generosity of his nature—his noble frankness—his deep scorn of all that was palpably base, remained the same; but its more delicate shades of moral worth were obscured if not effaced by the contact of depravity. Hurried on by the dangerous excitement of a constitutional ardour, Charles had pursued the career of fashionable folly till he had reached that point so immediately verging on the precipice of guilt, that it was scarcely possible for him to recede. He had become associated with a club of profligate young men, from whom he was hourly imbibing the subtle poison of infidelity, while in their contaminating example he was losing that nice perception of dishonour which, in despite of the recklessness of his boyhood, had then marked his career. His parents beheld with unutterable anguish the blight of those hopes which both in a different kind had cherished for their son.—Mrs. Delancy mourned that he had cast away the prerogative of a being allied to Deity. She saw decay and corruption gathering on an immortal plant, which she had received in high trust to prepare it for a holier sphere. Her husband grieved that the child of his pride had sullied the fair fame of his name, and forfeited that elevated place in society to which parental ambition had aspired. Remonstrance, however, avails little with him who, having embraced vice under the alluring name of pleasure, has learned to regard the code of a sterner morality as the mere dictates of a bigoted and superstitious mind.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Rural Repository.

REGRETS.

The ever active mind of man is always busy in portraying bright and lively scenes, which are expected to be enjoyed, and is rather delighted to look forward with the baseless expectation of unalloyed enjoyment, than to reap sound and wholesome instruction by recurring to past actions—actions, perhaps, which are characterized by folly and error, and which should be remembered but to prevent their repetition, but which, as they bring keen and painful regrets, are generally as much as possible crowded from memory in the giddy whirl of thoughtless merriment, or by a committal of others more gross and unpardonable. But periods will occur in every person's life, in which the mind will travel back 'o'er days departed' and recollection, with cutting emotions, will restore to view the enactment of scenes which we blush to remember, and which cause the most bitter pangs of regret. But how unavailing, how nugatory are regrets! If we have performed an action in the heedless hour of headlong folly, which sober reason shall tell us is amiss, and which an outraged conscience may pronounce to the soul in a language keener than a two-edged sword to be unchristian and unfeeling, how fruitless are regrets! Can the deed be undone?—certainly not. Can we be forgiven the commission of it? We may be forgiven, but the sting of regret will not cease here—it will continually harrow up the sensibilities of the heart—and though forgiven it may have inflicted a wound which will ever rankle there.

There is another situation in which regrets are attended with tenfold aggravation. A person may at sometime have wantonly and treacherously injured a friend—him too who was not only nominally so, but 'ab imo pectore' devotedly his friend. By his perfidiousness the cold clouds of the valley may prematurely have pressed upon the guileless bosom of that friend—who dying, nevertheless, may have added as a reward for his perfidy the boon of a forgiveness. How will this touch to the quick the sensibilities of the treacherous friend! He may now sigh out his life in ceaseless but useless regrets, and wish devoutly the deed undone. But such wishes and regrets can effect, can alter nothing—the stings of a guilty conscience cannot cease to goad him. In his moments of serious but painful reflections, what would probably be his thoughts? He might thus say to himself:—

To me the recollections of the past are as so many scorpions continually harassing me with sorrow and remorse. Chained, like Prometheus to the rock, to this dull being, regrets, the most deep-felt regrets, are eternally preying upon me. Though in the social circle, I can often forget my miseries and sport with

the gay and laugh with the thoughtless—yet how base, how unsubstantial such enjoyment. The hour of frivolity ended, solitude finds me the same wretched being, the victim of impotent regrets. My ingratitude has broken the heart of a friend, and consigned him to the tomb. That hand which was always extended in friendship—that heart which always overflowed with sympathy and tenderness—those lips, with whose accents were ever blended kindness and humanity, are now all congealed by the gelid frosts of death. Yet ere the lamp of life went out, and death, had set his seal upon that manly brow, my pardon was pronounced—O, how that expression daggered my very soul! How, have I been tortured to think of my unfeeling barbarity! I will now mourn over my misfortunes, and while life remains to me, can but regret my misguided actions. And now, I who, am taught in the school of experience, would seriously and earnestly warn all to beware of the rock on which I have made shipwreck of all my happiness. Review from time to time, with an impartial and rigid scrutiny your past conduct, that you may be enabled to correct the future actions of your lives—and that you may be spared the pangs and excruciating tortures of unavailing regrets.

OSMAR.

A young nobleman, not remarkable for punctuality in the payment of his bills, once called upon a lady in an elegant new phaeton, and at parting begged she would come to the door just to look at it. 'Tis very pretty, (said he) and I have it on a new plan,' Before I set my eyes on it, my lord, (said she) I am afraid you have it on the old plan—never to pay for it.'

A blind fiddler in crossing a violent stream of water lost his fiddle and narrowly escaped from being drowned. While he was lamenting the loss he had sustained, a bye stander sympathised with him, by saying he pitied his case. 'Oh! it's not the case,' replied scrape 'tis the fiddle I want.'

When the celebrated Chevalier Taylor first set up his coach, he consulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. What are your arms? says the wit. Three mallards, cried the doctor. Very good, says Foote, why then the motto I would recommend to you is, Quack! Quack! Quack!

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1832.

The Collegian.—The first number of a little paper bearing this title has been issued, at Williams College, by Sampson Leather-coat (whether a far off cousin of the famous Leather-stocking, or Natty Bumpo of Cooper, and as great an original in his way, gentle reader, we know not) and Diedrich Van Tromp, a worthy and highly gifted descendant, no doubt, of the identical Van Tromp of whom mention is made in the 'Fort Braddock Letters,' published in the beginning of our present volume,

or some other Van Tromp of equally happy memory. As for the work itself, its origin and character may be briefly and perchance truly set forth in the editor's own words:—'Our publication has sprung from our own prolific brain, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, finished and complete. We defy the world to point out a defect.' Being thus pronounced perfect by one so well qualified to judge of its merits, it is of course impervious to criticism. We will just observe, that the columns of the *Collegian* are wholly filled with original matter, the principal part of which, consists of a poem and tale purporting to be taken from the 'Diary of a Collegian.' The poem bears some resemblance to one by N. P. Willis, addressed to Miss Polly Dolly Lowe or Stowe, or some such name, and, (as we happen to be in the mood of tracing resemblances and fancying relationships, haply where scarce a trace of semblance is, no drop of kindred blood doth run) Miss Matilda Van Sposh, the heroine, of the tale strongly favors Miss Albina McLush, one of Willis's heroines; we are positive the ladies must be as near related at least as first cousins.—The *Collegian* is to be published at irregular intervals of from one week to six months, at six cents per number.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have still remaining on hand, unpublished, about thirty pieces offered as candidates for the prizes; which, distrusting our own judgment and wishing to do justice to their authors we have entrusted to the care of a literary gentleman, in whose judgment we have the utmost confidence, for examination. As soon as they are returned, we shall endeavour, with the assistance of his opinion, to make a separation between the good and the bad, and to prevent farther suspense on the part of the authors, present a list of such as shall be deemed worthy of publication.

The 'Confessions of a Bachelor' is under consideration; if published, it will need some correction, which we have not time to attend to at present. Communications, to ensure immediate attention, should be written in a legible hand, pointed, &c. ready for the press.

The third number of MSS. came to hand too late for this number—our paper being ready for the press, when it was received.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending April 18th.

C. Wilder, & J. Bennett, jun. Leominster, Ms. \$2; R. Brown, Coxsackie, N. Y. \$1; J. D. Tripp, Da Ruyter, N. Y. \$1; R. Strong, Schoenectady, N. Y. \$1; H. Sooley, New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1; H. Strickland, P. M. East Oxie, Ms. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Alum in Toothache.—Dr. Kuhn asserts that alum, finely powdered, not only relieves the toothache, but arrests the progress of caries in the tooth. One or two grains are to be inserted in the cavity of the tooth, and be repeated when the pain returns. In a short time the pain will cease to recur, and the chemical action which constitutes the caries will cease.—*Lancet*.

Lewis's well known work, 'The Monk,' is about to be dramatically reproduced at the *Olden*, under the title of *Ambrosio*. We hear it is from the pen of one of our most celebrated academicians.

A new work, with the singular title of *Bah!* will appear shortly; it is by a provincial young *littérateur* of great promise.

A Cincinnati editor apologizes for the apparent antiquity of some of his articles; 'They were in type,' he says, 'before the flood.'

Capt. Chase of New-York, has obtained a patent for machinery to use anthracite coal in the generation of steam. The discovery is useful and economical.

Neuk Webster outdone.—The emperor of China has published a new dictionary in 40 large volumes.

MARRIED.

At New-York, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stilwell, Mr. John F. Bailey, formerly of Hudson, to Miss Eliza Nash, of Poughkeepsie. At New-York, Mr. William J. Pinkham, of this city, to Miss Phoebe Cox, of the former place.

In Newburgh, Mr. John D. Spaulding, Jun. Editor of the Newburgh Gazette, to Miss Elizabeth L. Johnson, all of that village.

DIED.

At Poughkeepsie, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Lydia Coffin, wife of Alexander J. Coffin, of that place.

At Austerlitz, on the 31st ult. William Brunwell, son of the Rev. Elbert Osborn, aged about 2 years.

POETRY.

From the Geneva Gazette.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT NIECE.

Supposed to be written by her Mother.

My blessed Child! thy lovely brow
 Ne'er look'd more beautiful than now,
 Each earthly trace and feeling gone,
 Beloved of heaven, sleep on, sleep on.
 Mellow'd and soft—the faint rose streak
 Still lingers on thy pearly cheek,
 Like colors on the morning's zone,
 My half blown flower—sleep on, sleep on.
 I fondly deem'd thy sun-bright eye,
 Should light mine age, as years roll'd by—
 Forget, my heart, how once it shone,
 My shrouded star—sleep on, sleep on.
 Sleep—and thy undeparted smile
 Shall charm thy mother's griefs the while,
 Thou hast no griefs—beloved one—
 Seraph of peace—sleep on, sleep on.
 Pillow'd upon thy sinless breast,
 Thy little hands how still they rest—
 But late so fondly round me thrown—
 Away—sweet dream!—their touch is stone.
 My tears fall on thee—wak'st thou not?
 Ah! then thy Mother is forgot—
 And thou art dead, my loved, mine own,
 I cannot say—sleep on, sleep on.
 Break, break my heart ere in the grave
 O'er thy young form the grass shall wave—
 Oh God—forgive a Mother's moan,
 For her first—lost—and loveliest one! M. B.

THE FREED BIRD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Return, return, my bird!
 I have dressed thy cage with flowers,
 'Tis lovely as a violet bank
 In the heart of forest bowers.
 'I am free, I am free,—I return no more!
 The weary time of the cage is o'er!
 Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,
 The sky is around me—the blue bright sky!
 'The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
 With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer,
 I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
 I am free, I am free,—I return no more!'

Alas, alas, my bird!

Why seek'st thou to be free?

Wert thou not blest in thy little bower,
 When thy song breathed nought but glee?

'Did my song of summer breath nought but glee?
 Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
 Oh! had'st thou known its deep meaning well,
 It had tales of a burning heart to tell.

'From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
 Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang;
 And its dying fall when it soothed thee best,
 Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest.'

Was it with thee thus, my bird?

Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright!

I have seen the glance of the sudden joy
 In its quick and dewy light.

'It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,
 With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!
 With the spirit that pant'd through heaven to soar—
 Woo me not back—I return no more!

'My home is high, amidst rocking tress,
 My kindred things are the star and breeze,
 And the fount unchecked in its lonely play.
 And the odors that wander afar—away!'

Farewell, farewell, thou bird!

I have called on spirits gone,
 And it may be they joy like thee to part,
 Like thee that wert all my own.

'If they were captives, and pined like me,
 Though love might calm them, they joyed to be free;
 They sprung from the earth with a burst of power,
 To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour!
 'Call them not back when the chain is riven,
 When the way of the pinion is all through heaven,
 Farewell!—With my song through the clouds I soar,
 I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no more!'

From Badger's Weekly Messenger.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

BY THE REV. J. H. MAFFITT.

Is earth the vale of woe
 Where hope's rich clusters fall;
 The field where sorrows grow
 And blighting storms prevail?

Heaven is the fount of light
 Where rosy waves of love,
 Kiss with their billows bright
 All who arrive above.

Is earth a chequered maze
 Like evanescent clouds,
 That life's young morning haze
 Wrapping the sun in shrouds?

In Heaven no clouds have been,
 No change is feared or known;
 An everlasting green
 Is o'er its vallies thrown.

Is earth the spoiler's home,
 Where sin's dark traces are;
 Where cruel monsters roam,
 And maddening passions war?

No sin high Heaven hath marred,
 It glows with holy light,
 With gems of glory sparred—
 Perennial—calm—and bright.

Do death's black banners wave
 On all the plains of earth;
 Digs he a midnight grave,
 For every human birth?

In Heaven his frosty breath,
 Blights not a single flower;
 Thy sting is lost, O death,
 In glory's healing power.

ENTIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—It has a Bell-fast in it.

PUZZLE II.—Commerce.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first and my second a liquor compose,
 That ne'er adds a pimple or bile to the nose;
 My last is a treasure still at the command
 Of the fortunate wight who has got the best hand,
 From my whole fled Napoleon as swift as the wind
 Nor stopt to look back at old Blucher behind.

II.

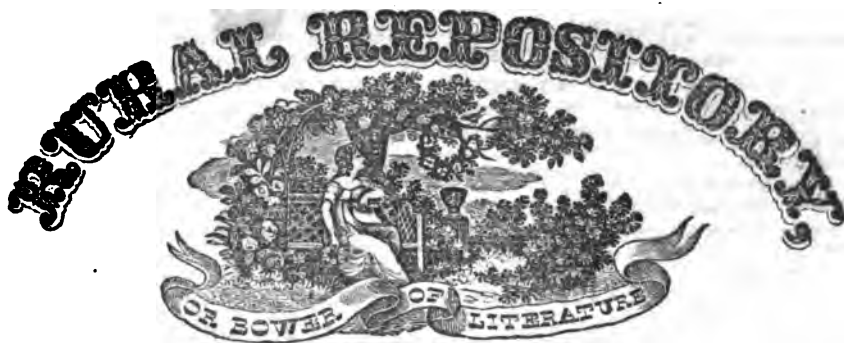
Why is the letter W like a rainy Sunday?

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VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. MAY 5, 1832.

NO. 25.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

(Concluded.)

The day was just breaking, as Charles, having spent the night in gambling, emerged with his companions into an obscure street of the city. His frame was exhausted by intense excitement, and the cold, damp air of the early morning came over him with a sickening weight.

'Your losses seem to sit heavy on you, Delancy,' said one of his veteran associates, 'but you soon will be able to put off these horrors—a little more experience and you may command fortune at your pleasure.'

Some further remarks passed, revoltingly illustrative of their habits, and they separated.

'Charles Delancy!' exclaimed a deep but mild voice, as the others left him, 'are these your companions?'

Delancy started. A youthful figure closely wrapped stood regarding him with a fixed and mournful attention.

'I have not the honor, sir,' Charles coldly replied, after a moment's silence, 'of recollecting the acquaintance your question seems to imply.'

'It matters not,' rejoined the stranger, in the same tone of mingled sorrow and reproach, that marked his first address, 'who or what I am—He, who beholds a blind man approaching an abyss, waits not the ceremony of an introduction ere he warns him of his danger.'

'What mean you?' exclaimed Delancy, with, increasing astonishment.

'I will not now detain you,' returned the other, 'your sunken and blood-shot eye tells of the want of rest. Go! and while the wakening city rises to new life and to the glorious pageant that already colors yon reddening sky, seek you in the feverish and troubled sleep of a weary spirit, a forgetfulness of scenes that have robbed you of a more tranquil repose.'

As he thus spoke, he turned abruptly away, and left his auditor motionless with surprise—whether it was owing to the wan and misty light that fell on the features of the stranger—or to

the mysterious expression of strong latent feeling that marked his countenance, it bore to the over-wrought fancy of the too conscious Charles a cast of supernatural interest. The warning voice too—its tones seemed holier than those of earth, and their rich solemnity lingered on his ear long after he had attained the silence and solitude of his chamber. A crowd of visionary suppositions floated through his brain but sleep finally dispelled them, and when he awoke the impression of the scene was measureably effaced.

'He is a fanatic,' thought Charles, 'or perhaps some idle wag, who would amuse himself at my expense. And with this half satisfactory conclusion he repaired the following night to his customary haunt. Midnight came—conversation had ceased, and the countenances of the assembled group had assumed the absorbing and gloomy earnestness of men whose dearest hopes are thrown into fearful hazard. In the midst of this dreadful illness a well remembered voice whispered in the ear of Delancy—'Follow me.'

He looked up and beheld the stranger of the morning. The hour—the tone—the manner—gave an irresistible authority to the command, and yielding at once to ascendancy as strange as it was powerful, Charles rose and followed him.

A few minutes' walk brought them to a handsome house, into which, after a slight tap they were admitted. A number of persons were passing and repassing through it, with appalled looks as if assembled there by some event of horror. Charles threw an anxious and confused glance around him, but his guide still led him on through a suite of elegant apartments, all bearing the marks of recent disorder and desolation. In one of these two children lay sleeping on the floor, but not with the soft quiet that is wont to lie on the lids of babes. They seemed to have wept themselves to slumber, and sobs were yet breaking heavily from their surcharged hearts.

'Poor children!' said the stranger, pausing a moment, and holding the light he had taken in

his way over their innocent features, 'is there no one left to take care of you? Alas, the eyes that have hitherto watched over your slumbers are closing forever. Sleep on! poor babes—ye will waken no more to the kiss of paternal love.'

He again passed on, and at last tapped at the door of an inner chamber. They entered. A female young, and still bearing the traces of loveliness, lay there evidently in the agonies of death. A dead new-born infant lay in smiling beauty near her, and a few attendants stood awaiting in tearful silence the last sigh.

Delancy stood aghast. His conductor after gazing a moment at the wreck before them, again turned away and beckoned him to yet another chamber.

'Come hither,' he said, advancing into the room and throwing back a blood-stained shroud that covered an outstretched human form, he discovered the features of a mangled corpse.—'Look!' he continued, 'can you recognise these remains? A few hours since they were a model of manly beauty. But yesternight he sat by your side at the table you have just left, and ere you then quitted it, he had rushed from it a beggar. His last possessions had been mortgaged to raise the sum that was won by one of your associates. Delancy, contemplate the result—his own hand has consummated the wide ruin. His wife—his children—you have seen them. Return now, if you wish, to the scene from which I called you. Those you have left reck little of their work. However, yourself a loser you will no longer envy the recent success of your companion.'

He glided away and left the petrified Delancy alone. Rushing out of the house the next moment, however, Charles was soon pacing the floor of his own room in almost frenzied agitation. A flood of tumultuous thoughts came rushing in upon him like a torrent, and all the hidden depths of his soul were stirred. 'And were these horrors but the natural result of a practice of which he had thought so lightly? Did the aim of a gambler embrace the certain robbery of a fellow being? Must he count as the frequent price of his gain, the ruin of innocence, the blight of what was fairest and holiest among the things of earth?' These reflections were all new to him, and while he rejoiced that hitherto he had been generally unsuccessful, again and again did he deprecate a pursuit whose end he at last saw was crime. The strange manner in which this conviction had been awakened gradually occupied his thoughts. 'Who was the stranger?—or how had his own character become matter of interest to one wholly unknown to him?' In the hope of obtaining some clue to the mystery, he spent the following day in strolling through the city. Hour after hour passed away, but among the countless multitude he was still unable to discover the individual in question. A small funeral group

composed of the poorer class of society at length arrested his attention.

'Shall we join the humble procession,' inquired a voice that had now acquired a startling power over him; and his tutelary friend was again standing at his side.

'By all means,' said Charles, grasping his hand, and they followed the remnant of mortality for some minutes in silence.

'The ways of Providence are inscrutable,' said the stranger at length, 'a blow of peculiar affliction has cut off a life which, though obscure, was spent in usefulness and piety.'

'You knew the deceased then,' said Charles, replying mechanically to a remark, which amid his own absorbing reflections fell almost unheeded on his ears.

'She was the mother of a young man called Howell, who you must recollect was some time since introduced to the club of which you are a member. He was at that time rising rapidly in the navy, in which, young as he then was, his brilliant talents and high-toned character had already procured him an appointment. But—pardon me—the habits acquired in the looser haunts of pleasure are illy adapted to the rigid rules of naval discipline, and Howell when he returned to the duties of his station paid a high price for a few months of gaiety. The misguided youth was dismissed from a profession which might have conducted him to the highest eminence, and he returned to the widowed and indigent mother who had long leaned on him for support—to die! Disgrace had broken the spirit it might not bend. His mother was sustained till her maternal cares had no longer an object; and now—she is following him.'

The ingenuous countenance of Delancy was flushed with painful consciousness. The simple tale had at once awakened him to the most lively interest; for amid the gay circles in which they had been associated, the unfortunate Howell had moved like a meteor, pouring around him a flood of wild and brilliant light, while those fearful shadows were gathering over his soul which had settled in perpetual darkness. Again stung to remorse, Charles was unable to reply, and the burial rites were completed amid a long and unbroken silence.

'Are you still disposed to accompany me?' his companion then asked in a voice of soothing gentleness.

'And whither would you now lead me?' replied Delancy, 'have you not shown me enough of human misery?'

A melancholy smile passed over the features of the stranger.

'There is much of misery which ever way we turn, but as it has its source too frequently in folly or crime, may we not derive a useful lesson from its contemplation? I am now going to visit the city hospital—a place indeed where the sufferings incident to humanity will meet us in many a shape. Will you attend me thither, or fear you to witness scenes to which the mau of pleasure must be necessarily unused?'

'I will accompany you,' answered Charles, 'whatever may present.' And they soon reached the asylum of disease and wretchedness.

Prepared, however, as he had fancied himself, Charles was yet shocked by the variety of distress with which he was now surrounded. Here lay the stranger of a foreign soil, whom fever had arrested in his career, deliciously calling upon kindred names and the loved ones of that home to which he would never return. There was stretched the victim of a lingering yet hopeless disease, waiting with a kind of forced and gloomy resignation for the only change that could bring release. Some were there in the last stages of decay, evidently induced by lives of profligacy, and their ghastly lineaments rendered yet more appalling by the deep inroads of guilty passion with which they were marked. To his guide every case seemed familiar, and as he traversed the various departments of the sanctuary, he sketched to Delancy a brief history of many of its inmates. 'There,' he said, pointing to a maimed and disfigured being whose vacant eye evinced the utter extinction of all aim in life, 'is there not even yet upon that furrowed brow some undefinable trace of generous feeling? A few years since he was among the gayest of the sons of pleasure—a being joyous, animated, and imaginative—giving impulse to the most splendid circles, and seeming to regard life as the arena of perpetual amusement. But this constant thirst of pleasure resulted in dissipation, and dissipation in vice. At thirty his fortune was wasted, his constitution impaired, and his name associated with infamy. The better part of society shunned him for his vices, and the satellites of other days left him to revolve round some undimmed orb in the sphere of fashion and folly. Without friends, without profession, without character, he looked vainly round him for the means of support, and was at length driven to join the army, then organizing for the defence of our western frontiers. He returned as you now see him, destined to wear out the remainder of a life, whose morning was so full of excitement, with no object of hope save death.'

Delancy's eye fell beneath the calm, steady gaze of the speaker, and he felt with bitterness the parallel his own life afforded to the early career of the poor wretch before him.

'Yonder,' resumed his companion, 'are the cells appropriated to lunatics. One of them is tenanted by a young —, but hark! hear you that strain?'

A low and thrilling sound of vocal melody, coming from one of these cells, was at that moment heard, and Charles listened with suspended breath. Some one was warbling an air, broken indeed, and varied to every expression of tender feeling, as if its tones were controlled by changing emotion, yet still intensely sweet, like the breathings of an exquisite instrument, touched without method. Delancy himself eagerly led the way to the

cell from which the sound proceeded, though it was already dying away in tremulous intonations, like the last sounds of a broken chord.

On entering, they found the vocalist in the attitude of one intently listening. 'Bring you nought from Henry,' she exclaimed, starting forward with an eagerness that flushed her sunken cheek. 'Ah! I knew my voice would reach him—and yet the day is almost gone—this long and terrible day, whose hours I have counted till my hot brain could no longer remember them; and look, the weary sun that has stood still so long, is at last going down—it is night,'—and she pointed to her grated window; 'that glory will soon give place to darkness—darkness,' she repeated, as if the word had struck some chord of consciousness, and sobbing aloud, she sunk pale and exhausted on her truss of straw.

Delancy looked at the lovely ruin with painful interest. Her form was attenuated, but it still retained the most perfect proportions, and her features faded, as they must have been, yet wore the impress of singular beauty. The delicate penciling of the arched brow—the glossy hair that parted on her ashy forehead—the long silken lashes that veiled her eye and softened its frenzy—these had remained unchanged. 'Do you not recollect her?' inquired the *unknown*, as he marked the earnest gaze of Delancy; 'you must have seen her when those sunken features were radiant with hope and happiness.' 'Seen her? when? where?' 'You have met her at various places of public amusement—at the ball-room—the theatre—and she was brought thither by one whom you honour with the title of friend.'

'Good God! is it possible? There is indeed a resemblance, but it cannot be an identity.' 'And think you this delirious fever of the soul—this constant excitement of "hope deferred," would work no change?' 'And what has reduced her to this?' inquired the astonished Charles.

'It cannot be matter of surprise to you,' replied the other, now leading the way from the cell, 'that he who despises Divine Laws, should choose rather to crush a heart he had won, than to assume an irksome tie in order to consecrate its trust. You are probably aware that for many months Henry H*** paid the most devoted attention to the poor maniac we have left, and believing herself the object of an honourable pursuit, she gave him a love formed for deep, passionate and enduring love. She was an orphan, without even common kindred—her life had long been a dreary waste, but a bright and glowing spell was now thrown over it, and the whole concentrated tide of her dormant affections was poured out on the being whom she had invested with perfection. From this dream she was awakened to the conviction that she had been a mere toy of a moment—the idle pursuit of heartless profligacy? Pride, happiness, reason, were at once prostra-

ted. All the energies of her mind had been engrossed by one sole passion, and in tearing that from her heart, nothing was left but madness.

Delancy had listened impatiently, Henry H*** was his favourite associate, and half-maddened himself by all he had heard and seen, he turned abruptly to his guide, and exclaimed, 'Who are you? and for what purpose or by what enchantment have you brought before me such a succession of horrors?'

'It needs no magic,' returned the other, 'to bring before us the evils that flow from the lives of the unprincipled. However splendid their career, however they may cast immediately around them an atmosphere of gaiety and attraction, they are hourly disseminating the seeds of misery through a far wider sphere. Read you no lesson, Delancy, in all that you have recently witnessed? Do you not find that guilt mingles with the pleasures you have regarded as innocent? Will you still give your confidence—your time to those who spurn the ancient land marks of morality? Return home and reflect. Even there you will still meet a touching monitor. A mother mourning silently but deeply over the wasted energies—the blunted feelings of her child. Look at her with attention;—Is not her cheek pale—has not her smile of love lost its gladness? Oh, Delancy, will you persist in destroying the mind whose opening promise was so fair?'

There was an earnestness in the manner of the speaker that seemed the effect of intense excitement, and his whole countenance as he fixed his mild but singularly intelligent eye on Delancy's flushed face, was lighted up with feeling. Yet ere the latter could reply, he had turned away and left him alone at the door they had just reached.

'But he cannot surely intend,' thought Charles, as he returned slowly homeward, 'to remain a stranger to him in whose fate, whatever the cause, he evinces so strong an interest. I will quietly await his own time for the disclosure.'

His counsels, however, were not forgotten, and Delancy was already treading a new path. To a soul like his, partaking largely of kindly and noble elements, it needed only to dissolve the illusions of vice to effect a rescue from her enthrallment.

With a determined effort he threw aside his dissolute companions, and detaching himself at once and forever from the haunts of dissipation—he stood forth a redeemed and unfettered being—his virtues daily acquiring new strength—his faults thrown back among the rubbish of his childhood, and his opening talents calling him rapidly into public favour. Of too meek a temperament to remain inactive, his attention was now drawn to the politics of the day, and in the frequent discussions opposing opinions called forth, he was soon distinguished by the high tone of his

sentiments, and the precocity and strength of mind he displayed in their support. His efforts, too, in ameliorating the condition of the poorer classes of his fellow citizens, had called him into notice, and young as he yet was he was named to an office of no inconsiderable trust in the gift of the people.

Still his success was extremely doubtful. The opposing candidate was a man of high standing and extensive influence; and however the early follies of Delancy had been given to oblivion, the ferment of political contest again heaved them to light in all the deepened colouring of party malevolence. Charles felt this in every nerve;—the pride of the father too was roused, and he became strongly interested in the result of the election. He was even fain to bend from his usual haughty demeanour in canvassing for his son.

'Charles,' he one day exclaimed, with a countenance of unwonted pleasure, 'how have you secured the friendship of the young Doctor, whose growing celebrity has startled the whole faculty?—I had understood that you knew him only by fame.'

'Nor do I,' replied Charles, 'I have never even seen him.'

'It is strange,' rejoined Mr. Delancy, 'I am told that through the medium of his rapidly extending practice, he has been quietly exerting himself in your behalf since your name was first announced, and that his efforts have operated in your favour like a powerful and secret influence. He has raked up from the far past all the better deeds of your whole life. Invalids have been brought through his means to the market-house to proclaim your charities, and indigent children who can scarce speak, have been taught to cry 'Hurra for Delancy, the friend of the poor.' And yet you still say you do not know him? What means it. At all events you are likely to remain strangers no longer. He was to-day presented to me as your friend, and has engaged to dine with us.'

Charles was silent with surprise. Attracted by the voice of fame, he had long sought an interview with the Young Physician to whom his father alluded, but some strange fatality had perpetually thwarted the effort. Circumstances would sometimes have led him to believe that he was purposely avoided, but that he scorned so humiliating a suspicion. It was indeed 'passing strange';—yet might it not be possible that this young man and the mysterious stranger, whom he had striven long and vainly to discover, were the same? The coming hour would decide, and never did the 'whining lover' upbraid the flight of time more irritably than did the impatient Charles.

Time, however, like an even temper kept its own pace, and in due season the hour of dinner arrived. With it, too, came the expected guest. Mr. Delancy received him, and, presenting him to Mrs. Delancy, turned to his son. It was unnecessary;—the first glance had re-

vealed his youthful guardian, and his whole soul had sprung forward at once to welcome him.

'And what does all this mean,' inquired the elder Delancy, as they were at length seated.

'Ah, my father the friendship of Doctor Smith has indeed been of a longer date than his efforts in the present contest;—I owe him obligations of a far dearer—far holier nature. I cannot now enter into details that to him must be irksome; suffice it that, but for his exertions, your son might not now have aspired to the esteem of the talented or the worthy. To him you may impute the change which has restored my beloved mother to happiness, and my father to the pride of a stainless name. And now,' he continued, turning to his friend, 'suffer me to ask the source of that interest with which you have long marked my steps?'

'Had you not in earlier life a friend called Smith,' was the reply.

'Yes, in my boyhood—one whom I loved with an affection surpassing that of woman. But he has long since fled to a more congenial sphere. You bear his name'—

'But must not, I suppose, aspire to his place in your good graces?'

The discordant tone of this remark astonished Charles. He looked up, and met the gaze of the speaker fastened on him with a new and powerful expression. There was a lurking archness too, in the strange smile that wrought his features, which seemed contending with yet deeper and more hallowed emotions. As some slight turn that varied their shade, Mrs. Delancy suddenly caught hold of his arm, and looked up wildly in his face. His eye, darkening with gratitude and affection, met her's;—its silent intelligence might no longer be doubted.

'It is Edward!' she exclaimed, 'our own, long lost and long lamented Edward!'

The scene had acquired an overwhelming excitement. Even the stern Delancy turned to his sobbing Emily with emotion, while the long estranged friends, like the Brothers of Israel fell on each others neck and wept.

'But,' said Mrs. Delancy, as calmness at length succeeded, 'what has been the cause of this long, cruel and utter alienation.'

'Alienation?' repeated Edward, 'ah, if you knew how for years I have hovered around the path of those from whom I concealed myself, you would not give our separation that name.'

'But this concealment, Edward, for what purpose?'

'Pardon me—your generous friendship rendered it the only means by which I could avoid a state of perpetual obligation. I had indeed almost betrayed myself when I met with you at my poor mother's grave'—

'Met with us!' interrupted Mrs. Delancy.

'You certainly recollect,' said Edward, 'the yellow-haired boy, who led you to believe I was no more? The pestilence had left little vestige of my former self, and the hair I wore in place of my own, which had fallen off.'

'Gracious Heaven?' was it then your form, Edward, so famished—so ghastly—whose wretchedness haunted me for many an after year? And how? oh, how could you thus deceive us?'

'I will not now attempt,' he replied 'to describe the conflict of my feelings at that moment, nor my previous or subsequent sufferings. It is enough that ultimate success has finally blunted every recollection, save the one dearest and most treasured one of my early life—your tender and early friendship. And now,' he continued, looking at Charles, and dashing a tear from his beaming eye, 'let us seek for subjects that will not so unman us; let us examine our prospects at the approaching election, and'—

'Away with the thought,' exclaimed Delancy, 'its bare mention to-day is sacrilege. What are all the honors the breath of a mob can bestow to the deep and enduring devotion which has thus alike followed me, through good and evil report. No, Edward, let this day be exclusively devoted to the recollections of the past—the enjoyment of the present—and do not expect me to turn from the bright cup of pure feeling, to the troubled waters of a petty ambition.'

For the Rural Repository.

A FIG FOR ST. DENNIS.

MR. EDITOR—In looking over a late number of the Repository, my eye happened to light upon an ill natured article entitled, 'The Mysteries of St. Dennis.' The writer, under pretence of relating an *adventure*, insinuates that some of our young ladies have so far infringed upon the rules of *decorum*, as to amuse themselves, during the evening, in annoying the windows of our goodly citizens.

Now sir, I undertake to say, that the young ladies regard that article, as a *bit* of impertinence, wholly uncalled for, and ungentlemanly in the extreme. It abounds in the grossest personalities, and if the writer again intrudes himself upon the public, in that *form*, he may meet with that reproof he so richly merits. His *expose* of the rites of *St. Dennis*, is a sheer *humbug*, he evidently knows nothing about them.

I also undertake to say, that no young ladies, of this city, were ever engaged in 'playing their pranks' upon windows, as that writer insinuates; such conduct on their part would be entirely superfluous, as I understand those '*pranks*' are played off, with astonishing effect, by their *Squires*, or '*Knights Errant*'; of some of which '*right honourable fraternity*,' I may hereafter make '*honourable*' mention. They are styled the '*Fly Beetle Gnat*' Society, and might very justly be ranked among the wonders of the world; Mr. Celebs, *himself* is their first *lieutenant*. Now Mr. Celebs, I hold it to be a *palpable* inconsistency, for a person of your *chivalrous* pretensions, to engage in such low, '*vulgar*' adventures by '*merry moonlight*,'

and then endeavor to *shuffle* them off on the ladies, *here*; however, we are not very much surprised, as it is said, your *predilections* are all enlisted on the *other side*; if this is true, be assured, Mr. Celebs, 'we shall never weep for you, sir.'

We regret, sir, extremely, that you did not carry your 'purpose of *suicide*' into effect, as we are quite curious to know, whether a poet *would* drown; do Mr. Celebs gratify us, and make the *experiment*; and should you sink below the *surface*, I promise you in the name of our whole sex, to see that your *posthumous* poem be published on 'gilt-edged, rose-tinted, lavender-scented,' *foolscap*, and neatly bound in *calfs*; but should it possess as much of the genuine nature of an *opiate*, as your *prose* compositions, I fear it may prove *emphatically* a *drug*.

Mr. Celebs, I now submit to yourself, whether, when you again feel, a '*presentiment*' that you are about to '*perpetrate*' something wonderful, it would not be more gentlemanly, to first vent your *spleen* on the prevailing *foibles* of your own sex; they certainly present a much broader *mark* for satire, than the innocent *rites* of *Leap-year*. For instance, we have regarded with infinite amusement the ridiculous manner in which some of your *insect* tribe endeavor to bring themselves into notice, by mutually *lampooning* each other; for by shewing one another up to the world, through this false *medium*, they acquire vast notoriety; in the same manner as *animalcule* become things of considerable consequence, when viewed through a M-i-c-r-o-s-c-o-p-e. These '*butterflies*,' I conceive, are *fit* subjects for *ridicule*—and if you have, as I suspect, the *mania* for writing—attack them—hurl the shafts of satire thick, and far—tell them it is very *naughty* to stop, in the evening, opposite a *parlor* window, and stare through, at a party of young ladies, and still more *improper*, to lift the *sash*, and look in; tell them, too, it is extremely *ungenerous*, after performing these *frats*, to trump them up, under the head of '*Leap-year Privileges*,' and charge them on our sex; by taking this course, Mr. Celebs, and ceasing to *meddle* with our affairs, for the future, you may never again hear from —

CAROLINE CANDOR.

P. S. Mr. Printer, I insist on your publishing my *piece*, as I have a giddy, girlish curiosity to see how it would look in *print*—besides you have admitted into your columns a virulent attack upon our sex, and it would be a *breach* of all the *laws* of *gallantry*, to decline giving room to our *reply*. If on the whole you refuse to publish it, you may return my *manuscript*, and I will send it to some more liberal *Journal*, as I am determined—to come out.

C. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUAKER AND SLAVE CAPTAIN.

Some years since, when ships were allowed to freight with that inhuman commodity, *slaves*, the captain of a slave ship owed a large sum

of money to a Quaker in the town of N—. The captain knowing the excellent Quakers abhorrence to the slave traffic and the scrupulous care with which he avoided any participations in such unholy gains, made it a point to say, whenever he went to propose payment of his debt to the Quaker, that the money he tendered was received in payment for slaves on his last voyage; the Quaker in consequence would conscientiously decline receiving his pay at that time. The captain came to the determination of taking a profitable advantage of these scruples by procuring evidences to accompany him to witness his last legal tender of the money.—The captain counted out the amount of the debt upon the table, remarked to the Quaker that he had received the sum for slaves, that it was the last time he should offer payment, and that if it was not received he should consider the debt as null and void. The Quaker deliberately deposited the money in his hat, saying, *Friend, the man that will steal will not scruple to lie; therefore, I do not believe thee came dishonestly by this money.* The Quaker walked away, and left the captain and his friends feeling somewhat as though they had drawn—a Blank.—*Badger's Messenger.*

Extracts from a modern Dictionary.

Tragedian.—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.

Critic.—A large dog, that goes unchained, and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.

Impossibility.—Breakfast on board a steam-boat without sausages.

Patron of American periodical literature.—A person who subscribes to a journal, and stops it in a few months without paying his subscription.

'Your humble servant.'—A term applied by the writer of a letter to himself, which would be the greatest insult if applied by another.

Esquire.—Every body, yet nobody: equal to General.

Jury.—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at a bar.

Young attorney.—A useless member of society, who often goes where he has no business to be, because he has no business where he ought to be.

State's evidence.—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Two countrymen who had never seen a play, nor had any idea of one, went to the theatre in Drury-lane, London, where they placed themselves snug in the gallery. They were delighted with the first and second music; at length the curtain drew up, and two or three actors entered to begin the play; upon which one of the countrymen said to the other, 'Come Will, let us be going, mayhap the gentlemen are talking about business.'

A negro with an enviable pouting lip, in fact, of real Guinea stamp, whose phiz looked more like a caricature than an original, sat under a hill fishing. A mischievous boy, attracted by the comical appearance of Cuffee, procured a fresh quid of tobacco, and dropped it directly on the poor fellow's under lip. 'What ya bout da!—Ya see what ya do!—I had ya hea I'd come up da and knock boff ya eyes into next forf o' July, ya young scoundril.—I no take it off, for I take it rite strate and show it to ya farder.'

Swearing to some Purpose.—A few years ago, a man in Nova Scotia, seeing his son intoxicated, said to his wife, 'do I act as bad as he does when I am drunk?' 'Yes and ten times worse,' answered the good wife. 'Then pulling off his hat and throwing it down on the floor, 'I swear,' said he, 'by my old hat, I will never drink another drop of rum or any other intoxicating liquor.'

Danger of Beauty.—In the first attempt made by Mary, Queen of Scots, to escape from her imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, she disguised herself as a laundress, with whom she had changed clothes, and when seated in the boat and putting off from the shore, she was discovered by lifting her hand to her head. 'The extreme beauty of her hand, with its whiteness, discovered her at once, and she was carried back to her chamber in bitterness and tears.'

When Jonas Henway once advertised for a coachman, he had a great number of applications. One of them he approved of, and told him if his character answered, he would take him on the terms which they had agreed; 'but,' said he, 'My good fellow, as I am rather a particular man, it may be proper to inform you, that every evening, after the business of the stable is done, I shall expect you to come to my house for a quarter of an hour to attend family prayers, to this I suppose you can have no objection.' 'Why as to that, Sir,' replied the fellow, 'I does not see much to say against it, but I hope you will consider it in my wages.'

'If Britannia rules the waves,' said a writing master in a storm, 'I wish she'd rule 'em a little straiter.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1832.

To Agents and Others.—As our present volume is now drawing to a close, the few of our agents who are yet in arrears, will see the necessity of remitting the amount of their several subscriptions without delay. They would also confer on us a favor by forwarding the names of such as wish to have their papers continued another year; our rule being not to send any at the commencement of a new volume until again ordered. For the gratification of our numerous patrons we intend that our next volume shall appear on an entire new and somewhat smaller type, each number containing at least

a quarter more matter than heretofore. We tender our most grateful acknowledgements for past favors and hope, as we mean to deal liberally with them, that our subscribers will lend us their aid in extending the circulation of our little sheet, by each endeavouring to add at least one good substantial name to our subscription list.—If Subscription papers for the ninth volume will soon be forwarded to our Agents, in the mean time we trust they will not forget us.

After Thoughts.—On looking over our hasty notice of the Collegian, and not wishing to leave a false impression, as to our meaning, on the minds of our readers, or to wound the feelings of the editor, who we presume is also author of the poem and tale on which we made a few perhaps unadvised remarks, which his too sensitive mind might lead him to construe into a charge of plagiarism, (authors in general being jealous of having the originality of their productions questioned,) we consider it necessary to say, that, though, at the moment of reading the 'Confessions of a Lover,' we were forcibly reminded of 'Miss Polly Dolly, &c.' and though we still think the two pieces something similar in style and character, as to either being a copy of the other, they are as far removed as the antipodes; and as for Miss Van Spoh and Miss M'Lush, whether favoring each other or not favoring, related or not related, it matters not, the stories are both good in their way, light articles, and meant as such, and as such were lightly treated, without intending the least disparagement to one author more than the other. Our respect for the editor of the Collegian, both under his own name and his assumed cognomens of Leather-coat and Van Tromp, would forbid us for a moment to harbor the idea that he would be guilty of palming upon the public, as his own, the compositions of another.

The Meteor.—The whale ship Meteor, Capt. Bennet, arrived at this port on Monday, the 23d ult. from the South Atlantic, with a cargo of 2,200 barrels of oil, and about 20,000 lbs. of whale bone.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondents must excuse us for our delay in publishing their pieces; not having room for all, and the answer to 'Leaky-pye's Privileges' being by a lady, we could not in common courtesy do less than give it the preference.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending May 3d.

G. Johnson, Austerville, N. Y. \$1; C. F. Chamberlain, Pawtucket, R. I. \$1; T. H. Hings, P. M. Newburgh, Ohio, \$1; R. Carrique, Pawtucket, R. I. \$2; J. H. Higbee, Newport, N. H. \$1; N. R. Bill, Kennedy Mills, N. Y. \$1; A. Martin, Barrytown, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Impertinent Query.—A correspondent of the Olive Branch asks, why do young ladies always turn their eyes to the marriages first, when they open a newspaper?

Official dignity.—The acting governor of Michigan has been bound over to keep the peace and be of good behavior, until his appearance at the court, for cowardism an editor!

Liverpool salt has been found very injurious to butter, which it makes soft, gloey and rancid. Near Liverpool it is not used for preserving butter, beef or pork, but only for culinary purposes. Turks Island salt, washed, dried and ground in a clean mill, is the best for butter.

The ship Jupiter of New-York, has been chartered by the American Colonization Society, for the purpose of carrying Emigrants to Liberia.

Considerable excitement exists in Rochester, New-York, in consequence of alleged instances of violating the grave.

The Niagara Courier says, that black walnut planks have been sent from that town to Europe, which were five feet and three inches in width, and seventy feet long.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitecomb, Mr. Alfred Taylor to Miss Dianah Coleman.

DIED.

At Hilldale, on the 8th inst. Mrs. Maria, wife of Mr. David Traver, of Clinton, Dutchess Co. in the 65th year of her age.

In Delhi, on the 25th ult. Hannah More, wife of Henry More, formerly from Hilldale, Columbia Co. in the 61th year of her age.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

STAR LIGHT MUSINGS.

I looked upon the stars to-night,
All glittering in the even sky,
And ah! their radiance, calm and bright,
Beamed on me like an Angel's eye,
Ye twinkling orbs! in boundless space,
Who bade your wondrous chariots roll?
What finger did your orbits trace,
And spanned the circle of the whole?
Oh! who can turn a sceptic's gaze
Upon a scene so grand, so fair?
Oh! who can look and fail to trace
The great Jehovah's finger there?
Where'er I roam, where'er I rest,
These stars shall watch above my head;
Shall guide my wandering,—cheer my toil,
And kindly sentinel my bed!
So the Almighty Father's eye,
Rests upon every son of Earth;
No path too dark—too deep—too high,
No tears of Woe—no smiles of Mirth,
But all before his vision lie,
But wake his fond parental care
But meet in Heaven an Angel's eye.
And are by him recorded there!
Oh! it is so—the mind of man,
Is like a gem from India's mines,
It comes to earth—return it fair,
And in the Eternal's crown it shines!
But if ye soil the beauteous gem,
If ye desert the precious trust,
'Twill never grace God's diadem!
No, son of man! thy hopes are dust!—
Roll on, ye glittering orbs of light!
Roll on, ye watchers of the sky!
Roll on, your flood of glory bright!
Roll on, the gaze of every eye?
Man sleeps—but ye can never tire,
Man dies—ye smile upon his tomb;
What tongue did e'er your date inquire?
What record can define your doom?
But ah! your glories all shall fade,
When Time's dominion shall decay;
While man in brighter robes arrayed
Shall triumph in Eternal day!
When every planet swings in air,
A shapeless crust—a map of gloom,
The ransomed spirit pure and fair,
Shall flourish in immortal bloom!

MORINEL.

Hudson, April 24th, 1832.

From an Ode by Sprague.

ON ART.

'When from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke,
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
'The curse a blessing shall be found.'

'She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed;—
The thistle shrunk,—the harvest smiled,
And nature gladden'd as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.'

'He rends the oak,—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock,—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength, and domes of taste.
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.'

'He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illumine the page,
And proudly scorning time's control,
Commences with an unborn age.'

'In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the Throne on high.
In war renown'd, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.'

From the Boston Courier.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Few columns rose when Rome was free
To mark her patriot's last repose;
When she outlived her liberty,
The emperor's mausoleum rose;
And Trajan's shaft was reared at last,
When freedom from the Tyber passed.

'Better than Trajan,' lowly lies
By broad Potomac's silent shore,
Hallowing the green declivities
With glory, now and evermore,
Art to his fame no aid hath lent—
His country is his monument.

ENTOMIAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Water-loo.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is first in the Week.

NEW PUZZLES.

Two there were, who liv'd of old,
Was born and never died;

Two there were as we are told,
That spoke and never lied;

And two there were, who liv'd of old,
That ne'er was born but died—

The mystic question now unfold,
'Tis by scripture testified.

II.

Can the leopard change his spots?

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EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. MAY 19, 1832.

NO. 26.

POPULAR TALES.

From the New-York Mirror.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

If wealth is full of pleasures, it is also full of danger. I should wish my son to possess riches, but not until after he had suffered poverty. A man can best examine the real naked features of human nature from a low hovel or beneath an humble dress. He will then make a thousand wonderful discoveries, which are secrets to one bred up in luxury. He will detect the worthlessness of much that is showy, and find greatness of soul and beautiful displays of virtue and talent where he least expected. The flatterer pulls off his mask when he comes into his presence. The virtues of the meek and the good shine out to his eyes with their true lustre. The deceptions, the hollow show, and all the artificial appearances which are kept up before the powerful, are laid aside for the humble, who see them in their real shapes and color. The former resembles a spectator in the boxes of the theatre during a representation; the latter a wanderer behind the scenes, who beholds the performers in their actual characters. Wealth exercises several bad influences upon young men. It deprives them of the stimulus to severe application, and crowds their path with temptations to pleasure. How many strong intellects must have lain idle thus, like laborers in the sunshine, their work undone because their wants were supplied. How many more noble characters, who are now seen through past history like beacon lights over a sea, would have gone down to obscurity undistinguished, but that want urged them onward to exertions, in the course of which their talents were developed and their integrity brought to the test. Plutarch relates that when Mark Antony was in adversity, he voluntarily yielded to the severest toils and privations to which the meanest of his troops were subjected, and discovered so many noble qualities, that had we seen no more of his life, we might justly set him down as a great and virtuous hero; but when the tide of fortune again turned in his

favor, he became again enervated, licentious, and cruel, so that he now appears one of the most degraded of men.

To the conclusion which we naturally draw from this occurrence, there are doubtless numerous exceptions. The rich are not necessarily bad, or the poor great, but we speak only of the *influences* of the two circumstances of being.

George and Thomas were friends at school. Both were young, clear-headed, and good-humored, neither being remarkable for any quality of person or mind. They were just like other boys, having nothing in their bearing to indicate whether they were to turn out corsairs, poets, or orators. If there was observable in them any thing worthy of remark, it was the general similarity of their tastes, minds, and dispositions. They were both satisfied to beat the hoop, fly the kite, and spin the top without wearing out their school-books by any unnecessary application, for both would rather have their ears boxed than study a lesson.

I sometimes think what a strange sight it would be if we could actually behold, over the crowds of human beings forever shifting around us, the influences by which their lives are, or are to be guided. How interesting this would be in a group of school-boys, who, while playing in their unconscious innocence and carelessness together, are each one already entangled inevitably, inextricably in some viewless destiny which shall in time, with irresistible power, draw on his young and feeble footsteps—perhaps to misery and perdition, and perhaps to greatness and glory. To the eyes of one so gifted, how would Buonaparte have looked in his boyish shape? What gleaming light—what dark gloom would have by turns attended on his infant steps? But these are idle speculations.

The two boys at school were early handed over to the different influences which colored their future career, and these were not long in becoming perceptible in their conduct and character.—George and Thomas were placed at school by their parents at about the same period. Thomas was brought by his mother.

The carriage door was opened by a livery footman, who helped the young master down the steps with particular care, paying him at the same time the most respectful deference.

'I have brought you my boy, Master Thomas, Mr. Robertson,' said the fond parent to the conductor of the academy, while her eyes glistened with maternal affection. 'I have brought you my boy, and I shall leave him in your care, I hope, for several years.'

'We will do all we can to repay your confidence, Mrs. Green. What are your particular wishes respecting his studies? Will you have them selected with a view to any particular profession?'

'Why, my dear sir, it has pleased Providence to endow us with an ample fortune, and he is our only hope; of course, we wish him to receive the education of a gentleman; but it is not probable he will ever have to work for his living.'

'Then, I suppose, a thorough English course of lessons. Let him be well grounded in rhetoric, mathematics, and—'

'Oh, my dear sir, no. There is no use of his straining his tender mind with such hard studies. Make a gentleman of him, but not a pedagogue, (I beg your pardon, sir)'

Mr. Robertson smiled and bowed.

'If there was the slightest possibility of his ever having to earn his own bread, it would alter the case; but you know, my dear sir, there must be a difference between poor people and rich.'

'He must learn music then, I suppose,' said Mr. Robertson?

'Oh, music! certainly, divine music. I wish him to read it at sight. You will find a guitar among his things; and I wish you to see particularly that he practises. You know that keeps him busy, and does not hurt his eyes. See,' she added affectionately, placing her hand, glittering with jewels beneath the youngster's chin, and pushing back the hair from his forehead, 'dear little fellow, his eyes are already very, very weak.'

'Do you wish him to study any of the classical languages, madam?'

'Who? what?' said Mrs. Green, looking up.

'Latin and Greek, madam. Or should you prefer Spanish and French?'

'Should you like to study Latin and Greek and Spanish and French, my dear Tom, or any of the other classical languages?'

The boy sulked a little, put his finger in his mouth and looked down on the floor. The mother kissed him again.

'Dear little, *sweet* little fellow; do just what you like with him, Mr. Robertson; only never punish him, if you please; he is very tender dispositioned, and can't bear to be whipped; and of all things don't let him study nights, and make him attend to his music and dancing; and I wish very much to have him study Italian, it's so useful in singing. Pray, my dear, stand up strait, and be a good boy, and

behave like a gentleman: and here's some money for you, my dear, and you shall often come home and see us.'

So saying, although the tears were in her eyes, (for mothers are still mothers, whether learned or unlearned,) she smiled graciously on Mr. Robertson; kissed little Tom again and again; went away a few steps, came back exclaiming, 'the dear, *dear* little dear;' kissed him again, and disappeared. The boy was conducted among his companions, in due form, and soon began to be interested in the sports.

A short time afterwards a man, dressed in a plain gray suit, with a cane, and feet dusty from an apparently long walk, stopped before the door of the academy. He held by the hand a little boy. The new comers entered, and the elder addressed himself to Mr. Robertson, with whom he had been previously acquainted, with the brevity of a man of business.

'My son, Master George Steele, sir. I wish to place him at your school. His trunk will be here immediately from the neighboring town, where the stage left us.'

The conversation usual on such occasion then ensued. Inquiries into the boy's age, tastes, capacities, &c. were made and satisfied, and the directions of the parent given respecting the course of study to be pursued.

'Above all things,' said Mr. Steele, 'let him form habits of strictly moral conduct and of severe industry, and subject himself to the discipline of the school without a murmur. If he does not like the place he may quit it, but while in it he must make no disturbance of any kind, but treat every one with respect. He will have to fight his own way through the world. I have been unfortunate, and have nothing whatever to leave him but a good education. If he is worth any thing, this will be sufficient; If he is idle and irresponsible, he will sink into poverty and neglect. Remember, George, what you learn here will be your only fortune. At an expense which I can scarcely sustain, I furnish you with this opportunity of obtaining credit in the world. For all else that makes man respectable and happy, you must depend upon yourself.'

They shook hands and parted, and so the two boys commenced their education.

The next important era in the lives of these young gentlemen, was the period of their quitting school. It was five years after the preceding circumstances, and they were both about sixteen years of age. It happened that at the same time there was a general examination in the academy, and the various attainments of George and Thomas were thereby disclosed. The latter showed to advantage in nothing except a declamation, recited with a considerable flourish of theatrical elegance, and a translation from the Italian for which he received a medal. George, on the contrary, discovered a pervading knowledge in all the necessary branches. He excited some astonishment by the rapidity and ease with which he replied to the

casual interrogatories of several men of science, who chanced to be present, in arithmetic, algebra, and the mathematics. Two essays from his pen, on law and political economy, were listened to with attention and interest; and in geography, astronomy, and the various ordinary departments of learning he appeared perfectly at home.

The parents of both boys attended this exhibition of their knowledge, and both were pleased.

'Come, Tom,' said the mamma, kissing her darling, 'goodby to books and school forever, and now for pleasure.'

'Come, George,' said Mr Steele, shaking the modest boy by the hand, while a quiet smile of pride and pleasure stole over his features, 'come, my boy, so far you have done well. I am satisfied with you. I am more than satisfied. I am proud of you. But,' he added, checking himself, 'my dear boy, you must not fall into the error that your education is complete. You have things to learn yet of which you have no idea. Do not be vain of what you have acquired. Although I am praising your past exertions, I praise you more for what I expect you to do than for what you have done.'

'I know, father,' replied George, 'it would be foolish in me to be proud, for I recollect having read the other day that Sir Isaac Newton said, even of all his knowledge, that it seemed no more than a pebble in the ocean.'

'Right, George, right, my son, perfectly right; so now let us return home, and teach you business and the world. All that you have learned here is but as weapons, which must now be used.'

'But, father, Tom says he has finished his education.'

'No man's education is finished till he is in his grave,' said the father.

And so the boys started in life.

We will imagine, if the reader pleases, that another period of five years has elapsed. The schoolboys have now grown up to manhood, both inspired in all their actions with the precepts of their parents. The one, that he would 'never have to work for his living,' the other, that 'for all that makes man respectable and happy he must depend upon himself.'

At the age of twenty-one, George was taken into partnership with the house which for five years he had served with the purest integrity and the most unremitting care. While he devoted an ample portion of his time to the necessities of his avocation, he still found leisure occasionally to run through a book, keeping alive his taste and amusing his fancy. He had reviewed his school studies with great profit. His more matured understanding and experience let in light upon many passages which were before dark to him. Sometimes, indeed, he sighed, as he beheld the fine equipages around him, and wished heaven had blessed him with a fortune; but again he felt that he was exempted from many temptations

which surround the path of those more prosperous. His necessities had drilled him into a severe system of economy and habits of abstemiousness, by which means his health remained firm and his mind cheerful, so that when the rewards of his unceasing labors began to flow in upon him, he was prepared to avail himself of them to the best advantage.

While this gradual but steady improvement was working in the situation of George, Thomas was leading a life of pleasure. He had grown up into an elegant looking young man, of great taste in points of fashion. His will was law touching the cut of a coat or the shape of a beaver; and a woman might fall in love with him desperately till he opened his mouth, when his first sentiment would break the spell. How had he spent his life? What had he studied? What had he thought? What did he know? What could he do? He was a proficient in horse-flesh. He could drive a tandem superbly. You could not touch him at billiards, and his dress was always exact and perfect; but his mind was uncultivated and so was his heart. He was prodigal, not generous; and he had never known friendship; because he had never felt want.

He was once trying a pair of splendid bays before a gig, on a pleasant summer afternoon. The long train of gay promenaders on either side of Broadway looked, admired, envied. No one ever appeared better while driving. You might take him for Pelham.

A foot passenger, plainly but neatly dressed, paused in the middle of the street to give him way. It was George. They had seldom met since their school-days, but nevertheless recognized each other, and bowed. George was carrying a large book under his arm.

'What a fool is that plodding fellow,' said Tom, as he quickened the pace of his horses with a resounding crack of the whip. 'How I hate a bookworm. Step, you rascals!'

'How finely Tom looks,' thought George. 'I almost envy him those superb horses; but no matter.'

They both passed on; one to Cato's, to spend afternoon and evening in smoking, drinking, and carousal; the other to his humble home, to drink in with secret delight rich draughts of instruction from a work of genius.

At this period I happened to be well acquainted with them, and had an opportunity of watching the different degrees of happiness produced, on the one hand by industry, intelligent study, and moderation in all life's pleasures, and on the other by luxury and idleness.

I caught Thomas one day alone. He seemed sad and even thoughtful, a strange thing for him.

'Well, Tom, what's the matter?'

He yawned, and stretched his limbs.

'Really, I don't know, but I am wretchedly dull and stupid.'

'How can you be dull with every thing delightful at your command, you who hold the key to every avenue of pleasure?'

'Well,' he yawned again, 'what you say is very true. I don't know how it is, but I am fairly tired out. I can't contrive to get rid of my time.'

'Have you nothing to do?'

'Nothing; positively nothing.'

'It's a fine day, why not walk?'

'I'm tired of walking. I hate walking. I never enjoyed a walk in my life. Riding has grown tedious, and sailing is horrid.'

'Suppose you try reading?'

'Oh, dreadful! I could no more sit down and read a book than I could fly. I *did* drag through Waverly, but I was asleep, fast asleep, when I got to *finis*. I can't read. I've lost the *relish*. My mind wanders away over a thousand objects. I must have excitement, or I am miserable. The day to me is like a long, unpleasant journey; I am always tired to death before I get to the end. Oh, if some one would invent a method of passing away the time!'

I bade him good by, and left him, again yawning and stretching his limbs.

Some time afterwards I had occasion to spend an evening with George. I reproved him for not having visited me.

'I blame myself,' he said, 'but I have scarcely leisure to visit any one. My time is occupied continually. I never get through business till late in the afternoon, and sometimes in the evening; and as every prospect of my prosperity in the world depends upon my care and attention at the counting-room, I am very industrious, I assure you.'

'Are you not afraid,' I asked, 'that a too severe application will warp your mind, and injure your health?'

'Oh no, I am prudent enough to avoid that. I have a most cheerful succession of employments, each in some way uniting pleasure with utility. The only difficulty I have is to get time for them all. The more I apply myself in this way, the more pleasure I take in applying myself. The most melancholy reflection I have is that, knowing as I do how short life is, the weakness of my body compels me to devote so much of it to sleep, or I regret that fortune has not placed in my hands the means to study with less interruption, to educate myself according to a higher standard, to travel, and thus obtain a wider field of observation.'

About a year had elapsed when the elegant Mr. Tom Green suddenly abandoned all his old haunts about town, left off smoking, drinking, and swearing, cut off his mustachios and whiskers, and made the following soliloquy to the moon one night, as he was returning from an evening visit to Henrietta B—.

'She is poor, but I have money. I love her, and it will be a noble action to choose such a creature, from no motive more selfish than admiration. How surprised and delighted she will be when she receives my offer—when she is raised from her humble and quiet sphere to my splendor and fashion. I think I ought to marry. I think I will marry her—I *will* marry her.'

Having settled the matter thus to his satisfaction, he entered his home, and went to bed. The next day he wrote her and her father a letter.

'The old gentleman will be out of his wits with joy,' said he, as he pressed down the seal upon the yielding wax.

The next morning the servant brought a letter. He reached out his hand, with the most self-complaisant feeling imaginable.

'Poor little thing! Let us see how passion looks in the pretty periods of the charming Henrietta.'

He read, with a start, and sudden change of countenance—

'Deepest regret—highest estimation—valuable as a friend'—Great heavens! 'Painful necessity of declining.'

He swore a round oath of horror and astonishment at an event so totally unexpected. How a man with a hundred thousand dollars, and such a person, could be refused by a quiet, modest little girl like Henrietta B—, was beyond his conception. But he was not a man to die of love.

'There are others as good as she, and not quite so particular, so, John, saddle Surry, and bring him to the door immediately. Fly, you scoundrel.'

A few weeks afterwards, Mr. George Steele's marriage with Henrietta B— was announced in the daily prints.

'Saddle Surry, John: quick, you rascal,' said Mr. Tom Green, when he read the paragraph.

I have one more picture to show of each. Years passed on. One day a gentleman stepped from a gig, which had stopped before the door of an elegant mansion, and inquired for Mr. Green.

'How is he to-day?' asked the doctor of the nurse.

'Worse, sir, much worse; his pains are excessive. He is peevish and disagreeable to his best friends.'

'Ay, ay,' observed the physician, 'the goat is a dreadful complaint.'

As he spoke he entered the chamber where the invalid sat, writhing with the anguish of his excruciating disease, which had been brought on by inaction and high living. His face was bloated and flushed, and exhibited symptoms of excessive agony.

We break away abruptly from so unpleasant a scene, and stand for a moment within the halls of congress. A deeply interesting question engages their attention, and a speaker rises. It is George. His words carry conviction to every heart. The murmur of acquiescence and approbation runs round among the crowd. He obtains the object for which he has exerted himself, and his name is full of honor.

'This is but a simple sketch, Messrs. Editors, but it is founded on real-life; and if I have attempted to introduce no startling incident or marvellous character, more strongly to arrest

the reader's attention, it is because I have adhered closely to the true career of two of my friends, one of whom has been ruined by affluence, the other elevated by poverty.

For the Rural Repository.

DESS.

By Three of us—No. 3.

There are times when the gay current of feeling, which bursts forth from the heart overflowing with youthful hilarity, is arrested in its course; when our thoughts of the present are checked and revert to the past, or fly far into the dim vista of futurity; when sadness sweeps gently over the spirits, like some cooling zephyr at evening tide, bringing in its train reflection and contemplation.

As we see our fellow beings drop into the grave and pass from this transitory scene; as we behold all things crumbling gradually into dust, we are as forcibly reminded that we too must die, as was a sultan of old when he beheld inscribed upon his own black banner '*Soldaun Saladin, conqueror of conquerors!—Soldaun Saladin, king of kings! Saladin must die!*' Over the grave such sensations are invariably produced in every heart which has one trait of virtue, one feeling of humanity, one thought of its God; and his heart must truly be hard as adamant, and his feelings cold and reserved, who can look upon the tomb of a fellow mortal, without experiencing such emotions.

These were my feelings, as a few years since, I chanced, on an errant excursion in the 'far west,' to come upon the grave of an Indian. By the size of the rugged heap of stones, it was evident that this was the burial spot of a chief of no ordinary rank; and as I viewed this simple record of that chieftain's fate, the injuries which his people had since suffered, thronged upon my memory; and while yet I lingered over his lone grave, and contrasted the present degraded condition of the aborigine with his once high and exalted station, I felt as if I could address the spirit of that warrior—of the wilderness and tell that it was best for him that he died while yet his nation was in glory; that it was best for his peace that he did not witness the triumph of his enemies' customs—did not hear the sound of the axe, as it echoed upon the Indian's ear, while it felled the forest-tree which shaded his wigwam.

That bold spirit could not have been restrained; but, rather than have tamely beheld the dissolution of his once powerful race, would have poured forth its energies till death had parted the bonds which bound it to its clay tenement, and left it free to mingle with the spirits of those heroes, whose knees never bowed save to Omnipotence.

There was a time, when the Indian walked in native pride on the ocean's sandy beach—when his tall form might have been seen threading the most intricate mazes of the forest with an agility which bid defiance to pursuit—when his light birchen canoe was the only barge

which floated over the broad expanse of our lakes—when in fact the Indian might have said—'This soil is mine own.'

But these times have passed away. The Pilgrim's bark seems to have borne a destroyer to their shores; and the Hollander and Virginian seem to have been no less sanguinary instruments of their destruction.

I would not impute to our ancestors the charge of designedly destroying the aborigines. When they landed upon these shores, in most instances, it was to seek an asylum from persecution; in some, it was with the laudible determination of making 'the desert bloom,' if possible, 'as the rose.' But the fiery indignation of the Indian could not brook the sight of a foreign race, thus encroaching upon his domains. He took up the scalping knife, and thus attempted to assert his hereditary claims—He failed—He fled to the western wilds, where, when he died, he might die in peace, on his own soil, and in peace enter upon those fairy grounds where in his imagination he was destined to hunt eternally. To use the language of another—'His once majestic mien is now crest-fallen, and he crawls where once his ancestors walked in majesty. The smoke of their council fires, now, are no where seen ascending, and an Indian's bark-canoe is an object of curiosity to the present generation. In short, they themselves will soon disappear—their bones are even now whitening the western plains; and every breeze which sweeps along from that far wilderness, bears upon its bosom the moan of a dying aborigine.' Y. L. W.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MISS CAROLINE CANDOR.

There are periods in the life of every man so fraught with interest, that the thoughts of years seem to be crowded in the space of a single hour! This is a new epoch in my life—a moment of fearful interest! I feel the tremulousness of the wretch, who crosses the fatal Bridge of Sighs! The ashy paleness of the traveler, when amid the Alpine passes he looks up to the frightful avalanche, is like the sunset blush of the summer sky, when contrasted with that which is gathered upon my brow! Were this the time for glorious 'feats' in chivalry, I should expect to find in Miss Candor the ghost of the Countess Brenhilda. But in these *unromantic* days, ladies do not thus *unsex* themselves. Their delicate hands are unsoiled with the gripe of the ponderous battle-axe—their cheeks unbereft of their lilies by exposure to the storm and fierce sunshine—the *mailed tunic* has been exchanged for the *silken bodice*. Sighs and tears and smiles and glances are now their legitimate weapons; this *sympathetic* artillery is wonderfully potent against the *unfledged* and *un tutored*. I regret that this letter will be so '*emphatically a drug*,' but rejoice that it will add so little to your *natural somnolency*. Would that I had the power to accommodate myself to your peculi-

arly delicate and refined taste ! The mantle of the great Don Quixotte has not fallen upon my shoulders. I have not learned to lisp the *honed words of love* in a lady's bower, nor sing to the touch of the light guitar the voluptuous song of the Troubadour. I have never knelt unhelmed in the presence of beauty and kissed her ungloved hand—the phraseology of ‘chivalrous’ love is not to me ‘familiar as household words.’ I will endeavour however to adopt

‘The accents of the valiant !’

In my ‘*expose of the rites of St. Dennis*,’ I hinted at some of your sex’s extravagances, and hoped that gentle and timely admonition would operate as a check upon the heedlessness and frivolity of *sweet seventeen*. But it seems that the ‘*expose*’ was too highly seasoned with truth and candour to tickle your diseased palate. You have stepped forth into the arena as the champion of your sex; but as you have not shown the credentials of a legitimate representative, I might fairly consider you as a mercenary, not to be dealt with according to the usages of civilized warfare. But my ‘*chivalrous pretensions*’ will not allow me to fight like the Scythians with poisoned arrows—such a ‘*feat*’ would be ‘*extremely ungenerous*.’ As you have thus voluntarily taken upon your individual shoulders the atlas load of your sex’s peccadilloes, I shall be under the painful necessity of visiting upon you the transgressions of a multitude. You ‘*undertake to say that no young ladies in this city were ever engaged in playing their pranks upon windows*;’—I shall therefore hold you accountable for all misdeemeanours done in the ‘*merry moonlight*.’

In the plenitude of your charity, you ‘*insinuate*’ that ‘*Mr. Celebs is first lieutenant of the Fly Beetle Gnat Society*.’ The appellation as applied to me is undoubtedly intended as *approbrious*. The ‘*right honourable fraternity*’ to which I belong has a different cognomen; but that matters not, for the Bard of Avon has said, that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. I am glad that on a single point your opinion coincides with mine, because I shall not be under the necessity of making a ‘*breach*’ upon ‘*all the laws of gallantry*.’ I honor your discrimination in ranking the ‘*Fly Beetle Gnat Society among the wonders of the world*.’ It is co-ordinate with the ‘*She-rump’s Club*,’ so admirably described in No. 217 of the Spectator: the mantle of ‘*Kitty Termagant*’ has been bequeathed to you—you seem to take an honest pride in the legacy. The principles which govern the ‘*right honorable fraternity*’ are not of so dubious a character, as to make them prefer the ‘*merry moonlight*’ as the time for action. Our first object is the elevation of society, and we have accordingly kept a strict watch, that the frivolity of girlhood did not ‘*transgress the rules of decorum*.’ We think it not ‘*a bit of impertinence wholly uncalled for and ungentlemanly in the extreme*,’ to ‘*attack*’ those who ‘*engage in low vulgar adventures*.’ On the contrary we think it an act of kindness to

warn those, who tread upon the *fearful verge of immodesty*; and this admonition we give without resorting to the ‘*grossest personalities*.’ We claim to exercise this right of *supercession* over your ‘*foibles*,’ and trust that your ‘*whole sex*’ will not consider it ‘*ungentlemanly*’ in us thus far ‘*to meddle with your affairs*.’ We have not that ‘*giddy girlish curiosity*’ which breaks through the usages of polite society; we consider it ‘*emphatically naughty*’ to play Paul Pry at a ‘*parlour window*,’ although we might be justified in so doing on the principle of *retaliation*. We do not think it disreputable to ‘*have a mania for writing*,’ when young ladies ‘*perpetrate*’ things ‘*wonderful*’ under the guise of ‘*the innocent rites of leap-year*.’ We are satisfied with the ‘*mark*’ which ‘*the prevailing foibles of your sex*’ presents, and shall not thwart your laudable ambition to ‘*acquire vast notoriety*,’ in hurling ‘*the shafts of satire thick and far*’ upon ‘*animalcule*.’ ‘*Butterflies*,’ we grant, ‘*are fit subjects for ridicule*,’ and judging from the celerity of your movements by ‘*merry moonlight*’ you belong to the ‘*insect tribe*.’

What you say with regard to my purpose of suicide is a very pretty ‘*bit*’ of pleasantry; otherwise, your promise ‘*in the name of the whole sex*’ with regard to my ‘*posthumous poem*’ would be a ‘*palpable inconsistency*.’ You possess much of the ‘*milk of human kindness*,’ and for your generous offer to have my ‘*posthumous poem*’ published in such lady-like style, on ‘*gilt-edged, rose-tinted, lavender-scented foolscap* and neatly bound in calf,’ I tender you my most heart-felt acknowledgements. As my ‘*prose composition*’ has so much of the genuine nature of an opiate, I beg you will write the notes. My poem is in the Don Juan style—‘*emphatically*’ a thing of considerable consequence without the aid of a ‘*Microscope*.’

Miss Candor has publicly threatened Nervous Celebs if he ‘*again intrudes himself upon the public*.’ This letter will probably be construed into an intrusion. The threat is ‘*entirely superfluous*.’ Nervous Celebs will endeavour

‘*To screw his courage to the sticking place,*’ in order to meet an Amazon.

NERVOUS CELEBS, A. M. A. A. S. F. R. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOSS OF THIRDLY.

The Rev. Mr. —, minister of —, had a custom of writing the heads of his discourse on small slips of paper, which he placed on the bible before him, to be used in succession. One day, when he was explaining the second head, he got a little warm in the harness, and came down with such a thump upon the Bible with his hand, that the ensuing slip fell over the edge of the pulpit, though unperceived by himself. On reaching the end of his second head, he looked down for his third slip; but alas! it was not to be found. ‘*Thirdly,*’ he cried, looking round him with great anxiety.

After a little pause, 'Thirdly,' again he exclaimed, but still no thirdly appeared. 'Thirdly, I say, my bretheren,' pursued the bewildered clergyman; but not another word could he utter. At this point, while the congregation were partly sympathising in his distress, and partly rejoicing in such a decisive instance of the impropriety of using notes in preaching, which has always been an unpopular thing in the Scotch clergy, an old woman rose up and thus addressed the preacher, '—If I'm no mista'en, Sir, I saw *Thirdly* flee out at the east window a quarter of an hour syne.' It is possible for any but a Scotchman to conceive how much this account of the loss of *Thirdly* was relished by that part of the congregation which condemned the use of notes.

Anecdote.—A worthy old sea captain of our acquaintance once took on board a large number of passengers, at a port in the Emerald Isle, to bring to this country. On approaching our coast he as usual sounded, but found no bottom. 'And did ye strike the ground, captain,' inquired one of the Irishmen. 'No,' was the reply. 'And will ye be so good as to tell us,' rejoined Pat, 'how near ye came to it?'

A negro wench one day having received a reprimand from her master for some offence, was so much irritated, that she went directly out, kneeled down and made the following prayer. 'O good massa lord! come, take me right out of dis world dis berry minnit—if you can no come yourself, send the debil or any body else.'—*N. Y. Times.*

RURAL REPOSITORY,

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1832.

Cox's Travels.—This is a new book of travels, just published by the Messrs. Harpers, New-York. It embraces a period of six years, spent on the Western side of the Rocky Mountains, on the banks of the Columbia River and its tributary streams, among various tribes of Indians hitherto unknown; together with a journey across the American Continent; and will be found highly interesting to the lover of stirring adventures, 'hair breadth escapes' and descriptions of nature in its rudest and most uncivilized forms.

A Whisper to a Newly Married Pair.—This little book has recently been republished, from the London edition, by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. It is from the pen of the late gifted and unfortunate Margaret Doreny and is full of salutary advice and a pure and beautiful morality, drawn from the fountain of the gospel, and enforced and inculcated in a style at once simple and elegant. 'A Whisper' evidently flowed from a heart full of the milk of human kindness and deeply interested in the subject on which it treats, and will find its way to the hearts of its readers.

Talbot's Reflections.—Carey & Hart have also just published a little book, by Catharine Talbot, containing reflections for every day in the week. It is uncommonly neat in its appearance and of a character peculiarly appropriate for a pretty Sunday School present.

☞ The above books are just received and for sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

☞ Persons wishing for the present volume of the Repository, can be supplied with the previous numbers; we have also on hand a few complete sets of the Rural Repository, new series, and all the volumes, excepting the second, from the beginning.

VOLUME NINTH OF THE RURAL REPOSITORY. OR BOWER OF LITERATURE;

Embellished with Copperplate Engravings.

Devoted exclusively to Polite Literature, comprised in the following subjects: Original and Select Tales, Essays, American and Foreign Biography, Travels, History, Notices of New Publications, Summary of News, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, &c. &c.

On issuing proposals for publishing the Ninth Volume of the Rural Repository, the publisher would renew his pledge to his patrons, and the public in general, that his unremitting endeavors will be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, which he has reason to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favorite and amusing visitor during the eight years of its publication. As its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals with the benefit of whose literary labors he has not heretofore been favored, and whose writings would reflect honor upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the original matter already on hand, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, and will contain twenty six numbers of eight pages each, besides the plates, a title page and an index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and on an entire new and somewhat smaller type, each number containing at least one quarter more matter than heretofore; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, the contents of which will be both amusing and instructive to youth in future years.

The Ninth Volume (Fifth Volume, New Series) will commence on the 3d of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of the Eighth volume.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 30th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, No. 135, corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

☞ EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending May 16th

O. Griffin, Genoa, N. Y. \$1; N. Marvin, Jun. Williamstown Ma. \$1; E. Smith, Butternut, N. Y. \$1; J. Collings, Charlotte, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

A French translation of Paulding's last novel, the 'Dutchman's Fireside,' has been published at Paris.

Mr. Paulding, the author of 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' has a new novel advertised to be soon forth-coming called 'Westward ho!' The scene is said to be laid in Virginia and Kentucky.

The Erie Canal is now open all the way from Albany to Buffalo, and the boats have commenced their regular trips.

A new Post-Office, called 'Valatia,' has been established in the town of Kinderhook, and John Vanderpool appointed Post-Master.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Maffitt, Mr. Levi Smith to Miss Phoebe Ann Lawton, of this city.

In Gt. Barrington, Mass. on the 6th inst. by the Rev Mr. Gilbert, Mr. George Pynchon to Miss Harriet, daughter of Maj. Samuel Rossiter.

At Friends Meeting House, Athens, on the 2d inst. Charles Marriott of Claverack to Ruth Coffin, of Athens.

In Ghent, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. George Tator of Claverack, to Miss Maria Ann Outlander, of Ghent.

In Centerville, on the 5th inst. by the same, Mr. Nicholas Snyder, of Claverack, to Miss Catharine Drum, of Glensoe, Livingston.

DIED,

In Hartford, Conn. John I. Wells, a member of the Society of Friends, aged 63. He was the inventor and manufacturer of the Iron Printing Press which bears his name.

In Albany, on the 23d ult. John B. Van Sternburgh, Printer, aged 41 years.

In Kingston, on the 17th ult. at the advanced age of 88 years, Mrs. Sarah Vanderlyn, mother of the celebrated painter, John Vanderlyn.

POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SPRING DAY.

OR THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE SEASON.

Cast away sorrow, and cast away care,
For Spring has returned all delightful and gay;
Nature is smiling, and sweet is the air
That breathes all around thee the fragrance of May.

Beauty and harmony both are combined,
The Spirit of gladness is hovering around,
Pleasure is breathing in every wind,
And giving a tone unto every sound.

Where is an eye but is beaming with love?
A heart but is warmed with the purest of feeling?
Where is a voice but is lifted above?
And where is a soul to its Maker not kneeling?

Look to the groves in their splendid array,
Adorned with the garb of Nature's own hand,
Ringing with many a soul-stirring lay—
Then think of the beauty of Eden's fair land.

Eden, O Eden! how blooming thou wast!
How charming the bird that once perched in thy bower—
Wo to the Spoiler for what thou hast lost—
He came—and thy glory was gone in an hour.

Sickness and Death have long silently trod
The heavenly, peaceful, and happy abode,
Where erst resounded loud anthems to God,
And where the bright Seraph magnificent rode.

Over that garden now sweeps the Siroc,
And there the unholy barbarians tread;
There the religion of Heaven is mock,
And there too the blood of the Christian is shed.

But there's an Eden for man to behold,
Whose glory and splendor endureth forever,
Studded with pearl, and encircled with gold;
And there will the Spoiler not enter—no, never.

Cease thy complaining, and sorrow no more;
Jehovah hath made thee a mansion above,
Where he hath blessings unnumbered in store,
And where thou shalt taste of his infinite love.

Go to the mountain and gaze on the sky;
Behold the proud eagle there winging its way,
Soaring aloft through the regions on high
Till lost in the luminous fountain of day.

Be thou entwined then no longer to earth,
But learn from the lesson the eagle has given;
Count all thy treasures for what they're worth,
But fasten thine eye on the brightness of Heaven.

If thou aspire to a seat with the best
Then follow the star that in Bethlehem rose;
Safe will it guide to that haven of rest,
And point to the place for man to repose.

Glory's bright halo shall circle thee there,
The crown of the holy shall fix on thy head,
Garments of righteousness too shalt thou wear,
And o'er thee the lustre of Heaven shall shed.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

From the London Court Journal.

THE CHOLERA.

I have left my home in the sultry East,
With foreign blood to enrich my feast;
And with ominous wing have issued forth
To banquet in the affrighted North;
Then hurrying on, with ravenous mouth,
Have glutted my jaws in the startled South;
Blighting with mildew, or with death,
Whate'er I touched with my poisonous breath.
As I crossed the vallies, the golden flowers
Withered as wanting refreshing showers;
As I skirted the forests, the green trees moaned,
While responsively the welkin groaned.
The blush of the rose, and the red-berry's dye

Turned deadly pale as I posted by;
The weeping willows, that kissed the brook,
With a strange unnatural trembling shook,
And the raven groaked, and the hooting owl
Her grief expressed 'mid the tempest howl,
And the very fishes in the lake
As in sympathizing fear did shake.
Away o'er moor, and heath, and fen,
I pounced on the clerk while he cried 'Amen.'
Dashed the pious priest from his pulpit seat,
The lover slew at his mistress's feet—
Smote the Lawyer keen, and the skilful leech,
And all who ventured within my reach.
Away, Away! I speed with the gale
Over glen and mountain, hill and dale,
Lone travelers slaying, who near me stray,
As hecatombs to my fatal sway.
I have ridden devoid of voice or form,
As the lightning-flash mid the thunder-storm,
Over wild, and waste, and deep morass.
The Fairies laugh as their haunts I pass—
The vampire lurks in my sweeping track—
He eats and—dies; but I turn not back.
I am quite indifferent where I woo,
And equally inconstant too;
Scattering afar my dangerous charms,
And taking 'the Nations' to my arms.
The muselmans, when my suit I urge,
Sighing, exclaim—'Lo! the Prophet's scourge.'
The awe-struck Javanees, term me
'The invisible wandering *Upas-tree*;
The Arabs, bending to their doom,
Describe me as 'the fierce Simoon';
But all with one accord agree
I am a fathomless mystery.
Thus far and wide, by the world abhorr'd,
I have flown, like the spirit of the Lord,
Which, traversing from post to post,
Destroyed, in wrath, the Assyrian host.
I have reached the coast—I have crossed the deep—
All hail to the West!—weep, England weep,
For methinks I fain would revel awhile
With the children of your far-famed Isle,
Chaunt through your cities my funeral song,
And lead off in the death-dance the weak and the strong.
But 'tis thought my race is nearly run,
And I almost wish my task were done.
Would ye stem the waves of my flowing tide?
Would ye dash the waters of Death aside?
Let chill dismay from your breasts depart,
Yea, in sickness and health be ye stout at heart;
For to own the truth, I lose half my force,
Unless *Fear* accompany my course;
Yet, heed not what some Leeches tell,
How I never approach by the touch or smell;
But listen, listen to this my lay,
And shun my embrace as best ye may.

R. G.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Enoch and Elijah—Christ and Rahab—
Ass—Adam and eve.

PUZZLE II.—Yes, if he does not like the sport, he can
go to another.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is good conduct like boiling water?

II.

When is a sailor not a sailor?

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